The boy under the ice

The Gravestone

He wasn’t truly at rest…

Chill air.

I reach out.

Cold against my fingers.

That makes my throat ache

Warning!

Overawed

Quiet

Different

Painfully sad.

Standing pale

The most magnificent sight

Wings spread wide

Head Bowed

Flowers at its breast.

He was real

He was dead

The boy under the ice

Fall asleep

Beloved boy

Sing thee to thy rest