Staring close at her irradiated expression,
Bracken wrinkles and ruby freckles align,
Where it seems her armor stressed in extension,
Or contraction where it leave the sign;
What of its taste and shade?
Her salty tears or ruthless neighbour’s spit?
From plumbing depths, the iced visor trade,
Evidence of what her warm heart emit;
Just a chemical reaction or infection of life beneath?
Wet dust lanes on pale earthly ice,
Of sulphates and chlorides the ocean may seethe,
Breaking the stagnant grip or thru slushy plumes that rise;
What celestial alchemy the rusty web manifest, a breathing sign,
Or of cryptic life preserved in time for all to see!