

**Iceberg**  
A Life-snippet

my head whipped around  
rifle-shot sound cracked the air  
echoes of echoes

morning's quiet rocked  
two house-size chunks rolled over  
roiling the gray sea

a small tsunami  
splashed clunking stones at my feet  
stirring salty smells

pregnant icebergs speak  
Inuits know by their shape  
when a birth is due

locals paid no heed  
nothing to see here, it seemed  
just keep your distance

Setting: Qaqortoq, Greenland, September 1, 2016, 10:05 am



Personal photo: The subject iceberg moments before it split with a bang

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