

Tundra

by Dianne McKnight-Warren

All the lights of Reykjavik cannot disguise the thorough darkness of these winter nights. We ride north on our journey as if pulled into the dark cold, the relentless wind on the barrens, a sky fearfully thick with stars. Our horses plod underneath us like their bones have been stacked and loosely wrapped for shipment. Their hooves slap the frozen ground in conjuring beats and our bodies lean this way and that, keeping rhythm with the primordial heart. An expanse wider than the sea opens and auroras stream liquid jewels across the sky. Colors brighter than we have ever seen mingle and swirl, pulse, jostle the stars.

