

# Alaska Night

By Robin Lipinski

Sounds romantic, seal oil lamp, laying naked on a polar bear skin.  
Surrounded by blocks of snow, commonly known as the igloo,  
Of course what I speak of, you may already know.

Reality is different though, when one moves north to the home of cold.  
Northern lights-fantastic though they are- actually are deceptive.  
Flickering high above in the northern sky, yet hanging low, almost as if one could reach out and touch them,  
Green, red, colors of warmth, when actually the thermometer has given up until the next season.

Gathered in summer months, when flowers bloom and fish jump, the wood for the winter fun.  
Stored in a pile for the coming time, when the hot tub will simmer with steam touching the midwinter night.  
Filled to the brim with water, the wood meets its match and the fire within starts the battle with the bitter frosty kiss.

Hours go by, and progress is made,  
The water soon is heated.  
Now the fun begins as two heavily dressed people shed clothes, become naked,  
Goose bumps rising and screams falling like ice cubes out across the deep snow.

It's only a few steps high into the round cedar tub, only a few steps when you're warm but an eternity when you're freezing.  
First in is the toe, meeting boiling water on top causing some words uttered best not repeated.  
With further stirring with a flat board, and sensation of the body fleeing, another climb up the steps and...

Ahhh! Success!  
Above in the clear starred studded night, those pesky Northern Lights are flickering in the cold,  
Only this time, we are sitting in warmth, melting our frozen bodies, and grinning.

The End