

A dog's life in Antarctica

The cold air paces daily
The snow falls all around
The gentle wind blows past
As the sledge takes to the ground

The adrenalin rush fills me
My pounding heart keeps the beat
All though the path is dangerous
My master keeps me on my feet

Here is an iced over lake
The hazards never end
But I know that I must go
I know it is too late to make amends

Swerving and avoiding
The cracks beneath my paws
Now is not the time to hesitate
I can not create any flaws

My winter's white fur protects me
My padded paws are putting in the pace
But the furious gales that grab us
Knock the concentration on my face

I know the task is daring
And with out me lives will be lost
So I carry on with the burden
To ensure I avoid the deathly frost

Everyday this happens
I find the rush so great
So as the tender storm strengthens
I find the path of fate

One dog lost in the battle
Another gained from the rest
But as we go trudging on
We are sure in for an absurd test

The intense sun against me
The winds with all its might
The snow like deadly crystals
But we won't surrender with out a fight

The howls of the wind echoing
The glare of the shining moon
But we must concentrate and focus
If we are to approach our target by noon

Again the winds are fasting
Its harsh tone of breath
And the cold thickens sinisterly
Freezing would cause sudden death

Then we ride with the current
Its fast flowing rate
It is my responsibility
To make sure that we will not be late

The improbable future
Was ticking faster to my ears
Watching the faint snow falling
And facing the suicidal fears

Cracking and moaning
The giant has returned
The ice we know was cracking
Everyone had learned

If we had only moved faster
If we had only moved on
But now I know that I'm alone
That my friends have been lost, gone

It would be a miracle if I could return
Every one would be so upset
But with the slim chance of living here
I know must go home, before they should forget

This time it's a battle
A war ground with me and the unknown
The fierce winds won't surrender
Approaching combat with my tactics, alone

I knew the odds were against me
That if only the people at home knew
That I was lost, alone, forgotten
They would have no chance but to pursue

But the thought of home kept me running
The wind, snow and conditions have now been outdone
So when I approached the stronghold
I knew that I have won

Megan