

Yukon / Utopia

(For Ralph Gustafson)

In "Spell of the Yukon," Bobby Service suggests,
The realm's Utopia—snock snarls of forests;
Avalanches that out-grumble politics;
Gold that outweighs paper dollars backed by zeroes;
Where the cussedest blizzard outlasts even August;
And extra white comes snow, pure as a virgin's Lust;
Where dew fanatically lavishes each grass blade;
Damned good is muck where nuggets gleam, gilding each spade.
In the slanting-sided valleys, light skins each eye
Periscoped, through twiggy rigging, to sun-blazed sky.
On other days, fog halves mountains, or bludgeons spruce,
While caribou saunter amid unpeopled views.
So, Yukon is Utopia, as Service says?
If sinning's not as addictive as sunlight is.