

**The Tracy Arm**  
**by Michael Kleiza**

It was a glacial hand that scarred  
and smoothed these cliffs.

This water and ice breathes  
mist that hugs the polished rock face,  
curls up and sleeps in the hanging valleys.

Ice in translucent blue and water  
colored turquoise,  
stand me speechless.

Remember this aftermath, this  
tortured beauty.