

## Ranger No. 25

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“The Inuits say don't whistle, when the northern lights are high,  
lest they swoop to earth and carry you up to the luminescent sky.”

- Kate Tuthill, *Labrador in Winter*

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Daylight.  
The man from Okak, days dead,  
head split like a dried junk.  
Silence in his bones.

Build a box,  
line with moss,  
fill it with the man from Okak.  
A flaking red door for the lid.

Six hundred miles  
to The Mission.  
One komatik, two men, three dogs,  
the man from Okak.

The mountain between,  
sends down squalls and gales and storms.  
Build shelter.  
Wait for calm.

Inside,  
no words through cracked lips.  
Outside,  
death and dogs abide.

Midnight.  
Ascend four thousand feet. Below,  
the Labrador Sea a molten blanket,  
tinted with oil stained aurora.

Ranger No. 25,  
barely twenty-one in '36,  
straddles the spine of The Kiglapait,  
wrapped in the cold caul of the North,  
whistles at the hiss of the sweeping light

for fear of nothing  
here or beyond.

- Chris Foley