

## A Sonnet for Alaska

**Jonathan Sladko**

Dustings of snow on the high mountaintop  
The wind blows gracefully through golden leaves  
The smell of winter blows in on the breeze  
A familiar feeling as snowflakes drop  
Fire blazes in cast iron wood stoves  
The wood is stacked neatly under the deck  
The hockey players practice their crosscheck  
And the sea ice returns to ocean coves.  
Winter has come to Alaska again  
The long and dark and very cold nights  
Seem to seep and creep through the window pane  
The only reprieve is the northern lights  
Auroral dances betray the arcane  
And warm the spirits gripped by winter's might.

**Jonathan Sladko** is a writer, poet, and photographer from Alaska seeking adventure in the Lower 48. He is currently double majoring in commercial aviation and English at the University of North Dakota. He hopes to publish his novel before he graduates.