

TO SPLIT, TO TREAD, TO HARK, TO HEAR,
TO BLUSH AND RUSH, TO BED AND WED,
TO SEE AND SEARCH, BUT NEVER TO DRAW NEAR,
TO ME LOVE, THOU FAIREST, UNTIL MY DEATH BE HERE.

IN FATHER'S RIME AND MOTHER'S SCOLD,
WHAT EACH DEAR ELDERS' WARNINGS BODE,
THAT THY FAIR FLESH MAY I NEVER HOLD,
'TIL MY UNDOING HAS BEEN FAIRLY SOWED.

TO LEAVE, TO HEAVE, TO WANT, TO WIND,
TO LEAD AND HEED, TO KISS AND MISS,
TO ECHO AND RING, BUT FALL BEHIND,
TO ME LOVE, THOU KINDEST, UNTIL MY END I FIND.

PAST CHILDISH SONG AND SPRINGTIME'S WOE,
AND THE TYRANT MOTHER'S WRETCHED IRE,
YOUR ONE TRUTH WE DEAREST KNOW,
IN OUR LAST BREATH, OUR ONE DESIRE.

TO FIGHT, TO FAIL, TO BLEED, TO BRUISE,
TO SMILE AND WILE, TO PRANCE AND TO DANCE,
TO WANT AND VOW, BUT STILL FALL THE DIVINE ROSE,
'TO ME LOVE, THOU SWEETEST, UNTIL MY HEART YOU CHOOSE.

PAST BRUTISH BLOWS AND SEEPING WOUND,
PAST BROKEN STONES TO SEAL HIS TOMB,
ON BROTHERS DEAD YOUR TOUCH HAS BLOOMED,
WHITE FROST, MY FATE, TO BE YOUR GROOM.

TO LIMP, TO LOSE, TO STRUGGLE, TO STILL,
TO TWIST AND TWINE, TO CRAWL AND VIE,
TO STRIVE TO LIVE, BUT FEEL THE WILL,
TO ME LOVE'S TOUCH, HER LOVELY CHILL.

PAST HARSH EST GLOW AND DEEPEST DARK,
PAST THE CHAINS WE BOUND IN FEARFUL ART,
ON ICE I FALL, AND TO YOU I HARK,
MY LOVE, MY COLD, MY WINTER'S HEART.

IN COLDEST NIGHT, AND THE BREAKING OF DAY,
MY WIND-BORNE QUEEN, EVER TO YOU I PRAY,
AND WHEN I FALL, YOUR KISS MY SHAWL,
YOUR FIRST, YOUR CHILL, YOUR ICE, BELOW, ABOVE
IN LIFE, IN DEATH, ME ONLY LOVE.

Researcher's Note: This is a curious poem, related to the An'Nsi tribe of Tunca's Selenians. Carbon dating of artifacts of a similar make and mold to those of the An'Nsi suggests that their traditions have been in place for eons, making them one of the most ancient tribes on the polar continent, and one of the most successful surviving into the modern day. This is one of several pieces of "icing prose", rhythmically chanted songs utilized by An'Nsi hunters as they pike-fish over the solar thaw, on their migration around the continent. Like much of their art, it reveals the seemingly cold people to be quite passionate, both physically and emotionally. It's lyrical structure is nearly identical to hymns still sung by the natives of Atolli, and multiple lyrics appear to directly reference the deities noted in that island's lore. However, the An'Nsi do not appear to revere the "Stellar Brood" as divine; rather, they revile them as invaders and tyrants, defeated by the power of the true gods of nature; the stars, the seas, the winter chill, and the glow of the aurora..

Follow-up interviews with An'nsi pike-hunters found in memorandum 35-A9.