

## 118-Year-Old Painting of Dead Bird Discovered in Hut in Antarctica

*For Dr. Edward Wilson, Lost Terra Nova Expedition, Cape Adare*

They found her grave of feathers, dung, and dirt  
A creeper in repose, her last song spent  
And here, away from eyes, beyond the earth,  
Her nest of ice is nearly all that's left.  
In greener times, he drew the little bird,  
His brush found palette as he gained his strength  
Beyond the pane her twitters in him stirred  
Desire to heal, a push to greater lengths.  
And so, among rough gear he found a space,  
Crossed sharpened seas and craggy slickened trails,  
And on the ice-laced sill she stood in place,  
A memory, a cautionary tale:  
We wait to be found, to be missed, our hearts  
Break as we pour it all into our art.

– *Jenny O'Grady*



