

## Cronian

### "Moving Panorama"

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Earth inclines away from the sun  
As the cold season is improving  
At my viewpoint, a palace of eccentricity  
Where the whole scenery is moving

Nature's monuments in a transpolar drift  
(Casting dark blue shadows that we fear)  
The coastline ends up in this delta's rift  
(A dynamism ignited by the obliquity of spheres)

Standing still, still travelling through an area of ice  
By a slowly rotating current that leads the stream  
clockwise

An omnificent hall of brutal adventures  
Ejecting islands from a polar den  
Formation - growth - deformation - disintegration  
At the annual snowline, again and again

I'm sailing on crystal sheets  
Where explorers met tremendous drama  
The scenery's harshness can't deplete  
Imagination's cyclorama

I'm on the move, or is it the world?  
Nature stages a shifting play  
By ubiquitous events my view is purled  
And lionized by ablation's pray

Standing still, still travelling through an area of ice  
By a slowly rotating current that leads the stream  
clockwise

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