

Ice Queen

The ice fields of Europa,
Vast and flat and young.
Scars filled in from below
And each crack in her icy skin
A crevasse a mile deep
But sealed all the same.
Forbidden and unforgiving.
Is there life beneath the ice?
How does one discover it?
The tides of Jupiter keep her warm inside,
But when meteors rend her surface,
The shell is reformed
By the coldness of space,
And she goes on again in silence.
But time is all she needs.
In five billion years more
The sun will flame out to red giant.
Now too distant to warm her,
The ice will melt and her surface thaw.
If there is not life there now,
There soon will be,
At least until the star collapses
And ice returns with a vengeance.
So let me be like Europa,
Waiting for my sun to thaw my shell.
Time is all I need.
But who will be my sun?
And you, are you only Jupiter,
Just enough that I don't freeze solid?
And what will the sun do to you thawing me?