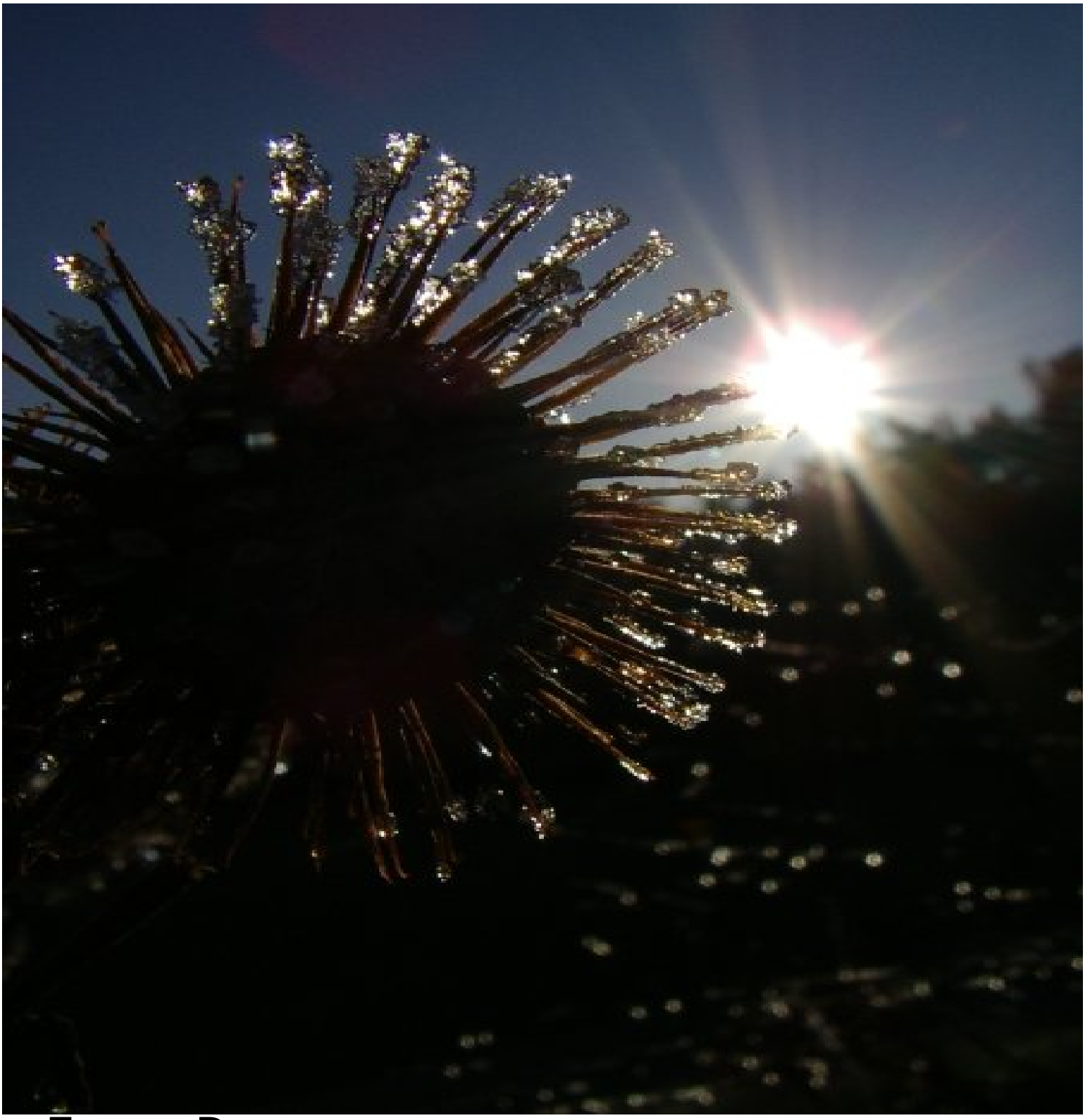

Frozen Dreams

By Shylass

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http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/frozen-dreams.aspx

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This morning winter air sings with dreams of ice,
The Snow Queen's discarded raiments festooned
Upon the bulrushes that reach to the weak sun
From the solid, leaden depths of
Glassed-over water.

The burrs are jewelled with frozen tears
Of long-forgotten dreams once crushed,
Still in deathly stasis amongst the spikes
Upon which they died.

The deep sapphire skies throb with the weight of your arms,
The snow-laden clouds heave over my form;
And I desire the falls and flurries of lacy crystals
To pat upon my frozen brow,
The gentle kisses of ice that
Will layer my sleeping earth
In a blanket of your warmth.

This snow is my blessing
Upon the iron-cold mantle of my death,
The pure white of your intentions
Are my joy and my hope.

Corpses of sodden summers long gone
Are crushed beneath the weight of your touch,
Flattened with the peace
That lays their bodies to rest,
To break down under your caress
And soak back into the earth

For their rebirth.

Under the crusted ice
Lies the heart that sleeps.
The aching promise of your maybe-warmth
Nudges it awake from the other side of the world
Through the deepest black oceans and
Up through the molten core,
To push from underneath
And reignite the ember
That lies forgotten in the grey.

Your kisses fall,
Softly,
Kindly,
Gently,
Persistent,
Banking here
And drifting there,
And layering this ugly virgin ice with softness,
Beauty and sparkles of smiles.

And the weight of your caresses
Bid my heart to start beating,
Even as the ice bids my heart to cease its new thrumming.

With a resounding iron crack,
You smash the ice surrounding
The single piece of passion
This dead earth possesses,
Causing the grey stinging waters
To seep away elsewhere,
Laying the redness of this desperate heart
Naked beneath the scudding winter silver skies.

And now this smouldering ember is under your mouth,
Shall you fan the flames and melt into me,
Melding together
And making us one,

Or shall I find the honesty
Of your hands shows me
That Death is my only future here?

Shall this winter be mild and bring in an early spring,
Or shall it lay waste to the already-dead?
Would that I could lie beneath this ice and die completely.
But should your kisses awaken the warmth of my core
And nourish the tiny flame,
Then I will have lost my every dream.

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