



Frozen Dreams

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This poem only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. 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. This poem only available on Lush Stories . If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.