

Isabella Warrior Princess

By : Mistress of Word Play

This poem as well as Retaliation Isabella's Revenge and Isabella's Return won first prize in the poetry contest hosted by the college I attend.



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Isabella Warrior Princess

Along the sun-baked sand she rode,
carrying the burden, a most heavy load,
of ten thousand nightmares.

She could hear the hoof beats of the enemy,
they had followed her, tracked her relentlessly,
from their unholy lairs.

Her horse was lathered, it needed to rest,
she wore the queen's colors; bore the king's crest,
upon the polished shield.

Strapped to her slender side hung the sword,
She had learned to use it with little accord.
and she would never yield.

Ahead lay freedom and behind her lay death.
She prayed she could escape the demon's foul breathe,
as onward she did ride.

The sound of their horses drew ever near,
in the corner of her eye she felt the tear,
as she drove her horse into the tide.

Into the tempest, the heart of that sea,
and she implored to her God, â Pray rescue me,
I no longer have a home!â

There high above the earth and the sky,
her God did hear the fair maiden's cry,
and he carried her away in the blue-green foam.

They had killed her parents, the king and the queen,
but she had eluded them, almost unseen,
untouched by their foul hand.

They came upon the spot where she,
had flung herself into the churning sea,
and all that remained was the sun-baked sand.

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