

# Isabella's Return

By : Mistress of Word Play

The last of the Isabella poems



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Along the sun baked sand they watched her ride.  
She had the king's shield and sword at her side.  
She looked as she had long ago.

The peasant folk watched the warrior pass  
and the further she rode they began to mass.  
These people she loved so.

It had been five long seasons when she disappeared.  
As the group recognized the princess they cheered.  
Their savior had returned.

She had made that pact and saved one and all.  
She had conquered the invaders and watched them fall  
the ones who killed and burned.

Now she came to reclaim her rightful place.  
The princess warrior with the childlike face  
had come to take back her crown.

Across the beach and through the dark wood  
She traveled the distance to where the castle stood  
high above the kingdom's town.

"All hail the Queen," the people began to cry  
"she has returned, our brave princess did not die.  
She has come back to rule the land."

Some nights she leaves the castle and goes to the sea.  
She gives her thanks to the God who helped her flee.  
Yet all that remains is the sand.

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