

Retaliation Isabella's Revenge

By : Mistress of Word Play

The second of the Isabella poems



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In the kingdom, where she once did dwell,
where the forests and leas made her heart swell,
now death hung heavy there.

They had hunted her down along the sea,
tried to entrap her as she did flee,
she'd vanished, much as air.

A kingdom lost to the ruthless horde,
as ever northward they did ford,
to kill and conquer all.

Yet as they marched across the plains,
counting on riches, stocking up gains,
their troops began to fall.

Someone or thing late in the night,
just beyond their hearing or sight,
would somehow slip inside.

Yes, in the night hours as they slept,
a mysterious ailment silently crept,
and many demons died.

Yet stranger still were words they found,
traced into the sun scorched ground,
one word, which was Revenge.

Isabella who they thought was dead,
had found assistance from her God instead,
and now she would avenge.

Tales passed down from one to another,
of the ghostly image which would smother,
evil in the land.

At times they see her solemn, childlike face,
riding by the sea, disappearing without one trace.
and all that is left is the sand.

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