

# Snow Prison

By : Mistress of Word Play

Regarding the earth stretched out so frigidly void of all its loveliness I am not capable of believing there once grew roses in the now barren ground.



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# Snow Prison



Regarding the earth stretched out so frigidly,  
void of all its loveliness,  
I am not capable of believing,  
there once grew roses in the now barren ground.  
So it is also, when I see the sun,  
peering through at me on such a winter's day.  
it is hard from me to accept the fact,  
that to this desolate prison I am bound.

Could I just once more walk, alone,  
among the grassy open meadows,  
rejoice in dew-tipped blossoms that glitter serenely,  
with morning's golden flecks.  
Yet here I remain trapped,  
dreaming instead,  
of some other vagabond,  
and his isolated treks.

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