

Winter Was Her Name

She was never the memorable type,
Her eyes were the color of ice.
She suffocated sunlight with her chilling gaze,
Her perplexity made you look twice.
Who would have predicted her spectacular circus?
A bleak tour of hidden wonderland.
She tested you with chronic consistency,
Speaking languages you didn't understand.
She would stir up the clouds with her fingers,
Humming as the storm begun.
Before you could try to stop shivering,
She would crash in with a ray of sun.

It was hard to embrace her beauty,
She was so devious, yet vulnerable and shy.
As unpredictable as the rampant weather,
As dependable as the tempest sky.

She liked to stroll through side streets at night,
Catching snowflakes on her tongue.
Tagging along like Orion to Artemis,
She had a way of making you young.
She frosted the fields with her temper,
The stinging air was her teeth.
She smelled of firewood and snow-dusted evergreens,
She tasted like the cinders beneath.
Like an enchantress in snowy woods,
She lured you with sparkling sights.
Then shattered into a blizzard,
She pierced the wind on restless nights.

By the time she left you were back inside,
Safe behind the window frame.
You will never forget that moonstruck whirlwind,
Winter was her name.