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Snowbound

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Snowbound

Q. Noah Veil

Bitter is the cold, only heart's warmth maintains me, The chill pervades as Winter takes her rightful seat... The clouds descend, fog shutters last light, Benighted, the north wind rips cloaks off, words away, Futilely steering steeds struggling for footing, Reluctantly releasing reins to trust their sense of home, Frozen, first leaning with manes whipping faces, Argent-frosted and anonymous, barely animated, Slipping from saddles iced with frozen sweat In both exhaustion and fear, clinging desperately First to reins, then snow-clotted tails, trudging blindly, A frozen image, a mirage begins to shimmer, A trembling ember within the howling maelstrom, The chasm of bent-boughed trees parts, Revealing a roaring bonfire, set heavily with wood and hope, Fur-clad figures rise as dancing shadows, rushing forward, One last vision through icy lashes, Numb in the snow, smiling as a frozen scarecrow, Our eyes meet, you rekindle my soul.