

THE SNOW QUEEN

Michael Fantina

I inculcate all Winter dreams
And send them on the passing storm,
There is no key to my cold schemes,
They're written on the wind in reams
Like otherworldly cuneiform.

Across the white-capped hills this year
My beauty will again entice
All men to seek that far frontier,
Beyond the iron lakes austere,
In realms of lethal polar ice.

And how the hoary heads, chagrined
By all my spells so manifold
Will eye the Moon in darkness limned,
Call down their gods of storm and wind,
On altars rife with hammered gold.

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