

Dreaming of White

by Angie

Lady Winter sways in her gown of white
Her cloak's starred velvet, deep as night
Puffs of snow swirl at her feet
Her voice is subtle, cold and sweet

She sees a form beneath a fir
Deep in shadow that isn't hers
She slows to look and sees he's fair
Black cloak and hood over golden hair

Why does he brood? She wants to know
What does he see ... what could she show?
She wants to ease his stolid pose
There's magic she could use this close

She swirls the snow around his tree
Creates a screen to hide, yet see
And then she smiles and with her hands
Beckons white from many lands

First a peacock, glorious, bright
His tail a fan of jeweled white
Her audience looks up and sees
But still his pose is not at ease



Next a regal royal horse
Pure as passion, wild of course
A moose, a squirrel, white as snow
A snake, a whale ... he watches, though



She regards him, thinking, regal man
So from another, warmer land
She projects a creature ... he leans to see
A winter lion as white as she



He closes his eyes, an image shines
He shows her another form, sublime
She sighs and turns, her magic done
And soon she comes, whose love he's won

Her man in black, then strolls to meet
The one whose love is bittersweet
He says good-bye to Lady Snow
For he has other paths to go

She sees him meet her, hug her close
They clasp, their love surrounds them both
Holding hands they stroll the Park
Its snowy paths, its winter dark

The Lady watches, thinks a while
And sends a gift, with lover's smile
These two, she knows, should never part
She gives them white, for pure of heart

Under lamp posts, winter glows
It settles like a feathered stole
Snow swirls and hides the two from Fate ...
... A brighter future surely waits

