A Winter's Tale

Mark Allaby
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A WINTER'S TALE

The cold queen of Narnia
Lies in her cold bed
River ice her coverlet
Snow beneath her head

White hands open
Dark eyes wide
Seeing through the window
The white hillside

Watching in the moonlight
Waiting for a sound
Hard hoofs tapping
On the frozen ground

Shield arms blazoning
Burnished bright his mail
Brave knight errant
Seeks the Holy Grail

His eyes are blue sky
Glowing gold his hair
Warm young wanderer
Surely thou art fair

Mailed feet ringing
In the silent hall
Pale tapers leaping
Shadows on the wall

Silver is her girdle
Milk-white her breast
Come lie with me
I will give you rest

Sapphire silver chalice
Purple poppy wine
Staining his cold lips
Now you are mine

In a high white tower
Where no-one wakes
Ice blue his stare
His stone heart breaks

Soft snowflakes fall
Slow dream of years
Where streams run free
Sweet Lion's tears

Where sunbeams break
Dark trance of death

Warm breezes blow
Sweet Lion's breath

The cold queen of Narnia
Lies down alone
Blind are her dark eyes
Empty her throne

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