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## *A Winter's Tale*

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### *A Winter's Tale*

# 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

Mark Allaby