

Winter's Beast

A land once warm becomes shrouded in ice.
Its frigid properties gleaming like crystal.
Its surface covered in an air most cold.
An air that seemed eternal.
As if the land has been cursed by a vile spell.
Whilst it falls from the frost-ridden wings of a dragon.

This new weather is deemed appropriate by the dragon.
How the land now suffers under its prison of ice.
The land prays naught for its fate to be eternal.
But its new king appears oblivious, as if seeing a land of priceless crystal.
Life and colour wither under the might of the spell.
Both then fall prey to the brutality of the cold.

The land undergoes a metamorphosis from the cold.
Now appearing a desolate, white wasteland, yet a paradise to the dragon.
He seems blinded, unable to see the destruction caused by the spell.
And the earth becomes cut evermore by the shards of ice.
He is distracted by the illusion of crystal.
Meanwhile, the land continues its suffering eternal.

So continues this punishment of violent weather eternal.
Sounds of a monstrous roar arise from the cold.
The landscape then loses its lustre of crystal.
The ravaged lands now become known to the dragon.
He now sees the murderous deeds carried out by the ice.
Yet still strong grows the power of the spell.

The harsh remnants of this curse are released by the spell.
This lands suffering and injury appear eternal.
This king feels the malevolent slashing of the ice.
The monarch himself succumbs to the bitter cold.
Then from the ground lifts the head of the dragon.
His eyes begin to stare at what resembles crystal.

The land before him reverts to that same image of crystal.
A large golden orb hangs in the sky, shattering the spell.
A sense of realization and understanding befalls the dragon.
This frozen land was never meant to be eternal.
He feels the inevitable lessening and vanquishing of the cold.
He sees the victorious melting of the ice.

Cold are these lands no more, and gone too, is the crystal.
Spell forgotten, rest is now remembered by the dragon.

Eternal will his slumber be, as he now lays silent beneath the receding ice.