Perplexed, forgotten, yet eternal,

Eyes like ice, reflective and cold,

She marched through her lands,

Once green and serene, now white and withered.

Queen to her castle, she’s now returned,

With hands in the rubble, she kneels and laments,

Temperature dropping and wind getting stronger,

A snowstorm’s blowing through ruins long forgotten.

The sound of her heels echoing through the halls,

As she makes her way to the room of the throne,

Atop of it sat but a pile of bones,

She softly embraced the hand;

of her husband long gone.