

The Maiden

Howling winds consume anyone
foolish enough to wander out.

The blizzard snow cascades and
whacks on the old wooden doors.

Threatening to enter and freeze
the people within.

The smell of coffee beans and spiced tea
mixes with the clinking of glass.

A warm fire is reflected on
the frosted window overlooking
the street where amblers slowly tread.

Woods stand visible and ominous in the distance,
The snow casting an eerie calm about them.

As sudden as a flame,
with hair dancing in ribbons behind,
A splotch of crimson enters the white canvas,
The woman in a red coat marches,
looking like blood on the innocent fluff
of the powdery, winter's kiss.

Snowflakes like sprinkled sugar dust her figure,
Smoke billows out of a cup she holds,
The only warmth around her.

The frigid woods domineering as she edges closer.
“She always goes into the woods whenever it snows”

A patron whispers in a hushed breath.
“Not sure what she does there though.”

Another patron snaps up to look out the icy panes,
Eyes scanning the landscape for the frosted rose,
But they were too slow

The pines had already swallowed her whole.