

THE ICE PRINCESS

by Erika V. Queen

I sit alone this night,
In my palace of ice.
My mind searching frantically
For a thought, once happy, once nice.

For so long I have lived,
High upon my throne.
My heart empty, bitter, cold like a stone.

To the outside world I remain a mystery,
Never raising an eyebrow
No sir, not me.

My tears freeze hard,
As they stream down my face.
My heart cries out for someone,
Someone to melt this place.

The walls that surround me,
Were built by my soul.
To tear them down now,
Becomes my only goal.
But alas, I am a prisoner,
My heart has not known love.
To set my sad heart free,
Requires a gentle glove.

Can you be the one?
With the touch like warm, soft air?
Do I allow your love to melt me?
Do I love you?
Do I dare?

Oh, to replace this palace of cold,
With dancing colors, bright and bold.
To let go the pain that drains my heart,
To feel happiness, to make a new start.

To you, my Prince, I hand the key,
To open my heart, and set me free.

A difficult task, you may be sure,

With patience, my love, will be the cure.

In isolation, I have lived so long.
But I have found you now,
And I am set free, like a song. •

Poem copyright © 1996 by Erika V. Queen.