

## Snowed

How can I live on? How could you forgive?

Year after year you spared no joy

Your trust in me fell through a sieve

Sweet temptations set out to destroy,

I trifled with you like a toy.

Snowed.

Was not it a horse that Revere rode upon

to sound his famous warning?

But a horse, instead, I rode within

to gift your Grecian housewarming

On that bleak midwinter morning,

Snowed.

Closing my eyes to you was a trivial act

Had Shakespeare only downplayed Brutus,

Turning my back to you was a canvas, blanched

had Da Vinci only whitewashed Judas.

My beguiling deeds would surely delude us,

Snowed.

Your heart now pierced by icy blades

within claws of deceit clenched, frozen.

Your surefootedness snatched by frigid facades

Ensnared in rusted corrosion,

Snowed.

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