Mr. Pine

Eisley

An icicle feast for my watery eyes;
lacing, swirling and floating.
An ice castle for us to live in, come on,
we're holding hands under our palace of snow.Soft hushed breath it goes in and out, in and out
Frost tracing the window pane up and down, up and down.Pale blue frosted cakes for us to feed on,
bright eyes always shining always glowing.
Icicles hanging from our fingertips.Soft hushed breath it goes in and out, in and out
Frost tracing the window pane up and down, up and downFollow the crystal air to the snowflake village
where people made of gumdrops greet you;
Merry mornings Mr. Pine.

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