

Red Wrapping Paper

The Creatures

Her blinding tears formed an ice lake
Recalling how things fall apart
Marooned and inconsolable
Thinking of Christmas past
Suddenly quite unexpected
A presence catches her eye
A pure red flash of contrast
Settled on a pure white sigh

Dying of thirst by the lake there
Under the sentinel pines
In a frozen gasp of her making
Exhaling glacial designs
There was a bursting out of the darkness
It's flickering caught in her eye
A bright rubescent promise
Arrived on a cardinal high
In red wrapping paper...

The air is transformed and altered
Her body and senses thaw
With warming infusing aromas
Of cinnamon amber and clove
Lined in a crimson blush there
Cushioned in scarlet desire
A blush full flushed and flaming
A gift wrapped in glittering fire
In red wrapping paper...

All good things should come
In red wrapping paper