

Eisley, Mister Pine

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 hush breath it goes in
and out, in and out.
frost tracing the window pane
up and down, up and down.

Pale blue frosted flakes 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 down

Follow the crystal air to the
snowflake village where people
made of gumdrops greet you;
Merry Mornings Mister Pine