With icicles gripping our eyelashes,

 Like a closed flytrap with its prey inside,

 Our feet frozen to the ground,

 Covered in snow, from head to toe,

 A carpet of ice covering the ground,

Our hair turning white on a savage, wintry day.

Today we heard a call,

 The sun blistering our faces,

A burning scar down each arm,

 Our cool white faces turning red

As if in a temper rage.

 Was it a familiar dream?

Stealthily creeping through the window

 Then a loop-the loop?

Did it nudge me; hard, on the shoulder

Then go out again?

Did it murmur a few words, then disappear?

We need to go,

But yet we do not know

Of where to go

Or what left a mark upon the snow.