

# **Here...**

A free verse poem

By

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## Here...

Here I sit on a collapsing bale of hay...  
Snow silently falling around me...  
building mounds of itself...

The forest did that to keep me here...  
to freeze the mountain run-off streams,  
trap me in the field...  
To have me all for itself...  
it loved me so.

The only sound that broke the peaceful silence was the howling of a beagle hound ...  
Far from here...off in the distance...  
as he chased speedier rabbits back into their frosty holes...

I rested here,  
basking in what little sunlight managed to slip through the tinted clouds.  
Pines surrounding me whispered,  
I imagined that every day they waited patiently for me to arrive...  
standing tall and strong,  
no matter the weight of the snow on their creaking limbs.

To the herons in the undergrowth,  
to the minnows in the creek rushing to nowhere,  
to the mountains that built a barrier around my world...  
Here...I was the queen.

They wanted company here...  
I wanted a fantasy-world filled with dragons, archers,  
kings, and brave warriors...a fair trade for my imagination

They hadn't had anyone to watch here since my Pappa was a boy,  
when he was the one charging in a pretend battle...  
Unaware that one day I would come along...  
and be the hero of the fight.

Time to leave here...

I thumped my battered hat onto my head,

picked up a stick, planning my next, forbidden mission.

For here...is my kingdom...my battlefield...my hidden world...

Here...