

Wintry Blight

The gentle song of a newborn day
Gives way to the moaning dirge of night.
Laughing children, once happy at play,
Now scream in dark nightmares, wrapped in fright.

Trees that swayed in a slow, warming breeze,
Now shudder from Luna's chilling breath.
Water that rippled and flowed with ease,
Now still from the touch of wintry death.

Hunter beast, once over his domain,
Now cowers with prey 'neath sheets of white.
Living fields, once green with flowing rain,
Now dark and withered, a wintry blight.