

A Kind Ruler

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Upon the icy land,
Among the cold emotions,
There stands a chilled Sun.
He freezes his subjects more and more.

Neither allowed a drop of light,
Nor let a piece of fire,
To ever melt even the dying mist,
That fights for its life and self.

As away from all those warmth,
Alone, he stands with storms,
Threatens anyone who voices,
And mutes it with a stony heart.

Kindles the sores and scars,
To waken the sleepy pains.
Gives a rainy day,
And make them remember those flooded bays.

To frighten them now and then,
He walks around with a stained whip,
That makes them cry a lot,
And stops them from again falling apart.