

The Cold Within

In the heart of winter's grip, so fierce and bold,
Lies a tale of warmth within the biting cold.
Underneath the blanket white and sky of grey,
Beats the heart of life in silence where it lay.

Frozen landscapes whisper secrets, old as time,
Of a warmth that kindles even in the rime.
The cold within, a paradox of flame and frost,
Where the warmth of souls ensures that hope's not lost.

Embers glow within the hearth of every being,
A light unseen, yet felt, in depth of freeing.
In the coldest nights, when shadows stretch and yawn,
The warmth within keeps the promise of the dawn.

This warmth, a beacon in the blizzard's roar,
A testament to what the human spirit's for.
In each kind act, in every gentle word,
The cold within is melted, and warmth assured.

