

The Castle of Mirror De Meer by Oona Archuleta

The rain was pattering on the door – a step, a fall

Yet no one heard on the outer wall

Twas a stormy night of dark and dim

And something evil was within

A princess with hair spun of gold

Was spinning for her knight so bold

A queen with hands so fair and white

Saw a white dove fly through the night

But yet the evil soon came nearer

And yet nothing became the clearer

Yet the traveler saw nothing but aged stones

That time had worn till they looked like bones

The bat screeched the dogs did wail

The moon was bright and ghostly pale.

Not a single candle light was within the traveler's sight

Only the stars and the moon showed

Against the black of the night pitiless and cold

For he had known he would come upon these heaps of stone

Upon which the cold winds had blown

The townsfolk which he had seen

Looked upon this place like an evil dream

The folk tales of the place where bad but

Could not be capered to the part that was sad

A battle, a traitor, an unjust victory

Something that had made an awful history

Yes indeed some eerie stories

Of pearly white children their heads crowned with glories

A young woman and a knight whispering

Together in the dim twilight

A royal look Queen

Wandering as though she were in a dream

A king with a smile so gentle and pure

Which is rumored to say an illness can cure

Sometimes a hunt, a white falcon flies

Bringing down a bird on the ground it lies

So never my children venture so near

The ruins of the castle of Mirror De Meer