

The Dreadful Menace

I am the dreadful menace.

The one whose will is done.

The haunting chill upon your neck.

I am the conundrum.

I will summon armies.

Of wind and rain and snow.

I made the black cloud overhead.

The ice, like glass below.

Not you, nor any other.

Can fathom what is nigh.

I will tell you when to jump.

And I'll dictate how high.

The ones that came before you.

Stood strong and tall and brave.

But I stole those dreams away.

Those dreams could not be saved.

But now you stand before me.

Devoid of all dismay.

Could it be? Just maybe.

I'll let you have your day.

Anon