



The Fairy Snow Princess and her Fantastical Quest for Meaning

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Magic, Mythology

5 min read

In the middle of December, in the heart of the town
Stood the Fairy Snow Princess, in a dazzling gown
She glinted and shone in the rays of the sun
And her hair was tied up in a white as snow bun.
Her eyes were of blue, like the iced over lake
Her cheeks a rose tint like a red velvet cake
Hundreds of snowflakes clung to her skin
And her lips tilted up in an ivory grin
The air was silent, wind whistled through the trees
Lamenting the memories of a hot Summer breeze
But deep in the forest, in this December clad town
There was no place for Summer, beneath Winters crown
When the first snowflakes fell, and the air was a-hush
The wood dwellers retreated to their homes in a rush
They checked their supplies of acorns and seeds
And curled under their tails with a hot glass of Meade

Their lids grew heavy as they drifted to sleep
Not rising 'til spring reappeared with Bo Peep
But how did this princess, you ask, come to be?
Well here is the truth, just between you and me
The Fairy Snow Queen (that's the princesses mother)
Had married Jack Frost (who was Lausk's older brother)
This small family dealt with the whole Winter Season
With the help of some pixies, and nymphs in the region
But this story is of the princess, the heir to the throne
And how she was lost, but found her way home
You see the princess loved frost, the ice and the snow
Although, she'll admit, it nipped at her toes
But she felt something missing, in her frozen white world
So she donned her best dress, and let her pale wings unfurl
She took a deep breath and exhaled in a flurry
Then set off on her quest in the greatest of hurries
Zipping past trees, over bushes and ferns
Getting further from home with her left and right turns
She travelled through dark, when the snowflakes turned bitter
But soon met the Sun who made the world glitter
He tipped her his hat and whistled a tune
Singing 'good morning to all, but goodbye to the moon'
She stopped for a while, to rest and to chatter
Watching the Sun throw his beams in a scatter
Then realising the time, and bidding farewell
She set off again shouting 'Happy Noel!'
Now just to be honest, for she won't mind me saying
The Fairy Snow Princesses nerves were now fraying
She was quite turned around, though the woods were her home

And even asked for directions from a ground dwelling gnome
But indeed even this help was really no help at all
As the birches and willows move house when night falls
She was getting quite hungry, and scared and upset
And wanted her parents, her home and her bed
You see you may not think it long, one day and one night
But the distance was far for such a small sprite
Alas! lucky for her, and just round the bend
Came not a new stranger, nor foe, but a friend
She was so glad to see him, in his red pointy hat
Checking the presents, each one, in his sack
However you know him, St Nick or just Santa
He was also, in fact, this fairies own grandpa
She ran up to meet him and perched on his shoulder
Narrating her journey 'fore he had time to scold her
She hadn't, you see, left a note or a letter
And her mother, queen or not, was a well known fretter
So she captured a snowflake, one that worked for her mother
And sent a message ahead that she'd be home for supper
But the story continues, for the princess you know
Still hadn't decided just quite where to go
And now with a time limit, to be home by dusk
She hugged grandpa goodbye and continued her rush
What was she looking for? Why did she leave?
And the forest, though lovely, is made to deceive
That's right, dear reader, this tale that's been churned
Has, at this point in time, made a sinister turn
The birches and willows, as mentioned before
Can be rather quite impish, according to lore

With a shake of their leaves, and a creak of their limbs
They all caused a ruckus, a great howling wind
This way and that way the fairy was cast
Flung from her world, to one just as vast
She picked herself up, and dusted her wings
Finding her left one gave off a slight twinge
With one broken wing, and thoroughly grounded
She took in the scene, and was indeed quite confounded
The snow had all gone, the frost and the ice
Replaced by a meadow of fair edelweiss
Being so far from home, and during Yuletide!
Well the Fairy Snow Princess, she sat down and cried
All she had wanted, truly, deep down
Was to find her own niche, and deserve Winters crown
Her father made frost, her mother the snow
And uncle the nip at your cheeks and your nose
Her grandpa, as Santa, delivered the gifts
But the princess herself still felt quite adrift
What was her job, in the grand scheme of cold,
Where was her place in these stories of old?
She still had no answers, was certainly lost
And the hope she had felt was now wholly quashed
A crowd had now gathered to observe the newcomer
And a hedgehog informed her she'd stepped in to Summer
The bumblebees buzzed and the birds sang a song
And with such a sweet sound her sadness was gone
Belenus, they said, was whom she should seek
Who dealt with the sun, the warmth and the heat
She looked up at the Sun, and asked him the way

And it didn't take long 'fore she found Summers Fae
His wings were like hers, though green and not white
And he wore a cape made of flowers that gleamed in the light
She recounted her tale, her joy then her sorrow
And he promised to help her be home by tomorrow
But he had one condition, before she could go
He needed a favour, a few drops of snow
His kingdom, you see, had suffered a drought
And he was having some trouble with his grass and his sprouts
So they thought for a while, and came up with a plan
And with a courteous bow, Belenus held out his hand
Their plan was a waltz, a mingling of powers
And his warmth with her ice created rain showers
They danced and they danced until the ground had been watered
And they soon had an audience of passing by otters
The night flew by quick, and then came the goodbye
(The second time, I add, that the princess did cry)
But Winter and Summer cannot co-exist
And they had to part ways with a tear and a kiss
He lent her a chaffinch, to get her home fast
And back with her family, her sadness soon passed
Although she was late, it being past supper
All was forgiven for her grand tales of Summer
The Fairy Snow Princess, upbeat and content
Had found what her role in Winter now meant
When the Seasons rotate and the two fairies meet
They waltz through the night, and their dance creates sleet
It might not be pretty, or graceful or calming
But when one really looks, it can be rather charming

It falls from the sky and drips off of branches

And it is, after all, the birth of two dancers

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