The Waiting Game

Her eyes were emeralds in a porcelain mask

The serpents her hissing long locks

Her gaze was hard, a knife cutting air

Yet once she was known as fair

Her watery grave was a silent blue tomb

A nautical queen from the depths

Her fingers were tentacles, beckoning in

Her heart was made only of tin

Still there she lies

A beacon of gloom

A dream broken hard on the rocks

Her song is a scream

Her wishes white dust

As she waits for the sun from above



LO: I can write a personification poem using only metaphors

