

# You Ask That Of Me?

*by sweetflag*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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How do I remember her? You ask that of me?  
Does the need for revenge still burn so hotly?  
You sit there so resolutely; you cannot disguise  
The greed in the depths of your familiar green eyes.  
You gluttoned on that which was most sacred  
As I lay there, dying on the floor and bled.  
Begone! Leave me in this unceasing haunt;  
I no longer wish to face your vital taunt.  
I am a mere wisp as a matter of your defence,  
And for that sacrifice you show no deference;  
Not that expected such; I expected nothing,  
And yet, I exist, still bitterly tied to everything.  
You still sit and stare, expectantly and somehow... frantic.  
Could it be that this is no spiteful Potter antic?  
I knew your mother... no, not as your mother... as my beloved.  
She was the light in my dark, the hope in my dread;

My guide through my wandering, and my reason for it all,  
And she saved me once, only later, to make me fall.  
I love her—oh, how I burn with that emotion!  
Even now when death has left me a mere fraction  
Of what I was before, I still recall her touch and kiss.  
I can tell you what I shall now forever miss;  
Her voice washing over me, and her laughter;  
Her embrace and her smile, her tears and... her.  
You look horrified... Is my knowledge a thorn in your side?  
Are these words not what you wish me to confide?  
But! You weep! What are these tears that swiftly flow?  
You ask me, and despite my ache, the answers I bestow.  
I cannot help that the answers do not fit your ideal;  
I will not regret, belittle or disguise what I feel.  
No! You cannot do this to me! Do not continue!  
Do not stand and say that to me; I never wanted it from you!  
Can you not see how this pains me so?  
You have your precious answers, now go!  
You approach me with those words in the air,  
And I am caught in a familiar green stare.  
Those words echo in the ramshackle shack,  
And you wait for the words that I so obviously lack.  
You rush to fill the elongated silence,  
And in a gush you dispense  
All that must have clogged your heart,  
And with wet cheeks you continue to impart.  
Words of sorrow and gratitude tumble from your tongue,  
And as the shadows in the ramshackle shack become long,  
You say all that you've wanted to say.  
And what now as you still stare and stay?  
What words do you expect to hear from me?  
'You're welcome', perhaps? Care for some tea?  
When will you learn, I never did it for you or any of them,  
I did it all for her, always her, and I would again!  
You may feel cleansed, boy, your pain eased much,  
But I am here, and she is beyond my eternal touch.  
She is my all, and all I have is what is left in my head  
After I lost what I had when my memory bled.  
Expect nothing from me; I have nothing to offer.  
I wish to be alone with all my thoughts of her.  
She is my light in this dark, she is my hope is this dread,  
And what I have will sustain me now that I'm dead.  
Go live your life, Potter, just as she would have expected,  
Leave nothing undone, nothing unsaid, nothing untested.  
Thank me? Then make her bittersweet sacrifice a gift,  
Live, damn you! Make this pain seem worth the rift.  
You stare at me again with eyes I wish never to forget,

And I feel such pain and anger and loss and regret,  
For all that could have been and should now be,  
Had not I been a fool and let bitterness once guide me.