

# Morning of Change

*by jylmac*

This poem is inspired by the chapter "White Tomb" in HBP. Told from Hermione's POV while at the funeral and her thoughts about death and the future.

## Poem

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Morning of Change

My tears fall

And my lungs are crushed

By the souls of all those

Yet to be lost.

We knew it would happen.

You? Me? Him? You-know-who.

And now, as we face instant adulthood

You hold me.

An action so profound

We are oblivious to its meaning.

Yet the world rights itself

As billions rejoice in bittersweet illumination

And "I told you so's."

Death is strange to me.

The blunt acceptance of sudden absence.

A stunning loss of uncertainty and

Unprotection.

A nakedness in the face of tomorrow.

Yet you are here.

After everything these past months

The dust of us has cleared

And you end up closest to me

Physically and emotionally.

I feel your tears on my head

And suddenly no one else exists.

Amid my current sorrow

My heart tightens at the thought of you.