True Colours

by Sevvy

Freedom comes at a high price for the living sometimes, but the cost of dying whilst
misjudged is much, much more ...

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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I stand in the depths of the castle grounds,

Amidst the cold sweeping of soft Scottish rain.

Swaying, stumbling, unable to let go;

Will time alone ever ease my pain?

This eve marks three years since that memorable night,

The Battle of Hogwarts well and truly won.

The post-war euphoria has all but now died,

Yet for many due freedom will simply never come.

He was just one of the victims of war, you see;

A name, a face, a 'hero' declared.

Yet he never knew his sacrifices would be disclosed,

Never hoped there was someone who cared.

I still cannot believe we just all left him there,

On the floor of that dirty old shack -

His blood seeping out with careless abandon

As we walked away, to not even look back.

I didn't understand then all that I do now -

The light of the truth at that time wasn't known.

If I'd guessed, I'd have tried – I'd have been by his side

To spare him of dying so scared and alone.

But it seems my guilt never fades, despite time

And the dark spy who died for the good

In life never knew of the price he would pay

For not showing the true colours that he should.