

Poetry Of Hogwarts

by Arachnae

Poetry by those of Hogwarts. Comedy, angst, romance and rage. Come read...

The Musings of King Ron

Chapter 1 of 3

Poetry by those of Hogwarts. Comedy, angst, romance and rage. Come read...

Ron's Ode to Quidditch

Quidditch! Quidditch!

We play it all year!

Quidditch! Quidditch!

That's what I want to hear!

To dodge, swerve, dive and chase

All, of course, at a break neck pace!

Harry's the Seeker, tried and true!

I'm the captain! (I wish! Don't you?)

Fred and George beaters supreme!

Oliver Wood the Gryffindor Quidditch King!

Red and Gold like streaks of fire

Light the sky higher and higher!

Quidditch! Quidditch!

We play it all year!

Quidditch! Quidditch!

That's what I want to hear!

It's in my soul and in my blood!
Surrender now or land in the mud!

Verses By Snape

Chapter 2 of 3

Snape's intimate thoughts in poetry form.

Wish Me Away

Wish me away on magical song
Sing away my life.
Drink the potion that poisoned
my soul--down the bitter dregs.
Join me in darkness where
glimpses of sun-dappled leaves
show what could yet will never be.

For Lily

Emeralds set in palest silk
and honey met with obsidian
in alabaster and raven black.
Look upon me with love or
look not at all. Pure and precious
flower glorious in thy bloom!
Like gods of old am I a jealous
lover who must accede to mortal
flesh proving my love by letting
you go. All would I have given
thee! So, flee I must for I cannot
bear to see my lovely flower so
taken by another... my darling Lily!

*A/N: My apologies about Ron's poems. I am still getting used to this site and thought that listing characters and such would be for the **whole** story, not just individual chapters. Thank you for your patience.*

Harry's Thoughts

Chapter 3 of 3

What would poetry from Harry sound like? Here's my take.

Rage

Living ...breathing a nightmare's
essence... inescapable dream of life.

Rafters shudder to think and
I quiver inside while walls remain immobile.
The shell threatens to shatter any moment
from the double assaults of furies within and without.
What storm will then rage when walls crumble
and all is free to rage and scream?
Till then I huddle beneath stairs and
dream a waking dream of a clear day.

Flying

Soft feathers, downy white
glide with me as I fly chilled winds.
Only aloft do I find peace.
Astride my broom, am I content.
No war can reach me
nor dark things see
my companion---
Hedwig and I.