# 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!

### **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 thwhole 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.