

The End to 'Always,' Evermore.

by juniperus

Snape. And redemption. And Poe. (For Dicky)

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Chapter 1 of 1

Snape. And redemption. And Poe. (For Dicky)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, sore and weary,
Over many a dark and dangerous volume of arcane lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some hand was gently rapping, rapping at my dungeon door.
"Tis some dunderhead," I muttered, "tapping at my dungeon door—
I'll have to hex them to the floor."
Ah, distinctly I remember it was in frigid December,
And each separate dying ember wrought visions of my ghosts upon the floor.
Eagerly I waited for the morrow;—hesitantly I sought to borrow
From fic writers an end to sorrow—sorrow for Lily, now no more—
For the rare and radiant Lily, who treads the ground no more—
Shipless here for evermore.
And the silken sad uncertain rustling of Slytherin green curtains
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic plot bunnies never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood complaining,
"Tis some dunderhead entreating entrance at my dungeon door—
Some fool dunderhead entreating entrance at my dungeon door;—

This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my ire grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,

"Sir," said I, "or Madam, my forgiveness you'd best implore;

But the fact is I was, er, 'napping,' and so rudely you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my dungeon door,

That I hoped I had not heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, sneering,

Doubting, muttering words no mortals ever dared to speak before;

But the silence outside unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,

And the words there spoken were the whispered words, "Merlin's drawers!"

These I whispered, and an echo grumbled the words, "Merlin's drawers!"—

Merely this, and nothing more.

Bugger.

Back into the dungeon turning, all my ire within me burning,

Yet again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is an owl at my window lattice:

Let me see, then, what message, and this mystery explore—

Let me read again, damn you, after this mystery explore;—

'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with an awkward leap and sputter,

In there stepped a pale Patronus I knew I had seen before;

Not the least apology made she; not my hasty hex did sway she;

But, with mien of lord or lady, trotted near my dungeon door—

Trotted over to the bookcase just beside my dungeon door—

Trotted, sat, and nothing more.

Did this ghostly form beguiling my grim countenance into smiling?

No, not the grave, even snarling, visage of the countenance I wore.

"Thy cruel form wounds my shattered heart, thou," I said, "reminder of my senseless part

In mistakes that sent me, blindly, wandering to the Nightly shore—

Must thee remind me of my journey to and flight from the Night's Plutonian shore!?"

Quoth Patronus, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled the answer clearly besmirking that which cost me dearly,

As though it had the power to erase the guilt and pain I bore;

For absolution was it giving, but no witch or wizard living

Could mistake the creature standing near my dungeon door—

But I could scarce imagine hundreds crowding in my dungeon door,

Pointing fingers nevermore.

Softly watching my growing madness, as I fell to the stones in sadness,

The pale and glowing figure did my tears and threats ignore.

Nothing further then she uttered—no, no further message muttered—

And my pain-filled eyes grew shuttered, "My hopes of redemption have come and flown before—

On the morrow she will leave me, as my dreams have flown before."

Then the doe said, "Never More."