

Sevulysses

by Amita

Are we not now which we were in old days?

Chapter 1 of 1

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It little matters a Potions master,
In this old castle, condemned to exile,
Matched with false friends and haunting memories,
I teach high knowledge to a sullen crowd,
That whines and plods and cares nothing for me.
I cannot go back; I will ride my path
To the dark end, where those I have betrayed
Can gladly rejoice now that I suffer.
But their joy, freely granted, is nothing
While I celebrate the farce is over.
I am so weak and strong by fierce hate
That I both fight and yield to unfair fate.

Prompted by MuseAmusant [Severus, Forbidden Forest, mourning dove], although this dove into the forbidden forest of his mourning.

Apologies to Alfred Lord Tennyson.