

# Drop by Drop

*by whitesilence*

He's got one chance to save her.

## Drop by Drop

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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### Drop by Drop

Struck down and cursed

When she, his beloved, stood by her friend

By eyes of glowing coal,

Directing yew and phoenix feather.

He could only watch,

As she, his fortress, fell soundlessly,

Her crimson lion's blood, flowing

Drop by painful drop,

To stain the emerald ground.

The bite of an adder, unstoppable poison,

Stealing her away to darkness.

He ran to his books, comfort, and in them

He won their second chance, salvation.

Ingredients gathered, selected

By the most discriminating eye.

Chopped and sliced, grated and diced

Added to the crucible, cauldron.  
He watches his life, now hers,  
Through glass veins, creeping  
Drop by agonizing drop  
To settle in the flask.  
When her friend, green eyed  
Bursts in, shouting that  
He, who aches to hold her,  
Has been absent from her side  
Wanting to know why, accusing.  
He watches, frozen, as her friend  
In his depriving rage, lashes out  
Upends the glass creature  
His hope rests on, falls  
Slipping through his loving fingers  
On to the table, the floor where  
A thousand screams to slivers  
And the life giving liquid  
Splatters drop by horrified drop,  
To puddle on the stones.  
A scream in rage, he runs  
to her side, ashen pale.  
He takes her slender hand in his as,  
Honey brown steals down his tunnels  
their eyes meet, thoughts shared  
hers softly fading out, flutter shut  
His name a whisper on her ruby lips  
He watches, powerless, as  
she, his Eurydice, is torn away and  
Drop by darkening drop  
The night pools at his feet.