

Drop by Drop

by whitesilence

He?s got one chance to save her.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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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.