

Erised

by whitesilence

What is your heart's desire?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She has only read of the Mirror
In dusty tomes of lost knowledge
To illuminate her
Gilt gold heart's desire
He, green eyed, spoke of
Its power, enthralling captivation
He, red haired, spoke of
Its empty glory, deceiving promise
Both in voices of wispy longing
A man's heart, she knows
Wants precisely what is worst
But she, who is no man
Will see different and
She asks herself, truly
What is your heart's desire?
The mirror stands before her, gleaming

Beckoning torchlight dancing across silver

A silent sigh, she lifts her eyes

A soft gasp, she sees

That what she should not want

Dark eyed he regards her

Moonlight drifting across pale skin

His long arms encircle her

His hot breath against her ear, neck

What is your heart's desire?

He has never gazed upon

That silvered pane

He knew his heart's desire

Once, long ago, that dream

Was shattered, and

To look into that mirror

See what he would be denied

Would be more than he could bear

He, who was once led,

Astray into temptation

Yields not to its siren's call

Then he sees her

Doe eyed, porcelain skinned

In the moonlight, slipping

Before the mirror

He gives into the yearning

One chance ventured

Everything to gain

On silent feet, he moves

To stand behind her,

Breathe her deep to savor

He wraps himself around her when

She gasps a soft sound of joy as

He whispers in her ear.

What is your heart's desire?