

Alone

by Shanastay

What happens when a life of spying and trusting no one catches up with you? Poetic reflections by Snape with hints of his relationship with Hermione.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It's so hard-
To be alone.
It's my greatest fear.
To be utterly, completely-
Alone.
Needing to be held,
Told I'm not bad,
Not evil,
Good.
Worthy of Association,
Friendship,
Maybe even Love.
Needing to know-
I make an impact,
A difference.
I matter.

But instead-
Simply alone.
Millions surround,
All around.
Crowding, pushing, shoving-
Being tossed about,
Dragged along-
By the current-
Flowing around me,
But not through me.
Faces pushing close all around.
I recognize many.
But only one-
Acknowledges me.
But not as I wish.
Instead, the way I need.
A Friend.
A REAL friend.
No lies.
No ulterior motives.
Simple, pure, REAL-
Friendship.
Someone to trust,
And confide in-
Finally.
But still-
The others point and laugh,
Whisper things I cannot hear,
But I know are not good.
What to do?
What to say?
Don a mask.
Smile and laugh,
While the tears rain down,
Behind the mask.
Behind their backs.
Never let 'em see you cry.
Never.
Never lose control.
Talk yourself-
Into believing-
I want to be alone.
This is my choice,
Lie to yourself.
It doesn't hurt-
So bad . . .
LIAR!!!!

It eats at you.
It tears you apart-
Inside.
Silently.
Painfully.
Inexplicably.
Insidiously.
Turning simple sadness-
Into depression,
Then anger.
Finally self-hatred,
And self-destruction.
Unless-
You made a promise,
To a special someone.
Then you continue on-
In pain.
But forever bound,
By word and conscience,
To suffer.
Alone.
Yet,
Not alone.
I have a friend.
That special someone
Who cares about me
Not what others say
Not what others think.
A strong pillar
On which I can lean.
Someone
Pure of heart and intention
A light in the dark.
Finally
I have someone
I am no longer
Alone.