

Waiting

by zenni

He may be gone, but the grounds still mourn for him waiting for his return. So does someone else... Written after the events in HBP.

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A/N: This poem has been left deliberately ambiguous, and although I personally imagine Hermione to be writing this, it could be anyone.

I've been counting the long months
Since your departure
From this place.
The inhabitants may rejoice
In the loss of your company,
But the very spirit,
- The soul of the castle building
Openly mourns the deprivation of your presence,
And a thick gloom covers the grounds.
A lone black rose blooms
In the dull midnight sun
While its fellow comrades sleep on.
A single drop of dew,
Rolling like a tear

Falls to the cold
Ground below.
It weeps in despair,
Crying out your name.
The trees whisper to one another
"Where has he gone?"
For the dark forest
Longs for your return.
Branches bowed, as if in prayer,
Looking at the imposing gates.
Hoping against hope
That you will appear,
But you never do.
Then doomed this castle be,
For until the war is over,
The residents will no longer
Welcome you here.
They would sooner kill you
For your traitorous deeds.
Instead, we shall patiently wait
In the grey depression
- The solitary fortress and I,
Until we be united once more.