

A Winter's Night

by whitesilence

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Shall I compare thee to a Winter's night?
Thou art more starless and more frigate.
Rough winds of thy passage sputter the light,
And thy presence hath none too short a date:
No matter what thy tongue might defame,
Or what thy caviling eye might fillet,
The moonless sky consumest the candle flame,
Loath to risk the warming strength of new day:
But thy eternal Winter shall never fade,
Nor melt in the presence of heaven's grace,
And albeit Death comes to draw thee to his shade,
Still thy hidden heat shall never surface.
Even after thy dark mountain crumbles to sea,
So long lasts chill, no love will come to thee

The inverse of Shakespeare's Sonnet #18. Written with Snape in mind.