

# Seconds Ago

*by whitesilence*

Magic swirling around the three in the center, the eye of the storm.

## Seconds Ago

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Magic swirling around the three in the center, the eye of the storm.

Seconds ago, Severus had been struck down by a curse,  
Had felt the final confrontation begin in the darkness of his head  
Magic swirling around the three in the center, the eye of the storm.  
Seconds ago, Harry, the Chosen One, had begun the ritual,  
The living, the dying, the dead, cried out their plea  
Seeking communion with the Kindly ones, asking for their wrath.  
Seconds ago, Ron, ready for his next adventure,  
Had drawn the silver blade across his pale freckled skin  
Releasing his spirit to carry their plea across time and space.  
Seconds ago, Hermione, living from beyond the grave,  
Had opened her mind and became the conduit for the powers that be  
And sang a cleansing song of goodness and divine love.  
Seconds ago, Tom had stood proud and confident,  
His darkness ready to extinguish the sun, reveling in the rising magic  
Was obliterated by the blinding flame and blown away to dust.

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It's been a while hasn't it? I've working on a much longer story (well, several to be truthful) and having trouble with one of them. Perhaps it's because it's all philosophical and metaphysical and all that rot. This poem is from the climax of the story. So if it didn't make any sense, then you most likely are sound of mind and body. I'm also thinking of adding a sequel or two for this poem. What do you think?

