

# Moving On - Letters

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My response to the Love Poem Challenge by Fenrir on The Petulant Poetess. Harry writes a letter to help him get over his residual love.

## To Sirius

Chapter 1 of 1

My response to the Love Poem Challenge by Fenrir on The Petulant Poetess. Harry writes a letter to help him get over his residual love.

A/N: This was done as a companion piece to a story I am still working on writing, as well as a response to the Love Poem Challenge by Fenrir.

For this, I used the poem *Puedo Escribir* by Pablo Neruda – great poem, although it was originally written in Spanish, but most translations are pretty good as far as I've seen.

Disclaimer: Characters and setting owned by JK Rowling (very good author); Based on a poem by Pablo Neruda (great poet) – the combination is my own.

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Sirius,

I know this will never be able to reach you, but I hope that in writing, I can put my mind to rest.

I'm with Gabrielle now, and Ginny is with Draco. When I sit here... when I try to sleep, Ginny always finds her way into my head. As the wind blows around the loops, as it rushes past my face, I hear it singing her name. The flowers surrounding the field have her scent.

We would sit out here, kissing. Anytime we could slip away, we would sneak off to spend time in each other's company. We would kiss until we found ourselves laying in the grass in each other's arms. And on the weekends, or on holidays, we'd stay out and watch the sunrise. She'd be in my arms, her body close to mine, especially when it got colder. On those days, we'd sit close, and her bright brown eyes would warm my soul. I could feel her thoughts in mine and see her happiness shining from her eyes. And when she looked into my eyes, I could feel our love in the air, surrounding us. It would dance with the wind, dance as we often did.

But I know when I lost her. I know that it's my own fault, but that only adds to the pain. Even sitting here, looking into the night sky, troubles me. It seems larger somehow, now that I view it alone. I look up into the sky and see the same stars that I used to see in her eyes.

I suppose it makes sense, though. Did I really expect her to wait so long for me?

Even now, I can hear singing off in the distance. I need to figure this out – my soul feels like it is absent, my mind barely focuses. When I walk through the hall, I find myself looking for her, simply for the reason of seeing her. When she speaks, my heart listens to her. When she looks in my direction, I feel my eyes pull me towards her. It takes all of my control for me to keep on a subject when she walks near me. But I know that she's with Draco.

Everything here is the same outside; the night is the same, and the trees whiten at the same time as before. But we've all changed.

I know I don't love her, but I can still remember how much I did. I loved how she sounded, loved her light body. I once got lost in her eyes for hours. I would speak just so my voice could touch her. Now Draco is the one who gets to hold her. He is the one who replaces me in kissing her at night.

I know I don't love her, but... I feel like I do. It seems like love never lasts long enough and you never fully recover. I still think about when I held her in my arms on nights like this.

This has seemed to make me feel better, and I think my heart will not be pained by this. These are the last words I write about her.

Harry