## Still...

by Luthien Narmolanya

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They are not mine, they belong to the genius of J. K. Rowling
What irony
You, Sirius, always chuckling and making jokes
And me, the ever serious one.
I miss the days when we were young
We could talk, and laugh and dream all day
But now
But now
Then suddenly
They disappeared, all those loving, tender strokes
Where are you? Did you fly to the sun
Or did you go down to fires that stung
You're gone. I tell myself every hour, every day

And now...
And now...
I'm alone.

After so many years, why is fate so inexplicably cruel?
Why didn't you take me with you?
I miss you so much. I breathed just for you
The darkness is swallowing me ever deeper, ever nearer
But still
But still
I'm not home
I am dead but living, in darkness but still a living fool
Will I ever again spend time with you?
I wish the spirits will come and take me to you
The worlds change, the times change, but I'm still not nearer
And still
And still
Would you love me then? When I come to caress your face
When I cry and feel no more disgusting disgrace
Would you know who I am and spread your grace
I miss you so much. You're someone no one can replace.
And still
And still
I love you still