

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...