

Red Petals Snow

by ThatFreshRainSmell

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It was so pretty, really. So surreal. Something that appealing surely was too beautiful for the mortal world, and yet, here it was. He watched with a small smile as the red spread through the white powder, blood forging twirling paths through the snow. The red twined and moved, creating a complex pattern that made the experience seem more of an illusion than it already was.

He wanted to move his arm out of the way, for fear of mussing the pattern, but held still. Somehow, he knew, to keep the red going, he had to keep his wrists in the snow. He looked to his right and saw with satisfaction that his right arm did just as well as the left. The red spread over the snow, never blurring, always staying perfectly red, crisscrossing lines through the purest white, like tiny veins over porcelain skin.

The tree he leaned against did nothing to mar the effect; on the contrary it seemed to make it all the more beautiful. He looked from the red veins over across the white expanses of the pure, still world, blissfully happy that there was nothing and no one to be seen, but for the snow, the white sky, and the tree at his back. It seemed to stretch forever.

The pain from his wrists felt as nothing; there was only the bright red and the pure white. He could not remember what his life was like or why he had cut so deep as to shed so much blood. The only thing that he could remember that connected to it was his... something. Teacher, maybe. Something that started with an 'S.' He struggled for minutes until he remembered the face, the voice, of Severus Snape. He remembered pain, longing, and sadness, tears wept and blood spilt, but not why, not how, and nor did it seem important anymore.

He returned to admiring the thin red lines over the brilliantly white snow, which was soft, in its way. It was so red, and so white, he could not draw his stare away. At least, whatever the reason, whatever the cause, he would be peaceful with his red veins as company. He need not fear that.

His whole body was numb now, from lying in the snow, and he dared not move an inch, for fear of wrecking the pattern. He did not mind, though; something like that was too beautiful to give up for a little comfort.

He sat there, unsure as to what passed by way of time, unsure if he was yet void of the spark of life, and nor did he care. He had forgotten his previous conviction on not moving, but nor did it seem to matter.

He shifted ever so slightly, and a red line through the white broke to pieces. In that bit of a moment, his whole body screamed with pain as he agonized over the loss of something so beautiful. It was as if his vein, his blood, had shattered and broken, and he was now left with the pieces, pieces under his skin, pricking at the surface. He could not breathe, he could not think, as he was consumed in agony.

In the last moments before the dark wiped out the pure white snow—which held mostly perfect, though one broken, shattered, vein—he wondered if the pain that had caused him to bleed, to make himself bleed, had felt the same as when the red vein had broke.

He knew that both pains were for losing something beautiful, if only he knew that much.

A/N: Gosh, it's so late I don't even remember where I got the idea....