

Safety in Unwanted Things

by stuttermoan

SS/HP poetry. The world knows only who they aren't.

1

Chapter 1 of 1

SS/HP poetry. The world knows only who they aren't.

I.

Standing behind the bigger boy, even

His shadow is second-hand:

A flat, grey ghost under a

Tantrum thundercloud.

The folds in his overlarge clothes make him look

Like he is shrinking.

He watches presents emerge from bright paper

And anticipates the day they are broken or forgotten;

There is safety in unwanted things.

II.

Tears are more over than they've ever been;

The war had dissolved into a slumped sigh,

Mumbling a prayer of thanks to him

(With few words for the dead or ruined).

And now the world is arranged on his table

In bright paper, waiting for his hands,

And he takes what he never could.

He takes and takes

Of food, and things, and sights,

And company, especially

But he can't stand their faces

Admiring his triumph in false faith

That he can never be broken.

Just shake me, he thinks.

My skin is bright paper

But inside, I'm pieces.

III.

He finds the man in a pile of dust-colored shadows

Drinking fiercely, scolding himself to the silence.

He can't explain his presence, or his purpose

Other than to say *I've found you*,

But somehow, that's enough.

He doesn't have to mention how the world

Knows only who they aren't.

He takes the man, and his books,

And tucks them gently

In the safest shelf of his life.

He sees the man's valor;

The man has trust in his frailty

And their broken edges fit.

There is safety in unwanted things.