

# Timepiece

*by stuttermoan*

Snape dreads the task Dumbledore has given him.

## 1

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I keep better time than your faith suggests  
But not by much, and not because I'm yours.  
I've marked your steps for years: they slant  
Behind your eyes and part with mine. I know  
You've built your end from valorous dissent;  
Each deed you add will make a sum of fate  
Not foreseen, but fashioned from your fire.  
This force affords a hope above all tears, one  
Taller than the darkest veil: your heart.  
The stop will come the day you drink the curse  
For him. You've set my hand to you -- a false  
Alarm of blood outspent. The cause is sped  
By all that you inspire. I understand it; still...  
*(My God, why can't I take this in your stead?)*