

Timepiece

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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?)