

He Wears His Cloak Like Moonlight Wears the Night

by michmak

How can I write a summary for this tale/
Without revealing where these sonnets go? /
Will they reveal a love hearty and hale/
Or will they tell of story full of woe? /
Snape is a man ill-used by life and fate,/
He's never had a friend to call his own,/
He learned at a young age the hands of fate/
Would rather see him empty and alone./
Hermione is a witch of gentle heart, /
Whose brain has proven bigger than her hair –/
She watches him and sees he stays apart/
And tries to live as if he doesn't care. /
And if you want to learn what happens next, /
Than by all means please come and read the text!

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I. Snape Soliloquy

If I could only turn back hands of time;

retrace the steps of the mistakes I've made,
back to an age when my thoughts were sublime,
back to a time when I was not afraid.
I made so many choices long ago,
when I was young with thoughts aflame with ire.
I can't erase those choices even though
they kill the dreams to which I now aspire.
I acted out of wrath and frenzied pride,
and didn't realize until too late
that I was bound onto a madman's side,
that I would seal myself up with his fate.
While faces all around me shine with glee
it seems that there will be no joy for me.

II. Hermione

He wears his cloak like moonlight wears the night
and sweeps about with growls and biting sneers,
yet when I gaze at him I feel no fright
for I can sense the glimmer of his tears.
I often wonder what it would be like
to reach out and to take him by the hand.
I do not think he'd raise his fist to strike –
I think that I could make him understand
that he has been redeemed time and again
from choices that he made while a rash youth.
My heart and soul ache deeply for his pain.
I wish that I could make him see this truth.
I do not love the man that he was then,
but I do love the man he'll be again.

III. Snape Questions

She looks at me with eyes so brown and warm
that I retreat before I'm made the fool.
She says she doesn't mean me any harm.
Could she be the exception to the rule?
I've never had someone to call my own,
no one who loved me even though they knew
that underneath the anger I'm alone,
and had a heart that beat in ag'nny too.
Dare I reach out to grasp all she can give?
Will her embrace redeem this weary man?
Does she believe she'll teach me how to live?
Do I believe it's something that she can?
She tells me in her heart I'll find a home.
Can it be true that I am not alone?

IV. Hermione Responds

He told me once so many years ago
'twas me who taught his lonely voice to sing,
that in his barren heart I made love grow

and 'twas my touch that made his soul take wing.

He tells me ev'rytime he touches me,

With words so silent I can only feel,

That I alone have taught him how to see,

That it was me who helped his heart to heal.

He'd always been a solitary man,

He felt that he had nothing left to give,

Until I came along and took his hand

And in the taking, we learned how to live.

Now every day it seems I love him more

Than I had loved him, just the day before.