

Contemplations

by irishredlass

Severus thinks about his life on his wedding day.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I own nothing from the world of Harry Potter. Anything you recognize belongs to the brilliant and talented JKR. The poem, however, is mine. That aside, I owe a huge debt of gratitude to the wonderful Ladyinthecloak who beta-read this and babied me to the completion of this tale.

CONTEMPLATIONS

The crispy air on this early June morning suited the mood of the solitary figure, standing by the lake lost in thought. Contemplation seemed to be in order today, his wedding day. He marveled at the love he felt in a heart, many had thought, including himself, no longer existed. It had been more than twenty years that as a young boy he had first given his heart to another, and the results had been disastrous. He had consigned his life to a maniac and then spent the next twenty years placing his life in jeopardy to destroy the one he called Master. The life of a spy was not conducive to human companionship, and he had become resigned to a barren life until the final battle. He still did not know why he had agreed to take Miss Granger on as an apprentice. Not that he had had much choice with both Albus and Minerva on his back. It had definitely not been an easy road, but something had begun to thaw—just as the flowers beginning to fight their way through the frozen ground by the lake. The image brought to mind the poem Hermione had found on that Muggle contraption of hers, *Love Seasons* on some—what did she call it, “website”. Well, Muggle or not, the words spoke to him. His life was like the seasons the poet had described.

LOVE SEASONS

Spring

A fragile bud grows.

Through earth, still

cold and hard.

Barely warmed infant sun

So high,

Petals of butter

Strain to the sky.

So far, so far away...

Reflections love you
Simplicities beauty
Hesitantly tender
Fragility is thy name.
Summer
Heat warmed earth
Nurturing forth
Blossoms strong
Never ending days
Time grows
Present
Illusions
More, forever more...
Reflections love strong
Hot, sure
Beauty is strength
Endurance is thy name.
Autumn
With cooling eves wind
Leaves float free
Still, unnoticed
Frost creeps
Icy fingers
Shrivel flowers
Colors grey
A dying
Reflections love's death
One becomes two
Parting
Pain is thy only name
Winter
Banks startling white
Closes off
Roots dug deep
Rejuvenate
Far off light
Cold heat
Begins beating
Penetrating
Reflections love's healing
Each becomes strong
Solitude mends
Peace is thy name.
Seasons pass
Cycles continue
Springs new life
To love

Again

It seemed he was entering spring for the second time. He hoped the season would be long.

Falling in love with Hermione had been a tumultuous journey not without its ups and downs, remembering the first time that she had touched him in the decrepit sitting room at Spinner's End. He had taken them there to argue away from Albus' over developed sense of hearing. Instead she had ended up massaging his shoulders and scalp. That was the first time in over twenty years that he had been touched out of kindness by a female with no ulterior motive. To be honest he had probably started falling in love with her at that very moment.

The ensuing months only nurtured what had begun on that old settee. She was the only one who could keep up with his sarcastic wit and was not afraid to tell him to stuff it when he needed it. He had never met a woman who could match him in both intelligence and power. Hermione was the brightest witch of her age, and there wasn't a wizard alive willing to go against her in wand to wand combat. The rows they had were legendary and, to be honest, he was looking forward to more in the future. That was a novelty, *he* was looking forward to the future.