

Isolate

by Seventh

How I would feel if I had been trapped by Lord Voldemort and forced to be a loyal
Death Eater, lest I am killed for disobedience.

A Death Eater Poem

Chapter 1 of 1

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disobedience.

A/N: A poem I wrote quite a while ago, but have decided to touch up and re-write to make it sound as if the speaker is a Death Eater who is not quite as willing as Bellatrix Lestrange.

All I hear is fear,
As no one cares to hide it.
Only I remain calm, my dear,
Yet in Isolate's presence lose it.
'Mind', 'Body' and 'Spirit',
Three words which together describe the 'soul'.
Through no heart nor love can I own it,
So I must wither in Isolate's drole.
Darling, the one last thing I ask is this:
That maybe someday, somehow you can save me.
Yet you know that to steal me from such an evil bliss...
Surely it would kill me.

A/NCont: Also, please review, as they stop me from worrying that I am completely stupid and can do some things right. (That and the fact I am allergic to chocolate, which many people say is absolutely perfect. If you can't send me chocolate, send me reviews!)