

When He Lost His Rose

By JessicaRae

Based on Season 1, ep 1

Why does he walk as an outcast traveler, shuffling feet, cloaked head,
Bearing burdens in his heart of things they've never said?
Walking as if in a broken tale of love once had and lost,
His head bowed, restless hands, counting and recounting the cost.
All the tales of Shakespeare could never have prepared his soul
For the aching loss of love once lost, out of reach and cold.
He'd lost her, his angel, his rose, his salvation from within.
Gone, she was, back to her world, so far away from him.
It had been right, to let her go, back to where she'd belong.
But that didn't stop the painful nights that he lay awake and longed.
Would she return, would she remember? He asked his hurting mind.
Of course not, fate said, no mincing words, there's no love for your kind.
Days and nights they marched right on through never giving a sign of her
He clung to a spark of empathy, hope, and dreamed as if it were.