

Title: 11 cinquain poems

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Season: 2 and 5-7, but mostly 6

Rating: G, I think

Spike/Other warning: temporary Spike/Drusilla.

A/N: This post brought to you by [the BtVS cinquains of dawnofme](#), though I tried (vaguely) for [a different variation of the form](#).

[OffYourBird](#) kindly helped me make a couple of these less cryptic. <3

Shoutout also to [the_wiggins](#), whose useful comment on a different work made me stop and look at one of these and think, 'Hey, this could be less convoluted'. You can thank thewiggins for not having to sprain your brain as you read, I hope.

I always appreciate feedback, including about things that don't work so well.

"You do remember that you're a vampire, right?"

Wild card:

for snacks, soccer,
and Dru (to be hers), would
come courting an incredulous
ally.

"Sooner or later it's gonna catch you."

Taxes

and death don't last,
but, the further you run,
the closer, Slayer, you'll come to
my love.

"What the hell is that, and why is his hair that color?"

He stole

glances, sweaters,
and fire that only
men should feel, sacrifice mocking
the gods.

"Let me take my love and bury it"

The peace

of graveyards, where
you idly read the names,
is not for laughs. Get out, leave me
to mourn.

"Her hands."

You reach
out your hand, marked
like hers, to comfort, guide?...
She can't take it, hers still sore, cool
as earth.

"Wake up already. Never gonna happen!"

You've got
to see me, now
you've kissed me and we've gone
all night, and I'm in your kitchen...
Don't you?

"You know, there may be an upside to no-see-me."

Today,
I'll do the one
thing I'm good at these days.
Cancel the Failure Olympics.
Hi, Spike.

"Please don't forgive me..."

What's wrong
with you? Don't love
me this way, hiding my
body trail, setting me loose on
yourself!

"It's nice to watch you be happy."

I tried
to wound your heart
for throwing mine away.
Couldn't get a clear shot — mine's still
too close.

"So you just bring it on. Bring on the whole-"

Knowledge

burrows, biting
me hollow. Feeling how
wrong I was, this was the plan, so —
oh God.

“Will you just hold me?”

The town
stripped to bones. No
cars, friends, contortion acts
obscure the sight of you, holding
my gaze.

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