

Poetry

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Drabble. RoyEd. A simple poem can have more meaning than books full of words... or it could mean one simple thing.

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1 - Poetry

Warning: Shounen-ai: RoyxED

Disclaimer: I don't own 'em, just play with 'em.

A/N: For Valentine's Day I wrote all of my friends short drabbles, this was the first.

Poetry

"Hey, Colonel Bastard what-" not bothering to knock, the blond alchemist loudly entered the empty office of his superior, though it took him a moment to comprehend the 'empty' part. "Where the hell is he?" A forlorn piece of pale pink paper sat beside a single red rose on the unoccupied desk. Without thinking, Ed gently lifted the note, taking the rose into his automail hand as well. The sharp thorns caused no pain, only breaking as they fought to harm the unforgiving metal.

*Dear Edward,
Violets are blue,
Roses are red,
And just so you know,
I'm waiting naked in your bed.
Love,
Roy Mustang*

The vertically challenged boy read the equally short poem twice through before carefully folding the page and gently placing it in his jacket pocket. With the rose in hand, he walked quickly from the office, quietly closing the door behind him.

~fin~