

Ravenclaw

Rowena, wise, and cunning,
Her wisdom, and grace were very becoming,
She took those who knew knowledge best,
Leaving, Godric, Helga, and Salazaar with the rest,
Exactly how much she knew, is anyone's guess,
But I'm sure she carried several libraries, in her head nonetheless,
Her house was adorned in black, and blue,
By her side a raven often flew,
One conversation with her, and your mind was bent in new ways,
What a Ravenclaw knows, you can not learn in a few days,
A powerful witch was she,
In love with Slytherin her knowledge first fell,
Slytherin, dark, and proud, no one needed he,
Yet Rowena was enraptured, by something more powerful than spell,
His cruelty threatened to break her heart in a million ways,
But she broke through her sicken haze,
And realizing that it could not be,
Threw herself into her studying, every moment she had free,
Working late into the night,
She wrote books of magic, full of might,
And when the Founders split apart,
She found more work to still her heart,
Whenever forced to go on holiday,
Away from her books, not long could she stay,
So her departures ceased at last,
And thus Rowena studied until she was left in the past.