

## **Blood**

by mazaher

December 26th, 2011

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*There is this song by Suzanne Vega, Blood Makes Noise:*

*<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v6qvIhygLTs> -- original version, 1992;*

*<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HvM430UcW-I> -- 2011 remix.*

*I think it claims for a Sherlock vid: either pre-series (pre-John, pre-Lestrade) or Sherlock/John.*

*I left a prompt around, but no takers.*

*I can't vid worth a damn. I tried, and I just can't.*

*But I write.*

*So I wrote this.*

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That had been the time when blood made noise.

After he'd slammed the door on Sebastian one snowy evening, five days before Christmas, and walked away with only his coat, a small handbag and a thin trickle of blood making its way down his spine, hot then cool then chilly under his shirt.

Before one DI, Lestrade by name, noticed him watching his team at work and pencilling notes with gloved hands on a battered moleskine notebook.

Lestrade had picked up the yellow tape for him, allowing access to the crime scene.

"Tell me I won't regret this," Lestrade had said under his breath.

"You won't," he had answered, with more self-assurance than he'd felt at the moment.

He hadn't looked back since.

But in-between, there had been the noise.

It was the empty time, the desolate time, when people had looked and sounded like cardboard cutout figures, garish and too loud, but the ringing silence of solitude had been intolerable.

When life had felt short and bare and pointless anyway, so he'd hurried to grab whatever he could before time ran out.

When what he grabbed was most often a syringe, and the absolute certainty of what he'd find in it.

An icy shot, then warmth. The buzzing growing, then fading.

Until nothing was left but the noise of blood.

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