

## **Come away with me**

by mazaher

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*I've never been able to listen to Paolo Conte's It's wonderful without feeling the taste and scent of suicide. This is a death!fic for All Hallows E'en. Beware.*

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All Soul's Night.

John is dead.

It does not matter when, where, or how.

Two days ago, one year ago, an hour, six months, a decade.

Blown up by Moriarty's last bomb, sick with liver cancer, drowned, shot, run over by a car.

John... is dead.

*Via via ...*

*Vieni via con me.*

*Niente più ti lega a questi luoghi*

*Neanche questi fiori azzuri.*

Sherlock still talks to him. He dissects cases, complains about how dull London has become since John has gone, comments on his experiments. Sometimes he argues with him.

Sometimes he tells him how he misses him.

Tonight there is a bunch of late chicory flowers on the kitchen table.

Tonight, Sherlock is asking John to leave.

*Via via ...*

*Neanche questo tempo grigio,*

*pieno di musiche*

*e di uomini che ti son piaciuti.*

It's early, four in the afternoon, but there is a fog outside, and darkness seeps through the pearly haze until what little light is there seems to come from below.

"I'm going to play for you," Sherlock says, "and then you will go. There is no reason for you to stay on for my sake. Find someone else, wherever you are now."

*It's wonderful*

*It's wonderful*

*It's wonderful*

*Good luck my baby*

The violin has a low voice tonight. Sherlock doesn't play the Hungarian Dances or the Capricci, la Malagueña or even the Danse Macabre. Tonight it's blues and jazz, those hazy, fuzzy pieces John used to love. Sherlock plays until the night is deep outside; until stray birds fly and flutter against the windowpane, attracted by the light, then veer off and disappear.

Sherlock lowers the bow, still holding on to the violin under his chin. He opens his eyes.

"Go now. Goodbye, John."

*It's wonderful*

*It's wonderful*

*It's wonderful*

*I dream of you*

*Chips chips chips*

*Du du du du du*

*Ci bum ci bum bum*

*Du du du du du  
Ci bum ci bum bum  
Du du du du du*

A gust of wind sighs down the chimney. A handful of ashes stirs in the fireplace in the thinnest of whispers.

*I still dream of you, it says.*

*Via via ...  
Vieni via con me.  
Entra in questo amore buio  
Non perderti per niente al mondo  
Via via ...  
Non perderti per niente al mondo  
Lo spettacolo d'arte varia  
Di uno innamorato di te.*

*I am still in love with you, it murmurs in Sherlock's ear.  
I won't go unless you also come. I found you, I won't leave you. Ever, it says.*

*It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
Good luck my baby*

There is no rustle of leaves outside, no wind, but a scatter of fine gray flakes spirals up, circles Sherlock, dusts the shoulders of his jacket and the shiny belly of his violin. Sherlock shivers and bows his head.

*It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
I dream of you  
Chips chips chips  
Du du du du du  
Ci bum ci bum bum  
Du du du du du  
Ci bum ci bum bum  
Du du du du du*

He hears his own heartbeat in his ears, steady and loud, marking his lifetime. He remembers when John and he were in bed after making love, and he used to listen to their twin heartbeats, John's a little faster than his own, same as the rhythm of their steps on the pavement.

*Via via ...  
Vieni via con me.  
Entra in questo amore buio  
Pieno di uomini.*

*It is full of people on this side, Sherlock. More crowded than London at Christmastime. Millions of years of dead people, Sherlock. Could you ever stand it?*

"If you'll be there, yes, I can. I want you." A fervent whisper.

But human words are not the official language of the dead. Sherlock puts bow to strings in the first wailing chord of Vivaldi's concerto in D-major, RV 392. It is yes, it is *I love*, it is *I need* and *I want*.

The chord is left hanging in mid-air, unfinished, forlorn, widowed.

*Via via ...  
Entra e fatti un bagno caldo  
C'è un accappatoio azzurro  
Fuori piove, è un mondo freddo.*

Sherlock puts away the violin and bow, carefully setting them on the worn velvet of the case.  
He leaves it open.  
He takes off his clothes on his way to the bathroom, discarding them on the floor one by one wherever they chance to fall.  
He runs a hot bath.  
He slips on his blue silk dressing gown and ties the sash.  
He steps into the steaming water.  
It is cold outside.

*It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
Good luck my baby*

When the pale early morning of the third of November peers in through the window, the water in the tub has long turned cold.  
It is not clear anymore.  
It is blood-red.

*It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
I dream of you  
Chips chips chips  
Du du du du du  
Ci bum ci bum bum  
Du du du du du  
Ci bum ci bum bum  
Du du du du du*

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Listen here to Paolo Conte:  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VJKX9Z86WuY>  
(translated lyrics next page)

Danse Macabre by Camille de Saint Saëns, unaccompanied violin, here:  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Nz2h5uaXIH4>

Antonio Vivaldi's Concerto per viola d'amore, here:  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4S5YnpvNHWI>,  
(but my favourite version is played by Nane Calabrese with I Solisti Veneti, directed by Claudio Scimone)



*Via via ...  
Vieni via con me.  
Niente più ti lega a questi luoghi  
Neanche questi fiori azzuri.*

Come, come  
Come away with me  
Nothing's left to keep you here  
Not even these blue flowers

*Via via ...  
Neanche questo tempo grigio,  
pieno di musiche  
e di uomini che ti son piaciuti.*

Come, come  
Not even this gray weather  
filled with music  
and all the men you liked.

*It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
Good luck my baby*

Che meraviglia  
Che meraviglia  
Che meraviglia  
Buona fortuna, amore

*It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
It's wonderful  
I dream of you*

Che meraviglia  
Che meraviglia  
Che meraviglia  
Sogno di te

*Via via ...  
Vieni via con me.  
Entra in questo amore buio  
Non perderti per niente al mondo  
Via via ...  
Non perderti per niente al mondo  
Lo spettacolo d'arte varia  
Di uno innamorato di te.*

Come, come  
Come away with me  
Come inside this dark love  
Don't miss for anything in the world  
The variety show  
of one guy in love with you.

*Via via ...  
Vieni via con me.  
Entra in questo amore buio  
Pieno di uomini.*

Come, come  
Come away with me  
Come inside this dark love  
Filled with men.

*Via via ...  
Entra e fatti un bagno caldo  
C'è un accappatoio azzurro  
Fuori piove, è un mondo freddo.*

Come, come...  
Come in and have a hot bath  
There's a blue dressing gown  
It's raining outside, a cold world.

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