

For it is death to souls to become water

by mazaher

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*A 221B, companion to 39 seconds, but both can stand independently.
For grieving_pln in another fandom. I'm breathing for you; breathe for me.*

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ψυχῆσιν θάνατος ὕδωρ γενέσθαι, ὕδατι δὲ θάνατος γῆν γενέσθαι,
ἐκ γῆς δὲ ὕδωρ γίνεται, ἐξ ὕδατος δὲ ψυχὴ

*For it is death to souls to become water, and death to water to become earth.
But water comes from earth; and from water, soul.*

-- Heraclitus, fragment DK B36

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He was crying.

I heard him, his voice cracking as he spoke out his lies and his goodbyes for me.

For the world and for posterity.

I know he cried for us.

For Mrs. Hudson, who would not know until the evening news came up on telly as she carried a tureen of soup from fridge to microwave to be warmed up as supper.

The tureen dropped and shattered.

The soup spilt.

For Lestrade, turning the key in the latch of the bare dark empty room he'd rented after his wife admitted she cheated on him, stepping in and leaving behind his last day on a job he'd used to love.

For Molly Hooper, who would at last be allowed to lay the tips of her fingers on the man she'd loved. Too late.

For Mycroft, the loneliest of men, who would now be even more lonely.

Maybe he cried for Moriarty, his shadow as much as Mycroft had always been his mirror.

For me.

I know.

He cried for me.

But I hope against hope that as he stood on that roof, the breeze flirting playfully with the hem of his unbuttoned coat; as he looked down on the world below like the angel he wasn't-- I hope he was human enough to cry for himself also.

And be blessed.

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