

## **Twenty-nine. A comment!fic**

by mazaher

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Because athens7 reminded me in a comment that Patrick is living on borrowed time.

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*Go like water,  
and come back like water.*

-- Turkish blessing

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I died at twenty-nine.

"A crazy stunt," you said. "Do you still want to try and kill yourself? I had hoped that you were..."

"I were what? Changed? Or just healed? And from what? The fool that you are. Do you believe you can hold me tied to you, down here? Do you believe you know me? You never will. You're vile. I'm going."

You stretched your hand, touched my elbow, made me turn round by the very momentum of my anger.

"Look at me," you demanded, your voice low.

I stared at you, defiant.

For a long time, perhaps five seconds, you held my eyes. Then you released me.

"Go," you said breathless. "And water be with you."

I went toward the height, the abyss, the plunge-- and then emersion, the rebirth, the glorious air.

When I came back, you were taking a shower. I saw you sigh when you heard my voice calling, your shoulders sagging in relief.

"I'm back," I said.

"I'm here," you answered.

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