

slæmur endir (bad ending)

by mazaher

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Jack remembers how Patrick and he parted before their years-long separation, and how they acquired their twin pairs of scars.

This poem is a companion of *ágætis byrjun* (*good beginning*) by athens7, at <http://athens7.livejournal.com/7444.html>, which I take as the reunion from Jack's pov.

As usual, Jack is written in Courier New.

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*Oh I could drink a case of you
darling
and still I'd be on my feet
I'd still be on my feet...*

-- JONI MITCHELL, *A case of you*

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It was the last day.
We were changing out
of our fencing uniforms, and I
had not yet known you.
We were naked by half.

Before we said goodbye you said
"I want us to perform
a rite -- of sorts",
and your mouth was
arched in self-mockery
but your eyes sang a challenge.
"Here," you said,
"Look."

You had a scalpel.
You passed a lighted match along the blade
(black/blue of hot steel trailing after the flame
like thunderclouds across a summer sky),
then, holding my eyes
with yours like hands in hands,
you quickly made a cut
where your clavicles meet
and your sweet life is pulsing
in your breath and your blood.
Then you reversed the blade,
nimble flick of your wrist,
and cut me in the same place,
your hand unfaltering.
It hurt me less.
"Now do the same,"
you said.

And so I cut a mark on my own neck,
the parallel and twin
of what you'd left.
When I cut you
(my hand did tremble)
only one drop of blood
trickled down on your chest.
I leaned over to lick it,
iron and salt and you.
You bent to kiss me,
and I had not yet known you.
("A delicate expression," you would say.)

Oh, how could ever this be an end for us?

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*Go to him, stay with him if I can
but be prepared to bleed.
Oh you are in my blood like
holy wine
Oh and you taste so bitter
and so sweet...*

-- JONI MITCHELL, *A case of you*

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