

Catharsis. 1, Patrick

by athens7 as Patrick (font: Verdana)

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Roar of running streams and storm lightning. The good Lord is in one of his fits of temper and all Earth must pay for the consequences.

In a quake of destruction harsh dark brown peaks rise from the land, reach the deep grey clouds then crumble and become endless rows of highbacked-chairs in a court as wide as the world.

A beautiful woman with black hair and emerald eyes is in charge. The gavel beats unceasingly in some corner far away.

May I know the charges?

The jury stands.

"We acknowledge that the defendant is guilty of the crime of being born from his father."

"Onanism will not be tolerated in this holy society!" thunders the banshee.

"The blood of your crimes cry out to thee from the ground! If thou work the land, it will never give thee its yield. Thou will be a restless wanderer on the earth and shalt not embrace joy nor respite."

My punishment is too great to bear! Since you are condemning me from day one, and I must hide myself from life and become a restless wanderer on earth, kill me now! Kill me now!

"For this reason, we will not. Bear the Mark and suffer."

Kyrie Eleison.

... ..

"... trick. Patrick."

It was a dream. Come back. A flicker of awareness.

Brain sluggishly starting to process and catalogue sensory inputs: the softness of a cushioned seat; the screech of brakes on tracks; the sunlight warming the right side of my face; fingertips tenderly tapping my knee.

I open my eyes. Jack is looking at me from the opposite seat. For a moment, I'm terrified he will ask me how I feel.

But of course he doesn't.

"We are arrived" he says instead.

I am not certain I'm entirely successful in repressing the shiver shaking my shoulders.

A handkerchief enters my visual. I become suddenly aware that my brow is beaded with sweat.

"I am not an infant" I reply, accepting the offer nevertheless.

He sighs tiredly in relief. It always reassures him to know that I am well enough to be irritated.

"Now, that is what I would call a non-sequitur. However, I respectfully disagree with it" he smiles, while standing and retrieving his case. "See you on the land."

I watch him go.

This is going to be even harder than I first anticipated.

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After leaving our luggages at the cabin log I rented (I don't trust inns as safe place for two unrepentant sodomites), Jack proposes a tour of the village.

"You know perfectly well that I am not interested in being the tourist. The sooner I do this thing, the sooner we can leave."

"As you wish, my Lord."

It keeps getting worse.

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The Reichenbach Falls.

We walk the path cutting half-way round them without saying a single word. We reach the dead end and stand near the edge, peering down.

The whirl and the clamor of the green water roaring down drown my thoughts in a numbing drone.

What am I doing here? Why did I bring him with me? This is all wrong.

The spray hissing and rolling up and the coal-black rocks surrounding us make me feel like the mouth of a nightmare just burst open to devour me.

The children of the damned are demanding my company, stretching their rotting hands towards me when ---

Blood freezes in my veins. A man is shouting from the abyss, a booming appeal of help, the voice sounding so familiar ---

Could it be --- ?

I edge nearer, my vision sinking in the bestial pit brimming over, searching frantically for a sign ---

I slip.

And I would already be in Hell, if strong, confident hands weren't gripping me around the torso so tightly that a rib or two must be cracked, taking me away, away, away.

"Just what do you think you were doing?!" he shouts desperately over the lament of the stream.

"I --- I thought ---"

--- what? What's happening to me?

I shake my head, trying to cut through the fog.

"This was a terrible idea. I should have never --- We are going, *now*."

"Somebody could see us. Let me go."

"The hell I will! I was talking to you and you were not even there, you were... For Heaven's sake, Patrick."

My name is murmur of pain on his lips; he leans on me, his sweet mouth brushing the collar of my jacket.

"Are you out of your mind?" I snarl, writhing and managing to get free. Then I run.

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He finds me in my room, while I am at my fourth (or is it the fifth? maybe the seventh) glass of brandy.

"I've been searching for you the entire afternoon."

"And in all those long, extenuating hours, your brilliant medical mind did not manage to deduce that maybe I did not want to be found?"

"Why did you disappear like that? After... after the Falls, I... I was so..."

"Worried? You thought that I am suicidal? And if so? I don't need a holy ghost reminding me of the sanctity of life."

During this entire exchange, I haven't cast a single look in his direction. But now, in my peripheral vision, I can see his hand slowly forming a fist, while a deep, patience-inducing sigh reaches the dark wooden ceiling.

"You know that later you will regret every single word."

The glass touches the table with a delicate clink. I get up leisurely, and reach him in the middle of the room with long, languid strides, meant to both seduce and intimidate. If I weren't so far gone into myself, I could almost feel pity for the way his pupils dilate with unstoppable and then swiftly repressed desire.

Thou shalt not.

"Don't you find me repulsive?" I murmur when I am in front of him, so close our noses almost touch. "Am I not a hateful, insufferable, spoiled child? Just how much would you like to kill me sometimes?"

"Stop it, please. I will not follow you there, Patrick. Spare yourself the effort."

"Your kindness, your obliging manners, your abnegation... They disgust me!"

By now my voice is the hiss of a cobra, poisoning my own tongue.

"Just *what are you*? What kind of man takes all this in silence?"

"Definitions are irrelevant. We..."

"See? Why are you always so accomodating?! Sometimes I can't even stand your sight, are you aware of that? What can I do to make you go away?"

"There's nothing you can do, so you may as well put your mind at peace about the matter."

Thou shalt not.

"YOU!"

I strike him.

Forgive me my love, but I can't help myself.

A flawlessly-executed hook to his fierce, stubborn chin.

He doesn't move back, not even an inch. We both know that he could have dodged without effort.

He brings his hand to the forming bruise, fingertips absently rubbing, his face slightly inclined.

He looks at me, his eyes lost in some inner place closed to my access, and for the first time in years I cannot tell what sunless, terrible thoughts are crossing his pure, untainted mind.

He hits me back, a surgical slap burning my mandible.

It is so totally unexpected that my whole body reels with the unrestrained power of the blow and I fall heavily, violently on the floor.

But as soon as I'm down, my leg shoots out with an instinctive kick aiming straight at his tibia. He staggers with a gasp of pain, tries to remain standing but I hook the calf of his other leg with the outer edge of my foot and I pull viciously and then we are together on the floor rolling and thrashing, trying to hit as many spots of soft, vulnerable flesh as we can.

But I'm tired and desperate and aching and lumpish and I don't want this and I don't seem able to maintain a grip whereas after the initial surprise he seems able to predict my every move, every dirty trick and I start to panic because I realise that tears of frustration are running down my cheek.

Finally, he turns me around on my stomach, immobilizes both my legs with his, locks my wrists and pushes fiercely against my back.

"My little fool" he whispers into my nape, and shivers run along my spine.

"You constantly insult me, but it is you the one who understands nothing. You want me to hurt you, to show yourself that I'm like all the others. But I am not, cold beloved, I am not."

I stop breathing. My heart is gone, a gnawing chasm in its place. Please let me die here. I don't want to feel this, to live out what's next. Choke me now.

He releases me, and my shoulders feel as cold as the rings of Saturn.

I listen to the sounds of him divesting.

Break your neck. Don't look.

Thou shalt not.

But obviously I do. And I see that he's on the bed, on his stomach, completely naked.
"Remember Edinburgh and take what you need" he says simply, raising his trim, white hips,
and reclines on the pillow, waiting.

I can't.

Get up and run far away from this place of madness and torture.

The brandy floods my veins and I'm deranged.

Thou shalt not.

(I shall)

Without any conscious thought, I'm over him, inside him, around him and I ---

--- I thrust I hit I lick I bite I fuck I take I give I cry I love I hate I, I, I ---

Where are you, where are we, where am I? I'm afraid, I'm lost, haunted by my words and my
actions, I went too deep, plunged too far and I'll never come back.

A weak spark rends the black canvas. What? The red pounding in my ears and eyes doesn't ---

"I'm here stay with me you are here stay with you I'm here stay with me you are here stay
with you"

His voice, his voice. A sing-song bringing me down to --- to what? How can this be reality?

This orgy of feelings and flesh and wounds on bestial sheets ----

---- and bodies rocking bleeding blending together approaching ----

---- this is destruction. This is death. This is heresy.

Help me

Help me

Help me:

bring me to light again.

I'm trapped in my compulsion. I can't breathe.

"Sorry. So sorry. I'm so sorry. So sorry. Sorry."

Tears falling on his scorched back. This is me --- crying? His monotone still going.

"Kill us now. Kill us now."

Thou shalt not.

I shall -

I shall --

I shall ---

--- killyoukillyoukillyoukillyoukillyou

How could you?! How could you?! Your son, your blood, your love?! I didn't deserve that! I
don't deserve this!

"Give us respite! Give us joy! Kill us! Kill him! Kill *him!*"

I am here, here, here! Find me!

I shall.
I shall.
I shall.

Little death.

You and me and our secret south.

Oh.
All this time... you have always been here. With me.
You told me so many times, and I never let myself really believe you.

"You are here, at last. With me" he smiles, gasping for breath and wiping his split lip.
"Yes!" I laugh, kissing him and tasting iron.

Mother, I no longer care about you.
Father, I hate you.
Jack, I love you.

Forgive me, for with this man's hand guiding my aim I stab at thee.

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I slam the bathroom door open, my heart on the verge of tearing my chest apart with its hectic beats.

Jack turns abruptly, the surprise making him almost drop the flacon of antiseptic, the look of shock on his face reminding me of myself whenever Mother caught me wandering in the Professor's study.

"For God's sa-- ... has knocking just gone out of fashion?" he stutters, recovering admirably quickly.

I open my mouth, but the witty retort dies on my lips as I take in the grotesque geography of bites and red signs that are his back and his neck, the gauze and the wads of cotton-wool scattered on the small table.

We stare at each other for a small compressed eternity. Then I move – have to, because otherwise I would sink in the ground or hang myself or or or – and I snatch the flask away from his hands.

"I'll do it. You are too clumsy" I murmur past the constriction in my throat.

"Excuse me sir, if for a moment I thought I was the one who earned a medical degree" he replies, but moves to let me sit behind him on the hard floor.

Putting to good use my indeed remarkable skills as a pianist, I begin to play his white skin, hitting all the bleeding spots, punctuating the vertebrae, kissing the shoulder blades and the nape, faintly desperate in my incapacity to heal.

We are caught in the silent symphony I am composing with the fibers of his being and I don't want to think about what I've done, about the consequences. Not yet.

Somewhere during my performance, he closed his eyes, his regular breathing coming from a great distance inside this limbo.

When finally I am done, the guilt catches up with me and I rest my brow on his shoulder, cool and broad and unwavering.

"I don't deserve you" I sigh, an almost voiceless surrender. Because I'm a fool, and surely this time I've asked too much of you and I would like to tell you so many things and I hate this fear constantly holding on me that ruins everything I have and my head is going to burst and ---

He turns around, his firm hands taking my face, his eyes as black and burning as coal plunging inside my core.

"Inhale" he orders, and I find myself obeying him without the smallest questioning.

"Hold it for a few seconds. Focus only on the act. Then exhale."

I exhale.

"What are you thinking now?" he murmurs, and I think that I could get drunk on his warm breath, that I exist only when he touches me, that I...

... ..

"... I love you" I blurt out, not caring about the heat reddening my cheeks and my neck, nor about the beast inside me screaming for self-preservation.

His eyes widen and he kisses me and I know only the softness of his lips, the wet caress of his tongue, and I am blessed. I am saved.

When he draws back, I taste the salty tang of tears. He passes a hand across his face, looks away, opppppk,,ioooo takes a trembling breath of joy and disbelief.

How could it be so simple? And yet here we are, eternal and unstoppable by our past sorrows, ready to move on.

"Where do we go now?" he asks at last with that maddening grin of his, the one that erases all the years we spent apart and brings back the innocence of our first friendship.

"Anywhere. Everywhere" I reply with a smile of my own. "I want to go away with you, take all this world has to offer, and never look back."

I don't want to die here. I want to live, with him.

We rise, pack and leave in a couple of hours.

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Are we not magnificent? Are we not invincible? What could ever block our path?

We will climb the skyscrapers and dive into the sky and conquer the world.

Yes, the dream could crumble -any time now- but it's not a certainty, merely a possibility, so we'll keep going because to go back is to die, to stay down means mediocrity and oblivion and repression.

Between static and a probable defeat, we choose the challenge.

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