

The house is not empty anymore

by mazaher

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A canon, 221B half-sort of poem, while the fandom waits for another Sherlock's return.

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Now I can tell you:

death doesn't suit you, my hardy, long-limbed lover.

You are perfect in death,

or almost-death,

of course.

Whether faking a fall or a merciless illness,

the illusions you make have all the substance

of truth, and hurt like seven swords pushed through my heart.

But nothing, not even your not-deaths, can beat the intensity

of your blue vivid life. You are pure flame,

licking gently at my skin, making me burn

from inside, yet without pain.

All pain has already been suffered: turned to ashes,

and scattered in the wind when you came back.

I had to die myself a little, so I could

join you. I fainted.

You were there to revive me,

cool hands and warm, misdirected apologies.

We both know that you meant them

for the dying, not the returning.

Something was opened then between us, which

had never been before.

That first night, you stood there

on the threshold of my bedroom like it was

a temple. A silhouette in half-darkness,

shrouded in your white nightgown like an acolyte.

Did you still doubt me?

I didn't need to speak. I raised the covers,

you slid smoothly beside me. There

even now you remain; there you belong.

You purr, then shiver, when my fingers lightly

scratch the hard ridge of your tail-

bone.

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