

Tracks
Musings from "Sweet Revenge"
by Brit

Six...heroin wounds. A road map in the crook of my arm. A path leading to death.

Five...bullet holes. Front and back. Blew right through you like the madness of Hell itself.

Four...times I've almost lost you. Four times you found me in time. Four women who've taken a piece of us with them.

Three...how they track us. Zebra three. I said I hated being a number.

Two...wills to live. We've always been stronger than what they could dish out.

One...partner. Your life entwined with mine.

They say every life has a pattern...every life follows a path.

I once had a pattern tattooed on my arm. The tracks of a heroin needle. Tracks of death. Six small holes that threatened to take my life, encompass my soul. Destroy me from the inside out. But you stepped in, pulled me back. Gave me back my life by walking beside me through Hell, until I was on the right path again. Your steps never faltered: not even when you had to carry me.

And now...

Now, you have a pattern. Five bullet holes tracing a pathway of death, trying to release your soul, destroying you from the outside in.

Two thin, white lines following the pattern of your heartbeat. You flat-lined once and there were no more tracks to follow. What would I have done if you hadn't gotten back on the path? Would I have found a way to continue the road on my own?

I followed a paper trail, a pathway of hate that led to the one who ordered your death. And now we're back to two.

I don't know where our path will lead us now, buddy. I don't much care, as long as you'll be walking along beside me, leaving our tracks behind.

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