

*Unconscious Comfort*  
*Musings from "The Shootout"*  
*by Brit*

Cradled safe in my father's arms  
held securely against his chest  
His heart beats a cadence that comforts me  
sings to me a song that tells me I am secure  
cradled safe in my father's arms

Nestled in his strong embrace  
here I take refuge against all that can harm  
here is my shelter against the storm  
The world and its concerns fade away  
as I rest here safe in my father's arms

*Starsky's thoughts were muddled as he drifted in and out of consciousness, pain bleeding into his deliberation as swiftly as the blood fled from his body. Hutch steeled himself against his partner's anguished moans and gasps for breath, knowing otherwise that he would lose his tenuous hold on his rage. But the blonde detective's steps faltered briefly under his burden though when he heard the darker man whisper "Poppa?"*

*Hutch adjusted the grip on his partner's limp body and held him tighter to his chest, carrying the wounded man from the restaurant into the small dark office.*

9/25/00