***a thousand moons; a thousand rivers***

His arms can barely contain the flowers as they spill towards the ground: brilliant blue and violet against cobblestone and grass. Sebastian stands before him, straight-backed, still as stone. His expression is as blank as sculpture: his jaw is steady, but his eyes are blank, no hint of their former green.

Blaine leaves the flowers before Sebastian's effigy. He scatters them in broad arcs, the forget-me-not blossoms blooming against the cobblestone of his lover's grave. He says nothing, just blankets the ground between them in memory, in reminder, in promise.

The butterflies alight on the flowers, and Blaine lets go

(again)

There was once a pair of lovers who loved each other so much that when one died, the ground swallowed the other whole and all that remained was a pair of butterflies.

The life of butterflies is fleeting; they are born, enter their chrysalis, emerge and die. They do this, generation after generation, and they never stop. Cycle after cycle, birth and rebirth and death, a butterfly's life is ever-present, ever-future, never-past.

The lovers loved each other so much that when one died the other followed soon after. They are born and reborn as butterflies: ever-present, ever-future, never-past, again and

(again)

They tumble, laughter bubbling in Blaine's throat as Sebastian first falls into bed, momentum then carrying Blaine over through their joined hands. He brackets Sebastian between his legs, twists their fingers together, lets their breath mingle until there is no longer Blaine and Sebastian, but one breath, one heartbeat, one life stretching out: from the past to the present and into the future.

"Hey," Sebastian says. "Don't just stay there." He wriggles his hands free, nudges Blaine back, peels off shirts and trousers and underwear until Blaine is left kneeling before Sebastian in naked splendor, with nothing in his hands

(again)

Sebastian calls him, “Killer,” with a smirk layered over resignation.

He shakes his head. “Don’t make me.” They’re alone, back-to-back in the quiet darkness of the early morning. The birds are asleep, a creeping chill slinks across the ground to nip at their toes, and when he inhales he can feel Sebastian’s lungs filling; when he exhales, Sebastian’s lungs empty.

“I’d rather it was you.”

“There are doctors,” Blaine whispers, but he knows, already, that it has to be him. A thousand lives have ordained it so—

“I’ll find you,” Blaine promises, and lets their life spill across the eons

(again)

Sebastian waits at the bottom of the staircase as Blaine wends his way down. He looks the same as he always has—straight-backed and tall, smug and confident—a creature of habits reflecting a thousand lives.

“Sebastian,” Blaine begins.

His voice echoes.

His hands spread.

Sebastian turns, his face waxing like thousand moons reflected in a thousand rivers, and Sebastian, his face still like stone, his pulse like the flutter of butterflies, Sebastian—

“Of course it was you,” he breathes. “It always was you.”

“Me,” Sebastian promises, the two of them coalesced to this one point in time, “and you…”

(again)

*千江有水千江月*
*A thousand rivers reflect a thousand moons*
-Buddhist sutra