

The Logical Song

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By Supertramp

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*When I was young, it seemed that life was so wonderful,
a miracle; oh it was beautiful, magical.
And all the birds in the trees, well they'd be singing so happily,
joyfully, playfully watching me.*

~*~*~

Quatre sat on his bed, his cheeks still moist as he looked at the small framed picture in his hands. A younger version of himself was clinging to the arm of his father in the days when his biggest concerns in life were avoiding the cooks liver and onions at dinner by feeding his meal to Iria's dog under the table. And trying not to spill anything on his father's important papers from his juice box, just one squeeze too tight and the purple liquid would shoot from the box as he tried to climb into his father "neat" chair with wheels that he could spin around in by pushing against the desk.

Now only those fond memories of his innocent past remained and he mourned them silently as he gazed out of his window and looked up at the stars with a million regrets of things never said

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*But then they send me away to teach me how to be sensible,
logical, responsible, practical.*

~*~*~

He remembered the endless tutors, finishing classes, music lessons, each person training him to take over after his father was gone. Disallowing playtime for "more important concerns" like which fork went where in a place setting, how to draw up contracts, how to dance, etiquette and polite society essentials.

Pointless garbage, just fancy ways of lying and avoiding the truth was Quatre's opinion on the matter, but then again, this had always been a point of contention with him. He much preferred being honest as his heart told him to be, not what would just appease the next person

Sometimes the truth hurt.

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***And they showed me a world where I could be so dependable,
clinical, intellectual, cynical.***

~*~*~

Yes, sometimes the truth DID hurt.

He'd let down so many people with the choices he made in life. He'd let his father down by running off to fight.

But it had been the right choice; he just knew it had been then and now. But it didn't hurt any less knowing that his father had gone to his grave without making peace with his own son.

How many times had he doubted his own conviction over this one pain that clung the deepest to his heart and spirit? Too many to count, his self doubt and distress ate at him relentlessly, making him wonder if he wasn't being just a selfish spoiled brat or if he truly was making a difference in a world gone mad around him.

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***There are times when all the world's asleep,
the questions run too deep
for such a simple man.
Won't you please, please tell me what we've learned
I know it sounds absurd
but please tell me who I am.***

~*~*~*~*

The door cracked open, and a small beam of light from the hallway shone on the bed illuminating the small young man sobbing silently into his covers. Who tried in vain to wipe away the evidence from the other young man standing in the doorway

Trowa just shook his head and quietly padded inside shutting the door behind him and joining Quatre by the window.

"Just let it out Quatre." He said softly as he pulled Quatre into a loose embrace of comfort as Quatre's pain shed itself upon the loose fabric of Trowa's shirt.

"I feel so lost." Quatre said, barely audible, and muffled into a strong chest.

"I know. But remember you're not alone Quatre. I'm here." Trowa said holding on just a little more tightly to emphasize his words. "We'll not be lost forever, we'll find our way." He added brushing a gentle kiss atop Quatre's head.

It was usually Quatre saying these things to him in the middle of the night, not the other way around. But regardless of that fact, Quatre had said that exact same phrase enough times that Trowa truly believed it now. Together they'd make it, two were stronger than one after all. And Quatre, n Trowa's very biased opinion, was the strongest of them all.

He'd held them all up from crashing and burning in despair repeatedly. It was only right Trowa be there for Quatre when he needed that shoulder to lean on when the weight of the world threatened to crush him to dust.

"I love you. Thank you Trowa for being there when I need you." Quatre said shifting to lie down, pulling Trowa down beside him.

"I love you too. That's why I'm here. No thanks needed. Just go to sleep for now. Tomorrow's another day. One day closer to the end, one day closer to peace." Trowa said kissing Quatre's brow lightly.

"You're starting to sound like Miss Relena."

"No, I sound like someone else. These are the words of the man I love who taught me to value what we fight for. You love. Now just go to sleep." Trowa said as they curled up together in the darkness, one moment closer to peace.

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Now watch what you say or they'll be calling you a radical, liberal, fanatical, criminal.

Won't you sign up your name, we'd like to feel you're acceptable, respectable, presentable, a vegetable!

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Who'd have thought when all was said and done, and the fighting was all over, saying, "I love you" publicly would cost them so much?

It was innocent enough; Quatre was in his office on the phone with Trowa. Just finishing up the call and saying "I love you" before he hung up the phone, just as one of his sisters walked into the room, and her look of righteous indignation said it all.

"Tell me I heard wrong." She demanded.

"No, you heard right. And it's none of your business." Quatre said placing his documents and contracts in his briefcase.

"Oh yes it IS my business. You're not going anyway young man! Not until we get some things straight!"

“What is there to get straight? I am a big boy, I have to balance more figures in a day than you have ever had to and you are twice my age. And at the end of my tired and long day, where I go home and who I live with is no one’s concern but my own. You don’t see me interrogating anyone of you for your choices in your love life do you? No, because I don’t care who you love. So do shut up and have the human decency to respect my private life as I respect yours. I’m too tired to argue about something that’s not going to change just because you don’t like it. I’m going home.” Quatre said slamming the door on his way out.

What he had not expected upon returning to work the next morning was an “Intervention” of sisters to try and cure him of his “wicked ways”.

People blinded by faith and conviction very rarely see the pain they cause those they claim to love.

Their words and hateful sentiments towards the one he loved most cut worse than any blade, and wounded far deeper than any bullet could travel.

Quatre left the office that day, and never went back.

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I know it sounds absurd
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~*~*~*~*

“Who are you? That’s easy Quatre.” Trowa said as he held his shaken and heartbroken lover in their bed.

“You are my world, my soul. And that’s just how I see you. Look to yourself love. You can be whatever you want to be. And whatever you choose, I’ll be there to share it with you.”

With such simple words of enduring devotion and love, the world became suddenly so much clearer and brighter.

It took only a loving hand of support to bring the light back at the end of the tunnel.

It really was that simple, it’s only people who make the way difficult to tread. Remove the self-imposed obstacles and focus on one divine point of being and everything else, just doesn’t matter.

“I am Quatre Raberba Winner. I’m a Fool, a lover, a clown, and a killer, I am a mix of my life’s experiences and I will forever be changing and growing as a person. With only one constant... my love for you.” Quatre said as the world vanished around them in a mix of hope, joy, sadness, regret, and dreams.

To experience one is to experience the plethora of human jubilation and woes. So is the way of life and so it will be until the end of time.

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END