

Sober

by Kala Lane Kent

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Rating: K+

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Reeveverse oneshot. Written for the 12 Days of Clois Sounds of Summer challenge.

*And I don't know,
This could break my heart or save me.
Nothing's real
Until you let go completely.
So here I go with all my thoughts I've been saving,
So here I go with all my fears weighing on me...*

The radio out on the terrace has been playing for hours, turned into a station that plays American Top 40. Not that I don't know enough French to enjoy any of the other channels out there; I do. But to concentrate enough for that would require more than the three extra brain cells I want to devote to what equates to white noise. Maybe that explains why it startled me when the lyrics of the song wound themselves into my already over-swamped mind. It was more than a little nerve-wrecking to realize just how on-target it was with my current thoughts.

*Three months and I'm still sober.
Picked all my weeds, but kept the flowers.
But I know it's never really over...*

Three months. In two more days, it will have been three months. Eleven weeks, four days, and assorted random hours since I saw him last. That was before the world fell apart. Well, before *my* world fell apart. God, that sounds neurotic. 'My world fell apart.' What a way to prove the naysayers wrong about you, Lane. Brilliant. It's such a good thing that your journalistic integrity has kept you so objective where this guy's concerned.

*And I don't know,
I could crash and burn, but maybe
At the end of this road I might catch a glimpse of me.
So I won't worry about my timing,
I want to get it right,
No comparing, second guessing, no not this time...*

That doesn't change the fact that I'm still watching, waiting. Hoping he'll swoop down onto the balcony with an ashamed look on his face and tell me that he was off-planet helping someone out there in the cosmos and that he didn't mean to scare me by taking off without a word. Hoping that he'll say that it was thoughtless of him, that he'd never do it again, asking for my forgiveness in a tone that shows just how worried he is that I won't. That he'll pull me into his arms for a reassuring hug that might just banish all of the fear that's been gnawing at my gut

since the first whispers of his disappearance began, his cheek against my hair and I can just pretend that this was a bad dream...

Three months and I'm still breathing

Been a long road since those hands I left my tears in, but I know

It's never really over, no...

Wake up...

There isn't a major news hub I haven't contacted. A lead on a momentary sighting I haven't followed up on. Let's not even go into the amount of flight time I've logged. I've been everywhere from Helsinki to Madrid, bossing and threatening until I get the information I'm looking for. In the past month, I think I've spent about the sum total of a week at my own desk. The whole damn world considers me the authority on our favorite flying hero and I haven't, wasn't even aware he was gone until after the fact. And you want the real kicker? The *Planet* ran the original story, complete with banner headline: *Astronomers Discover Krypton Intact. Signs of Life Found.* The minute it went to press, I stormed Perry's office. He hadn't breathed a word about this article before it made the morning edition. Slamming it down on his desk, I let him know exactly how I felt about his keeping this a secret from me, of all people. Perry said I wouldn't have been objective. And, deep in my heart, I knew he was right.

Three months and I'm still standing here,

Three months and I'm getting better yeah.

Three months and I still am...

Once the findings were publicized, I remember the two of us on my balcony a few days later, acting like it was business as usual when it obviously wasn't. You would have to be blind to miss the way his attention wandered every other question or how his gaze was directed at something far past my ability to see. I should have known then what he was thinking. I should have said something. Anything. But I knew the price he paid for my involvement last time and didn't dare act as if I had a real clue. It hadn't taken long for those misted-over moments to come back to me, having torn away at those blank spots until they had given way. I had kept my mouth shut and played along for love of him and for the sacrifice he made. Until now. And admitting I knew the truth now would only cage him all the more.

Three months and it's still harder now

Three months I've been living here without you now

Three months yeah, three months...

(The pain after he left. Feeling hurt and betrayed) (If you love something, set it free. If it comes back to you, it will be yours forever. If it doesn't, it was never yours to begin with. Great, romantic, wise saying - but it bites when he goes off to deep space.

Three months and I'm still breathing,

Three months and I still remember it,

Three months, and I wake up.

(Going back to work at the Planet, trying to move past the past, she knows she's pregnant)

Three months and I'm still sober,

Picked all my weeds but kept the flowers...