

'Deep as You Go (I'll Follow)'

by Angie



Catherine had always considered September to be their second anniversary of the year, almost more important than the one that marked their first ever meeting in April.

When she had left Vincent and the tunnels that spring, she had not known if she would ever see him again. She had not wanted to stop thinking about him - his voice and care of her gave her courage for what followed, her surgery, the months of healing, finally leading right to the day she applied for a job at the New York District Attorney's office.

This September, their 35th, she wanted to do something a little different. The years following her abduction by Gabriel, and rescue of herself and baby Jacob by Vincent and others, had been busy ones. She had changed her life again, immediately, even more than she had after that first meeting in April 1987. It had been necessitate by many things, Vincent not the least of them - and their child, of course.

Not as much had changed in the years since, but Vincent and his love had not. She had committed herself to him, as she had from the start - although it had taken her some months to realize just what that meant. It was a difficult thing to put into words, so she had been grateful when, seven years after that fateful September when they met again, a New York pop group had done it for her.

This year, she wanted to share that song with Vincent. Their children were grown with families of their own and the brownstone was quiet and gave them plenty of time and a place for reflection, when they needed it. Vincent was training his replacement, their son Jacob, as he himself had been trained by Father. She was retired, although she still occasionally took on charity cases in her office in the brownstone. She was the tunnel contact with the world above, and she took that role seriously. She could not just retire from it, any more than Vincent could from his responsibilities.

She bought the October Project album she remembered, on CD, and played the song while Vincent was below. Yes, the New York group had got it perfect. She arranged a fine dinner for them in the brownstone beforehand, one that would be delivered by a local restaurant. They would need only to add wine. This song was worth waiting for the right moment - and enjoying after a good meal.

September 25th arrived and she and Vincent had a day in the tunnels, doing what they usually did, helping, fixing, making. No one there knew about the anniversary - why should they? Father, if he had known, would not have been sympathetic at the time. Often, they themselves did little more than remark on the passing years. This time would be different,

because she wanted it to be. Vincent would be surprised - she hoped.

Both of them were replete with a fine meal and relaxed from a bottle of wine, when they sat themselves down in their den, side by side on the well padded loveseat.

Vincent sighed in contentment. He knew what day this was, of course, but left it to Catherine to decide how, or even whether, to mark it. He knew that, for her, this day had a double meaning. It not only marked their second meeting, it also marked the time when she could say her life had changed - and yet the connection to that April night had been revived with a case she had been working on.

She had seen him at his worst, as violent protector, had not been dismayed, and gone with him into the tunnels again before going home. She had promised she would see him again. All in all it was a marvellous period, far more important in its way, than that first meeting in April. He had known he loved her then, and Catherine had accepted him as no one else in the world above could.

Catherine turned on the CD player and hit the option that would put the first track on a continuous loop. She would easily turn it off with the remote if Vincent did not want to hear it again - but she suspected he would.

The instrumentals began, and the beautiful female voices rang out of the speakers. Vincent listened intently.

*'Deep as you go I'll follow *
Deep as the water goes
All the world is hollow and dry
But you and I go down
You and I go down...'*

*Far as you want to take me
Far as your eyes can see
Leave the world alone in the sky
You and I go free
You and I are free*

*Don't save me
Don't lose me
Don't wake me now
You led me
You released me
Let me drown...
Take me down...'*

Vincent looked at Catherine stunned. He had no difficulty at all understanding the words, and knew exactly why she had chosen to introduce him to this song - for he had not heard it before. She smiled at him, understandingly, and nodded.

*'Promise to take me with you
Promise to let me go
All the world is waiting to see*

*As you and I go down
You and I are free
Don't save me
Don't lose me
Don't wake me now
You led me
You released me
Let me drown...*

*I wanna be completed
I wanna disappear
I wanna be uncovered
Take me down...
Take me down...
Let me drown...'*

Vincent took Catherine's small hand in his and regarded it in his big hairy one with its very sharp nails. For once, he did not flinch at the sight. The song was speaking for Catherine, but it was speaking to him as well. She had released him from the dark, indeed, brought him into the light. He listened as the words warmed his heart.

*'Somehow I need to love you
More than I need to breathe
I can feel you leavin' the ground
I will follow you down
You and I will drown...*

*Don't save me
Don't lose me
Don't wake me now
You led me
You released me
Let me drown
Don't save me
Don't lose me
Don't wake me now
You led me
You released me
Let me drown...
Take me down...
Take me down...'*

** (Deep As You Go - October Project, Release Date September 19, 1995
Track 1 on their second album 'Falling Farther')*

"Oh Catherine," Vincent managed, kissing the hand he held.

"Would you like to hear it again," she asked.

"Yes, please," he replied.

So she did nothing, just let the repeat happen, and lifted his hand to her so she could kiss it.

"These hands are mine," she murmured.

"Always," he agreed, remembering well the time she had first told him that. "And the rest of me as well, Catherine. This song it speaks to both of us."

"Yes. I had forgotten it, to be honest, but I saw a poster of the album in a second hand shop. Funny how forgotten memories come to one's attention, as if they had been waiting for just the right moment. This song is so right for us, then and now. I'm glad I found it in time for tonight."

"*Take me down*", she whispered, not willing, even now, to sing it. "That's what I wanted that first September you know. I wanted to see more of your world - and you. I saw so little of it that first time."

"*You led me / you released me*", Vincent repeated softly. "That first time I rescued you, you took my hand and led me into the tunnels. You couldn't know what that meant to me. It bound me to you forever, that you cared enough to make sure I escaped what I had done."

"What had to be done, Vincent," Catherine said, looking into his eyes and seeing a ghost of the hurt she had seen that day. "They would have killed me that time, not just slashed my face as they had the first. Carole wasn't as lucky. You rid the world of some murderers."

'Somehow I need to love you/ More than I need to breathe', Vincent whispered in her ear.

Catherine hugged him to her, and he rose and collected her small body from the chair into his firm embrace, the way he knew she loved. Now there were no bulky clothes between them, as there were often on her balcony - at least on him. She had often been lightly dressed. Tonight they had worn light evening wear for their dinner. They could feel each other's heartbeats, and Catherine felt his warm breath on her hair. His hugs were magical.

'All the world is hollow and dry/ But you and I go down', Catherine whispered, as the song played a third time.

'Leave the world alone in the sky / You and I go free / You and I are free', Vincent repeated softly, amazed at how the simple lyrics perfectly described them.

There was nothing more she wanted, nothing at all ... except perhaps ..

'I wanna be uncovered / Take me down....', she whispered, as she looked up at his loving face.

Vincent kissed her lips and held her tighter.

"*I wanna be completed*", he answered.

And soon they were.

"*You and I are free*", Catherine commented, much later, wondering why they had never thought to make love to music before. They could hear the song still playing softly downstairs. She was glad she had not bothered to turn it off.

"Yes," Vincent agreed, planting a kiss on her lips again. He said nothing more because he could feel that Catherine was falling asleep.

"*Don't wake me now*", were her last words

"*I'll follow you down*", Vincent whispered, "always."

END

Deep as you go - October Project: Live from Capo's in Lowell, MA on October 9, 2004.

YouTube video: https://youtu.be/_8tMfifCzXw