

A confused timeline for Scott Hutchison, prophet

Luke Larkin

Ten years ago, you prophesied:

*Fully clothed, I float away
Down the Forth, into the sea*

Seven months ago, I got the same tattoo you had: the double-barred cross that meant nothing.

Seven months minus two days, they pulled your body from the frigid brine downstream of the Forth Road Bridge, right where you said you'd be.

Seven months minus ten days, I wound my station wagon through the frosted Rockies and looked for a Forth of my own, not of currents and salt, but of pavement and black ice and a short fall into pine trees. The tattoo was infected, scabbing and leaking from my neglect.

Eight years ago, you uttered another prophecy with your frantic, untidy voice:

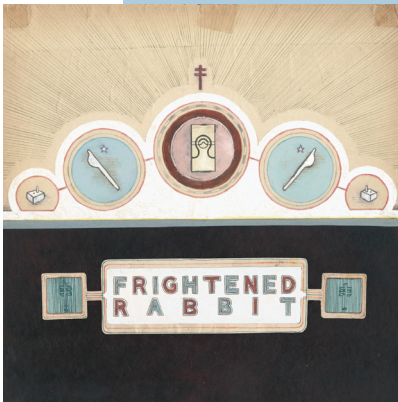
*By day I hope to rapidly die
And have my organs laid on ice
Wait for somebody that would treat them right*

And you uttered it again, in those mountains, over the car stereo, seven months minus ten days ago, at about 1:25 a.m. as I let the station wagon roll quietly into a rest stop and stared into the Clark Fork as it wound its way through the valley, black and bodiless.

Four minutes later, I turned around and drove into town with more care, as you, full of wonders, sang:

*First it bleeds then it scabs
I feel like a haemophilic
Would I change if you carried me back?
Oh, yes I would*

Last week, I took the tattoo off ice, had it retouched and redrawn. I'm treating it right.



Frightened Rabbit

"Living in Colour"

The Winter of Mixed Drinks

03/2010

Fat Cat



Frightened Rabbit

"Floating in the Forth"

The Midnight Organ Fight

04/2008

Fat Cat