green, green rocky road

by neville

Summary

Bruce Banner is a folk singer. Thor loves the sound of his voice.

prompt #3: celeb/fan au

Notes

inspired by & using the music from inside llewyn davis!

When I go by Baltimore
Need no carpet on my floor
You come along and follow me
We'll go down to Galilee
Howlin' green, green rocky road
You promenadin' green
Tell me who you love
Tell me who you love

“Is he on?” Thor asks; he’s at the back door where all the singers chain smoke, and Steve is waiting
for him with that satisfied grin he always has. Steve’s Bucky is out there smoking at the same time as he tunes his guitar, ignoring the dark clouds that threaten to burst over the alleyway.

“Yeah,” Steve says. “Head on in. There’s a pint on the house for you, by the way.”

Thor nods, and pushes past the hustle of musicians in the corridor and through to the bar; most of the tables are full, but there’s one free in the corner and he pushes through the dark to take his seat. Bruce is sitting on the stage, a slight elevation from the bar area; his eyes are shut, and his fingers are moving across the fretboard as if compelled by another power as he sings. The words aren’t important, not really: it’s the song, the sound of the guitar and the emotion in Bruce’s voice and the way his foot taps against the floor. These are the songs that have been passed through generations. Songs about love, and life, and being on the road. The words don’t matter so much as the feeling.

It’s only been a few months since Thor started frequenting, letting the heaviness of the world evaporate to the sound of intergenerational songs that speak to a love for the music more than anything else; and only a few weeks still since he’d kissed this soft guitarist on the mouth and gone home tasting cigarettes, but he feels as if he’s been here forever.

The music feels as if it plays forever; Bruce’s voice, soft, carries through the room: “fare thee well, my honey, fare thee well . . .”

Thor doesn’t take his pint; when Bruce smiles and rises, guitar in hand, he finds his way back to the corridor leading to the alley. Their shoulders bump. “How was it?” Bruce asks, tucking his capo back into his shirt pocket. He has so many that even Thor has one to hand, now.

“It was beautiful,” Thor says. “It always is.”

Bruce chuckles as he blushes, stepping aside and enthusing a greeting as Bucky passes him. “You missed a new one,” he says as they step out into the alley. There’s a cat on the corner that meows at them as they pass; Bruce stoops to scratch the fluff around its neck. “It makes me think of you.”

They walk past dive bars and late-night cafés; those aren’t their haunts, not really. The place they stop is a local diner where they order sweet pancake stacks, and as they wait for the food, Bruce leans against the back of the booth and plucks the strings of his guitar. He’s right: this song sounds like Thor, and reminds him of his home far away, of his brother and father and mother, and he closes his eyes and lets the sound of Bruce’s voice warm his chest as the rain drips down the windows.

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