

Sitting down with Miki St. John is always interesting. Reunited with Damien Mitchell, things go from interesting to explosive.

They are definitely a couple. Not in the traditional way two men connect with one another—a forever-romantic love and sex—but rather an entangled brotherhood rarely seen in modern days. Seeing them together on stage gives a fan only a hint of the bond between these two men. Up close and in person, that friendship is almost palatable.

I'd arranged to meet the boys of Sinner's Gin and their lovers for a two part series of interviews. Meeting them at a renovated warehouse Miki moved into following the band's tragedy, there is no trace of sorrow in Damie's face when he opens the door. He's as cockily handsome as he is in the band's past photos but there is a depth of shadows in his eyes, a passing darkness as Miki, his figurative twin, comes out of the kitchen to join us in the living room taking up a big chunk of the warehouse's first floor space.

Both are relaxed and happy. Damie's charismatic smile is in place as he takes a Gatorade from Miki and he waits until the other man settles down before perching on the couch next to him. Their shoulders touch and there is a brief moment of aggressive jostling, a childlike tug of play between them before they both burst into laughter, Damie's baritone rolling under Miki's rich tones.

Miki St. John is quite sexy in person, a slithering boneless man with a shy, sweet face. His hands are constantly in movement, picking at the bottle's plastic ring or playing with the tear in his jeans' knee. Damien is less fidgety but no less personable. Nearly aggressive with his charm, the guitarist provides a social buffer for his best friend, stepping in to fill any silences as we make small talk about the city they both love.

I show them a sheaf of paper with a small list of questions posed by fans and Miki's nose wrinkles. Damien gives him another nudge and tells him to behave, then gives me permission to let the questions rip.

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*First, thank you both for answering these. I appreciate it.*

M: Not like we're doing anything else.

D: What Miki means is that we're delighted to. You have to speak fluent assnat with him sometimes. He's cranky. We're out of cinnamon brown sugar Pop Tarts.

M: Nice. Dick. He ate them.

*Okay, let's get started. Do you like apples?*

M: Apples?

D: Really, apples?

*Don't judge. She was shopping for apples.*

Miki shrugs then says: Yeah, I like them a lot. The really dark red ones. And sweet. I like sweet apples. Not the green ones.

D: I like the green ones.

M: I just don't want them to taste like potatoes. Blech. Gack.

*From another fan: Why can't you guys just eat? This fan implores you: Please eat all the things. Just eat all the things.*

D: Shit, I eat all the time. Really, constantly. Miki's the one who forgets. Or he eats shit.

M: I don't know how to cook. I burn stuff.

D: You *wander* off and leave stuff on the stove. Or I'll come into the kitchen and there's a couple of dead corn dogs in the microwave. The dog gets fed a lot 'cause when he does get food on a plate or something, he forgets it's on the table and Dude helps himself. Your dog is fat.

M: Not my dog.

D: You keep telling yourself that, man. Whatever helps you sleep at night but eat some fucking food.

M: Yes, Brigid.

Damie eyes him: Cold, dude. That's cold.

*What do you do when not on tour or recording?*

D: Eat. Write music. Hell, I don't know. Play video games. I listen to a lot of music. I like going to Farmers Markets too. Those are cool.

M: Bullshit. He has sex. Everywhere. It's disgusting.

D: Miki deep throats bananas in public.

M: Really? That's the best you can do?

D: I was under pressure. Look, I had a head injury.

M: I was in a coma. Fuck you.

*Will you send a fan nude photos of the band?*

M: Dude, have you seen us? I've got a fucked up knee and D looks like he zombied up from the morgue. So no. I'm surprised anyone would fuck us.

D: I have a line down the front of my chest. It's awesome. Sionn loves it.

M: D's an exhibitionist. He and Dude walk around without any clothes on all the time.

*Was it difficult for Damie to play the guitar for the first time?*

D: Yeah. I was scared I was making all of this shit up. Like my head was all fucked up so maybe thinking I could play was all in my head. Playing Rock Band in the hospital fucked me up major because nothing matched with what my fingers were doing. First chance I got, I tried a real guitar.

Literally came in my pants when I could do scales. I could have fucking flown right then. That was good enough for me. I knew I wasn't crazy.

*Damien, what made you pick Finnegan's??*

D: I didn't really pick Finnegan's. Really, the old lady would kick your ass if you showed up there to sing or play. She liked jugglers. No. Really. Sionn loved his grandmother and shit but if she was scary. I really thought she was being nice sending Sionn out to kick my ass. Felt like shit to find out she'd died. I was sucking on my foot there.

Playing in front of a restaurant or bar can sometimes backfire. You don't get as many tips in the afternoon because people think you're part of the ambience. Evenings are good. Drunk people tip like crazy.

*What part of your soul drew you to each other?*

M: Shit, I don't know how to answer that. I dunno. I guess I thought Damien was crazy but shit, what did I have to lose?

D: Yeah, he thought I was insane. Maybe even a pervert. Surprised he even followed me back to the place I was crashing.

M: I would have just kicked your ass.

Damien nods at me: Really, he could have kicked my ass. Probably still can.

M: We just fit, you know? I can't explain it. It just is what it is.

D: I hate that phrase.

M: Suck it up. It's all I've got. Coma? Remember?

*What was the weirdest thing Dude ever stole?*

M: Panties. Swear to fucking God, there's got to be a strip club around here someplace because Dude keeps coming back with some of these crotchless things. I pick them up with some tongs I've got in the garage.

D: Dude! The alligator tongs? The ones next to the grill?

M: They're on the bench. I use them for the panties and the icky shit the dog drags in.

D: Shit. I used those for the burgers we had the other day. I thought they were clean.

M: Well. Shit. Don't tell the guys. They'll fucking freak.

*Were you ever tempted to hook up? Was Damien ever attracted to Miki or vice versa?*

D: Great, like the dog tongs wasn't bad enough? You trying to make me vomit?

M: Dude, you know we're brothers, right? Shit. Ew. Fuck. Ew.

D: Never. Ever. Never even crossed my mind.

*What does Damie think of Kane?*

D: Shit, he's cool. Really. I like him. He takes care of Miki.

M: I can take care of myself.

D: He ignores Miki when he says shit like that. Kane's good at that. He needs to know when to listen sometimes though. Kane'll get it in time. He just needs to learn when to step back though. You can tell he's a cop.

Miki laughs: Yeah, sometimes. But fuck, he gets me.

They share a glance then a smile before Damien says: Yeah, Kane gets Miki. And that's all I care about.

*Miki have you ever or will you sing to Kane?*

M: I sing to him all the time.

D: Shit, he sings in his sleep. Constantly. Want to change channels? Kick him.

M: Yeah, I sing a lot.

*Last question: Will you ever start another band? Or do music professionally again?*

D: Yeah We are. Both of us talked about it and came to the decision to start another band. There's still a lot of music we want to write and I think the other guys... Dave and Johnny... they'd know we'd have to go on.

M: Fuck, I miss them. Really. I mean, it's hard sometimes, you know? Because I keep expecting them to be around. They're always going to be here. Shit, always.

D: No matter what we do, yeah—Dave and Johnny's with us. It'll take some time. We're not going to just jump into it.

M: No, not that. D and I want guys—people—who'll work with us. People we'll like.

*So you plan to go on the road with this band?*

D: Yeah, it'll be road trips and bars if we have to. We want to play music. It's just something we do. Hell, even if we only play in the garage...

M: Someone else is gonna drive the GTO out. Not me.

D: Yeah, not you. But yeah, Miki and I are going to play on. Where doesn't matter. Just that we do.

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After thanking them for their time and looking for my left shoe which had somehow found itself under the couch, I left Damien and Miki at the warehouse. The music begins before I've even closed the front door and their laughter follows me out. I'm off to my next interview; one with Kane Morgan and Sienn Murphy. Now that I've spoken to the rock stars, it's time to talk to the men in their lives—the *other* men in their lives, because one thing is for certain, Damien Mitchell and Miki St. John have definitely found one another again.

And according to them, they hope the world is ready for them.