

My Blue Guitar

By Sarah Means

Protected in a large rectangular box that's checkered and torn up,
Like the ocean, you lay calm, gently cradled in the soft checkerboard shell.
The navy blue tiger glanced up at me lazily,
Although the excitement in your eyes was clear to me.
As I lifted you from the case, you wrapped your arms around my neck.
I held my dear friend
Cradling its neck in the palm of my hand.
Scratching its belly, I gently
Plucked the strings
That wavered and leaned into my touch as I bent them into shape.
An experimental strum as the waves crash into my ankles.
I turn on its voice,
And the static purr welcomes me back.
Where have you been?
I'm mindful of the tape holding together its heart.
My fingers arch across its throat,
And I push a few chords into the air.
It's been so long since I've danced with you,
I've forgotten what it felt like
When you tear up the pads of my fingers
And pull on my back,
Clawing at my shoulders,
But it's all right.
I'll bear with the aching shoulders, wrist, arm, and stiffness you bring.
My apologies, for all the times
that I've torn into you, frustrated because I couldn't
Get the riff right.
My friend, it is so good to be in your comfort,
Playing my electric guitar.