

In a tattered case
An instrument of emotion
The guitar
Waits for a musician
To strum its strings...

And the hollow chamber sings
A song of longing
For the artful illusions of love

The wood weeps
The bridge frets
As the serenade cascades
Into a glorious chord
With the rhythmic reward
Of dancing, dancing, dancing...

An instrument of emotion
The guitar
Waits for the music to begin

‘The Guitar’ © Copyright 2000, Stephen Gnojewski