

His Guitar

Megan Rutledge

He played his guitar when his mind was troubled. The music soothed him, allowed him to escape the pain of reality. In holding the instrument, he became the strings, the frets, the notes of his songs. The guitar translated the jumbled thoughts in his restless mind; his hands sang the melancholy melody from his broken heart. The subtle vibration of the strings reminded him to breathe; the discordant chord progressions reminded him that he was still alive. He worked through the dissonance to produce harmonic representations of the blissful life he once had, a life that he shared with her. It seemed as though centuries had passed since the last time he saw her; in all honesty, he did not even remember the color of her eyes. But, she had affected his life so greatly that he forgot how to survive without her. Looking at him, watching him play, you would claim he was insane, but only he understood his passion, his unique artistry. If you looked into his eyes, you could tell he was distracted. The melodic rhythm created by his hands put him into a trance. He lost himself every time he played his guitar; his identity was transposed into the person he used to be, the person he was with her, someone he longed to be again. So he played.

With the first strum of the E string, he took a journey into the deep recesses of his mind. The first chord disoriented his sense of existence; he became lost in the past, the present, the future. Time stood still as his unharmonious dreams became symphonic poetry, every second producing a new line of bittersweet lyrics. Only he knew the story behind his music. To you, his music was merely beautiful in melody and rhyme, but to him, it was medication to numb his never-healing wounds. He did not want to forget who he used to be; he hated the person he was without her. Listening to him sing, you would claim he was singing to you with those distracted eyes. No. He sang for her, no one else. He sang to bring her back, but she never came. So he played with false hopes and selfish intentions. The music was the only connection he had to her. The thought of living without her tortured him; the music purged him of the tormenting memories of yesterdays spent with her that he would never get back. Despite his agony, he did not regret a single moment he spent remembering her, composing for her. The music left him anguished, but still he played. He wanted, needed to live again.

He played his guitar when his mind was troubled; he had not put it down since the day she left.