

Oregonauthor.com
Jon Remmerde

My Guitar Calls

me
Can I say gently?
Yes
at first
gently now
from its corner
now in sunlight
but through the years
there has been
every type of light
hot sunshine
faint light
reflected from snow
beneath nighttime clouds
50 below
in
all the different corners

Again
you call me
more and more
impatiently
briskly at first
expecting response
only respecting response
asking

dejected

It is never good
to tell one's
she he it of love
shares
highest priorities
with others
I never ...

Ingratiatingly
I apologize
try to explain

I forgot to explain
as part of our pre nup
about poly amory

I mean ...

I think now
that was such a long time ago
I didn't even know
my own self
it could become a thing
an issue
something between us
I didn't know the word
yet
even
possibilities
priorities

Oh my love
my beautiful
brave love
your face cracked

is that sorrow

then
crazed
markings of age
but I look in the mirror
Oh yes, the years

I have learned to sing
slowly
I have learned to sing
you sing

you guide me
together we sing
I have responded
we dance together
my fingers
your strings
my hands
our voice
We sing
We sing