

## Rhythmic Feeling

Such a simple object  
Made of wood, nut, nylon  
Abandoned by my sister  
Revealed by my eyes  
A carefully hand made wonder  
An old dusty guitar

The first note struck  
Brilliantly sounding to my ear  
Even if a catastrophe to another  
At first playing plain notes  
Later turning into intricate songs  
Always feeling the rhythm

My hands, becoming one with the instrument  
Forming a bond so unique  
Allowing my thoughts to roam about  
Saying more than words ever could  
An object held so close to my heart  
An old dusty guitar

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