

November 11, 2015

Libby Steals

Why must you take my music away?
Like a small child cradling her newborn
Her long fingers stroke the strings, hoping one day to possess such power
Do you not know what this means to me?
Is your name Libby?
Her expression so blue, stark, demanding
Did you steal this guitar?
She is large but the guitar covers her, conceals her
Why do grip this guitar for dear life?
She claimed it as a piece of her, big and brown, fills her soul
But is that uneasiness I see in your eyes?
Long straight hair hangs around her face, her eyes posses you
Like she posses the guitar
At once it was hers
She takes and takes
Will you play a song for me; do you know the melody of my heartstrings?
Oversized clothes and a big guitar
She hides behind her music
Why is my body like a weight in this chair and the guitar my only form of air?
There is no room for anyone else
Is this guitar your only form of remedy, do you escape the world through the songs it
plays?
Covered in shades of blue and green
Only sure about the music she plays
Unsure if this is hers to keep
Why do you hold it upside down?
Is there something you are tying to say?
She sings along to the notes she strums
She knows she's wrong but does it anyway
Oh Libby, Libby, Libby
Why do you need this?