

Katie

To My Guitar

You, my cheap date,

my low maintenance love.

You, my thin, seared beginner guitar,

are far from a Gibson Les Paul,

but your fret board feels custom made for my hands,

and your strings bend to the touch of my calloused fingers.

When we first met, we struck a chord,

and I can never imagine giving you away.

I look forward to our double dates:

you and me, sitting across from

tab sheets and YouTube tutorials.

Many a night have you spent with me,

listening to Boston, Journey, and the Clash,

appreciating amplified strumming

rather than a perfected track

though my iPhone's earbuds,

at the close of which

I happily close my eyes,

and let your music comfort me.