Fall 2009

The Reunion

David A. Clayman

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.kent.edu/platypus

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://digitalcommons.kent.edu/platypus/vol2/iss1/26

This Artists in Words is brought to you for free and open access by the Kent State University at Ashtabula at Digital Commons @ Kent State University Libraries. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Platypus by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Kent State University Libraries. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@kent.edu.
The Reunion
David A. Clayman

She plinked furiously on rusted fallow strings,
Creating a ghastly, infuriating noise.
I found my tensions ever increasing,
With each abrasive strum
Of her young untrained fingers.

This is a shrill reunion I’d have thought never to occur.
For until now,
Buried deep in the bowels of my closet,
This rosewood and mahogany instrument,
Scored and scratched with haunting memories,
Was clandestine
Never to resurface.

Hours upon hours
I offered myself in practice,
Self mutilating already callused fingers
And, even they too did crack.
Now, a single drop from shadowy humid clouds
Elicits my hands to constrict and deform
With a dreadful cramping pain.

For what reasons did I obsessively sacrifice?
It was supposed to be the key to my dreams...

Yes, through this guitar,
These matured eyes have seen many places,
But all, when subsequently shut,
Were always certain to open up
To new surroundings.

Inhabitants of such quick places were much the same.
Never was I truly able to boast
Of an honest relationship,
Just a few awkward mornings,
And regretful goodbyes...

But this was many years ago, and
As I reached out in parental manner,
An attempt to disarm her
Relieving my mind,
Something unexpected happened.

I looked past the chaotic, nerve-racking clatter,
And there it was,
In all its innocence.
A daughter’s smile...

The loathsome noise,
Suddenly began to unwrap itself,
Presenting a simple precious melody.
The music she was producing was not the same farce
That I had come to associate with...
No, this was genuine and unblemished,
Fresh as anything that I have ever known in my entire existence.
Yet overflowing with familiarity.

Reluctantly but excitedly I picked up the old beaten guitar,
Gave it a quick needed tune.
And knowing fully that her comprehension was limited
I proceeded to show her some forgotten chords.
She gave me her complete attention.

Then I sang silly songs
With horrible voices
She laughed, and I
For the first time in a long time
Felt whole again.
Memories I had buried long ago
Uncovered themselves again,
I saw myself at a young age playing for hours,
Only this time it was for no particular reason,
No pain at all
Just to play...