

A Muse Waltz

I was a hollow shell. Like a wind chime that never rang. A songbird with no song. A soul with no vibrato. I learned to feel music, but never to feel love. The soft embrace of a hug, the tension of joined hands, a gentle kiss planted on my face. Yet as soon as my song filled with such lonesome sorrow came to an end, a waltz began.

This waltz did not hold a three-four time signature. It counted four-ten as it danced with gray pandas and penguins. I had no chance of falling behind my new found love. Every note, every beat, and every step fell in sync. This was a feeling I never believed would have knocked down the thick shell I resided in. For seven months and four days, we held such a content and joyful dance with the waltz.

Won't all songs come to an end though? The waltz has slowly fallen out of tune. A clash of lackluster pitch took place, and the dancing began to laze. I and all who had danced fell into a void of sorrow haze. Is it worth it to stay and watch the end? It was a battle I fought before. Sorrow, loneliness, emptiness, all very old friends. A realization that all beauty comes to an end. The battle held for three months, lightly hanging us over the edge of an endless blade. In these times I must ask if this was a mistake. Should I have danced to begin with? Was my need to love driving me to the brink of my own sanity?

Like a wavering light, the darkness would brighten and fade back to reality. A reality I constantly questioned. The very dread and worry I feared had come, but could I abolish it? It was the choice between my love and loneliness. The longest and loudest battle of my days. Like all the demons of Purgatory screaming in my face at once.

Then silence. All ceased to worry, for my simple realization came. Through all my fear, music had reminded a very simple rule: To continue a song, one must be willing to play. The darkness had faded one final time and light had shone. The waltz no longer asked me to dance, but to play.

I no longer waited for the end. I had tuned every instrument for the waltz. I strive towards perfection in my tuning. Then when the time came, the waltz came back to life. Along with the song, the gray pandas and penguins came to life. Re-inventing the dance with missed steps and similar movement. And when I would fall out of tune, I would bring myself back in tune. I am no longer in the waltz, but one with the waltz.

Through time a rocky road was formed. A waltz with a four-ten count led the dancing pandas and penguins. Fully in sync, each step on each rock in the road down to the tiniest pebble and toe. A waltz that will last until the end of my days. A waltz that will forever hold my love.