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### Playing a Poem

Her broken guitar remained in the music room after she left for college. She wanted it to remain there, so if anyone else had the interest of picking up the guitar, the music teacher who adored her may have taught them.

Of course, it got smashed and broken by a small group of freshmen the year after she left.

And that music teacher left long ago, much like the foreign language teachers, when the school found cheaper replacements in the form of new graduates to teach their students.

I still remember her smile when I wrote my first poem, in the creative writing club she founded. It was a simple one that never felt complete or really all that interesting.

This school really became a shitter through.

Everyone else in any club position at this school seems to be freeloaders. They've got time conflicts and never schedule anything.

I guess I'm sort of freeloaded too. I'm the president of the creative writing club now, and supposed to be hosting a club meeting. But no one showed up, my fellow officers included.

So I just walked down to the music room, killing time before my ride gets here.

I pick up her dusty guitar with old dull colored strings and begin to play random chords.

She told me before that all songs can be played by four chords: C, D, G, and E minor.

So carefully I begin to strum forcefully, just to bring out a little bit of noise. And I pull out my notebook and read from the first page, my first poem.

May I Ask To Love You?

Is a glance enough

For two hearts to meet?

May I ask to love you?

Let my heart beat faster

than it should?

May I ask to love you?

If time is all I have,

You can have it, sure!

And I don't think

That this unchanging scenery

Will ever yield something so sweet

As love's mystery

As snuggles and cuddles

Under warm sheets.

My ride texts me they're here.

I smile and leave a post-it inside of this broken guitar. Maybe the fleeting emotions of high school- the clubs that won't exist, puppy loves, and assignments that kept us from sleep have worth in their own existence.

Just like the hole in a guitar.