

*Frayed Strings*

7 years.

7 years it's been sitting in the corner.

Dust coating the frayed strings,

The spruce slowly fading in the sun.

I couldn't bear to look at it for years,

All the best memories were attached with it.

And now they've become the worst.

It's funny how the best times can turn to the worst in a single day.

But the emptiness that used to knock at the door is sick of being pushed away,

It's breaking the windows and pushing the door down.

And I have no option anymore,

I need to play.

So I pick it up, careful, worrying it will crumble under the lightest pressure, and I play.

The clashing of the strings creating detailed images in my minds.

My fingers gliding along the board like skates on ice.

But every memory comes crashing back forming a tidal wave inside.

Your smile and laugh,

The way you would dance into a room.

But I keep playing and relighting these memories,

Because I can't lose you again.

- *By Ella McCahy*