

1967 Fender Stratocaster

Immersed in a quiet afternoon,
my father shows me his first love
for the first time.

A sunburst pattern peeks out of a beat up
Forty-year old guitar case,
bearing the bruises of life on the road.

A beautiful body,
the finish worn off by the rub of his belt buckle
over a span of a thousand or so rehearsals,
and a few nicks along the edges.

The tortoise shell pick guard lies against
the scratched alder wood.

He calls it mojo. I learn that a pristine guitar is so
shamefully uncool.

The copper strings stretch across the neck,
carefully wound around the six pegs
screwed firmly into the headstock,
the frets accented by abalone shell inlays.

He tells me its history and worth, and to guard it with my life.
Then, he plugs it into the Peavey Classic 50 Amplifier
and proceeds to rock out.