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Troubadour's Discourse

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Troubadour's Discourse

Mike Gebhardt

Paramour for Fingers

I need you here,
Near my beating heart,
To help me say through you,
rest
What I feel, yet fail to say.

Your neck I gently hold
you dream
While dancing on your strings,
me,
Hearing the echo of what I want,
Repeating back to me.

You know me more
dour.
Than I know you.
one.
You're master I am not,
Nor shall your slave I be.

Some days your sound
Gives bliss beyond my means,
While other days
Your fickle mood restrains.

You give my life much joy,
Your beauty strong yet fragile.

Paramour for Strings

Pick me up.
Play with my heartstrings.
On your lap I will gladly

Embraced within your sweet caress.

All the sounds of which
Are hidden deep within

Waiting for your guiding hand
To strike and stir my soul.

Come to me my trouba-
dour.
When together we are as

Feel the music touch me,
And it will be released.

We sing the same song
Of longing, joy, lament,
Whatever you feel today,
That is what I'll play.

I'm always at your side
Speaking what you cannot