



Dear Maple amber wood guitar,

I never knew I could be so infatuated and in love with music until I met you. Maybe it was when you caught my eye in the corner of that guitar shop, with your handsome honey like gloss and took my breath away. Or maybe it was when every time I picked you up, my heart was full of euphoric bliss, like fireworks on the fourth of July. When I learned how to play my favorite song on you and it felt like endless summer nights. But no, it was actually when I came running back to you in a time of uncertainty when I truly realized you were my first love. When you were the only one that grounded me in a time when I thought I was going to float away. When your harmonies showed me beauty in the storm, through dangerous winds and violent tornadoes, you were my life line. Your notes took me into another world where there was no anxiety and overthinking, where there wasn't a war going on in my head. You were the place I went to if I wanted to take a day off this world that kills my spirit. When your melodies healed the bruises, cuts, and wounds the world has brought on me. You calmed the ruckus going on in my heart. You touched the most damaged parts of my soul and showed me how it shined. You were gentle, strong, mellow, deep, melodious. You were home.

- Your future Rockstar

