

Made up wordplay 2

The guitar was calling out my name until it found my grasp
As I slung its strap over my shoulder, "what should I play?" I asked
Your destiny is calling so make it something good
Heartfelt deep and personal, universally understood
I worked out the guitar's philosophy and strummed my opening chord
The sound was so horrendous, I thought, paranoid it's so absurd
I popped my medication and strummed a second chance
In my head a samba rhythm made me want to dance
My first thoughts were Pedantic the chords were just the same
As samba dancing bananas bounced around inside my brain
I played my guitar so loudly unconditionally so
My fingers bled, I went to bed, to sleep within its flow

By Lee Haigh