

THE PIANO

As I sit at my old piano, thoughts flow through my mind and memories of the past stab me like knives. One thought of Veronica brings me to tears. I know she is with me when I play this - I can feel her. The times we spent together. A cold breeze comes to my cheek and I know she has given me a kiss. Her lavender aroma fills the air. I will never forget her. As she fades, my memory, another one parks into my mind. I think of James: I will never forget him and that fateful night. Gunfire, smoke everywhere and screams from my comrades. I wish it were me I wish I did not tell him to go... that bullet ...one bullet did it all and from that moment I knew there would be a hole in my heart forever.