

Guitar Notes

By Mary Amato

Dear Odd Day Musician,

We are sharing this room. Please remove your trash from the music stand when you are done.

Thanks.

The Even Day Musician

Dear Ms. Even Day,

Thank you so much for the little note you left in the guitar case.

The napkin that I left on the music stand was not trash. I wrote a chord progression on it. Did you throw it away in your quest for a perfect spotless world?

Most Sincerely,

Mr. Odd Day

P. S. Please do not leave negative Even Day vibes all over the room. They will soak into this guitar, which will ruin it. Please clean up after yourself.

Dear Mr. Odd,

Forgive me for mistaking your chord progression for trash, but you also left a candy wrapper and a crumpled napkin on the music stand. I thought I had chipper vibes, not negative ones. Well, you can make fun of me and my “vibes” for

being bothered by trash, but at least I am considerate of others. Clean up after yourself and you won't have to read any more of my "little notes."

-The Even Day Musician

Dear Ms. Even,

You are well known for being absolutely perfect. Perfect grades. Perfect behavior. Perfect posture. Perfect attendance. Perfect class president. Perfect cello playing. Perfect best friend who plays perfect violin. I heard you sneeze once. Even that was perfect.

My question is, why choose to get all worked up about a trifle? How long did it take you to throw away my wastepaper products? 3 seconds? 3.5 seconds? Now, how much negative energy have you wasted being mad at me because of it? What is the point? Why couldn't the candy wrapper on the music stand you inspire you to write a sound? That would be a positive way to handle it. Perhaps I'll write one called "The Even Day Vibes."

-Mr. Odd

Dear Mr. Odd,

Thank you for enlightening me on the subject of why I am so petty and negative and shallow. Here are my apple core and the crusts of my tuna fish sandwich. I truly hope these objects inspire you.

-Ms. Even

Dear Ms. Even,

You have been playing this guitar, haven't you?

-Mr. Odd

Dear Mr. Odd,

I do not play the guitar. I play the cello.

-Ms. Even

Dear Ms. Even,

The guitar is crushed. It wants to be played. Thankfully, it has me.

-Mr. Odd