

## A Love Letter From Your 1961 Fender Stratocaster

Dear Jimi,

I miss your fingertips,  
our hearts are forever two trapeze artists  
reaching for each other in mid air.

I remember the first time we met,  
eyes illuminated the way DJ's  
get romantic about their record collections.

The first time you touched my strings,  
Your fingers felt like gymnasts,  
back flipping on sunbeams,

and I could hear the feedback  
of the audience screaming  
Hendrix.

You played until the veins  
in hearts would vibrato.

Jimi, you Orgasmichaelangelo,  
twisting nipples into decibels,  
hitting notes like a sniper with a kaleidoscope,  
bending my strings in the key of G  
so the crowd could hear me moaning,  
feel the speakers shaking.

Every night we practiced synchronized spooning.

When you fire walked across my fret board,  
with embers for calluses, you gave back massages  
that would rival any six-handed Hindu god,  
that would cause the hairs on the back of my neck  
to give a standing ovation.

Legend has it,  
if you stay on the road long enough,  
you will be able to read the tea leaves  
in the tears of a Gypsy.

Sometimes dreams are mechanical bulls.  
I watched you wrestle your demons in public forums  
and I loved you through all of it.

Before the allure of psychedelics,  
you self-medicated with music.

At night, I would watch you  
scrubbing at the sky,  
screaming, "out damn spotlight."

The doctors told you to take  
two time capsules and call them  
in the morning.

Sometimes I wondered if God should have  
spared you the lightning rod,  
and spoiled a child prodigy.

Jimi, I have built you a MonTaj Mahal of memories.  
Your death came dressed in a wrecking-ball-gown,  
broke my heart into a million masterpieces,  
watched it crack in five octaves.

When they burned you to ash,  
I scattered your Phoenix.

I wish you would come back,  
rip this wasp's nest from my chest  
with the charisma of a bee charmer.  
If you could only charm death.

Because I miss your fingertips,  
our hearts are forever two trapeze artists,  
reaching for each other, in mid-air.