

One Day the Caveman Played Guitar

by Carl Santoro

Saber-toothed tigers stared
into the darkness.
The night had a new sound.

Overhead, curious
Pterodactyls circled,
searching tree tops.

Females smiled,
rocking babies
to sleep in caves
filled with
echoing notes.

The sound made
every living thing
want to be
near the source.

In the morning,
hunters squatted,
to rest their spears
and listen.
Others climbed
trees for a
hopeful sighting.

The lone player
strained to

give words to
the notes.

As thunder rolled in
the player tried
loud chords.

Out on the savannah,
the rain extinguished
the player's fire.

Finding a cold cave,
wood would be needed to
make fire
sing warmth.

