

# 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.

