

Hold My Hand

by Tim G. Young

Billy Joel wants to hold my hand.
He slipped me a note.
I can't even sing but he still likes me.
He said I could touch his microphone.

Finally it was time for the show.
I was excited.
He growled like he was looking into my eyes.
I felt his piano play

I couldn't be still.
I lost a ring from my finger.
I was shaking like the devil.
Music took me in its mouth
I danced on its lips

Billy Joel dedicated a song to me.
My voice elevated to a scream.
I didn't know what song it was.
I cried and cried.
He reached out for my hand.

