



Paper Mill Press

The Bassist

Ryan Taylor

The Bassist
The webs of his fingers stretched to no end
the five spider-leg-like limbs of his left hand hit just the right notes

Nobody hears

Nobody ever does
Unless he's off of course

The bassist stands tall and alone
Not unlike his untouched brown bottle of local lager
Too busy tuning between numbers to take a drink
A watery ring gathers around it



A bead of sweat drips down his forehead
He fumbles and a large man in the front row makes a sour face
His drinks grows warm
He keeps on playing



On a M

Ryan Ta

On a Mo
I will sit
Watchin
and fall :

On a Mo
I will pay
Nor its a

On a Mo
I will bai
I will sur

On a Mo
I will pra
Grasping
witherin
and letti

