

THE FRIENDLY PERSUASION

Anonymous

All violence drained from him when he picked up the guitar and began to play:

His muscles lost their menace,
His square jaw softened around the corners,
The fire in his eyes was extinguished with tears.

Each note he strummed was a caress:

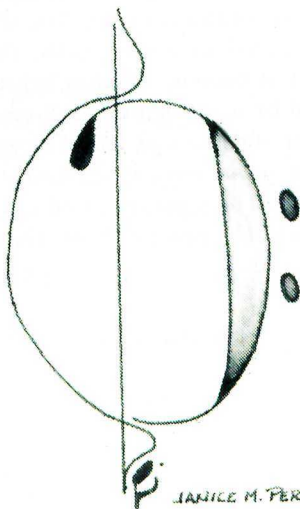
Sometimes his fingers fondled the strings like a father with a newborn child.

Sometimes they probed with the passionate curiosity of a lover.
Always their stroking turned sad into happy, bad into good.

As I watched him play

I imagined him incapable of hating
or lying
or killing

And I wished that more people would persuade with guitars
Instead of guns.



JANILE M. PERKINS