

## Ode to My New Guitar

Music is more than an escape:  
It is a creative outlet,  
Transforming life's pressures  
From a hopeless cacophony of debilitating thoughts  
Into a healthy symphony of uplifting joy.

A hobby, yes.  
A demanding hobby, certainly.  
A time wasting hobby, never!  
A source of energy, always!

Cheaper and more helpful than a psychiatrist.

Bringing people together  
to share the delights  
of being human.

The "Ode to My New Guitar" was inspired by the first few hours of pleasure I enjoyed playing my recently purchased *Yamaha FGX 413SC* Electro-Acoustic guitar. Anyone who enjoys playing a musical instrument will identify with the sentiments expressed. I composed this while teaching at the Gale Pond Elementary School in Odessa, TX. The students were writing poems for a class assignment. I told them I would write a poem of my own. This is the poem.

Donald L. Potter, 4/20/04  
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**Meditation**  
**on an old picture of me**  
**playing my first guitar,**  
**a Sears' Silvertone Classial,**  
**on the front porch of the old farm house.**  
**I still have that instrument and play it.**

That first scale,  
That first chord,  
    Singing through  
    The tall trees  
    And green grass  
        in my front yard,  
        over the hills,  
        down the valleys,

Giving life  
    to all my Dreams  
    Sailing through  
    Space and Time  
        to West Texas – 1993

That same cool, sweet breeze  
    that sang through the trees,  
    still sings.

That same guitar - Silvertone Classic  
    still plays.

That same person – Me, myself, I  
    still in love  
        with the same blending notes,  
        harmonious with nature itself.

Time suspended and spanned  
    by a resonant wooden bridge.  
    Able, well able, to express the music  
        of a Handel or a Bach.

By Donald Potter, July 21, 1993

**Turncoat to the Culture of my youth?  
Never!**

Did you ever listen  
to he brook foaming  
over rocks after a storm?

Did you ever smell  
peppermint growing  
in the meadow?

Did you ever taste  
blackberries sweet and juicy  
on the bush?

Did you ever feel  
rich dirt between your toes  
in a freshly plowed field?

Did you ever see  
Four O-Clocks fresh  
with morning dew?

Have you ever heard  
the sound of the Classical Guitar  
singing over the hillside  
in Southern Indiana?

I have!

By Donald L. Potter, July 21, 1993.

These long lost poems were found on July 29, 2013 on an old floppy disk in my office. If I ever find the picture, now misplaced, I will add it to this document. It was a black and white picture of me setting on the front porch of my boyhood country home playing my Silvertone Classic, overlooking the hills of Southern, Indiana not far from Rising Sun, Indiana.