

They Said to Me

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Heinlein was wrong. Music is a harsh mistress; not the moon

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She said to me, "I am leaving you, so you can play music without guilt." I looked at her, and then I went to play a concert. They said to me, "We are taking away your job; you can't afford to play music." I looked at them, and then I went to rehearsal. They said to me, "You haven't any heat in your house; you can't afford to play music." I looked at them, and then I put on a sweater and joined a big band. (that rehearsed in a heated room) They said to me, "You haven't any food; you can't afford to play music." I looked at them, and then I ate rice for three weeks while I was playing a show. They said to me, "We are turning off the electricity; you can't afford to play music." I looked at them, and then I heated my bath water on a camp stove and went to a rehearsal. They said to me, "We are turning off the water; you can't afford to play music." I looked at them, and then I went to a new big band rehearsal. (I stopped on the way, to buy a bottle of water.) They said to me, "We are taking away your house; You can't afford to play music." I looked at them, and then I loaded my instruments into the car and went to play a dance. They said to me, "The bari sax chair is yours if you want it." I looked at them, and then I smiled. But I still miss my wife.