The Guitar Lesson

Steven Wilson

The pupil is twelve-- attractive, withdrawn
In a midnight blue school uniformLips just a little too full for her face
Distant eyes full of spaceIn her posture no trace of coquette
No defianceShe fingers the frets, looking forlorn
Crossing her legs where her tights have been tornStarts as her mother comes into the room
And the afternoon grows stillAnd her mother feels a chill, shivers
And buttons her coatI gently correct the curve of her back
And I open my back in the now empty flatAt the classical piece I've had her prepare
And her arms are bare as she playsAnd I draw back behind her ear
A few strands of hair gone astrayShe shows her my bracelet, the lesson is done
I turn it around between finger and thumb
We sit face to face, and it seems to me then
That her face is the face of a catAnd touching the place where her breasts will be
I press my hand flatShe comes into my lap
I turn her around
Her hands clasp my neck
And her feet skim the groundHer skirt travels up under my palm
But the pupil sits looking so calmAs if listening to the distant sound
Of a burglar alarmWhat happened next is hard to recall
The guitar lesson left no traces at all
But now, from afar, it seems to resemble
A strange composition in oilOf a man, a guitar
And an innocent little girl

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