MY LOVER’S BELOVED
By: Laura Bertini-Colón

She was around long before I came into the picture, in one incarnation or another. She has held my lover joyously bound to her now for more than 15 years, his soul intertwined with hers, and I wouldn’t have it any other way.

She is a demanding mistress, requiring love and attention on an almost daily basis. She requires a harder hand than most of the others (and yes, there are at least two others), yet in my husband’s expert hands she performs, fulfilling your every desire. It is in part because of her, that I fell in love with him.

Her skin is now a leathered shell, black as a moonless sky, though dimmed by her many years. Instead of strings, intricately woven as a Persian carpet expertly constructed by the sinewy fingers of a master tradesman, inside she carries cold, metal rods.

She relies on his talented craftsmanship to make her enchanting music. His knowing touch can be gentle as the stroking of a violin, or heavy as the pounding of a drum. He breathes life into her soul. She sings exultedly. Slow, soft, and seductive, or energized, enthusiastic, and frenetic. Inspiring passion. Love. Exhilaration. Melancholy. Ecstasy.

My husband woos her by stroking her aged and cracking keys, striking the small wooden hammers tipped with cotton-soft, rubbery pads that in turn strike the metallic tines to wake her from her slumber. You can see that once they were as white as an elephant’s ivory tusk, and as dark as a proud military man’s newly shined black leather shoes. Now the broader white ones are yellowing, succumbing to the ravages of time, as the aging pages of a newspaper. The black ones are duller, though more resilient to the fading that incipiently comes with ageing. They’re faded black velvet through the passage of time. Though not the full eighty-eight, her seventy-three fulfill his needs completely, and there is no feeling of loss, or envy.

Occasionally he may neglect her, yet she remains a faithful, rapturous mistress. She loves as she is loved: exquisitely, delicately, vigorously, and passionately. She moves you as my husband moves her. As he feels her. As he loves her. And in this I am contented.

For Mark:

Happy 10th Anniversary.
With Love Everlasting