

## A Bar: The Man Beside the Piano

By Jan Franz O. Macaso

"I am but exiled; I've and I am destined to be forgotten." said he, a prince. His cloak was rather a representation of a man hiding from the sun, than to glorify what he is--what he once was: a Prince. "No longer am I a part of anyone. And if ever I was, and I am... sad as it is, I am to be forgotten."

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Old Sam. A guy in his forties, sitting in a bar, a Piano beside him; an accompaniment-filled atmosphere of nothing but adoring melancholy. He sits, a cigar lit in his left hand, carrying with it a glass of gin--to ease a pain that's long to be, and should have been forgotten.

The player was through, as a courtesy, he asks, "Old Sam, what do you want me to play?"

"Pathétique, Beethoven." A reminiscent of the old, the days he wished he is there. He states to himself. Familiar it is, the music, the setting. Pretty much, young was a man of forty; to him it seemed forever--old.

The player started playing; to Sam, it was bitter--it was sweet, and somehow sour. A melody and memory of the past, coming through him, bursting at every moment. The keys, accompanied by blows of his well-lit cigar, and every shot of the tonic, and the gin.

Old Sam, enjoying his music. The past he never was and never came to be.

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"Why is it that you've been here for so long?"

"It's because I belong here... I'm not young, I'm old."

"Why do you keep on saying you are, you never did, you've never been."

"I was..."

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"You were Stuck."

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An unfamiliar piece of the music remains unanswered with his thoughts. He was old, he says. He grew up he says... "What's been left, what's gone?"

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"Why can you not let go of what you feel then?"

"I don't know."

"If you don't, then why bother thinking of it?"

"..."

"If you don't, have you ever thought if she knew?"

"She never did, that's what it was."

"Then if she did not, why bother thinking of the past?"

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"Please, stop. Boy, it's great. You've got some future with that tippity-tut in the Piano." He sighed. He can't take the questions that's been asked to him by his music...

"Why can you not let go of the past, why can you not let go of her?"

He looked at the glass of gin being grasped by his hand. It was a night.

"I'm done with the past... I can never let go of the present and the future that I've never become a part of hers."

The End

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**Jan Franz O. Macaso bio:** Is now a graduate from the AB English program of the Polytechnic University of the Philippines, Manila, on April 2015; Mark Twain's work, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" made him want to be a writer someday, some of his written works can be found at his wordpress blog: [www.ramblingsofanmisfit.wordpress.com](http://www.ramblingsofanmisfit.wordpress.com) . He loves to write short stories and poems, and dreams that someday one of his works will get published someday.