

# The Angle

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## Montana

Adam Leahy  
*St. John Fisher College*

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## Montana

### Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Come home, as soon as you can

Come home, don't ever leave again

And together we will spend

Every moment 'till the end'

Ari Hest - Come Home"

### Cover Page Footnote

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# ADAM LEAHY

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## MONTANA

“Come home, as soon as you can  
Come home, don’t ever leave again  
And together we will spend  
Every moment ‘till the end”  
Ari Hest – Come Home

The guitar is beginning to wear after only two years use. Its strings dangle from the nape of its neck like unruly metal hairs. There is always one string that is broken or breaking, and every time he plays again he has to tune it. The guitar’s smooth black body is hammered daily by my brother’s hands, greasy fingerprints spreading across its waist. At times, the guitar is my brother’s only companion, his only friend. It listens to him when he cries, directs him when he craves guidance, and sings when he needs strength. My brother’s guitar goes everywhere with him. It’s been to California, Maine, Florida, Aruba, Bermuda, and now to their new home in Montana. For years I’ve begged Ryan to put the guitar down, to let me listen, to let me guide him, to let me sing. It’s been months since I’ve spoken to my brother’s guitar; but now that he’s gone, all I can think about is its stringy voice lulling me to sleep.