

The Triangle

Ryan & Dan projected an air of nonchalance around themselves to act as a sort of protective force field while they stood waiting quietly and patiently. Like everyday really. This was how things were. Today was no exception. Some might mistakenly thought them brothers sharing as they did so many similar physical characteristics. They were not. No one could even describe them as friends. Fate that devious magician had played a cunning trick which had left them forced to inhabit the same space. Neither had been given a choice. Nor had been afforded an opportunity to deliberate, to object or decline.

Ryan the slightly older was in most respects a traditionalist both outlook and appearance. While both had skins of similar honeyed tones, Dan's hard lean torso was completely unadorned compared to Ryan whose rounder chunkier body sported a delicate circular motif to the fore. Dan could mimic well Ryan's dulcet slightly 'moody and sensitive' timbre when required. Though honestly gave his best performance when allowed to free some of the wild, noisy essence that fizzed and foamed inside. Ever ready to hit anyone in close proximity like a whammy.

Despite all of these differing attributes what brought them together was their ability to create music especially when afforded the opportunity to improvise. Simultaneously bringing delight & intrigue to any audience. However none of this was possible without her. On that both agreed. Zero communication between them just a sense of unsatisfied craving building.

Who would first feel the light trace of her fingers curling around their neck, pressing down applying just enough pressure to leave a trace before moving on, slowly yet firmly downwards. Delicately tracing those now familiar patterns. Fingers sometimes slipping to generate new and unfamiliar pathways.

Ryan emits a silent cry to be chosen. Not knowing if it has been heard. Memories now slip in like unexpected assailants. Forcing memories of those deep resonating sensations that will doubtless emerge from deep within as she picks laconically over the length of his frame. Slow. Deliberate.

Tolerating only her hands to pluck melting mellifluous moments from him with a sleight of hand normally reserved for stealing cookies unobserved from a plate. Any feelings of anger and jealousy swept up like fragments of dust in a vacuum to be held captive for they could not be displayed.

Dan by contrast was younger, bolder and made no plea such was his confidence. Experience informed of no gentle embrace. A firm smooth back pressed close to her abdomen allowing the warmth of her body to infiltrate every atom of his being while her fingertips pushed down on taut sinews of steel. Retracting them only momentarily when pain in those soft pads became too much.

Oh they knew she would come. That's why they waited. That's why they always waited. The question was who would she pick? She was near now. Her voice drifting up. Saying something they could not distinguish. They could tell the distinctive noise made as her feet clacked. Heels connecting like dainty hammers on the worn treads of the stairs to the attic. The silent vigil continued.

Drawing closer with each tap... tap. Would she be happy or sad? Worried or content? All of these things could affect what would happen next. Influence her choice. How things would play out. The door slowly opened and suddenly she was standing there. Light from the landing slipped past illuminating her frame as she stood for a fleeting moment just looking, thinking.

Then slowly but deliberately reached out her hand to pick a guitar from its rack and began to play.

