

A bright aura exudes from him, beaming joy into the crowd. It is as if the music flows through his body and explodes from his callused fingertips. They slide along the strings, slapping and dancing across the wooden neck of the guitar. The rhythm even trickles down to his feet, which tap and hop around the stage. Not dissimilar to his head, which bobbles about like it is on a spring.

Embodying the song, his eyes closed shut, the wrinkles by the corners like gullies formed by laughter and tears. Like all the lines printed onto his skin, they hold his memories. Upon his forehead, they reveal each distress and anxiety, and in the scars that dint his cheeks rest his teenage years. As does the chip in his front tooth that he saves as a trophy from his single fight in high school.

Now far past those youthful years he wears, his hair grows grey and his children tower over him. However, he still refuses to lose his youth, as his ruffled hair shoots out from all sides, and his bright Converse peak out beneath his vintage denim. Perhaps he worries about how long he can keep doing what he loves. Or, perhaps he does not. Perhaps, it is the fact that these performances are ephemeral and fleeting that makes him enjoy every fading second.