

# A New Beginning at the End of the Songs

by Amy Piro Chambers

Jen braced herself for a blast of music. The last time she was at the Blue Moon the band sounded like it included a jackhammer. As she stepped inside, instead, a sinuous beat pulsating against a melodic line wound itself into her head. Captivating. She looked around. Sarah and the gang had snagged a table up front. She joined her friends, but the music was too loud for talking. Catching the eye of the nearest waiter, she pointed to Sarah's beer.

They'd heard that a couple of kids from the university were playing in the band, so had decided to check it out. The music was gripping. She'd not expected anything this good. The lead singer had a strong voice and some interesting moves. Astonished, she realized the back-up singer was Jonathan from her biology lab. A shy guy, she'd never given him much thought. She knew he was a premed major, so he was smart, and, as she scrutinized him further, she realized he wasn't bad looking.

The waiter slapped down a frothy beer. She sipped its satisfying bitterness and watched the stage where the lead singer was finishing his line. Then, the back-up singer, her Jonathan, did a little solo. What a voice that boy had. Who would guess? Its fine melodic timbre curled itself into her being.

The lead then took over, and Jonathan went back to playing guitar. As his eyes swept over the audience, he saw her. She clapped her hands together in a few silent claps. He gave her the slightest of nods. As he sang the harmony, she heard only his voice. In the next piece, he had a longer solo, and this time when he went back to playing guitar, he looked at her with curiosity as though wondering how she liked that. She raised her glass of beer in a silent toast, and he tried not to smile.

The applause for that number was beginning to fade, when Jonathan's arresting voice commanded the stage. He was at the mic, now the lead. Jen swayed to the music. He kept looking at her, singing to her. His voice ended the song with a husky resonance that corralled her heart. The audience erupted

into applause. She didn't care what anybody thought. She stood up and clapped hard, giving him a standing ovation of one. He beamed.

When the set ended, Jonathan caught her eye and nodded to the side, inviting her back stage. She shrugged her shoulders and rolled her eyes, but couldn't stop smiling. When he inclined his head to the side again, grinning, she couldn't resist. She threw some bills on the table and headed backstage.

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