

## The music that we made

2006

My name is Delilah. I'm writing this letter to my fans on the internet who read my blog "Seriously, me." who've demanded that I write a book about my life. Parts of it anyway.

I'm finally using this thing called "The internet" and it is useful for this journal. Today I am telling the story of how I met Keith. One day, to me he was just the young, handsome boy I met in the park that day. To the world, Keith is one of the world's biggest rock stars. It was September 13th, 1996. New York City. a nice fall afternoon. I saw and met the love of my life.

Keith would later go on to be one of the worlds biggest Rockstars. He would gain his fame in 1997. From the moment we met, we were in love. Head over heels for each other. I worked at a bookstore, where performers would sing. From 10pm-11pm he'd sing there every night. We'd go on to getting him scheduled weekly gigs at local bars and shops. Subway stations heard him sing and every night in our \$1700 studio apartment he'd sing me to sleep, in his arms. Then one day we met a man, his name was Frank. He'd slowly drift him into stardom as well as slowly drifting him apart from me. In a matter of months Frank would tell me he'd want me home, he'd want me out of the studio. Lies on top of more lies and only to distance me from Keith, the love of my life.

His breakout tour "Growing", would later be the last time we'd see each other. On this particular evening. I was left behind. On the first day of the tour, it would be a city away, his night gig. New York would be the last place I'd see him. Of course, we'd write through letters but that would later fade away. I wouldn't see him again until 2001. I would be a mother then, to a son by Keith. A boy named Keith. Not being able to get into contact was difficult so if I was someone that wasn't to be remembered. Why think of him? I raised this baby into a toddler all on my own. Soon he'll attend school and I'll still be the only one he'd know then. Hopefully not but it would seem so. No father, no problem. On this particular night though, an unknowingly pregnant me. I was left behind by the entire tour bus, the team, management and even Keith. A letter was left for me when I woke up. No, I woke up the hour we were supposed to. Everyone was gone. In this letter, I was told

"Dear, Delilah.

Sorry for the inconvenience. However we regret to inform you that we are unable to carry on any friends or family members of the band. With great thanks the music will be played in your thoughts. Thank you and please feel free to write."

A letter left without a number but an email.

[Keithmusictour@aol.com](mailto:Keithmusictour@aol.com)

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So I cried and had a terrible year. I found out I was pregnant and moved in with a friend, a young black woman named Angie. She was a former high school friend of mine that I reconnected with. We shared great love for musicians and books. We even worked at the book shop for two years together before she decided to step back into college and she is now a writer. For the times I mention? She did very well for herself.

After working for the book store for more than seven years. I was asked if I would like to invest in the business. So luck stepped in for one moment in my life. Changing it instantly. I had saved so much money for my future child, by staying in that studio and working my ass off. So I would invest in owning half of the company. I came in just over a year after I was asked, one of the three new owners. I was grateful. The shop changed a bit but it was lovely and new. We even opened a second location in Union Square. We continued to have musicians play nightly. I even always saw my Keith in the corner performing on that stool.

My co-worker Annie, and one of the new owners. She had decided to book for his "Revision tour" an interview, a singing and a free, three song concert. Great.

Now he would walk back into my life.

Did I mention that this would be this morning?

I cook with Angie, bacon, scrambled eggs and spam. We sing along to Bon Jovi and Nat King Cole. Good music. We pour ourselves tall cups of orange juice, small mugs of coffee.

Our breakfast is amazing. The baby eats the same. Of course, whatever he could chew.

We enjoy ourselves. Sipping our coffee and smiling at stories. I had never loved a morning as much as this one. I look at my roommate and I look at my baby. He's so amazing. My life. I wasn't ready but it was something I had to do.

Throughout the subway ride I am silent. I glare at my reflection through the dark tunnel ride in between each stop. I see a young girl kissing a young boy on that same subway. Though the seat wasn't the same, the moment was.

Walking into the store was the hardest part. It's early, so there weren't hardly any fans outside besides the ones who think they're going to end up marrying the asshole.

"This is going to be hard. But you're tougher than anyone in this bitch." I tell myself, making my way in. I walk to the back area to my small, comfortable office. only to slowly pass by each aisle.

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And there he was. Older, but in an outfit like he would've been when I met him. Still handsome, taller and more beardy. Though my heart has changed for him, he will always be the most beautiful thing I have ever laid my eyes on. My heart has loved no one else, he is the only one. I won't be with him and I've lost him already, however. He will always be the love of my life. We will never be together. After a month of the incident, I realized that and moved on.

I see him, he stops and smiles. His glossy eyes look like he is about to cry.

Me, already there.

"Hi." I wave and tilt my head down. I walk away to my office. Closing the door gently behind me and silently sobbing.

I peek through the curtain of my office and I see him wandering closer to my office. He's looking for me. Unaware I now own half of this company.

There is a knock on my door. It's Keith. So I answer it, opening slowly.

"Hi rockstar." he tells me.

"Hi Keith. So you're pretty much aware that I own half of this company now. It's nice to see you and I don't want to hurt you. We do need to talk though." I demand.

I guide him into my office, he sits and doesn't speak. I think at this moment he had an enormous amount of guilt surrounding his heart.

"When you left. When you left me, when they made you. Don't deny anything. I know the truth. You couldn't be what they wanted you to be with me in the picture. I was pregnant at that moment and I didn't know it myself. I went to the doctor a couple of weeks later and found out I was having a little baby boy. I named him after you. Keith. I don't expect you to be in his life. However I would like him to know that he has a father. He's very young. Just a toddler. Not even six yet. So be easy with him and your words. I'll bring him for lunch. My roommate Angie will bring him over. I'm sorry to have dumped this on you. I know you have a busy month and today, a very busy day. I just don't feel any guilt for keeping him a secret. You did me dirty. No writing, nothing. So this is how I am now. Forgive me or not. He's mine. Yours too. Just not really. Sorry." I admit. Holding back tears.

"I have a son," he asks.

"Yes."

"I forgive you for not telling me. I just can't believe this- and I did write!" He yells.

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“Don’t shout. I’m not yelling. You don’t have to.” I told him.

“They must have not sent my letters.” he cries.

“As well as forgetting to hand over the ones I wrote to you I bet.” I told him.

“You wrote?” he questions sadly.

“Everyday.” I cry.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry I let them do that to you.” He leaves the office.

A few hours later and I’m listening to only him. Only Keith. He hears the screams of the questioning fans and interviewers. I shut the world out and only hear him. Only see him. I love him. He was truly something and though I was sure the love I once felt for him was gone. I was insanely wrong. When you love someone. You will always love that person. Even if they leave. The love of your life really is the light of your life. The words say it all. Perfectly.

I wave at him during the interview.

Keith makes a closed up face. Emotionless.

He swallows his spit, clearing his throat. I can tell he’s upset, he’s sad even. I don’t care.

The next evening.

I’m home with Keith alone. He plays on the floor with some blocks and action figures. I watched the newest Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan love story. Trash. Later these films will become cool Y2k movies visited on Hulu.

There’s a knock at my door. I get up, answering it. It’s Keith.

“What are you doing here? How did you find me?” I ask.

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"I asked one of you employees."

I chuckle. "Well they're fired. So, I take it you want to meet him? You can hangout. Get to know him. Just for a couple of hours. Okay?" I told him.

"Perfect." he smiles.

I let him in, and for about five hours he takes care of Keith and plays with him like the father he should have been. He is after all. So I sat on standby and let him get to know his son.

I tuck them in when they end up falling asleep on the sofa together in The Neverending Story.

In the morning we're up eating breakfast casually. Over the next couple of weeks he will spend time with his son and bond.

When it's the night before the concert he is to play in the park, I tell him I will not be attending the concert even though he wants his son to see him perform.

So that night we decided over a long phone call to see each other, my roommate watching baby Keith for me. We take a nice, long walk along the Lower East side. I remember always walking with him by the bridge, by the water. One of our greatest kisses we had was by the water.

You always remember lots of kisses. With that special person mostly the really good ones.

It was time for me to change. I couldn't be upset because he wanted to be in his child's life. I should've never let him work with those people. Some of them, sitll in his life. So throughout our walk I admit to him that I have enjoyed his company over the last few weeks. He tells me that he loves me. He's been with other women he says but he just will never be with anyone and feel how he did when he was with me. When he is around me.

"I just don't feel the same way anymore. I'm sorry. You had me then but you just don't have me now. I don't think I could ever feel the way I felt years ago about you. You left me man. You forgot about us and everything we said to each other. Do you remember all the beautiful things you used to tell me? I sure do- and- and it really sucks and I really loved you. How could you let someone so important. Someone you may never find again. Go? Slip away. How? I loved you. I guess you didn't love me the way you said you did. You wanted life more."

'I never meant to hurt you the way I did. They made me do it." he cries.

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"You could've said no. You fight for what you want and you don't just let it go. You don't just hurt someone the way you hurt me. What's wrong with you? Why would I want you back so you could leave me?" I am furious.

"I'm sorry." He tells me.

"Too late for that. Isn't it? You're lucky I'm letting you see your son. After what you did to me. I really shouldn't have let you." I have changed.

The happy, young, upbeat and in love girl he had years ago was finally gone. After years of missing him and eventually his immaturity and cowardice acts left. Now that he knows what he has lost he wants to try to change things. He changed me. I would've died for him. I loved him so much it hurt to love him. That good hurt you feel when you're either around or not around that specific person you love. Now I hate him. The rage seething in my blood. It's quite a tragic, sad story. Isn't it?

I have the rest of tonight to decide what to do with my boy. Do I let his father stay in his life?

I need to sleep on this.

"Just let my son come to my show. If I'm not allowed to be in his life. Even with how much pain and suffering I did to you. What I still am making you feel. I'm so sorry Dee. I'll always love you and I know you'll always love me. I'm so sorry I hurt you baby. Every single day I regret what I did. What I let them do. I left you alone in that place we weren't even used to. That wasn't home. You must've been so scared and I can't forgive myself for that." he cries.

We don't say much to each other for the rest of the night. We head home parting our ways in a shared yellow cab. He tried holding my hand twice and I moved it away. I hate hating him but this is the way it will have to be.

I've made my decision.

The concert.

I've taken Keith Jr. with me to front row seats of the park show Keith will be in, in twenty minutes. We sit patiently. I hold my child in my arms.

Keith comes out from backstage twenty eight minutes later. Noticing us in the front row, the only two sitting. Like I always did calm and happy, with that big smile on my face. He looks happy.

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He sits on the stool. He picks up his old guitar out of the five guitars on the stage. I remember that thing. Crazy he still has it. No matter how famous he got, he still used it more than any other one.

“I’m gonna go way back now and perform for you angels, my angels. My angel. Here’s our song.” he says.

The crowd goes insane and people even start sobbing in happiness to the song.

The concert goes on all evening until the beautiful baby blue sky turns dark blue and lights up with candles, lighters and hanging Christmas lights.

Delilah sings along and enjoys the show with her son.

The End.