

A Piano

There is a beauty in music,
in the feel of your hands
and your mind creating sound.
It draws you in.

So even as the cold bites the trees outside,
and the snow, piled deep, makes a white world,
your only world is the white of the keys.
How beautiful a thing, in shades of rich brown
and glinting gold, in ebony and ivory.

Yes, it is beautiful, but it is lonely too, in a way.
The knowledge that you are on your own.
It is not another soul making that noise, but yours.

Beautiful and lonely, and horrible too, in a sense.
There is a way of music that strips you bare,
exposes all your shortcomings to the world.
That mistake is yours, and not anybody else's.
You are accountable, and responsible.

To create is to be human,
and to create music is to touch
something essential.
Music reveals what is, both in
ourselves and in the world around us.