

Ode to the Piano

O Piano, friend to my ears,
You smile at me with your black and white teeth, my companion good,
With your keys, your gaping mouth.
You sing for me, like good friends do, as you open your mouth and belt out tunes,
Your flesh is smooth, as smooth as stone,
Make music for me, my friend.

My Piano is like a book,
Opening its pages to the world,
Allowing me to read how it feels and what it thinks.
Do you ever read me, too? When I play you,
Do you understand why my fingers move the way they do,
Why I play slow songs sometimes, and happy songs other days?
Whether you do or you don't,
Make music for me, my friend.

When I touch you, you clink and clank,
Constantly speaking without saying a word.
You are a nightingale, singing melodiously,
Comforting me with your somber tunes when I am feeling low.
Your music floats through the air, grabs my heart, and burns me
With emotion! I long for your gorgeous voice, day and night,
Make music for me, my friend.

O Piano, my dark, walnut-colored pal,
I love you for many reasons, but
A very specific reason would be because
You carry memories of loved ones with you
Whenever I think of you, No matter where I am,
I can remember that there are always people
Who make melodies in my heart
Make music for me, my friend

Yes, you're a mess,
Yes, you're covered in chord charts, music books, and picture frames—
But when I see this, it shows me
You're loved by a family
Who loves each other.
Continue making music for me, my friend.

by Hope Mullins