

With the Pianist

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With Music by Soothing Relaxation

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Kad5ZP0unoY>



I am seated at the piano. It's a large, black grand piano with ivory keys. The keys are sensitive to my touch. I am a master pianist. I play with ease and emotions come pouring out as though I were an actor. What comes out of me is the sound of love. I am a man. I am tall with strong arms and hands. I have curly ginger hair. I have always played the piano. It has always been my solace.

I am missing a person by my side, someone who once was there but now is gone. The vacancy fills me with melancholy. But time is passing and the emptiness begins to fade. The piano notes are comforting and I play to ease my soul. The music is good. It touches me. It fills me. It makes time bearable.

The keys are mine. My fingers know them intimately. I touch them and they are at my command. But it is a relationship I have with the piano keys. They await my touch. They long for me to caress their silky surface. They want to be heard. My hands allow them to sing. I give them a voice that they so dearly want. Without me, they are quiet and still. Without me, they have a vacancy. I am their jail master. I open the dreary iron bars that lock them away. I am they key to their prison and they are the keys to mine. Without each other, we would only be meaningless bits of ivory and ebony without purpose.

And when I so desire, and when my thoughts so produce a wanting, I touch, and I give freedom to a voiceless soul. I am the giver of melody. I am the leader. I have 88 lives who yearn for me. And the touch I give is the sound of melody and fulfillment. Sometimes, my heart beats quickly, and the piano keys dance with vigor. Sometimes, my heart beats slowly, and the piano keys mourn with agony. My arms are extensions of my mind, and the melodies that travel from the furthest reaches of my brain pass from neuron to neuron, jumping at each synapse, across oceans of interstitial fluid, thriving in a highway

inside of me. And the electricity I produce sparks my fingertips to press on three whites and two blacks, then four whites and one black, and two whites and two blacks. It's a willing chorus. They reflect my inner most thoughts, the feelings no one can know except me, and my piano. My piano is my soul. It says what I cannot. I feel and it talks for me.

“So dance, Piano,” I command. “Dance and sing as I lead you. Play with me the emotions in my head, and give the world this musical art so that we may all connect and understand. Who does not understand the language of music? Aye, there are none who do not speak it. It is the universal language. It touches everyone, and each feels it in their own way. It brings armies to the battlefield. It buries loved ones. It marries the young and hopeful. It sings for those who know not what to say. It is the voice of angels. It is the voice of mankind. It is heard in the wind that travels across the earth. It is in the water of the oceans as dolphins find one another. It is in the universe as radio waves carry my thoughts to the end of time. Dance, piano, dance till you have no more sound. Play until you have reached every living being with a heart. And then, even then, play on. Let your vibrations penetrate the very limits of space. There is nowhere we cannot go together.”

I watch my hands. They are large and gentle. There is a ring made of gold upon my finger. It makes an endless circle. It bounces up and down as my hands glide with dexterity and intent. The gold is a part of me. It shall always remain. It shall remain, at least for now. For now, it becomes a part of the wistful tune. It fills the vacancy a little bit. And I watch it upon my skin as it moves with me. I am in a dance with it. My hand moves up and it moves up. My hands glides down the keyboard, and it does too. It clings to me wherever I go. It does not leave my side. It is true and faithful, as am I.

I am joined by others. There is a violin with its ancient cries. There is a bass beside me to form the foundation we rest on. A guitar adds melody. We all have a commonality. We strings form a quartet of humanity. We speak for many, for thousands, maybe millions or even billions. We show that there is something left at the end of the day. There is substance in our innermost chambers. And that is the essence of who we are. It is summed up in the cries we make. That is the foundation of music. Music is merely cries. It is the sounds we hold most dear. It is a baby crying. It is the laughter of children. It is the screams of the battlefield. It is the outflowing of grief at the loss of a friend, a spouse, a parent. Our ears may hear the melody, but our brain hears the emotion, the wanting, the isolation, and the togetherness. We are the music. The music is each one of us.

And I played on into the night. And I did not stop until the quiet moment that the sun comes almost to the horizon and for a moment is the dawn. And as the dawn turned to morning, the joyous birds took over the duty for me, so that I might rest. My hands stopped, and the birds and crickets and frogs played for me instead. I listened until I fell asleep as I sat upon the piano bench, exhausted from a night's memories and weeping, happy to be in the arms of sleep and dreams which overcame me.

And in my dream, I was playing to an audience of one, one pale listener who could not turn away from the magic, a listener who would follow me to the ends of the Earth and more, a person who would bring me peace and contentment through out my days and into my nights. And the music held us together, if only in my imagination, for there was no one there when I awoke from my slumber. And I went out and greeted the day, and thanked the birds and the crickets and the frogs for lulling me into sleep and for keeping the music while I rest, comforting me with their songs. And I sat on the porch, and the music was still going in my head. It never stops in there. It is contained in that chamber, with perfect acoustics and perfect pitch. It stays with me as my eternal companion. And a new song comes to me, notes I have never put side by side before in this particular manner. It makes my heart pump the blood strongly to my fingers and I yearn to touch the piano keys again so they can let out this melody that is tied up in my head. The piano keys are the opening of my mind to the world. Without them, all this would be lost. And what a waste that would be, because what is really waiting to get out is the emotion from one life. But one life is just the beginning, as there is no life that doesn't deserve an outlet for their feelings. Every soul is recognized by its music. So play, play to the Olympians, play to the strong, and play for the weak. Play for the sheer joy of playing. Play for those who cannot speak. Play for all nations of humankind, all who love, all who long, all who are a part of this grand ball we call home. Play for them, and play for me. Let out your sounds so I can hear my mind. Hear me as I pound out each note, each word in musical language, each melody that is a musical sentence, and every symphony that is a musical love letter. Play it back to me for you are my audience of one as there is no one else, at the moment. It is just you and me, myself and the piano who understand each other through the melody. And that will be enough for me, at least for a little while.