

Nimble my fingers waltz across the piano keys  
Disciplined like an adept ballet dancer,  
ferocious like a shouting river.  
They leap and stretch,  
Commanding the instrument to sing.

I don't scan the music in front of me.  
My empty eyes stare at my hands,  
Mind wandering yet devoid of thought.  
The device makes a resonant noise,  
But my untenanted head is silent.

I have no need for instruction,  
I've performed this dance many times.  
I've listened to the piano's calls:  
The softest secretive murmur,  
The loudest triumphing trill.

As the swelling song crescendos,  
My focus shatters, control is lost.  
My trained fingers stumble and slip  
As I emerge from my trancelike state.  
My waltz is finished.

Yet I am beckoned, allured by  
Lost vows of grandeur and love.  
I remember the piano's promise,  
So as I crack my knuckles and begin again  
I renew my vows and resume the dance.