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The Pianist

by Curt Clendenin

Watches closely from back stage as the crowd enters the auditorium
 Open-mouthed, he peers through his eyebrows at the beautiful
 Lady in the front row. She is a magnet, carefully sculpted
 From epitome of fascination. The nightengale's name is
 Ginger, his wife. The lights slowly dim. The crowd quiets down
 And the familiar nervous tick arrives on his lip just as he
 Neatly sits himself on the wooden stool in front of the
 Grand piano. The lights slowly come back on. The crowd

Applauds. He cracks his fingers, then gently sets them on the correct keys.
 Many eyebrows raise in anticipation as he flips a sheet of music.
 An awesome thing happens, his fingers instantaneously wriggle in a
 Dynamic, James Brown like boogie across the keyboard, an
 Excitability normally only found in small hyperactive children. Each
 Uniformed note emanates through the auditorium with meat cleaver
 Sharp clarity. He can't hear one iota, so when he makes a

Mistake, its easy to forgive himself, and keep going. After
 Other various famous pieces have been performed, he wipes the
 Sweat from his forehead with his sleeve and stands up exhausted. The
 Audience standingly ovatiates him. He turns to look at his
 Radiant wife, an isolated sculpture in an ultraviolet garden
 Then leaves the stage.