The Pianist

Curt Clendenin
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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 eminates 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
Zweat from his forehead with his sleeve and stands up exhausted. The
Audience standingly ovatates him. He turns to look at his
Radiant wife, an isolated sculpture in an ultraviolet garden
Then leaves the stage.