

She Played for Me

I wished that I could play for her
something nice and beautiful, soft,
enrapturing, and tender, on those white keys:
Draw out a music from their cold stone wall
and let her know with words and song that all
I want and all I need is her

I practised and I learned, and prayed
that she might love me when I played.
I had my piece all ready,
then I heard that she played, too;
she took lessons, and she could from that wall
draw out a real song.
It was not long before I gave it up.
How could I impress a pianist with
my mad ramblings across the ivory face?
I hid my shame and I ran from that place.

But one day I came upon her playing
something nice and beautiful, soft,
enrapturing, and tender, and those white keys.
And as I listened I think it may have been for me.
She played for me, and it was really good.
Funny how things work out that way.
I smiled and said, "Thank God that I could hear you play."
And I am certain that she understood.