

Taylor Antes
A.P. Literature and Composition
Mrs. Rutan
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The Magic in Sunday Morning's

1. As I faked to be asleep, dreading every Sunday morning,
I woke up to the bombastic beating of my mother's voice.
"You have piano in an hour!", maliciously dragging me out of bed.
Oh, how I loathed the 88-keyed instrument;
Not knowing the pleasure it will give me in the future.
2. The dazzling feeling of playing in front of an audience is one that I'll never forget,
Looking up to the kind, warm-hearted faces at St. Jerome.
The rough, brown texture of the bench was like sitting on a jagged icicle,
Keeping me cool even though nerves ran circles around my body;
But, that would never be shown on the surface.
My body as calm as the gentle Pacific.
3. Approaching the piano was still not my favorite,
Every step feeling heavier and heavier as I got closer;
However, I began to reach the climax of my "piano life,"
Each Sunday it was gradually getting easier to crawl out of bed.
Playing for a crowd became my smile,
and it occurred more when my hands rested on the creaky-instrument.
4. After I became too old for a tutor,
Each piece of sheet music on the easel was a new start.
The music in black and white was much too colorful for me at times,
but that did not prevent my pursuit for greatness.
Every song played correctly was another medallion in my chest,
And a reason for my dogs to sing every night.
5. Music transformed me as if I was a green tomato ripening,
helping me understand more of life's tricks as I matured-- one note at a time.
Whenever my heart desires, I learn a new song,
Not needing to be forced or bribed into doing it.
I've come to realize that each moment on the concert grand is as priceless as an ancient
artifact,
And thanks should be given to those who made you, you.