



Piano Keys in Harmony

Ariana Muresan

He softly played each chord,
The sharps and flats intact,
The black and white compact.
Midway, he stopped and laughed:
“What piece was that where
Notes rebelled, refused and ran,
Blamed each sharp for being sharp
And each flat for being flat?
What piece was that where
Sounds were mute with shame
From gossip, ego and disdain,
From jostling with ghosts in vain?”
He played another page,
Then turned to me and gravely said:
“Beware! We are those
Notes and sounds in dissonance,
We are the sharps and flats
That no longer co-operate
On neither minor nor major scales.
We are so very out of tune,
The end is here so very soon.”
With this, he came to his last note
Of Piano Keys in Harmony;
He took a bow and left the show.