

Waking up I smile

a brand new day is before me...

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Who is playing the piano?

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Date : March 4, 2013



Was it you?

She asked politely.

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That expression of beauty, serenading, masquerading in the form of sound?

Looking deeply, I search for an answer...

There is a piano before me.

But this piano is born of plastic, metal and wire constructed by people I've never heard of.

There is a sheet of music facing me.

But this music is born of genius, effort and persistence by people I've heard of but will likely never meet.

There is technique within me.

But this technique is born of lessons, guidance and feedback by people I've met but which are not me.

How can I say it's me?

It's more like the piano, the music and the technique played itself.
