

# The (Mis)understood Piano

The Piano:
I may look simple,
Just plain black and white
But the sound I create
Is not just black and white.
When I am played,
Colors burst around me
GOLD, PURPLE, YELLOW!
But my colors
Often get overlooked
By the technology
Of these days.
I miss the days where
I would play at the old Carnegie,
All the lights shining around me.
But to the people I am simple
A very obvious object hidden in plain sight,
Often mistaken for boring classical
When I can be
Jazzy, Rock, Pop.
Sometimes
People see me as a flop.
Only when they hear me
Do they realize that
I hold the power of
colors, variety, and music.
And I will wait
For people to discover
My colors.
But until then,
I will remain
An obvious object
Hidden in plain sight,
A mystery waiting to unfold,
A secret waiting to be told.
A simple piano.
Just plain black and white.

## The Old Woman:

I longingly gaze  
At those glossy keys,  
The ones that had once  
Brought me peace.  
Underestimated,  
Just like me.  
When most people gaze  
At those glossy keys,  
They see Mozart, Beethoven  
Or maybe Verdi.  
But not me.  
When I go to gaze  
At those glossy keys,  
I don't always see Mozart, Beethoven  
Or maybe Verdi.  
I see jazz, pop,  
And mariachi.  
An array of colors  
Surrounding me.  
Remembering the old days  
At old Carnegie,  
Everyone in awe,  
Staring at me.  
That opening night  
At old Carnegie,  
Performing that new,  
Dazzling melody.  
That melody.  
Got lost in that world  
Of peace,  
As the color  
Started to surround me.  
Me.  
Just me,  
And the keys.  
Just plain black and white.