



Big Piano Lesson

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There you go! You nearly got it—

On stage you never know what the audience is seeing. Maybe after a while you don't even like music much. Maybe after whiles over whiles you dread hearing yourself through another concert again and over and again; but a job. That's a job this a job you and me are jobs breathing is your job in return your body beats your heart it's a favor you get from that muscle and those organs and even the planet's doing you a favor every new moment you are granted by—these. These and those around you all granting: Frightening? Sure. This is why it's held secret. Some are too terrifying to know. But they are all around they are. Yah! All around all around and around so keep moving. If you stop moving you may catch up to yourself and know. Not a good thing that knowing. Not not not. Keep on. As you were, Gage; pookie pookie*; finger first on that fatkey, next, integer-up dis fatkey huh, leapdown; bass. Hit da pedal make da P.J. Soundy's lobes ring and a-ring and a-a-a-rrring louder than loud; it's sonata twenty on the wide board. Black and white keyed wideboard—Peep! Yonder and around the down screw wrench in those notes on. Here's a bolt to turn out gimme a quarter-eighth suckit. Here's one behind that one gimme what you got suckit. I want to play this fucker but it got no noise. No noise at all. Consider this music Misters and Misses Beethovens. First they wind in that stringend there. Hup. Then they wind in the stringend here. Hup. Back and forth they go, until. Okay? Hup. Then somebuddy's got to right the correct style note strings downdee da papa. Hup. Knead go get papers and pens. Lots. And to have been born able to write soundies. Hup. Why's it called music anyplace, Igor? Hup. By chance only, Shredder. Why's your name Bizzy. No not call dis eighty-eight toned whistling pinno. Pinno. Steinway pinno Modulus D. Can? Surely should. But eye was burned in the desert. Asleep in the sun on thy side. Into the pool burnt. Mild surface tension turned hot slashwhip. Beep. And the word note. You must know, fine metal gauge that you presented here, you may qualify for a big slice off the price of admission, due to your impairment. As a matter of fact, fine metal gauge that you presented here is, they should not have admitted you inna the belly. Bellymen require each and every humanoid facultyness to be correctly calibrated to hit every mark from one to eighty-eight. Wild man of the keys you be, Gage. And your Dorothies in the furnace you came from. We're all born in the same styled hot soft dark place, Me. You ought of to-it, changed up you-name. Prior nothing to get you in this gate. Show as you are now. Your past is less than dead, yah. When the iron zipped up in and out what splashes of red grey all hairied did it suck out with it? Maybe every fortieth note dropped is the penalty gauge—eh! I got it! I got it my man! We must even up the board—that one there—the one they're going to pound in on us from after a deep piss during intermission! We will go to the court of nations, to wit;

we demand; demand that amendment be made to the scrolled up rulebook we must obey, every competitor must flawlessly omit every fortieth note of the sonata of their choice, and at doubles of hackmen bluegrass-banjo-breakneck speed. I'm taking that up yonder hill in the morning. Got to go sit now and draft down ten hundred copies. Hup. No StaplePlace either. Why the yuchh did I get mailed this discount-card? Wello. Up yours. From key one to eighty-eight and down the hill again, Jack and Jill go. From key eighty-eight to one and up the hill again, Jack and Jill go the second time. Hup. Don't know Music Man? Ho. No boy band for you then. Kick the trombones baby. Tuba is better. Get a tuba degree but—preparatory to going to the obligatory phone gameshow, laugh the sillies fully away, flush to spot clean your gutty moodpipe, scrub yourself to white glove clean spend a year inside a drill sergeant any sergeant grip up the appropriate flybanner from that heap flashing by unbraked even one notchdown, hup, and go kill it. Here we go; here's the twentieth; faster now; here comes the first fortieth, careful now focus now, okay, drop it! Hup! Blowit by remembering. The eighth dimension again gives us a plane of such possible universe histories, each of which begins with different initial conditions and branches out infinitely—hence why they are called? Answer that I'll spill another ten or so queries your way.

*'pookie' means 'tight'—or, it did, once