

Melody, song, and smiles

You always ask me

why I do the things I do

You tell me that I shouldn't

but I know that I can't help it.

You ask me why

My answer is found in the sound

the beautiful melody found

on 25 black and white keys

you birthed that night, in joy.

That sound, that joy, is why.

I see that melody in your eyes

I hear it in your voice, your laugh.

I see it in you, wanting out.

And that beautiful thirty seconds

of piano and sound? That,

That is what I see in you. Daily.

You see colors, I see song.

Everyone has a song, a melody,

though not all songs gets heard.

That's why I do these things.

To help you find that smile again,

That which graced the room that night

and to help you find your song

and sing it loudly to the world.

It is all I have ever wanted.

That friendship, found in sounds

of melody, song, and smiles.