

## Poetry by Gianna Dias 8AT

### Little Key

The delicate but shaking fingers slightly bent,  
Resting over the polished piano board.  
One ivory key confidently spoke, like water running clear.  
But Little Key whines, following melodious chords.  
Rays of sunshine beam happily as Little Key ponders,  
“Oh why, oh why, will it ever be my turn?”  
The tinkling piano plays, trying to softly soothe Little Key.  
But Little Key thought, “Why couldn’t I be of concern?”  
He knew he didn’t sound as delightful as the others,  
He just wasn’t a singing bird.  
But couldn’t he ever be played as well?  
What was he thinking? He was absurd!  
The piano speaks, notes building up, as playful as an otter.  
Covering up the past mistake, Little Key didn’t mean!  
Clouds darkened, the page flipped, as the hand silently fluttered away.  
Things were now in minor; he could finally intervene!  
The spotlight was on him, as he assured himself.  
He was a diamond among seas of glass.  
Little Key listened to his heart’s content, he wanted to try,  
Even though he knew that he could not pass.  
Little Key built up courage, he played from his delicate heart’s strings,  
As we hear the harmonious sound coming from within him.  
And even though Little Key still may be a little minor, he really didn’t care.  
He continued singing his glorious song, his own hymn.