

Ode to my Grandfather

As a child, alone
in a world of my own
sitting at my grandfather's piano
making connections with tomorrow

Vivid memories faded
jaded, as aged thirteen my
musical journey
was brought to an abrupt end

The passage of time
doesn't stand still
only life's reality
of continued disruptions filter through

Now the year is 2009
and I recall those vivid memories
as I sit at my piano
in my own studio

This time with guidance
this time my musical journey
and this 'new' beginning
has no abrupt end

And I settle comfortably in
and although I will always dream
of what might have been
then; I know my journey now

The keys are mine for the taking;
music is mine for the making
and the discipline of playing every day
will never fade away.