

*"Oh! that deceit should dwell in such a gorgeous palace!"*



I sit with ivories in hand at all times, in all places. There is always a tune caught in my ears or a note stuck on my tongue and then I'm off, with fingers flickering at my sides. I am a pianist not by schooling, but by definition. What I hear and what I feel becomes what I play. My temperament is more likely to cause a shift in the buoyancy of my hands and the sound they produce more than any tiny Italian sign scribbled at the top of a page. Inspiration comes to me from the beauty of simple things and the oddities of others. My joy is finding the balance between them and then trying to convey that in music; forte and piano, staccato and legato, the sleek black and classy white keys. The music that catches my ear involves juxtaposing elements, a kind of "organized chaos."

I am the music I play.

The juxtaposing elements I adore in music are traits I often find within myself. I don't like groups of large, boisterous people, but I absolutely love being in a choir. Nothing excites me more than playing

in front of an audience and getting feedback, but at the same time I am far too timid to speak in front of a crowd. Moreover, I am half deaf and losing my hearing, yet I prefer to play piano by ear (well, the right one, anyway). I sit back and listen to a part a few times, close my eyes, flex my hands over the keys, and stumble between black and white until I find that sweet chord that captures the previous melody. It's art at its clumsiest, and I'm addicted.

I am the music I read.

At first appearance you see a peaceful, uniform page, but after delving into the notes you may find something unexpected; a wild chord of dissonance or sudden resolve. You may see a pretty face held by a delicate, slender frame. While on the outside I appear calm and collected, I assure you I am a bit of a basket-case. I am both sarcastic and frank, spontaneous and reserved, gregarious and introverted, with the mornings and the evenings.

I am light and dark like the keys that tremble at my whim.

You see a piano, but you can't see the music it's capable of.