

The piano

Striking the first note on my beloved, grand piano, I listened as the beautiful music echoed around and around the room. Within every sound was a memory, both sad and happy. Spreading my old, wrinkly hands over the soft, wooden keys, I was reminded how my lovely wife used to play music with me. It feels like it was only yesterday when we last played together. I feel her fade slowly away. Then she was finally gone. However, moved, I kept on playing.