Teach a Little Boy Music

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Description
This poem describes the settings of a child's life, predominately his playing a piano, and considers purity and innocence and the desperation to hold onto them amidst the impending complexity and hardship of experience.

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About the Contributor
Jesse Silk is a Northeast Ohio native and an avid fan of music and clever comedy. He aspires to continue to write in the fields of creative writing, academia, and music.

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Jesse Silk

Rubberbands stretched over a tissue box breathe over its hole. Because I’ve blown my nose and eaten a toothpaste milkshake by accident. But I hear them vibrate.

Step over train tracks and wrapping paper, sit down on the bench, tap pedals with your feet. Eighty-eight spruce chiclets taste like envelopes.

They don’t care if I lie. The flats are melting candy bars. I blow on the sharps like blades of grass turned into kazooos.

They don’t care if I don’t know why my pants were around my ankles or remind me that four of Mozart’s children died.

I wash myself on a snow-covered back porch, a rolling pin licking up icy dust with a tongue burnt from hot chocolate.

Dear Yahama, please keep me safe. Hug me with mahogany, dance in my dreams and tease the pink drapes of our living room.