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Piano Miniature

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Piano Miniature

In the Museum of Natural Technology, a man plays
miniature piano on the head of a pin. He sings
falsetto with an awful voice but, gosh, I can't help it
and fall in love. So what if he can't tell my moony gaze
is frivolous, he swears God is watching him ring
those strings. He is right, but my enormous eye
emits a lesser love. Now pious, he plays without wit,
flat hymns of faith. Despite what each chorale says
he would rather sing sappy ballads of trivial things,
like booty for glory. I foresee him lost in the pits
of my mammoth body, the peaks so far from the sky.
Nope. No small guy would survive. I go home to bed.
The piano player believes he is dead, can't see why
God wept for a song, quit the lights and then fled.