

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/1

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The Recital

Little fingers, anxious to begin,
hover over the ivory
like hungry butterflies
over fresh azalea blossoms.

A breath, first deeply drawn,
is exhaled, instilling sudden courage.
Fingers fall, searching carefully for keys.
The song, long-practiced, begins.

Eyes are cast downward,
following the progress of fingers.
The head, slightly bobbing, keeps count
of quarter, half and whole notes newly learned.

The air is thick with pride.
Parents wear their smiles lavishly
like priceless family jewels.
Vicariously, they play each note.

The song ends, wee shoulders droop in relief.
Young eyes turn to the audience,
seeking approval.
A comforting blanket of applause
envelops the performer.

The child's heart races, giddy with excitement.
The parents' heart swells with pride and love
They meet, embrace and partake of punch and cookies.

Another first, another milestone,
another cherished memory,
recorded in the annals of a child's life.