

## Feeling

Happy feels like

Playing outside with my brother,

Playing on the trampoline,

Riding my bike,

Sharing.

Sad feels like

When my sister is hurt,

Not playing with my friends,

Blue and grey!

It is like an explosion,

This music,

Like I can't speak in any other way,

But through the simple stretch,

Of an octave or two,

My fingers play out everything we are,

Our spark painted over these dusty keys,

It is like an explosion to my ears,

A melody to my eyes,

A string of music to my mind,

If you open your eyes wide,

You'll blow your mind,

So hold on tight,

Because the feeling you'll have is flight

This is how I play the piano.

*By Tasha Lishanthan*