

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



THE RECITAL

We gather together -
In walks a young man,
To play his piano -
To show us he can.

His tux sets the mood -
No sheet music or band.
He bows and he sits,
And readies command.

His first song's a fugue
Bach "Number 10",
He takes to the keys
The drama begins.

It's soft and it's sweet,
From such a young man?
It's serious music -
By J. Sebastian.

His next is the "Tempest"
A Beethoven tune,
It reminds us of winter
Even though it is June.

He then plays a Liszt,
And a Bartok, as well -
Showing their range
And the stories they tell.

He ends with a Brahms
"Fantasien 116" -
This from a boy
Who is still in his teens.

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The virtues in music
Are timeless and rare,
It demands one's attention,
Precision and care.

We know not the future
Of the boy at the keys,
But his promise shows clearly
As he plays songs with ease.

So keep your ears open
And ready surprise -
As he enters his manhood
And makes his own rise.

The music's his friend,
And its disciplines, too,
It prepares him for life
For the things he must do.

He places these songs
In his head and his heart,
They are with him forever,
As he plays his life's part.

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