

THE CONCERT PIANIST WHO TURNED INTO A SUN BEAM MIX MASTER GATE

They all laughed when I sat down at the piano in Carnegie Hall
But soon the ridicule of the madding crowd turned to complete enthrall.

First I threw my head prestissimo high, I waited longer than death, then hung my hair in a molto largo sigh.
I screwed up my face in a plain, yet exquisite immediate pain like a Louis XVIII wig caught up in terror reign.
I pounded the keys, did a faintly fluid con bagnato brow and at the deepest moment of lovely intense pain prow
I winked esoterically and gave them my old, 'Now I'm about to take a heavy shit' look. Deeply but adagio slow,
I winced, tensed my sweet ass wrench, slid dolce imperceptible on the big Bosendorff piano's ebony black bench.
My fingertips radiated like poco cantabile singing bells shining on the keys like endless con amore ringing wells
Of tintinabulate rings allargondo spreading in the night delectable! How piu energico! Quietly, imperceptible,
I gulped and winced piu atomico. Slowly, I turned my visage up in the vague direction of the Big Horowitz.
I shuddered zeppo cold as an iron Moscow toilet seat at the Modeste Moussorgsky Park sit and schvitz.

I grazed a harpo brow...	Oooh!	Oooh!
I diggled chico tears...	Oh!	Oh!
I raised two eyebrow...	Oh!	Oh!
I wiggled piggy ears...	Ah!	Ah!
I humped forward	subtly pessante avec douleur and wiggled my warm saint like shoulder	
In my famous steam	shovel con accelerando crotch lunge ritomello flying groucho fold her.	
Then, Pow! Mezzo	forte! The finale! Molto bombisto! I pounded the keys in hot rage!	
My head somehow	smoothed senza repititive in bare unforgiving light of the stage!	
My back laid back	da capo el signo in ivory simile plastic knuckle crack attack	
My shoulders exten-	ded way out exquisite in front of my con poltrone hack!	
My wrists turned to	hard steel molto bombosco reinforcemento bar wire	
My fingers are inner	urbano non suburbano beating wings of whisk fire.	
As if heavy cream is be-	whipping con passionne in sensual gummo bowl	
I whip out the tyrannical	unbearable secrets of my poste restante soul	
Like a salami dipped con	ferro pompelmo molto rubare in chicken fat	
Flying light whirlpools over	delicate swellegant baroque plaster:	
Red molto sordo saints, green	molte andare devils,	
Purple di anitra clouds, chartreuse	con droga plump pink virgin hairy!	
Fugue all acqua per la bocca artistic taste!	Screw con non maligno artistic stature!	
I am molto presto turned di corsa di cavalli intimate into a Sun Beam Mix Master!		
Stars shine bright on shatter light. Play the piano with candor hard won		
As none of our players do, no saw the air, trippingly on the tongue?		
Thee. Thee. The. The. The. That's easier sung then done, Folks.		