



T'was the night before the recital and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, except for a mouse.
The piano was placed up against the wall with care,
With plans to be played; the quiet was rare.
Little Johnny, the pianist, was asleep in his bed,
With the sounds of chords and scales running through his head.
But the mouse was not settled; there was no time to nap,
He had stolen dog food to hide in the piano's gaps.
He climbed inside the piano and scurried up to the keys,
Dashing back and forth, occasionally stopping to pee.
He chewed through the wood and chewed through the felt,
And went to his nest, the place where he dwelt.
He made the hammers wiggle and caused the keys to stick,
And even the pedal developed a click.
His droppings were plentiful and his stains were dark,
In no time at all, the piano smelled like a zoo park.
He scratched up the finish and gnawed at the veneer,
Destroying the piano year after year.
And no one knew because the piano was never tuned,
But the problems the mouse created grew and bloomed.
"After a decade," they finally thought,
The piano was due for tuning, but maybe not.
When the tuner arrived, he screamed with fright,
For the Hantavirus was in plain sight.
"This piano is gone! There is no hope for it!
It's not worth saving, not even a little bit!"
And the piano was hauled off to the dump for good,
There was no reason to keep it, who would?
But little Johnny's story does not end here,
He got a new Yamaha, sweet music to his ears.

Written By Kestrel Curro BM

