

My First Time

DJ Kane

As I entered the Good Will store, and made my way to the rear of the store, where all the large items are kept, that are for sale. I heard old fashion piano music being played on a piano, instead of a radio that is usually heard at most times. Music from the 20s and 30s filled the air, music our grand parents enjoyed in their day. There was a crowd of grandparents accompanied by their grandchildren standing around the piano, enjoying the music, it was a special showing for the two generations. I inched my way through the crowd, and to my surprise, it was a self-playing piano, playing the music, exactly like the piano my Grand mother owned, and enjoyed, back in the day.

I can remember when I was first was introduced to my Grandmother's self-playing piano. I was about six years of age and the piano was in her dining room. I remember waiting with anticipation, as Grandma inserted a perforated paper roll of music, which was kept in the piano seat, placing it in the tracker bar, at the front of the piano. We listened to hours of music, of which I did not understand, but enjoyed, that had exited the piano being played by someone I thought, "But who is playing, and where are they?" A question I asked myself at that early age, I just couldn't figure it out.

I would never tire of staring at the black and white piano keys, as they seemed to dance in unaccense to the music, without their missing a beat, or should I say jump. While the music played mysteriously, the keys would jump up and down, performing a different dance every time Grandma would change the roll.

Often when Grandma would not be around, I would lift the fallboard, which protected the piano keys when they're not in use, pretending I could play, striking the keys with much delight. Grandma would always frown upon me when I did this, or when she saw me by the piano and she would say, "Don't touch the piano." I bet she was aware of every time I would touch the keys, even when she was not in the dining room.

To this very day, I still do the very same thing, whenever I would at times come upon a piano in my daily routine. Which would trigger memories and besieged me, taking me back to my yesteryears. I once again would strike the keys, and reflect the times I spent with Grandma and the moments of enjoyment rendered to me, by Grandma's self-playing piano.

Sometimes at Thrift Stores and Malls the magic is still there, when the piano appears, and the sounds by me striking the keys, are a little better than I made when I was six, but I will admit, not by much.

The magic and the question will always remain, with every boy and girl as they watch the self-playing piano playing itself at the Good Will store asking themselves again and again, "But who is playing and where are they?"