

Piano Slam

Piano Slam Rough Draft Classwork

Music of My Past, Sounds of the Future

In the chords of memory, where time begins to play,
A soft crescendo builds, from yesterday's sweet sway.
The fiddle's song once led me, in the heart of youth,
Now, a new fanfare calls me, promising the truth.
The ensemble of moments, like a perfect duet
Blends past and future notes in harmonies we've met.
The cymbals crash and echo with the dreams we've sown,
A forte burst of hope for paths we've never known.
Dynamics change—some days, a gentle decrescendo,
Others rise with power, the world a bright glissando.
The chorus of the present sings in time's embrace,
As the past's elegy fades, the future sets its pace.
But in the end, a coda, where all the sounds align,
The music of our souls, transcending space and time.
In every note we've lived, and those yet to be heard,
The music of my past flows into the future's world