

# One Last Song

*Liz Arnold*

I walk onto the stage with a faux smile on my face,  
Stopping halfway for a bow at the applause.  
I slowly slide onto the wooden bench,  
Taking a deep breath holding back my jitters  
As my fingers glide onto the ivory keys.  
The first note sounds and morphs into melodies  
Knowing when my song concludes I will not return.  
A single tear journeys down the curves of my face,  
As the notes rise and fall and the sounds intensify.  
It's best for me to stop dreaming of notes, rests, lines, and spaces  
And I must go on to new and better things.  
One last note before my song concludes,  
I must not lose composure, not on this stage—  
The charade must last a few moments longer,  
Before reality sets in and I step away from this life forever.  
The final note resounds throughout the room;  
In these final moments, I can't help but be happy.  
I may never step onto a stage and show off this persona,  
But I cannot deny myself, for the urge is too strong,  
The joys of creating the bittersweet sounds  
Of one last song.

