

Oh My Zog!

(By Don't Click On It If You Don't Want To Read It)

By Robin B Lipinski

Maestro manifest sleight of hand, wand hammering metal, smashing wind, smiling stands.
 Music, ahhhhhh, sweet music, stills his hands wave on.
 Mayhem masked by sound, by motion, swells beneath their feet.

Young lovers loving, quiet and discrete, listening to their own music, their own hearts beating.
 Sounds bouncing.
 Lovers sighing.
 Audience pleased.
 Maestro manifest sleight of hand, speed growing with the bass drum beat.

Tempo.
 Crescendo.
 Allegro.
 Sighing.
 Moaning.
 Clapping, not yet.
 Ecstasy, not yet.

Smashing.
 Cymbals clashing.
 Maestro hands dashing the air with greater speed.
 Oh, if only the floor boards beneath could speak.

Closer now, closer, listen, can you hear?
 It's coming soon, closer, this musical masterpiece.
 Sweat dropping from lips locked in rhythm, timing almost complete.
 Maestro head high, swinging arms high, chest heaving as is she.

Final reverberation, it overwhelms the senses.
 Lights go on.
 Fireworks fire.
 Crowds jump to their feet.

Clapping, cheering, Maestro faces bends and bows.
 In this moment of pleasure, sounds come from beneath.
 "Zog! Oh mein Zog! Ick bien liebe dich."

The End