

I'm A Gay Activist and Want To Be a Pianist

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I was watching pianists on Youtube today and was jealous because I aspire to be as good as some of those I watch. But I'm an activist out of necessity. How can I cope?

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When I frolic my fingers down upon my keyboard idiosyncratic sounds embellish my ears.
The moment soothes my activist mind.
For a moment statistics of suicides and madness in media that infiltrates my eyes ceases and I can hear.
I can hear my individuality in my music.

However most time is spent reading articles on donât ask donât tell, gay suicides, statistics.
The piano is where I can hide.
I would aspire to be a famous pianist if I hadnât another massive task before me. One that gives right.
The right to love.

This is when a rage hinders my head as I know what it is I should be doing. I have to furiously write.
I shouldnât be making music.
The back of my brain divulges out of my skull and out of my skin oozing through my hair.
I feel a disgusting mess.

Thatâs when the piano goes off and my computer screen turns on and I consume the madness in media.
Gay activism.
I canât be a piano player. I must defend myself. I canât create beauty. I must be a gay activist.
Not a famous pianist.

I am an activist out of necessity. I never had the choice to be a pianist. God directed me an activist.
Not a pianist.
I am not the pianist who is creative and offensive with music understood as subjective.
I am the activist who gets brutally ridiculed because I offend and I fight for an objective right to love.

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