**Dynamics**

You used to be my song

On good days or bad

Your melody became home

On brisk rainy days

I could still sing

Whole notes full of wholesomeness

Except now I’ve lost my voice

Since you punched me in the throat

Swollen and bruised

Making it hard to even hum

The truth was obvious

But ignoring it was easier

Until it caught up

Cornered me

So fluid runs could run no longer

Sharp staccato sixteenth notes

Hitting like sledgehammers

Opening another hole in my stomach

That used to be full of tender music

Is now full of a minor key

The sound of unease

And it hurts me

The only thing to give it a few measures’ rest

Or at least a piano dynamic

Would be to go back another measure

Another system

Another page

Or maybe just to restart your whole fucking song

Since clearly I’ve sung it wrong

This isn’t supposed to be how it sounds.