

A Piano Tune in Black and White

Deep in the heart of the middle west plains
Was a man called Georgino the Great.
His circus was famous across the land,
For none could resist its fraternity.
The lassies all flocked to take part in his show,
A snakish grin so compelling and kind.
He helped them to grow and perfect their art; that, for sure, was no lie.

**Behind the beady eyes of that Great Georgino lay
A creature, nay a madman! with a heart,
A heart of black.
Why his nature was as so was absent to the rest.
Pride must have consumed his soul
Burning in his chest.
Only Kaschka Kovich, the tightrope walker, knew.**

White-haired Georgino would laugh and dance in time
To the lovely sounds of flutes and pianos
Ringing in the sky.
His happy smile lit up the tent where
All rehearsals came and went.
The circus was in perfect order;
Kaschka walked on balance.

All was grand and all was gay
In Great Georgino's circus.
Those who strove, did what was told
Were treated warm with riches.
Kaschka walked with perfect balance
On her line of foolish bliss.
In her head she thought she felt sweet aegis and respect.

**Crooked and careless that circus in the plains.
The Great Georgino be a man of preferential praise.
Worry for and specially he treat the lucky few
Who match his charm and suit his liking, accident'ly so.
But for that Kaschka, oh poor Kaschka, casual and quiet,
Reality's a brutal mistress
Simmering in silence.**

Practice time was filled with glee,
Everyone had mirth.
For Great Georgino joked and laughed
In mask that masked the truth.
He talked a talk of unity
That convinced all the girls,
Even Kaschka Kovich, that def'rence drove his soul.

**The soul in the heart of that mighty Georgino
Held something devilish, pompous, and vile.
His self-righteous manner made people feel small,
The worth of his name lending pretext to gall.
Sitting and judging while high on his chair
He pledges allegiance to fav'rited mares.
Insane but unknown to the rest of his peers.**

One fine day come summer's turn,
The Great Georgino he did say
In suit of black and white with
Hat of black and white; in
Hand a black and white baton he
Swung in mass parade,
That Kaschka was to be a star, shining on the stage.

Oh what a day it was for Kaschka!
Finally her turn had come
To show what she was made of and
Receive her master's nod.
Twas not so often that Georgino
Noticed all her effort.
Maybe secretly she was one of his cherished handful.

**One dark day, come season's end,
The Great Georgino called out Kaschka.
Said her tightrope walking was
A meek and mild affair.
His disdain did pain her so,
For try her best she fight
To please her master made of stone.**

Kaschka worked; she worked and worked
To make that Great Georgino proud.
Sacrificing everything, just to hear the joyous sound
Of validation that her art was worthy of renown.
Blindly balanced on that wire of trusting certainty,
Kaschka Kovich breathed her last breath
Of naiveté.

**The final rehearsal, it came and it went.
Kaschka had teetered and tripped on her wire.
Georgino had shaken his head in reproof.
The rest of the company fools to his brute.
If there was an ounce of rapport in his heart,
Georgino kept careful to hide it apart.
Kaschka was changed, no more slave to his hurt.**

The set of the sun welcomed the circus
As people, performers turned in for the night.
And Kaschka she walked past that eternal banner
Of Great Georgino's black and white.