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John Cage

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2003/iss1/4
"what are you listening to?" you asked as i sat in what you thought was quiet
you saw me tapping my finger to a beat you couldn’t hear
you heard me hum along to lyrics that weren’t written.
"John Cage’s vision is playing for me for the first time" I told you without explanation.
I think you left the room then, I think you shook your head before you left;
I’m not sure I saw you leave or shake your head, but I heard it.
I heard the air dance
I heard the squeaking of the floorboards-it was,
afterall,
part of the song I was listening too.
preserved on blank music sheets
John Cage was the original appreciator of life,
the original listener.
not needing an orchestra,
not needing rehearsals,
living music instead of only making it.
always listening, always comprehending beauty-
an aesthetic reverie
dreamt by a man sitting at a piano, not playing it.

"do you want to go get some dinner" you asked with impatience
"just let me listen to four minutes and three seconds of life, then we can eat."
and your hands raised in confusion pushed the air and became part of the song’s finale.