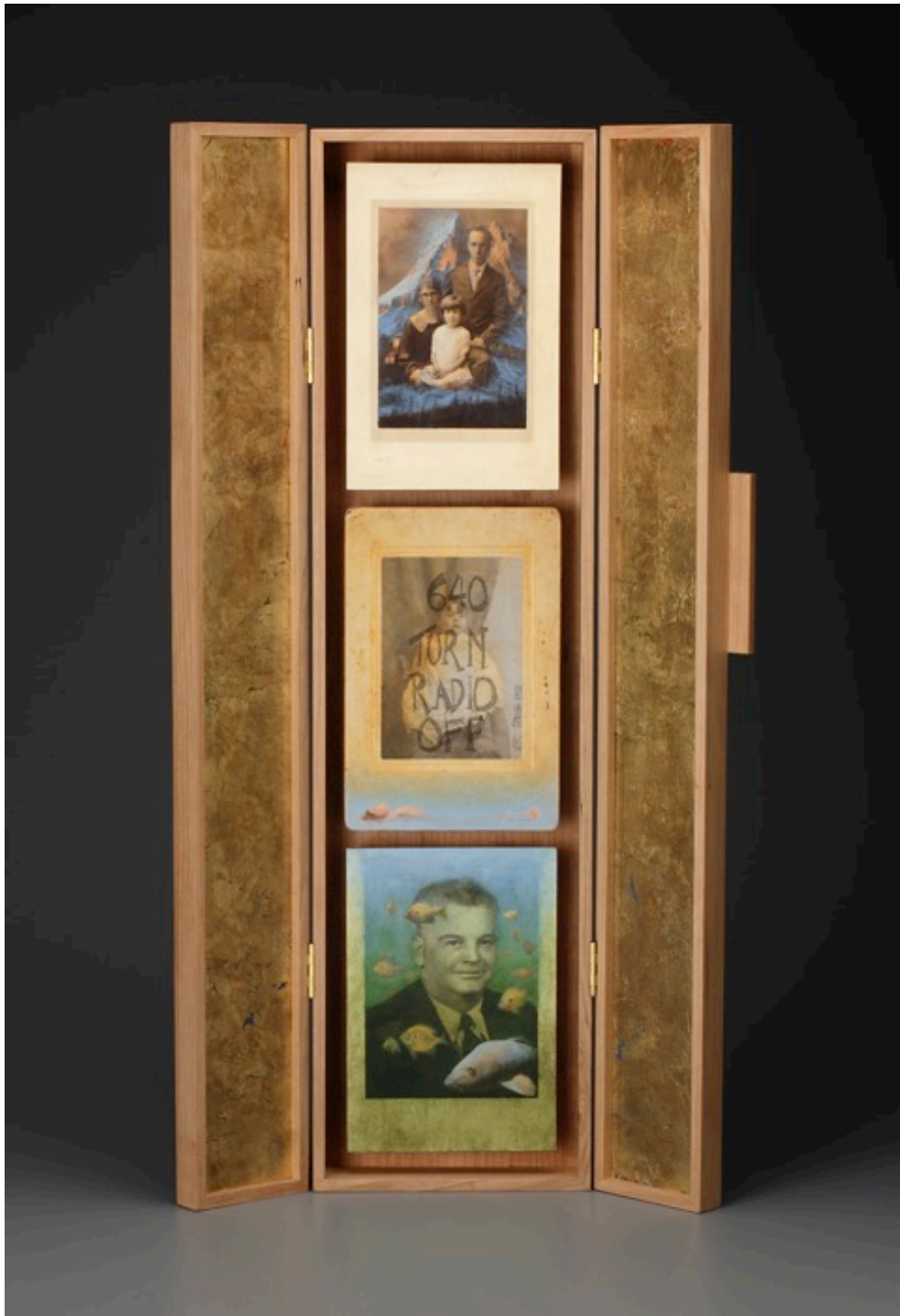


**To Float, To Breathe, To Hear (after John Cage)**



*To Float, To Breathe To Hear (after John Cage)*  
three vintage photographs, acrylic paint, cherry wood, curly maple veneer, metal leaf,



*To Float, To Breathe, To Hear (after John Cage) detail*

Some mornings are for mulling,  
like this one; I contemplate what if  
not everyone had to die. I hear  
whatever song I sing in my head  
because that's what you do  
when you float on a lake and your ears  
are on the cusp of hearing and hearing  
silence. It seems the water and I care  
for each other, the way my mother  
is a stalk of yellow turning her face  
to any temperature of sun and the sun's  
guaranteed another day of life because  
of her. Focusing my eyes on a cloud  
that's not there, I imagine fish beneath me,  
never still, never just floating. They're breathing  
water and whispering about not seeing  
my toes. They wonder about the where-  
abouts of my face, my personality. The fish  
have met my father and would see  
the resemblance. I came here to breathe  
this day of summer and to feel  
my weightlessness after searching  
for flowers pressed between pages  
of a book. I found the mahogany-  
brown stems and crinkly blossoms  
at the end of the story.