

after John Cage, *Radio Music*
6 September 2012

Amplitude kilter,
 splayed frequencies,
detuning the airwaves.
 Another
chancy sucker, you get
 instructed
to modulate whatever
 outbursts
might still occur by
 rolling the dial
as per, say, one
 list of randomly
predetermined values
 from between
fifty three and
 one hundred sixty,
an algorithmic script.
 Abolish
voice, jiggle the rheostat.
 Nothing
deliberates. To select,
 let go.