

Appreciation

He sits in a corner
of the front section,
digging the jazz.

Really digging it.

He's tapping his feet,
nodding in time,
playing invisible instruments,
following every beat,
every lyric line,
head flung high with eyes squeezed shut
in ecstasy.

If he were dancing freely,
taking all the room he deserves,
we would see the music made visible,
his leaps and turns
matching it perfectly,
honoring sound with wild precision.

But he stays
in his own "telephone booth" of space,
often bowing his head tensely,
curling over his energy
as it to contain it.

If he sat in a real telephone booth,
his energy would leap to the receiver,
run down the wires,
and ring telephones all over town.

Margaret Fisher Squires