

# The New Criterion

Poems September 2008

## Terminal

by John Foy

What if, past a certain point, it weren't  
so bad to die? What if it were like  
lying on a couch at 3:00 a.m.,  
the mind aloft and quiet, given over  
to a few piano notes finding ways  
melodically through predetermined loops  
in Brian Eno's *Music for Airports*?  
That's what you'd be listening to,  
music for those places where we go  
to go away, the music of going away,  
and you just disappearing into it  
without effort or pain,  
finding peace in knowing to obey  
means at its root only to listen.

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**John Foy's** first book of poems is *Techne's Clearinghouse* (Zoo Press).

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