

ON ENTERING A STATISTICAL BIAS

Despised by some, the music doesn't stop
despite the numbered days. Fast rhythms move
the blood the same as forty years ago.
My time of life is not a view I'd swap
for Zeitgeist attitudes that only prove
insouciance is wasted on the slow
to learn, the inexperienced, the young.
The pack mentality has no appeal
for me-- prevailing mores, styles, the scene.
I'd rather sing what no one else has sung,
and make a lavish home for what I feel.
It takes decades of practice to be green.

Like all the secret hues in white, I'll bend,
and spin the color wheel until the end.

(or)

Like all the secret hues in white, I'll bend,
and blend each subtle shade until the end.