

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 garden home for what I feel.
It takes decades of practice to stay green.
Like all the secret hues in white, I'll bend,
and blend each subtle shade until the end.