

GRAYING CATBIRD—SINGING

Leland Jamieson

Pinch me. Within a week I'll be
a septuagenarian,
and though I've still got much esprit
to spend for goal posts not yet won,
the young folks hold that I am done.
They put me in the checkout line,
and couldn't care what I opine.

What I opine—if it's from left
brain's mind—myself, I couldn't care.
Of left I'd hardly feel bereft.
It's right brain's gifts I hope to dare,
to bring to sunshine, open air:
Amazements mother tongue may wing,
and felt intelligence may sing.

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