

## SOLO

Now of a certain age,

I have far fewer friends,  
but the few are truer.

All that I know seems dated,  
myself included.

Prospects  
of immortality no longer  
lure me nor do those honors  
seemingly awarded more  
for notoriety than worth.

I call  
the current primacy of film  
over books a vote for recognition  
over understanding.

I hear  
no poetry in oratory.

For me  
the trend of certain males  
to stay unbarbered and unshaven  
leaves hidden their naked faces.

Though some extol tattoos  
as body art, I see no more  
than ink injected for exhibit–  
skin-shows.

When mocked, I feel  
no need for self-defense unless  
provoked.

Before death corners me,  
I say my only options are  
to keep on doing what I do  
as long as possible and leave  
at least and last a good name.