

**To the Rhythm of the Few (and the Black Saint and the Sinner Lady- Mingus)**

Who is the you that's coming through?

Does he often fit the room?

Put him up on the roof, when he's out of tune?

Drop the cool and the chaos will ensue

Who sees the truth in different hues?

Not always pretty, that will kill the mood

Will the story mean to them what it means to you?

But the truth... it depends from who

For most paint from a pallet of all the cools

To please the eye, to fit the mood

Though colors coat the prison and the school

The art of red and blue is often boring too

Purple drips from those climbing the pedestal

The pallet I use is a gift I didn't choose

But it's awfully bare without paint from you

Colors from the people playing pool

Several colors from the fool

A few colors from those who rule

My pallet runs over with the new;

From those who painted with the few

For sharing their brush, so they could paint too

If colors combine from the block and the pew

Then art dies without different hues.