 A good friend called me the other day; He was reading my book of poetry, **Butterflies and Bullets**. He’s a very accomplished pianist and musical director. He went on to say that while reading my work he kept hearing music in his head. And could I give him permission to use my poetry for lyrics. What a compliment! He said he was especially taken with, “Hair-cut...Two Bits”, about a down-and-out cellist, gambler and barber in New Orleans.

