

Kleptomaniac Blues

Whenever I'm downhearted, I go fossicking. I'm a treasure-hunter of sorts, a discerning gatherer of objects d'art. My domicile is festooned with the takings of an existence at the edge of humanity.

Some claim I'm a common pirate, an invisible, unassailable scoundrel in blue-black sateen. They say my home is chockfull of worthless, gaudy trinkets, the detritus of a common hoarder. I disagree.

I consider myself a discriminating aficionado of all that glitters and gleams.

Several ladies are impressed with my excessive looting, many admiring the décor in my divine, self-constructed curved bower.

I call it my Rhapsody in Blue.