

# Poem from Lawrence D. Brown

A most Unusual Bird  
(Freely adapted from E.A.Poe)

Once upon some data dreary, which I pondered weak and weary  
Came a thought so very cheery.  
Aha! I cried - decision theory.

And so, as I paused with eyes so bleary from  
Trying many a quaint and and curious theorem of forgotten lore,  
In there stepped a Raven of the saintly days of yore  
And, perched upon a bust of Fisher just above my chamber door  
Issued [therefrom] a thought most ribald -  
Seek the spirits of Neyman and of Wald.

NEYMAN and WALD echoed from atop that bust of Fisher  
And filled my chamber briefly with a glow most cheery,  
In which there sparkled hints of Pearson and of Pitman,  
Of Wolfowitz and Kiefer, and an essence of Stein, Le Cam and Lehmann.

But that raven,  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;  
And with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door -  
Perched upon that bust of Fischer just above my chamber door -  
Perched and sat, and nothing more

And the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust spoke only  
One full word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour  
Till I scarcely more than muttered, Other friends have flown before -  
On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before,  
And the bird said, Nevermore.

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly,  
I peered deeply at that Raven perched upon his comely bust;  
Inwardly he cackled, muttered, murmured, sprinkled some confetti,  
And flew off to the place of Bayes and deFinetti;  
And thoroughly to ravage  
In a land ruled by Savage.

But that black apparition was not away for long ere he returned,  
Perched again and was heard to cry -  
"ROBUSTIFY"

After which my Raven, stopped, staggered,  
And appeared to feel a pain -  
A pain deep in his ribs,