

A RHYMING RIDDLE

What rests in riddles all the time
but runs from reason, flees from rhyme?
In finding it, it's quickly found
in simple sight, but not in sound.
You watch it always in a kiss
between a mister and a miss.
Without it, you can't skinny-dip,
but it's on board the swiftest ship.
In fiction, not in fact, it's true,
but stands alone as truly you.
Its presence in two seasons hail,
but only Fall can make it fail.

— *David L. Hatton, 9/23/2020*