

DEAD RIVALS

You know, to my unmissed dismay,
One of my rivals dies each day.
They have a sudden heart attack,
Or accidentally break their neck,
Or suffer long before they die,
And though it's sad, I never cry.

When obit sections post the news,
I fail to weep or get the blues!
Is this the way I should behave—
No grief to see them meet the grave?

If you're like me, there's no dismay.
Although a rival dies each day,
I let it go, . . . I just forget—
They're always ones I've never met.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/18/2016*