

## MILDEWING TO KEEP FROM MOLDING

If sunshine was my portion  
Instead of dripping rain,  
I'd see less dark distortion  
Form splotches on my brain.

I'd be less persecuted,  
No longer called "All wet!"  
By drier minds well-suited  
Their own blight to forget.

They parodied my moisture—  
Poked fun at all my spots  
On vestibule and vesture,  
So peppered with black spots!

But I've embraced the scolding  
And made the damp my guest:  
I keep my mind from molding  
By mildewing my best!

— *David L. Hatton, 3/4/2018*