

## THE FABLE OF THE NAKED TRUTH

One morning, while Truth skinny-dipped,  
Old Falsehood found where she had stripped.  
That liar stole her royal robe  
And strutted in it round the globe.

But Truth was pure and would not wear  
The rags that Falsehood left her there.  
From that day onward she went bare,  
Clad only in the sun and air.

Exposing all to all she greets,  
Who fall for falsely dressed deceits,  
The Naked Truth with glory gleams,  
Dispelling Falsehood's charming schemes.

Although its wrap looks safe and sound,  
Not all that seems is truly bound.  
The garb of Truth can fool the wise,  
When it is worn as a disguise.

But morning doesn't fight with night.  
It simply says, "So long!" with light.  
Just so, deception from a lie  
Must go at Naked Truth's "Good-bye!"

— *David L. Hatton, 9/11/2010*