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## Tolerance

When those who'd rather undermine than fight  
Approach with picks and spades to bring you down,  
To cave the earth beneath you, just for spite,  
It doesn't pay at all to hold your ground.  
Neither should you expect by taking flight  
To occupy some other noble mound—  
Not for long: Hypersensitive to height,  
They've leveled every prominence they've found.

In *posse comitatus* they remain,  
Until they've mired the last exalted souls,  
Thrusting their claims of eminent domain  
With vulgar compensations. Don't complain.  
Just render to the moles what is the moles',  
Praying, of course, that God will flood their holes.

—C. H. Hoebeke