

The Hidden Guardian

By: James Thompson

In shadows deep, where whispers dwell,  
A biofilm forms, with tales to tell.  
It cloaks itself in hues of doubt,  
Misunderstood, cast all about.

In every crevice, damp and small,  
It spreads its life, against the wall.  
A film so thin, yet fierce in might,  
It battles on, through day and night.

They see it as the villain's veil,  
A silent threat in dark detail.  
Yet in its heart, it holds a gift,  
A boon that many minds could lift.

For in the depths of this thin guise,  
A secret health it does comprise.  
Protecting skin from harm's cruel sting,  
A shield of life, a nurturing spring.

Within our guts, it finds a home,  
A fortress where good flora roam.  
Balancing the scales of strife,  
Enhancing human health and life.

Though often scorned, it stands its ground,  
In silent service, all around.  
Not always seen, not always known,

Yet in its weave, its worth is shown.

So let us shift our gaze anew,  
To see the biofilm's true hue.  
A friend disguised, not foe nor blight,  
A quiet guardian hiding out of sight.