

Poem

## The master thief

His came from the inside.  
One of his own turned.  
Insidious at first  
Subtle, and easy to disregard.  
Unseen, it was stealing  
    Stealing balance  
    Stealing deglutition  
    Stealing memory  
Forcing attention to its ravage  
No longer able to ignore  
It wanted  
Everything.  
But not a complaint was uttered  
Not an angry word said  
As energy dwindled  
Movements labored  
Independence abandoned  
And the steadfast body could no longer be relied upon.  
Stolen by the Master Thief.  
Though It took so much  
It could not win.  
Courage –  
the rarest kind.  
Unfaltering.  
The body. Succumbed.  
The spirit. Impenetrable.

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