

## 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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