

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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