

Nau Jandu  
PC-18  
"The Theft"  
**Poetry**  
**First Prize**  
**Grades 11 & 12**

## **THE THEFT**

Death comes upon all, young or old,  
Doesn't care which, he just comes up cold.  
Takes their hand, weather they want to go or not,  
Some die of disease, other get shot.  
No matter how it happens, they take his hand and go  
To a place, a world, that no one knows.

So sometimes when we're alone, and we think of those who've passed,  
We think of where we'll go, when we breathe our last.  
Wonder if people will cry, like they did for them,  
Or be glad that you're gone, far away from them.  
To some, thoughts of you may not seem to distain  
Memories in their hearts, as where you remain.

Heaven, Hell, or walking the cold earth,  
Nothing at all, or rebirth?  
This question to most, prevails their fears  
Like a hush voice that no one but you hears.  
So when someone says "they're in a better place",  
Which option is your mind to chase?

So tonight you're not alone, questioning yourself this,  
As many mourn the death of those forever missed.  
Seeking the good facet of what is left,  
When Death spawns his concealed theft.