

*Well, I figured since all of these written pieces are a little . . . different, that they'd need some explanation. This is a poem that I wrote that correlates to Elie Wiesel's Night (If you look hard enough, you can see the underlined title) and, as its title reveals, it speaks mostly of death. Night was a difficult book to read mainly because it's main plot was not very easy to relate to. I mean, how many of us spend a few years of our lives in a concentration camp scraping up just enough rations to stay alive, right? However, the central themes of the book were very easy to relate to. We all go through times where we feel like we just want to be someone else, somewhere else, and alone. That's the easy thing to do. We want to just close our eyes and drift away from reality. My poem talks about that, wanting to leave this earth, but at the end you can clearly see the general idea of my whole project. I, as a person, am not done! I'm not done living on this earth, and I still have many more things to accomplish. Well, you'll get my idea.*

## Death

Death is inevitable  
Sometimes, I imagine shadows  
Creeping around, waiting to strike.  
Sometimes, I see daily rations  
Monotonously counting down,  
Down, down, down.  
Death is inevitable  
The feeling of being alone  
With no God, no hope, no tomorrow  
It fascinates me!  
Oh, to leave this horror,  
This nightmare called Life.  
The idea of nonexistence,  
It's beautiful!  
Oh, to rush the inevitable.  
But wait, who there calls in the Night?  
It is He, calling.  
"Wait" He says.  
"I'm not done"