

Death come in many forms,
it eats you slowly
from the inside out.
Death is different than you imagine.
Times were pitiful,
the struggle to keep going was only kept alive by my father and brother.
The nights seeped away like a half opened bottle of wine, very unpleasant.
The soldiers eventually found us.
Father said don't be scared. Then they shot him.
Death received a better grasp on me there.
The phrase he uttered kept me from succumbing,
Death can be defeated.
We worked and worked, and one day my brother fell ill.
The soldiers gave him another chance, but he was rendered useless.
Once again the soldiers shot a loved one.
Once again Death had a better grasp on me.
The only reason I kept going was because somehow Death could be defeated.
The soldiers punished me everyday for nothing.
Everything hurt so bad.
My body was beginning to lose the fight against Death.
I had now a new friend; he was stronger than me,
but he still succumbed to Death.
I was at my breaking point, but I moved forth.
Death can be defeated.
New soldiers poured in at the gate.
I thought they would slaughter us.
They did not do anything.
They were also in the fight against Death.
They helped everybody beat Death.
Father was right, I only survived because of him.
Death can be defeated.