

Second Place Senior Poetry
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A German Night

There is knowledge to be gained from an ignorant mind,

Faith to be found in a tormented soul.

When the world around,

Comes crashing down

How can one survive the cold?

There he lay amidst a nameless mass,

the dead and the dying alike.

Unable to turn from the whip of the wind, the

bodies became buried by snow.

The sky was consumed by countless clouds,

covering the world in a darkened shroud

There he pondered the state of his soul, and concluded it was lost long ago.

He no longer thought of his family, his father.

He simply pondered if the end of the war drew near.

Surrounded by grey, there was no light,

He could not tell if it was day or night.

As he gazed through the grey, a figure appeared.

“Who are you?” asked Wiesel through labored breath.

The figure replied, “I am the humble Death.”

The two were silent for a while, apart some distance

The cold carried on with impassioned indifference.

“If my time has come, I am ready, we can leave.”

Death smiled, then chuckled, then laughed, then said,

“Poor creature, no, you are not yet dead.

I was sent to save your soul.”

“Why you?” asked Wiesel, as the snow seeped through his skin.

“Because I am from the cold.”

“How could God have let this happen?

It is my faith that has marked me, that has caused all of this,

and still, He watches as they slaughter the innocent.

I have sat in this snow, endured this Winter,

Why should I not embrace the cold, become harsh and bitter?”

“The seasons will change,

Winter will soon conclude.

If you choose to remain in the cold,

you will be consumed.

You must accept the past, endure the present, and embrace the future.

The cold will pass, if you let it, if not it will consume you sooner.

Next year, winter will come again,

and offer you a blank slate.

Do with it what you intend,

but know you control your hate.”

With that Death faded into the grey,

and Wiesel felt a little more warm.

For he knew that it would soon be day,

and he was overcome with calm.