

## The Fog

In all of our lives  
We observe where the eye is pointed  
Many times the image is clear  
Other times it is clouded and unfocused  
The most mysterious of them all  
Is the fog that ensnares everything in its path  
We try to fight it  
This is to no avail  
In its ghostly appearance  
The obscured bide and wait  
There is no telling what is waiting  
Until the moment it strikes  
Our fear feeds it  
Growing it  
Even in numbers we stand no chance  
For soon it forces each person into a cold solitude  
Giving no warning  
Not by force  
Nor by sound  
We all become part of it  
We soon become the beasts that lie in wait

By Joshua Starnes, Grade 12