

**Poetry Honorable Mention**  
**“Mors” by Layla Forester**  
**St. Francis Xavier School, 5th Grade**

I make an exchange for their souls,  
Sometimes mortals say that I stole.  
But that's simply not true,  
It's a job that I have to do.  
Their precious essence I do hold,  
Takes them back to their divine creator that is foretold.  
However I'm exhausted even though I'm dead,  
The voices tell me to sleep and continue to haunt my head.  
I work with Chronos, the god of time,  
I go down my list and each person is in line.  
Only the brave dare to look at my face,  
But after one glance, they decide not to chase.  
My job will be timeless until all earthlings breath,  
In their one last breath it will be time for them to leave.  
I tell the truth, I never lie,  
Especially when it's time for them to die.  
They will never accept their death.  
They will be on earth until it's time for me to rest.  
I am Mors the holder of souls,  
“Stealing” Mortal life is what I control.