

## **First Prize**

### **Thessalonians**

*We who are still alive and are left will be caught up together...*  
4:13-18

And then we were falling.  
The air rushed in our ears  
and loosened our clothes.

Beneath our feet there was nothing,  
We fell towards nothing.  
Beside us the Frobishers were falling.

He still held his keys  
and Pattie was upside down,  
one loose shoe chasing her.

The newly-weds from the corner  
were falling – the gap between  
their outstretched hands grew wider.

It was all in silence.  
The children from the flats  
were falling like tossed dolls -

one clutched a cell phone  
in her fat little hand.  
Other youths were falling.

They thrashed about them  
trying to catch the air.  
Clouds gathered around,

swirling clouds of falling people.  
Their dense multitudes darkened the sky.  
Then the silence ceased.

*Christopher North*