

Death Walks Among Man

It is not an easy job
But it is the one I was tasked with.
Cutting the thread of one life each day
to keep the world in balance
this is what I must do.

It is mostly the old I kill
For they are nearing their end.
Some I allow to live past 100.

The old learn to appreciate life
while the young run wild.
Some youth have hardships they can no longer bear
That is when I step in and take away their pain
against their parent's wishes.

I am not in control of diseases or strife.
Only death.

I can not help stifle a cancer's growth
or pause the passage of time.

I am merciful in my killings
Quick and as painless as possible.

That is,
For those who do not deserve pain.
However, there are, on occasion,
some humans whose hearts are colder than mine
and I deem them unfit for the human race.
Sadly, I don't realize till it is too late.
Till they have exacted unspeakable damage
that I cut their thread.

I am Death and I take my job seriously.
I am not heartless. I feel pain.
And it is because of that unrelenting pain
That, if I could, I would take my own life.
But I can't, therefore I wallow in the blackness.