

Familicide

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I did not take them away in malice
I did not rip them from your home
I do not steal in with the night
to stalk them as prey
and tear them away silently
without knowing
up until they are gone

I do not come with judgement
I do not make these calls
I am not choosy
and definitely not vindictive
They may have loved
They may have hurt
or they may have harmed
It is all the same to me

Some rejoice the passage
and others will mourn
yet some will still curse
outright and silently,
“You thief. Taker of lives.
This one was not deserving.”

If death was a choice
and I, the one to choose
the choice would not be mine

I am a being of feelings
I am only what you make me to be
I can only be as I am
and I am that of which I loathe
for take solace in this
you are not telling your loved ones,
“I am here to take you.”