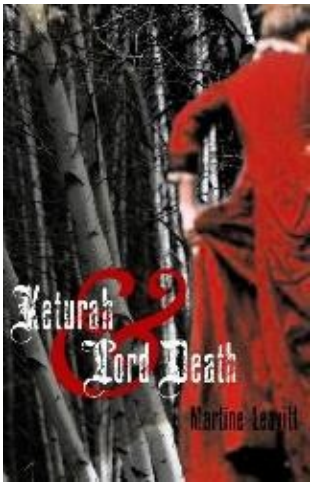
# Lady Keturah

**By : xXloriettaXx**

A poem for a book I read. I had to write a poem based on a book for my English class. The book is "Keturah And Lord Death" by Martine Leavitt

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# Lady Keturah

His hands are colder than snow and his skin is so pale.
Blood doesn't pulse through his body, he is Lord Death.
He does not live in the human world nor does he live in heaven or hell.
In his domain he is a king.
Souls wander around, stairways lead to know where.

Time does not exist, souls last for eternity.
They do not have thoughts or feelings, only worthy souls are reborn.
Hell is non-existent, the only hell there is,
is simply the hell within a man's soul.
There is no heaven either, just the human word and Lord Deaths.

I review the lives recently past, some pass with just tragedy,
others go happily.
But in the end in doesn't matter, the life they lived is gone,
buried deep in the ground.
I feel no sorrow and fear no soul.
I feel great love from death, I am reunited with souls I know well each day.
I thought Lord Death was so cruel, for taking away loved ones.

In death comes life, such a beautiful thing.
So many different stories to be told, each one different.
The world would be so dark without light,
there would be only disease and suffering.

No rebirth, The souls would all be stuck in this realm,
Earth would be empty, A wasteland.
All that was created would be pointless.
I once was a human being, I had a life full of love.
But I gave it all away, for an eternity of love.

I am Keturah, Lady Death.
I once lived in a world with beautiful lush greenery.
Bright blue skies and oceans.
Bright oranges and reds, even colors I can't explain.
This world is dull, nothing grows.

I will never regret giving up my life as it was.
Lord Temsland could have never given me this.
I pity the souls, they must keep reliving lives.
They feel the same pain over again each time.
Maybe death is cruel after all, but it can't be stopped.
Fate can't be changed unless lord death or I decide so.

I once dreamed of a family, of having my own wee baby.
As a queen I have bigger responsibilities, the souls are my family.
Gretta and Beatrice's souls are connected to mine,

I know when they come and I choose when they go.
My  beloved grandmother had a strong soul,
I see the soul that once belonged to her not as often.
I may be Lady Death, but that life won't be forgotten.

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