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## The Quilt of Life

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Class of 2013

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# The Quilt of Life

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**Author Bio**

Rebekah Oakes is member of the Class of 2013 and a History major. She enjoys giggling, long walks under the starry skies, and really old things. She hopes to one day become a professor, and write the history books instead of reading them.

# *Rebekah Oakes*

## *The Quilt of Life*

In the faraway Kingdom of the Skies,  
There once lived a woman, old and wise.  
And she was the goddess of Beauty and Strife,  
For she controlled the Quilt of Life.  
The father of Power, was this quilt,  
But he was also the brother of Guilt.  
For every thread sewn, a life it gave,  
And every thread severed took life away.  
The quilt started out a few lonely squares,  
And grew, and grew, and grew from there,  
Until it became an ugly, shapeless mass.  
It was far too big, it grew too fast.  
She found the ugliest section, with the most holes,  
And the woman cut the threads of souls.  
The squares fell away, forevermore,  
And this became the very first war.  
Horried by the sorrow and pain,  
The woman vowed never to cut again.  
The quilt grew bigger, and bigger still,  
Until the whole world it did fill.  
She had no choice but to snip the threads,  
She cut them one at a time instead.  
One by one the people fell,  
And for a time all was well.  
Until it grew too big once more,  
But she didn't want another war.  
So the old woman closed her eyes,  
And selected at random who would die.  
But this was even worse than war,  
They weren't ugly and holey like before.  
They were good and bad, young and aged,  
And this new terror became a plague.

The old woman, she'd had enough,  
Her job had become far too tough.  
She willed herself blind, darkness unfurled,  
And she turned her back on the world.  
"It will be easier to kill," she said,  
"If I cannot see just who is dead."  
She was advised that the quilt was rotten,  
So she cut the squares made of cotton.  
And every person of a certain race died,  
She had created genocide.  
It wasn't easier because she couldn't see,  
She could still hear the cries and the screams.  
They cried and screamed inside her head,  
Until she found her own square, cut her own thread.  
The woman was gone, and will cut no more,  
But the quilt was worse off than before.  
The people, the squares, still fell and fell,  
For the threads have learned to cut themselves.