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On Losing a Sister

Amanullah Khan
Collin College

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ON LOSING A SISTER

Amanullah Khan

How long it looms can someone tell.
When nights sting and the days are dark.
When mind is racing and eyes well.

When a hidden hand tolls the knell.
Heeds none, a reality stark.
How long it looms can someone tell.

When fate is wrathful it is hell.
When none but sobs and wails I hark.
When mind is racing and eyes well

I feel it now and I can spell,
The veiled caprice is a life's mark.
How long it looms can someone tell.

My chest is bursting I may yell.
Find me a nook, a vacant park.
When mind is racing and eyes well.

How hard I try, I cannot quell.
My aching begs a dose of lark.
How long it looms can someone tell,
When mind is racing and eyes well.



SELF INFATUATION Amanullah Khan