On Losing a Sister

Amanullah Khan
Collin College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces

Part of the Ceramic Arts Commons, English Language and Literature Commons, Painting Commons, Photography Commons, and the Sculpture Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2017/iss1/43

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.
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.