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Death Do Us Part

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DEATH DO US PART AYESHA IFTIKHAR

I Can't Move

DRANE

Can a family be blessed and cursed
At the same time
I did everything I could
To keep from crying
My dear grandmother is asking:
“Why”
Wondering why she is still here
Without siblings and peers

The old days are long gone
While the things that use to matter
Do not matter anymore
And all that is left
Is tucked away in a small room
Where promises of visits
Never come true
O' Lord
What am I to do
For she is standing at the door

Wanting to go
And I can't move
I can't move
I can't move
O' Lord
She is standing at the door
Wanting to go
And I can't move
I can't move
I can't move