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DEATH DO US PART AYESHA IFTIKHAR

I Can't Move

DRANE	The old days are long gone
	While the things that use to mat
Can a family be blessed and cursed	Do not matter anymore
At the same time	And all that is left
I did everything I could	Is tucked away in a small room
To keep from crying	Where promises of visits
My dear grandmother is asking:	Never come true
"Why"	O' Lord
Wondering why she is still here	What am I to do
Without siblings and peers	For she is standing at the door

one Wanting to go e to matter And I can't move 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 e door I can't move