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## Self Infatuation

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