

# Nawab Mukril Zadeed's Poem

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## **Death a Symphony**

Blessed by God  
A man of glory was I  
As proud as a lion  
Death, only just a word to me

Then he knocked at my door  
Driven by pure kindness  
Swept away thy gloom  
And showered the blessings of man upon me

Was it his fault or mine  
I know not  
Now, grieving while staring at his grave  
I know what death was to him  
A symphony never meant for the ears of man.

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