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## The Last Time I Saw My Father

Ajaz Ahmed

The last time I saw my father,

His hair was grey, like cold ash.

The lines on his forehead, seven in all,

Told stories of years that had passed.

His cheeks had sunk, hollow and tired,

His smile no longer the same.

His teeth, once shining, were hidden now,

Swallowed by the quiet of age.

His eyes, once bright, had lost their glow,

Like a candle nearing its end.

He looked at me, not with joy,

But anger, sharp and hard to mend.

His legs were thin, like sticks that bend,

His arms hung heavy and low.

He moved so slow, as if the weight

Of time had taken its toll.

I felt a sadness I couldn't shake,

A hurt I couldn't mend.

But I had to leave, with books in hand,

And dreams I had to defend.

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The last time I saw my father,

I carried his face in my heart.

Far from home, I work and learn,

While missing him, though we're apart.

## **Biographical Note:**

Ajaz Ahmed is a young writer and researcher from Jammu and Kashmir. He holds a postgraduate degree in English Literature from Cluster University of Jammu. Currently, he is working as a Contractual Lecturer in English and pursuing research in the field of English literature. His interests include exploring themes of identity, human emotions, and cultural narratives.