



Ode to my father

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Received: 02-DEC-2020

Accepted: 11-DEC-2020

Published: 22-DEC-2020

His face filled with wrinkles, his cheeks hollow
Cheek bones standing out, his expression mellow
Hair on his head, looking sparser than before
In such a short time, he seemed to have aged much more

The station was approaching and the train was slow
He was moving along, looking into each window
We met like men, no emotions, no tears
Just us carrying my bags up the stairs

His body bending to the side holding the bag
Once the fastest walker, now he seemed to lag
I had to frequently stop and look behind
He was struggling to carry the bag, I would find

How would I carry two bags, he worried
Just to show he was fine, he scurried
Atleast take the lighter bag I kept asking
He firmly refused but I knew the pain he was masking

When was the last time I saw him, a month or two I guess?
Was he this old before also, or had I just been oblivious?
Struggling to breathe, but never complaining
My heart cried at how my father was waning

A moment of respect, a smile on my face
Humbled by his love and by all his grace
Thank you, father, for everything, I will be forever in your debt
Whatever I have become, it is your blood and sweat.