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A Face

When I strain my mind,

A face comes to me in thought...

Once the very first in my world,

Now the last one I ever sought.

Sometimes, when I look closely within,

I still find it living in my heart...

It often returns in my mind,

Pleading silently for a fresh start.

Perhaps it doesn't know,

I'm no longer that same soul...

The one who once dreamed of nothing,

But it was alone as his goal.

I've forgotten the art of love,

Loyalty is no longer mine...

And still, somehow,

It haunts me time after time.

I no longer bow,
To that once-holy name, “Johar”...
Yet for reasons unknown,
It stings me again, like an old scar.

When I strain my mind,
A face comes to me in thought...