

STARS BETWEEN SCARS

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Dedication:

*“They told me I was too sensitive.
So I carved poems out of my wounds,
And turned my sensitivity into stars.”*

Introduction

I never thought I would write a book.

I only wrote when silence became too heavy.

I wrote when childhood felt like a wound,

When love felt like a fire,

*When heartbreak broke me in ways I couldn't
name.*

*And I wrote when healing—slow, uncertain, but
real—*

Began to touch my soul.

These poems are not polished answers.

They are pieces of me.

Some fragile.

Some fierce.

Some still searching for light.

If you are reading this,

Maybe it's because a part of you also knows

*What it means to feel too deeply,
To love too much,
To break too often.*

*And maybe this is not an accident.
Maybe the universe wanted you to hold these
words,
To remind you that even in the darkest nights,
Stars shine quietly inside our scars.
That pain is not the end.
That love—in all its forms—
Is still the purest bridge to something divine.*

*With love,
Pragya*

Author's Note

My poems aren't about fancy words or perfect rhythm.

They come from a place of real pain and quiet hope—

Written to reach even one heart that needs them.

Each page holds my prayers, my tears,

And my wish for light to find you.

If these words bring you even a flicker of comfort or understanding,

Then I've done exactly what I set out to do.

Thank you for reading.

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Section 1.
Childhood Trauma

The Silent Yearning

*Sitting in the silent corner,
that child longed to be held,
to feel the warmth of arms,
to be wrapped in care,
love, and tender pampering.*

*Instead,
that little one received scars,
curses,
and silent tears in return.*

*The weight of broken promises
lingered in the air,
too heavy to speak.*

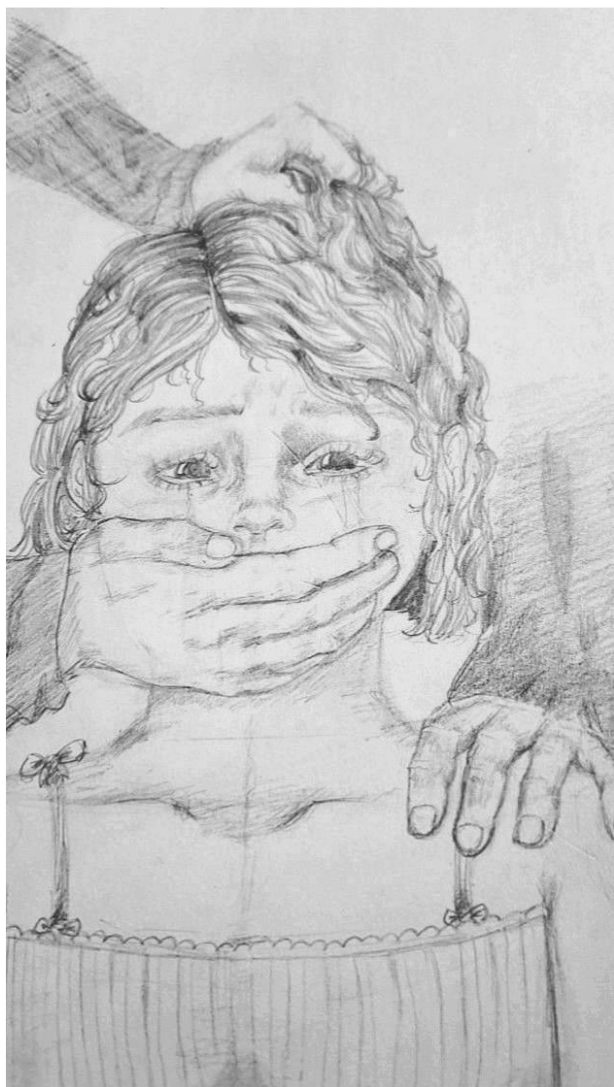
*The yearning grew louder,
but silence became her language,
her only comfort.*

*A soft heart,
trapped in a hard world,
learning that love doesn't always
come wrapped in kindness.*

Silent Tears

*In the hands of trust, I once believed,
by a mentor's touch, I was deceived.
"Keep quiet," he whispered, a secret to hide,
but my heart screamed, unable to confide.*

*I ran to my mum, but words were a maze,
her eyes, full of worry, set me in a daze.
"Stay silent," she said, her voice a plea,
but the pain echoed, endlessly inside me.*



The Silence She Carried

*She didn't scream when it hurt—
She swallowed it like a bitter pill,
Every day, for years.*

*They taught her silence,
Not the peaceful kind,
But the kind that choked,
That folded into itself.*

*Every comparison was a funeral,
Every harsh word a knife.
She wasn't born broken—
They broke her.*

*Now she doubts kindness.
Now she apologizes for tears.
And they still ask why she's so sensitive—
Never asking
Who made her that way.*

The First Betrayal

I don't hate love.

I hate that it skipped me—

Like I was invisible

To the one who birthed me.

I hate the lullabies I never heard.

I hate the birthdays I spent alone.

I hate the silence

That swallowed my childhood.

And I hate

That I still crave their touch.

To the Ones Who Raised Me

*You gave me the deepest scars—
the kind that don't bleed, but stay.*

*You broke me in ways
no one could ever fix.*

*You stripped away my confidence,
dimmed my light,
and stole the laughter I once had.*

*Thank you—
for not loving me.
For teaching me what love should never feel like.
And for making it so hard
for me to love anyone else.*



For the Times You Were Unseen

*For all the times I begged—
With eyes, not words—
To be seen,
To be chosen,
And they walked away
Like nothing shattered behind them.*

*One day,
The arms you longed for
Will be your own.
You will hold yourself
With the tenderness they denied you.
And in that embrace—
You'll finally know
What love feels like.*

They killed my voice.

At school.

At home.

In coaching rooms too full to breathe.

And now—

You want me to speak?

Tell me, how do I explain

A silence

That was nailed into me?

*“I hate that they turned me
Into a girl who hesitates—
Hesitates to speak, to laugh,
To be soft, silly, or clingy.*

*I wasn’t born broken.
They broke me.”*

*Sadness fell like rain—
Heavy, unbidden,
Drenching my quiet hopes.
Still, I reached for light,
Smiling through the storm.
That's how much I bleed,
That's how much I try.*

This Ends With Me

Just look at yourself—

A little child

Who never asked for a life like this.

They took your love, your laughter,

Your innocence,

And left you silence in return.

You carried knots in your stomach,

Tears behind frightened eyes,

But still, you held it all in.

You never deserved this.

You deserved warmth, arms that chose you.

And I promise you—

The cycle ends here.

I am not their puppet,

Not their mirror.

I will be the fire

That burns this pain to ash.

This ends with me.

Come, Sit

*Healing begins when we allow ourselves to feel
safe, to be nurtured, and to believe in our own
worth.*

Come, sit.

*Let me tell you
how deeply
you deserve love,
how completely
you deserve care.*

*I want to reach
into your subconscious,
gently lift out
the self-doubt,
the insecurity
you've carried
far too long.*

*And in that hollow,
I'll plant confidence.
Grace.*

*Glamour.
And the kind of
self-love
that makes you
radiate—
light spilling
from within.*

Section 2.

Love

Love

*Not fireworks, not noise—
but the quiet magic
of being seen,
of being chosen,
of finally belonging.*



Her Comfort

*Books and coffee at dawn,
Chocolates melting on her tongue,
Petals blooming in glass jars,
Candles whispering lavender songs.*

*But her truest comfort
Was never in things.
It lived in the warmth
Of one silent soul—
Who stayed,
Who wrapped her chaos
In arms that never flinched,
Who loved her
Without needing to understand her.*



The Messed-Up Girl

*I know I am a restless soul—
inconsistent,
wistful,
aimless,
immature,
clinging to fleeting dreams.*

*But none can love
the way I do—
with a heart so full,
so wide,
so true.*

*I give all of me,
even when I have nothing left,
pouring my soul
until it's bare,
until it's spent.*

*I may be lost,
but I'll love anyway—
with all that I am,
even when undone.*

*Because my love,
messy as it is,
is still the purest thing
I own.*

I Am That Girl

*In a world full of faces, layered and worn,
Where truth hides behind smiles too often torn,
I remain—bare, unfiltered, whole,
A girl who still listens
To the sound of a soul.*

*I don't need polished words
Or practiced grace,
Just honesty
Resting on a quiet face.*

*Even if they tremble, even if they fall—
The real ones are the ones I'll always call.*

*I am that girl who sees through disguise,
Who cherishes storms
Behind gentle eyes.*

*I don't want perfect—I want true.
If you're raw,
You're rare...
And I'll choose you.*

The Charming Hurricane

*Sometimes I think—
I'm a one-of-a-kind masterpiece,
Beautiful in my own quirky way.
Moody, shy, extrovert—
Basically, a limited-edition personality pack.*

*I wonder,
Who in their right mind
Could handle
This charming hurricane of contradictions?*

*I'm like your favorite playlist—
Unexpected, full of mood swings,
Yet somehow, it works.
A soft heart,
Loud opinions,
Eyes that daydream
More than they blink.*

*But hey,
If someone's brave enough
To weather my moods,
They'll find
Sunlight after storms
And a lot of love
Hidden in the wind.*

Simple Gestures

*In a world where love's sweet gestures
Are dismissed as "cringe,"
I still long for the simple things—*

*Sweet nicknames,
A thoughtful novel,
A single flower,
Delicate anklets.*

*More than grand gifts,
These small acts
Speak directly
To my soul.*

Unfilled Cup

I wonder

How I'll ever give love to you

When I've never tasted it myself—

Not from my parents,

Not from friends,

Not from anyone.

And yet—

Here I am,

Still trying to pour

From a cup

I never got to fill.



Afraid to Fall

He:

Why don't you look into my eyes?

She:

Because I'm afraid.

He (laughs):

Afraid of what? Am I a ghost?

She:

No, I'm afraid that if I look too long,

I'll fall in love with what I see,

And then, when you turn away,

I'll be left lost

In the echo of your absence.

First Take My Heart

*I don't want to be loved
For just what you see,
But for the quiet parts of me—
The heart that beats
With secrets untold,
Fragile pieces, both young and old.*

*I'll give you my body, piece by piece,
But first, take my heart—let it bring peace.
Know it's fragile, soft, yet strong,
A place where love
Can truly belong.*

*My body will follow
Where my heart leads,
But take my heart first,
Fulfill its needs.
Promise me this, before you take it all:
You'll treasure the heart
That dares to fall.*



True Love Is Gentle

*You say I'm yours—
but love isn't just a claim.
It's a promise held gently,
a flame that warms without burning,
a space where trust grows,
not a hand that grasps too tightly.*

*If you can love me this way,
from distance, with respect,
then your heart is true.*

*Otherwise,
you only chase the shell,
ignoring the soul inside.*

Beyond the Surface

*I want my love to see beyond the skin,
To fall for my scars
And the battles I've lived through.*

*Not just in love with my smile or grace,
But with the imperfections
That time cannot erase.*

*Love me for who I truly am,
Flaws and all, in the way I stand.
If you can't accept my broken parts,
Then leave—
For I cannot hide my heart.*

Dear Right Person

I'm waiting for you—

Make a grand, unapologetic entry into my life.

Like the hero in those spicy novels,

Stand tall, burn the world down for me if needed.

Write me poetry that feels like home,

Pamper me with soft touches and loud love.

Wrap me in care,

Make me believe I was never asking

For too much.

No, I'm not being filmy—

This is my heart speaking.

I just want someone

Who doesn't make me beg

For the kind of love

I'm always ready to give.



Waiting for Your Reply...

*I wrote this for you,
not knowing when you'll come,
but hoping you'll read it someday—
and maybe, just maybe,
you'll answer me
in ways I've only dreamed of.*

*Till then, I'll wait,
with my heart open,
for you to step in
and make it all real.*

Endless Devotion

“You ask how deep I can fall in love? I’d kiss your feet without shame, worship you like my only god, serve you in silence, feed you with trembling hands— and still feel it’s not enough love to give.”

She's the Kind of Girl

*She's the kind of girl
You could give your life for—
A thousand times over—
And still never feel regret.*

*Because loving her
Feels like worship,
And losing her
Would feel like
The end of light itself.*



In His Arms

*The way he wraps his arms around me,
Cradles me like a baby,
Brings peace to my soul,
A soothing balm
To my aching heart.*



Why Do You Love Me?

I asked,

“Why do you love me so much?”

He smiled,

“Because in your scars, I see beauty,

And I want to be the one

Who heals them.”

A Promise

She:

Listen?

He:

Hmm?

She:

I want a promise.

He:

And what promise, my love?

She:

Let's be true to each other.

Let's love—

In the right amount,

Not too loud,

Not too little.

*Let's not break each other.
Let's grow,
And when our time comes—
Let's quietly leave this world,
With no fights,
No scars,
Just hearts
Full of love
And peace.*

*He:
Then I promise—
Every word,
Every silence,
Will be sacred.*

Just Be You

I don't want to flaunt our love.

I don't need grand gestures

Or loud declarations.

No drama, no scenes.

Don't prove it to the world.

Don't go crazy

Just to show you love me.

I don't want the noise.

I want the calm—

Your simplicity,

Your truth,

Your presence.

Just be you—

Genuine,

Steady,

Mine.

That's all I ever needed.

Rainy Eyes

She:

I love the rain, you know.

He:

Enough to cherish

Both your rainy eyes

And the falling drops.



Peace

She: I feel so at peace when I'm with you.

He: Because with me, you don't have to be anything but yourself.

Silence

She: Sometimes I just need silence.

He: Then I'll sit with you, quiet, until your heart speaks.

Calm

She: Why do you love me?

He: Because in a world full of noise, you're my only calm.

Finding

She: I don't know what I'm looking for.

He: Maybe you're just looking for me, and I'm here.



*Love me in my brokenness,
For that is where my true beauty lies.
Embrace every scar—
They tell stories
Of strength and skies.*

Section 3.

Heartbreak

*Do you love me, or do you just use me?
One moment, I am your entire world;
The next, I'm nothing—
A passing breeze,
A rust fading in the blur of time.*

*Please, don't leave me lost in doubt.
Either love me fully,
Or let me go.
But don't leave me here,
Trapped in the silence of uncertainty.*

Not Love

*They said love would feel like calm—
Soft, gentle, soothing.*

*But yours?
A storm in my lungs,
Food untouched,
Tears swallowed.*

True love heals the soul.

So what was this,

That left me breathless

And hollow instead?



Red Flag

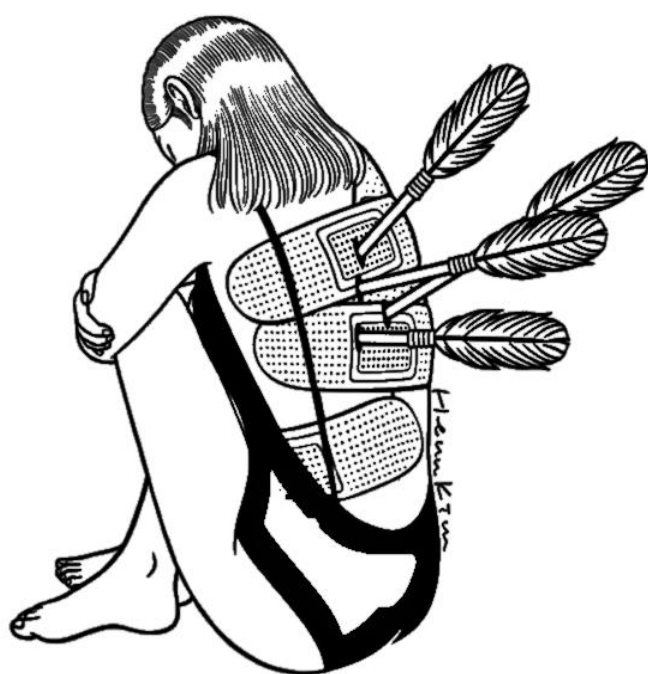
*I realized you were a red flag
The night my trauma screamed at 2 a.m.,
And I begged you to stay.*

*You didn't just leave the room—
You left my heart,
Without a glance back.*

Empty Promises

*You promised to heal my wounds,
But all you did
Was leave another scar.*

*You said “forever,”
And maybe you meant it then.
But love isn’t something
You mean only once.
Forever doesn’t break halfway.*



Heart Prison

I thought your heart was a home,

But now it feels like a prison

I never wanted to leave.

The Silent Drift

*You were the one I leaned on,
The one who felt like home.
But somewhere in the silence,
We found ourselves alone.*

*I sought understanding;
You needed your own space.
In the quiet that grew between us,
I lost my place*

He Left, But Took It All

I still know what he loved—

The scent of my hair,

My soft giggle,

White sauce pasta made with clumsy love,

And the storm of my sweet tantrums.

He left,

But somehow,

Took them all with him.



The Ones We Love

*Why is it that the ones we love
Don't seem to want us in return?
And those who give their all for us
Never receive the love they deserve?*

*Are we simply unlucky,
Caught in the cycle of losing those who love us,
And chasing after hearts
That will never be ours?*

Love and Self

*I love you, But then my self-respect speaks
louder,*

Asking, “Don’t you value yourself?

Has your own heart become invisible?”

In those moments,

When I lose myself in you,

That’s when I can’t help but hate you.

Our Chit chats

Conditional Love

He:

Have I told you how much I love you?

She:

Yes... but only when you felt loved—

Only when things went your way.

*That's when you remembered to make me feel
loved too.*

The Side Effects

He:

Let me get you ready today.

She:

No—I'll do it myself.

He:

But I want to make you sparkle with my love.

She:

And what about the wounds you left?

You don't want them to shine, do you?

You want to show off your love—

Not its side effects

He:

I never meant to hurt you.

She:

But you did.

Every word you said,

Every silence you kept,

Every promise you broke...

It left me bleeding.

He:

I'll make it up to you.

She:

You already had your chance.

You can't heal what you shattered.

Half-Love

He: I gave you my best.

She: No—you gave me your half.

I kept mistaking it for whole.

Blame

He: You're too sensitive.

She: No—you're too careless.

There's a difference.

The Goodbye That Stayed

He: I didn't want to hurt you.

*She: Then why does your goodbye
Still sleep in my chest every night?*

Why??

Borrowed Love

She: Why did you love me?

He: Because you loved me first.

She: That's not love. That's borrowing.

Conditional

She: Would you stay if I broke?

He: Only if you healed fast.

She: Then you never stayed at all.

Too Much

She: "Was I difficult to love?"

He: "No, you were impossible to lose."

She: "Then why did you leave?"

He: "Because loving you felt like drowning—

And I chose air over eternity."

She: "So you left me gasping."

He: "And I'm still choking on your name."

Too Late

She: "Do you regret losing me?"

*He: "Only every time I see your smile
On someone else's lips."*

She: "Then why didn't you stay?"

*He: "Because I didn't know your worth
Until I couldn't afford it."*

She: "You promised forever."

He: "I promised what I wanted to believe."

She: "And what do you believe now?"

*He: "That forever is a lie
We tell when today feels too fragile."*

She: "So I was your fragile today?"

He: "And my broken tomorrow."

The Mirror

She: "What did you see in me?"

He: "Everything I wished I could be."

She: "Then why break me?"

*He: "Because mirrors don't lie,
And I couldn't stand my reflection."*

She: "So you shattered me to hide yourself?"

He: "And still see you in every shard."

The Stranger

She: "Do you miss us?"

*He: "I miss who we were,
Not who we became."*

She: "And who are we now?"

*He: "Two strangers carrying
The same corpse of love."*

She: "Then bury it."

He: "I already buried myself with it."

Final Scene

She: "So this is the end?"

He: "It always was—

We just delayed the funeral."

She: "But I loved you."

He: "And I loved the way you tried.

But love isn't survival,

And I wanted to live."

She: "So I was death to you?"

He: "No... you were eternity,

And I was too afraid to stay."



Hollow

Everything feels hollow—

Numb,

Like the glitter of life

Has dimmed and died.

This emptiness wears me down,

Yet letting someone enter

That hollow space again

Would mean my death.

The Unforgivable

The worst sin?

To take a heart that loved you,

Drain its light,

And toss it aside like trash.

No prayer can cleanse this.

No god can bless this.

Self-Betrayal

*My heart was a traitor,
Disguised as love.
My mind—my quiet guardian—
Warned me in silence.*

*But I chose the storm,
And in doing so,
I became the one
Who betrayed me most.*

Silent Burden

*Sharing my pain feels like a sin—
As if I'm placing weight on hearts
Already carrying their own.*

*So I choose silence,
Again and again...
But silence never chooses me back.*

Wilted Bloom

*I am like a flower—
Blooming even when the soil is dry,
Giving fragrance to hands
That may never hold me gently.*

*I give,
Not because I must,
But because I can't help but love,
Even when it wilts me.*

Section 4.

Healing

Sunflower Soul

*Even when bent,
she turned toward the sun.
Not because she was unhurt,
but because
she still believed
in light.*



Shhhh, Everything is Fine

Dear me,

I know you suffered—

In every relation where you expected love,

And received silence instead.

Where you gave your heart,

And got fragments in return.

But let me tell you—

You were never wrong

For loving too much,

For hoping,

For holding on

A little longer than you should have.

You were always right on your part.

*You were soft in a world that demanded
hardness,*

And that is not a flaw—

It's your strength.

One day,

You'll stop asking others to see you,

Because you'll finally start seeing yourself.

And in that moment—

You'll come home

To the love you always deserved.

Nature, My Escape

*Nature has always been my refuge
On those heavy, storm-filled days.
When the weight of the world grew unbearable,
And even rising from bed felt like a maze.*

*The rustling leaves, the tender breeze—
They whispered peace into my despair.
In nature's quiet, I found release,
A place to heal, a moment to repair.*



The Silent Struggle

*Don't weigh my pain on your careless scale—
What feels light for you
May leave me frail.*

*Every heart carries its private war;
Respect the silence,
Don't ask for more.*

The Lesson

*I used to bend and break,
Believing silence was love's price.
But time revealed a harsher truth:
Neglecting myself
Only deepened the wounds.*

*Yes, I've been scarred,
But I never chose to scar another.
Pain shaped me,
But cruelty never became my creed.*

*The real lesson is this—
The way you treat yourself
Sets the tone for the world.
If you don't honor your own heart,
No one else will.*

*And my scars?
They are not wounds anymore—
They are lessons carved in light.*

Watch the Signs

At the start, be mindful—

Of what you allow,

And what you don't.

For every tolerance, every silence

Lays the foundation,

Sets the tone.

And soon you'll find

The path you walk

Is the one you built Alone.

Letting Go

Letting go felt like peace—

Not pain.

As if I hadn't lost love,

But escaped death.

Take a Much Needed Break

*Take a much needed break—
Switch off your phone,
Tuck it far away, out of sight.*

*Pick up a comforting book,
Make your favorite coffee and croissants,
Buy yourself flowers,
Light a candle...
And maybe—
Just cry.*

*Cry until it feels lighter.
Let it all out:
The pressure,
The pretending,
The pain.*

*And then, when you're ready,
Return.*

Not perfect—

But softer.

Stronger.

Ready to begin again.



Big Babies

You know what?

We're all just grown-up bodies

Carrying baby hearts.

Hearts that still ache

For love,

For care,

For a little attention.

The only difference?

Back then,

When a baby cried,

They were held,

Fed,

Comforted.

Now,

When the same heart cries

Inside an adult's chest,

They call us
“attention seekers.”

But maybe—
We’re just big babies,
Still needing
What we always did.

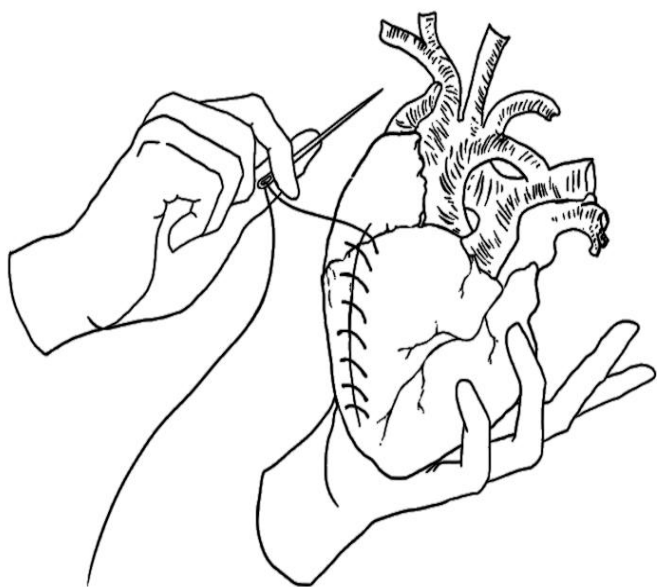
Painproof

*You know what's most beautiful about pain?
That it wraps you in its grasp,
then lets you go—
not to weaken you,
but to make you whole.*

*Each tear, a lesson
each scar, a story.
Pain whispers,
"I'm not here to break you,
I'm here to forge you."*

*And when the storm finally calms,
you'll stand,
not unscathed,
but reborn.
More mature.
More humble.
Stronger than before.*

*Eventually,
you'll grow painproof—
because in the end,
you learned the most beautiful truth:
You were never broken,
just being built.*



You Are Not Alone

*Believe me,
You are not alone.*

*These pages—
They are proof that you've survived
More than you thought you could.
Each one is a silent salute,
Each word a quiet prayer
From a hopeful heart.*

*The universe sees you.
It is proud of you.
It is already weaving something
Magical and beautiful
With your name written on it.*

*Breathe it in.
Claim the energy.
You're not just surviving—
You're becoming.*

I Refuse

*Sometimes I ache to return the pain—
To let them taste the storm they gave me.*

*But then a thought stops me cold:
If I become what they were,
Someone else will bleed as I did.*

*And that frightens me.
I cannot be the reason another soul breaks.
I will not let their cruelty
Become my sin.*

From a Distance

*What you did—
Was your choice.*

*I'll still offer love,
But from a distance.*

*Not for you,
But for me—
To protect the peace
I bled so hard to rebuild.*

Diamond

Your perception doesn't define me.

I know who I am—

I've met myself in the darkest hours.

I am a diamond,

Forged in fire,

Shaped by blows.

You are still a stone,

Untouched by storms,

Unshaped, untested,

Unrealized.

Healing is War

*They talk about healing
Like it's sunlight on skin—
Warm, gentle, soft.*

*But healing is brutal.
It's screaming in silence
Because no one understands.
It's dragging your body through the day
When your soul refuses to stay.*

*It's learning to breathe through cracked ribs,
To walk with broken bones,
To smile while bleeding inside.*

*Healing is not peace.
It's war.
And every day I survive it,
I count that as victory.*



Section 5.

Divine Love

Fragment of God

“Forgive,” they say,

“As if you’re God.”

As if that line

Could erase the ache they gave me.

But they forget—

I am a fragment of God.

Not just made in His image,

But born from His breath.

He gave me a heart, yes,

But He also gave me fire.

The power to feel,

To remember,

To rise when crushed.

So don’t preach forgiveness to me

Like I owe it.

Sometimes, even God lets the storm speak

Before the calm returns.

*I am the Goddess who rejects false flames—
No glitter, no pretense can blind me now.*

*I reign in my own queendom,
Strong and untouchable,
A fortress built on will and fire.*

*No one breaches my sacred era,
For this queen stands unshaken,
Untamed, unstoppable.*



Someday, Just Step Out

Someday, just step out into the rain.

*Leave your umbrella behind—don't shield
yourself.*

Let the rain soak through every part of you.

*Fold paper boats from quiet moments,
Write your fears and flaws upon them,
Then let them drift away.*

*Sit in silence, letting the world fade to a hush.
And in that stillness,
Whisper softly to yourself:
“Dear me, I love you.”*



A Prayer for Peace

Dear God,

Grant me calm, grant me relief.

I'm tired of burning

In the fire of revenge.

Teach me to forgive—

Not because they deserve it,

But because my soul

Deserves to heal.

Lend me Your mercy,

Your boundless grace.

Let me carry Your light,

Not their darkness.

5. Divine Love

My Beloved is My God

*My beloved is my God,
The only one who can hold my love.
He quiets the storm within my soul,
And hushes my spirals with gentle ease.*

*In a world of chaos, He is my peace—
My only hope,
My sacred release.*



He Stays

When the world failed to understand me,

He chose to stay—

Silently,

Lovingly,

Completely.

Why I'm Still Here

*I chose to give up long ago,
But my Supreme held me close—
Not by ending my pain,
But by sharing it in silence.*

*He didn't stop the storm,
But stood with me in the rain,
Holding half the weight,
While I carried the name.*



A Wish to My Creator

*When I return to my Creator,
I will make but one wish:
Make humans without hearts,
So they may never know the ache of love,
Nor the weight of loss,
And never bleed in silence.*

Her Expectations Are Gone

Her expectations are long buried.

Treat her like a queen,

Or chain her like a servant—

She won't flinch.

She's made peace with the truth:

No human hand

Can offer the love she craves.

Only her God can hold her

The way her soul has always longed for.

Tears and Faith

*Each tear I shed was a question—
Why, God, did You leave me
Among those who abandoned me,
Left me on the road to die?*

*My faith never wavered—
But I wished, just once,
That You would tremble,
As they have broken me.*

*I carried the weight of silence,
The sting of their neglect,
Wondering if the heavens
Were deaf to my cries.*

*Yet, even in my deepest sorrow,
A quiet voice whispered—
“You are not alone.
Your pain is seen,
Your heart is held.”*

*And though my soul is scarred,
My faith grows stronger—
Not because God never shook,
But because He holds me
When I tremble too.*



Her Faith Was Louder Than Her Pain

For her, healing felt like the pain of a thousand stings— each memory a blade, each breath a battle.

But she did not break. She bled grace, folded her hands, and whispered her Supreme's name through trembling lips.

She survived the nights that tried to end her, the mornings that mocked her wounds. She carried silence like scripture, and faith like fire in her bones.

Her healing was not gentle, it was a war— but her God was her armor, and surrender was her victory.



A Letter to My Readers

I know life can sometimes feel like a never-ending challenge. There are days when you may doubt your worth, your ability, or whether you're doing enough. But I want you to hear this from me – you are doing your best. And that is more than enough.

In this world, where the noise can drown out your inner voice, where comparisons try to steal your peace, you are enough just as you are. With all the resources, intellect, and motivation you possess, you have faced every obstacle with strength and perseverance. And for that, I'm incredibly proud of you.

Sometimes, the journey feels long and lonely, but remember: you are not alone. You are surrounded by love, even when you cannot see it. Keep going, keep striving, and know that each step forward, no matter how small, is progress.

The universe, or whatever you believe in, is always with you.

So, never let doubt define you. You have greatness within you. Keep moving, keep dreaming, and above all, keep loving yourself.

I'm sending you all my love, warm hugs, and light from the depths of my heart. You've got this, and I'm rooting for you,

"The book may have come to an end, but my love for you has only soared higher with every word shared. Thank you for walking this path with me. Sending you endless love, light, and comfort."

Acknowledgement

With endless gratitude,

*I want to thank the people who walked beside me
in silence and in storm.*

*To those who hurt me—you unknowingly gave
me words.*

*To those who loved me—you gave me strength to
keep writing.*

*A very special thanks to Mayur, my best friend,
For standing beside me with unwavering
support and belief.*

*Every scar, every memory, every small flicker of
kindness has found its way into these pages.*

This book would not exist without you.

And to the reader holding these words—

Thank you for giving my voice a place to belong.

About the Author

Pragya Mishra is a dreamer, a believer in words, and a soul who finds healing through art. She is currently pursuing her B.A. (Hons.) in English, a journey that nurtures her love for stories, ideas, and the power of language.

Poetry became her refuge—her way of making sense of pain, of turning silent struggles into something beautiful and meaningful. Through her poems, Pragya writes about love, heartbreak, healing, faith, and resilience, giving voice to emotions that often remain unspoken.

Beyond writing, she finds joy in reading novels, dancing, and singing, embracing creativity in every form. Her work reflects a heart that has known both scars and stars, and she hopes that her words remind readers that they are never truly alone in their journeys.