

Love That Never Came

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INTRO

This book might not be for you

OR

You and this might be a perfect match.

You'll know by the end.

A quite reminder-

Please resonate with what suits you don't try to fit anything.

It's true not everyone experiences all phases of life,

I have mentioned some of them—

help yourself relate to them.

LOVE YOU ALL!

Well,

Have you ever been so deeply in love or

has it been just a fling all along?

Let's find out.

Could I have been this depressed that I actually wrote this?

Well I wasn't a bookish kinda person since the beginning but I guess circumstances makes you become someone you never thought you'll be.

Stay with me till the end,

you are all I got.

All the love from my heart to yours.

I hope it makes you feel better coz writting it indeed made me.

Sit back and enjoy.

How I want to get started?

Hm...

Well as for starters you may want to hold tight and not scream,
because the wounds you've been hiding for so long are going to be cut open—
only to finally heal.

Moreover they're gonna be healed.

It might be a risk that's worth a shot,
because in our hearts we are holding—a lot.

I wanted to name this book—

Heart that still hurts.

But I guess writing this book made it all go away.

I hope it does the same for you.

Heart is not hurting anymore,

life seems to offer some more.

All the pain I've finally poured,

and now my heart finally feels secured.

To the people,
who gave me a reason to write this.
May this be a good seller or may not be,
but I am a soul who is now free.
You hurt me so deep,
the cuts were visible clearly.
But I am letting that out so cleverly.
So, Thank You,
because of you,
I am able to write this.
Thankyou for hurting my soul this much.

Post your favourite poem and tag me @akanshuhuhu_

Would love to know that any of this touched someone.

OH DEAR LOVER

I can't love you back, I wish I could but...

You know you all have been on the stage where you left someone on the hook, not only because you want them in future or need them for something but because you feel **BAD**, bad because you can't feel that way about them. It's stupid, right?

But that's how I felt every time someone opened their heart to me it broke my heart, now you might start to see why I was in a desperate need to write this book.

He would have been a perfect choice for me, wouldn't he?

But god forbid me to love him the way he does, Oh God WHY?

Am I selfish?

Or I just need reasons to feel like I don't deserve **REAL LOVE**?

Oh I want to love you,

and yess

I will kiss you.

But it won't mean anything,

because you literally have everything.

You please find another nest,

I am not the place you can rest.

Oh my lover

wishing you nothing but pure love

my dear lover

I hope you get yourself above.

I know it's sometimes irritating that someone you thought were your closest friends are only your friends just because they secretly like you.

And it makes you wonder is that all? Was I only lovable for certain parts of me. I mean who will I turn to now when I'll need a friend? No one, right? Because you made it clear it's all just feelings, I know it hurts you to be just friends with me because of the feelings but nobody talks about the person who is losing a friend, it's always the one with the feelings, aww, they might be hurt or they deserved better but what about me?

Didn't I deserve better?

Why couldn't God give me a friend, just a friend- where no one, none of us, gains feelings for each other.

Wouldn't life be *perfect*?

And suddenly there comes a moment when their efforts start *fading and fading*...and that's where the human nature thrives.

We began to feel something for the first time becauseee
for the first time they aren't.

And that's when the temporary efforts from our side began,
our sadistic ways to not let someone, who loves us —go!
Seeing this I feel like its better to be someone's foe.

Well, this was the beginning of ruining two minds
at the same time.

And longing for healing begins.

I don't have anyone to love me now, not a single soul.

Is that my *karma* of not loving you back?

I wish I had the chance to travel back whole,
so I'll get to love you and won't leave you crack.

Sorry I couldn't love you when you needed,
but I learnt everything ineed.

Will you be with someone who *loves* you or with someone you *love*?, they ask.

That's the uncertainty of life,
you can't love the person who loves you and the person you love won't love you back,
blame the timings or fate,
it's upto you.

But listen to me mate,
wait for the horse,
and keep waiting until it turns to a unicorn for you.

TEENAGE LOVE

Well, well, well, I guess this is everyone's favourite beginning,

No understanding of consequences

No cattiness

No ugly behavior.

Just pure souls wanting to love.

But this stage has the most wrecking ending

Experiencing real consequences

Absorbing all the cattiness and ugly behaviour

Making you feel unworthy of love.

Ugh, it hurts—

You are just a free soul wanting to experience all the love you can,
but in this case not everybody's your actual fan.
So don't you wonder where this ugliness comes from?
Because all you wanted was just to go to the prom.

You experience the real kind of love, you both opened your hearts to each other,
you share gifts, you share secrets,
you don't hide anything from them.
You just don't want to be taken away from them.
But then they decide they are okay with letting you go,
but unfortunately you were not.
Why does this happen?
Why did it all have to change?
WHY!?
Because it indeed did change me.
AND that's when the ugliness started.

13 to 16

That was the best we could've ever been, right?

All the love All the chaos All the fun.

Its not your fault you turned out this way,

the only fault is of age sixteen

that's how it came that way.

Well it was your decision to make yourself what you want to be

THE COOL BITCHY ONE, OR THE NO-MATTER-WHAT ONE?

I am still finding a way in between!

I quote—

Hey lover,

you don't have to be a star,

I wish you were not that far.

I can't even add the silver lining to this,

I wish this much I didn't miss.

You don't have to be a poet,

I'll write the poems and you'll let me show it.

You don't need to be on hills,

I can love you on the plains too.

You don't have to pay my bills,

you just have to love me too.

You don't have to own a bungalow,

I'll love you even if your budget is low.

It's never about the money love,

it's all the way above.

You just gotta learn to love me,

and everything that would be happening,

you shall let it be.

Who wants to be dominant or submissive?

You know who I want to be?

I just want to be the one for you.

I don't care about the world,
may it goes with the flood.

You are who I care about,
this is what I always wanna shout.

Soulmates, soulmates, soulmates,
yess, I believe in that.

I just hope all of this writing,
doesn't make you mad.

And the day came,

when all of this wasn't same.

Please tell me why they do such things to your heart,

of whose you could even have loved the fart.

THE TWO YEARS

The moment you pass your teenage era then comes those years

The Longest Of All.

When you feel like you don't even want to do this anymore.

It feels like a lifetime, you wish you could escape.

These years pretty much add up to everything,

you want to be perfect at everything,

but you aren't good enough at anything.

Sounds relatable right?

This stage brings the highest of peaks of emotions—

LOVE,

HURT,

PAIN,

AGONY,

GROWTH.

Here love feels like THIS is it for us,

and hurt feels like this is IT for us.

How ironic right?

Delicacy of hearts to be ruined for real,

like your hands don't hold the car's gear.

Everything feels like sand,

falling out from your bare hand.

I am so depressed,

I am so desperate,

Am I not enough?

I am crying, I can't breathe,

I can't hold onto this stuff.

The burning ache inside me is hurting,

the fire, the rage, the fall.

All of this is bursting,

give me a tonic to heal,

give me something,

anything good to feel.

I identify as a bull,

because—

I am always tired,

I also chase all the red flags,

and I am always angry.

This sucks.

I want to become a fly,

the one who everybody loves.

I want to spread my wings and never stop,

I'd wanna stop by the flowers shop.

I want to be pretty like that,

this is a kind of thing I never had.

Oh sweet little butterfly,

can I be you,

will I ever be able to fly like I want to?

I have some lonely nights,

I want someone to hold me tight.

Whiser in my ears,

that they will make it alright.

I want someone in my sight,

I don't wanna have any fight.

I just wanna love them and expect that they treat me right.

I just want someone to hold me tight.

ONE SIDED

OHMYGAWD THIS, HERE THIS IS MY FAVOURITE CHAPTER.

I hope all of you have been here, it's an inevitable event you can't click escape to.

This is the best yet so hurtful stage.

You want them,

you wish for them,

they are the only thing in your head.

Well let us travel through this journey, shall we?

There are a lot of places you could have encountered this kind of love.

This is a one time life moment because that's the way it differentiates from your other crushes,

And you know what I am talking about!

It's that feeling you don't want but you can't deny either.

When they walk by, the sensation in your body is different.

It's not like it was how your body reacted to everyone else no—

this makes them different.

When you can't hold a conversation with them but you are dying to talk to them,

that makes them different.

When your behaviour changes as soon as they arrive,

that is what makes them different.

Oh you know you'll pour your heart out for them,
you think if you are not with them you'll die.

But my dear that's not how life works.

But c'mon let's face it I am no love guru,

I am just expressing both our emotions here right.

Love feels when their one hey can lighten up your day,

love is when you literally can't think of anything else,

love is when their thought is the first thing of the day,

love is when you can't stop making scenarios about them,

love is when you can't stop talking about them,

love is when...

You literally can't seem to know when and why did it happen,
but now when it has, you are just so involved in it, like everything on this earth depends on them.

Maybe some of them are hotter than you,
but still the feelings came out of the blue.

You might be mean to me,
but all there is, you, that I can see.

We might not get along,
but I will wait for a lot more long.

For me, you might not be right,
but I think our future is bright.

You don't let the negative thoughts capture you because that's not the possibility you want,
those aren't the scenarios you were looking for, right?

The fever of love grows on you so quickly it's like nothing even exists.

All you want is them them them.

Everywhere you see, you want to see them.

You came in my dream last night,

it was so sweet and warm,

that's what I wanted for so long.

I wish it were real,

so it can nourish all my fear.

Oh how happy I was,

how great all of it was.

You know I like you,

but can't do anything about you.

We are so apart,

but you are always in my heart.

You are the topic of my art,

you are my big love chart.

Yes you make extra time for them, just for their one glance, just for a short conversation.

You just want their enough attention that would make you survive.

You sing, you dance, you feel like you are worth living.

You have never been this happy, and that's even when they haven't reciprocated their love.

Just think what would happen if for once they did.

Ohmygawd *chills*.

And that is the beginning of the courage.

I know I am not the one you'll like,

I am the one who likes to fight.

Trust me I am right,

When I say I am not the one you'll like.

When I met you I went to huge height,

i just don't want to be your plight.

That's why I said I am not the one you'll like.

When I looked at your sight my eyes went so bright,

But, still, I know i am not the one you'll like.

But I wish either for a small of you I was.

The hurt too was there, when you weren't getting enough of them or when their actions are not the way you signed up for.

You cry, you feel worthless, you wish for once they were with you but still you get up next day the same— loving them, thinking about them.

It's like you are in a same loop and still don't want to escape.

And there comes a day when you spoil it by saying something stupid like- ILOVEYOU!

Dude that is end, ohmygod if they had loved you they would have shown that.

It was so clear that they never loved you but still the hope, the hurt, the wanting made you go for it.

And it broke your heart.

I am sorry you had to feel that way.

No amount of ice creams and chocolates can heal that.

No matter how much you hang out with your friends the pain will come back the moment you leave them.

It stays with you forever it just gets deep buried somewhere.

And you start saying I don't believe in love, i will never fall for someone ever again but you are still so desperate inside for someone to love you the way you want.

When a 5 years old drop a lollipop,

but still reaches to it.

When your coffee got cold,

but your routine fits it.

When you fell while playing,

but the predator makes you run away from it.

That's one-sided,

you know it's not right,

but you still go towards it.

The courtyard outside my room is not green anymore,
the flowers aren't blooming.

Why? You may ask—

Well I grew them just for you,
watering them again isn't an easy task.

My heart has become a crime scene,
with stains all over your face,
but still when I desire peace,
it's the only scar where I wanna lean.

Did they feel like warm?

They ask,

I could never reply to that.

Because what was I supposed to say?

Like no they weren't as sweet as a sun,

but in my colder days,

they are the one to whom I wanna run.

How to describe them?

Well—

They were like a rain,

the one like kiss me in the rain.

I wanna fight, dance and make love to you in the rain.

It was messy,

it was wet,

and we made a bet.

That they can't hurt an ounce of me,

they indeed gave me a time period saying—

you'll bleed like on a period when you'll miss me,

you won't be able to breathe at the thought of me,

you'll be desperate and drunk trying to reach me,

but sweetie you indeed till then have lost me.

And the craziest part is,

it all *happened*.

And after that all I wanted to say was—

you won the bet.

congratulations love you broke one of the best.

What if, just imagine—

What if you and I had turned into we.

A crazy thought I know,

but the romance was burning slow.

We were meant to be apart I guess,

but that thought made me survive the mess.

I wanna talk to you,

I wanna sing with you,

I want to indulge in your voice,

Leaving you no other choice.

I wanna dance with you,

I also want to fall,

I'll take care of you the way I did my doll.

They say that one sided love hurts the most,

But,

What about when both of you are immensely in love with each other,

But,

You just can't be together,

The circumstances are messed up.

There's no light that could make you both come together,

and it kills you from inside.

That my love is the hurt, that hurts the most.

Have you ever had a crush on someone you on earth could never have them, like if god themself comes down here then also it isn't possible.

I wrote about it-

Your touch is mesmerizing,

the distance is despising.

You are not mine to love,

I am not yours to use.

Thinking about us is tough,

because our ends are loose.

I crave you like the desert craves for the rain,

like the heart craves to release the pain.

Like the arms crave for a hug,

like the cocoon craves to be a bug.

In the most unexpressable way,

I crave.

I wish it wasn't impossible,

I wish our love wasn't invisible.

NO HOME

Home is no one, sometimes not even where you live.

Home is a mirage of comfort.

Where you find peace you find home.

Home is not necessarily a place, a person or a thing.

But at times I feel like the mirage is blurring and the comfort is being lost.

Where is it?

Who do I turn to?

I possibly can't know.

I just wanna run away,

Where to?

I don't know.

Because where I am isn't it.

Oh dear God please take me to you.

I too wanna be loved,
By whom, I don't know,
but I too wanna be hugged.
They say it makes us feel alive,
I totally agree
but I've been dead for a long time.
I wanna feel that comfort by them.
I always desire hollywood romance,
I wish I'll find something more than a bromance.
Urghh, the wants, the needs,
it looks like they're all just greeds.

I'll find my home indeed,

But—

what if I won't be able to stay there for long?

Or

What if it stops feeling like one after some time?

What happens then?

Am I supposed to stay there only or find a new one?

I guess life works that way only.

You don't know what you are looking for sometimes and finds exactly what you need.

And sometimes you chase and chase and chase, but it's not what's written for you.

I don't want to ask for permission,

I want to go chill.

But I can't, can I?

Because my parents would actually kill.

I am so tired here,

I can't handle any more shit.

I just wanna go don't know where,

take me out of this fucking pit.

I might be wrong questioning all this,

but in my life I want some bliss.

Please let me go I am a grown up now,

I am tired of being a princess.

I don't wanna be a cow,

not anymore.

I wanna rise and prove that I indeed am such a wow.

I hate being at my home,

but where else can I go?

I am not allowed to go and have fun, this is the reason I get depressed. Why won't you let me go out,
I ask,

I'm the man of the house, I will oppress, and you've got to follow my decisions.

Where is it written?

Why do you get to dominate us?

I have to get out of here,

but the question remains the same—

Where else can I even go?

I hate going to college,

but it's a necessity I gotta fulfill.

I'll escape,

on my own,

for my sake.

I'll leave home and enjoy for myself,

and only myself.

I'll get back before dawn.

So the oppressor won't be upset.

But I am scared,

I am scared to have fun.

I will try,

as long as possible.

I gotta live,

I gotta stop to cry.

The happiest place I could ever be isn't my home,
neither my college nor my friends.

It's when I lie open in a pool.

My ears only hear one sound,
the running sound of water.

My heart only feels one thing,
the peace in this inferior world.

My body knows only one thing,
the calm in my hectic life.

And there,

that is what my love is—**home**.

It covered all—

the peace,

the calm,

the thoughts,

the healing.

Us

We were inseparable, yeah like so close.

And guess what? It wasn't a relationship, no situationship, just friends.

Just friends, how *ironic*!

What was it like a few months?

A lot happened there, he was the one I wanted to be with all the time.

But it never was a pure friendship from any of us.

Well it was something more always. The flirt, the love, the lust.

Until,

her.

Ohmygawd, why did she come?

I knew there wasn't enough space for love between us, both of us knew.

But i guess some things change when the third person you never wanted— comes in between.

It could have been for either us but *unfortunately*, it was me.

The moment he met her, he knew, he just fucking knew.

Like damn it, was it so worthless to him that he didn't even think about us once?

Though it was always me,

You wanna flirt?

Yeah, right here i am.

You wanna satisfy your ego?

yeah correct here i am.

You want a friend?

Ohgawd, yes, here I am.

But it was over for him, just like that, so easy like it never even existed.

And all that adds up to the stupid,lunatic,never-ending *trauma*.

I never got the chance for closure.

Only you weren't there in our relationship, i was there too.

I had a say, a hold too.

But i never knew I felt so much that even words couldn't escape my lips.

Did you just want my body? My time? My energy?

Couldn't you have reached for my soul?

I said it was cool, I said I was okay but nobody saw—

Nobody saw how wrecked I was to see him just slip away with a snap.

Yeah i loved him, yeah i realized it later—when she came, but I did.

I could have taken better care of you,

like a wrapping blanket comforting in flu.

The eyes, the lips, the lashes,

make me want to burn in your ashes.

Why can't it be breezy?

I wish, I could find you easy-peasy.

You forgot me, you neglected me,
you made me lose the older me.
I wasn't supposed to feel that much....

No, I wasn't,

No, I wasn't.

But there was not a stop button to it, I just, I couldn't help it.
He was always there,
right in front of me,
playing with her hair.

I hope, I truly hope you guys haven't had that. Its terrible, so dreadful makes me feel like drowning.
But if you felt it this might be for u—

The pain, the agony of losing all to her,
ohgawd I actually want to kill her.
the lightning burning in my veins,
thunderstorms growing inside me,
just to get him out of her.

Then I go listen to Heather,
and even it didn't make me feel better.
She quoted, "Why did you love her and kiss me?".

Well i guess that's the answer i want you to give me.

I guess i am a coward,
But I always stuttered, I just could never utter,
but i wanted for us to move forward.

They say communication is the key,

but it's not a key for everything.

What happens when there's nothing left to fix?

Nothing left to communicate?

Her chapter had end someday, and luckily it did but at what cost?

Not only her chapter but the chapter of 'us' also ended.

You did,

You tried to communicate but it wasn't just it.

It was lost and none of you were trying to make it better because it was pointless.

Because for you it was converted to pure hurt that you can't even be okay around them.

And they were so unbothered at some point of time that now they don't care that much to put all efforts in.

Congratulations, you moved on from me but I never did.

All those bets,yeah—

You won, I guess it was worth it.

I guess it's right to say—

We end love,

Or

Love ends us?

His love isn't toxic,
it's just like ice crush to me.
I mean crush of course but colder to me,
but only it can get me peace.
Although I know it's harmful to me.
His love feels like boxing,
punching it out but calling him to me.
Maybe it's like vaping,
causing me death but cozying all to me.
Well when he's drunk,
he's always calling to me.
Oh God I want him to be crawling back to me.
Yes, his love isn't toxic,
but is indeed hurting to me.

That's us.

You knew how sensitive I was,
to break my heart,
how easy all of it was.
My fist got clenched so hard,
on the glance of them in the park.
Yes that was the moment all was over for me,
why couldn't you see you actually made me lose me.

FOR A WHILE AFFCOURSE, AFTER A WHILE YOU GAIN YOURSELF BACK ALWAYS.

You truly weren't even that attractive but still the pull was so fast, the moment you lost her you wanted someone but you can't.

I know you realised all this after, but what's the point if you didn't realise it sooner?

You know you can't come back to me, even when you realize you did hurt me. But that's okay to me it was a lesson I guess I'll deal with it.

I just will never know what did I do or worse what I didn't do and she took you away.

I just can't stop writing about you, can I?

I go to another chapter then I come sliding back here,

I don't want you anymore,

but I just can't let you go.

You are in my veins,

all my memories comes gliding back to you.

Please get out of here,

I want some light in here.

I am fed up of the thought of you,

I know you are happy,

I want me to be too.

And I want my final act of love to be letting you go and I hope one day I'll accomplish it.

Because the thing is, you put a lot of effort at first just to win us and then abandon it like an old barren land.

Does it give you the kick or the satisfaction? I'll never know, cause I just can't be like that.

But the scars you left, they still sting,
the ache in my heart is what I feel.
A wound so deep, it's hard to heal.
I still feel you aside in my evening meal,
in every shadow your presence I steal.
A tied soul wanting some peace.
Yearning for freedom but trapped in this lease.
Will take some time to take back me,
but I'll rise from this, stronger than I ever believed.

I remember the day I came,
to you,
we were in your bed,
I remember tracing my fingers all over you.
It wasn't the first time I was kissed you,
but it was shuddering.
It became a regular thing,
and so as the time passed you ruined it.

I just can't write anything sweet without ruining it at the end in this chapter, can I?
See that's how you made me.
wrecked.

Because of you I lived in parentheses—

(forgotten, quiet, small)

It wasn't me,

it was someone who was,

used,

betrayed,

wounded,

shattered.

But I guess you will never know,

because I never had the courage to blame you,

only in my heart, I hated you.

I wish someday I will open the harsh truth to you,

you ripped someone who was so close to you.

Us was so crazy, that it actually might work out.

Because if that was not the case then it shouldn't have been so crazy, right?

Like it was you and me for a long time and it wasn't just normal.

It never was,

and like I said everybody knew except you,

that US could have happened.

But I am glad it didn't,

cause I wouldn't have forgiven me, ever.

Because you were not the person of my dreams,

you were just the person who gave me nightmares.

Thank goodness it was just crazy and never real.

LET GO

I know you want their memory forever, but you know you're tired of everything now.

You want to let them go but—

It was them right?

Whose presence was like a light coming from a small hole, brightening the whole room,
but gets darker at night when there's no sunlight to enter.

Whose essence was like smell of flowers in a garden of lilies,
but will be damaged if it'll rain all night.

Like it was all good, all pleasant because you made it,
as soon as you open your eyes, you see there's nothing beautiful left to hold on to.

Yes it's hard to let them go but if you won't how will you let something more beautiful to enter?

Something that will heal you, comfort you, make you feel alive.

Open your heart to the world —you have got this.

They say life doesn't stop working if you gain or lose someone,

but my love it does!

It breaks your heart into million pieces, you can't breathe, you can't work, you can't even get up from your bed in the morning.

It just, life actually stops working for a while. But you gotta get out of the depressed zone, you have to realise your worth right?

And above all you gotta *live*.

I know its hard but letting them go is the only option, and life doesn't stop working for forever, it just pauses for a while.

And its necessary to make you feel your worth.

You have got this love,

go watch a *romcom*,

go get a *coffee*,

go and *vlog* your day,

its *not* that hard.

I know romcoms aren't rea, but it indeed makes you feel alive,dudee.

I did,

I definitely did the same.

I saw them get marrried(I'm a hugue romcoms simp sorry).

I wore boring white tee shirt with dull pants and I went out.

The weather was weathering,

the coffee was coffe-ing,

and not them but someone indeed liked my vlogging.

A HUGE KISS TO HUMANITY.

MWAAHHHHHHH!!!

But the question arrives—

Would you take them back?

Yes, in a breath, yes!

I know it's bad, it's horrible but-

I would, I would take them back.

Consider it a weakness or a strength,

it's up to you.

I can go to great lengths,

to take them back from you.

I came across a word- *apathy*.

It's the emptiness you feel when the person you used to love so much at one time, you don't anymore.

But neither you hate them.

It's the sickening feeling that just exists inside you.

I don't hate you,

I don't love.

Even after all you did,

I don't even despise you.

But you are still there.

You are the language I am no longer fluent in.

It's the hole you left in me,

neither I can bury it nor can it flee.

My coping mechanism of watching shows isn't working anymore.

How on earth do I stop feeling all the shit?

I can't, can I?

Yes.

It takes time, a seraphic turn, to stop feeling that shit.

But guess what another one pops up.

It's just so onevitable.

You just get to know how to deal with it.

It never ends.

You are just less bothered.

But it's okay.

You have me,

I am here,

come to me when all goes wrong and you can't handle all the stuff that's been happening,

I may not take that away,

but I'll say, "US" after everything you'll say,

hehee.

Everyone is going through something,

the difference is some shows that on their face and some,

well some become expert in hiding.

Do not hide,

let it come out,

let it love you,

let it,

let it finally go.

I had my Chandler Bing, I had him.

But I screwed it up.

Why, why did it happen?

That's everything I ever wanted,

but it wasn't only me, it was all about the universe.

We weren't supposed to be together anymore.

So everything got decrepit.

I wish there was something I could do, but no.

God forbid me to have someone to love me.

I don't think you ever could feel that type of love ever again. That was a once in a life time experience.

Well I am glad I got to spend it with you, because you—

You were worth every second I spent on you,

you were worth every penny I outlayed for you,

you were worth every effort I did for you,

you were worth all of it,

the lies to my parents,

the isolation with everyone else,

the guts to just spend some part of my life with you,

you were worth it.

I think can't everything be reversed?

The pain,

the love you wasted over them.

Can't the water run up the fall if it's just getting wasted?

Can't the blood flow back from where it started if that's the way of ending me?

Can't a broken mirror go back to reflecting clearly if it's just making people insecure?

But I guess some things can't return—

like the love, once it has fallen.

People never change,
they just pretend.

Pretend to be someone they are not for a while,
then go back to who they were all this time.

They ask what's your type,
Why?

So you'll act like that for some days?

Make me love you who you really are,
or are you so afraid nobody will like the trash you really are.

Get out of my face you son of a bitch,
to punish you sometimes I wish I was a witch.

THEM<3

And finally god decided to throw some light, some confetti to my life.

There they were, waiting like morning waits for the sun,

like a kid after school,

like everyone waits for their birthday,

like,

like a glow after grief,

yes I needed that, I'll grab it as I walk towards them.

Finally,

the ache will aid.

The grief will fade.

The days in shade,

will change to glade.

I never knew I would be able to feel such a love.

I thought god forbid me to find love but there they were!

All the stress, all the worry, all the confusion goes away like that.

I'd rather ask them are you for real? Are you actually my wish that came true or is it another step towards the baggage of my *trauma*.

They were the one for whom I wanted to make a cup of coffee,
their gaze was like a warm sunlight falling on me.
Their touch, a single touch could enlighten my day,
I just wanted them to stay.

I mean love actually starts to feel real right?

Because they make you believe that you can also be loved and you deserve every ounce of it that you are getting. You finally feel special, someone is actually taking care of you like the last time your nanny took care of you but this time this was not for money this was indeed for love.

The baggage starts to diminish. The healing begins, the warmth of them makes it all better, life is again worth living for a while.

And for them-

I don't know how did I find you,
in a big ocean of blue.
You were like an instinct to me,
like it was just meant to be.
How cute i found what's clingy in you,
I wake everyday and wish to see you.
What's happening to me I don't know,
I just want to, you know, go with the flow.
It might be a mistake or may not be,
it's worth a risk thinking there will be a you and me.

My morning breakfast with you,
me brushing my teeth with you,
us failing to make a good toast,
my sleepless nights with you.

Oh, our morning walk,
the way you always talk,
us texting while at work,
we don't need to push hard to make it work.

It all just fits,
seeing my future with you,
laughing all the laughs with you,
and giving my heart to you.

Why are you so sweet I can't fathom, but this I know I'll lose it all if you ever decide to vanish.

LOVE

Love is when long distance does not matter,
but it's killing you inside.

Love is like a perfect cake batter,
you don't need anything on the side.

Love is when you are puking all out,
and they make you hair slide.

Love is when it's okay to sit in silent,
but there's nothing you can actually hide.

Love is not perfect,
its just the way you make everything collide.

You know you love them so much you think its gonna last forever,
it might as well.

So you hold onto heartily possessions,

Like-

I still have our cafe` bills,

I also remember the order.

Your playlist is still on my spotify mix,

when I need comfort I listen to your recommendations.

I have all your letters,

all inscribing those flowers.

I call it the box of you,

because it indeed reminds me of you.

I can still smell your fragrance around me,

it's not just the perfume, it's you.

Yes my dad doesn't allow me do stuff,

but I need a reason for me to fight and do stuff instead of crying about it all the time.

Where are you?

Come save me from this misery,

I know I'll do things that my heart wants just because of you.

I want to sneak for you,

because you know I want to.

But like I said I am looking for a reason for me to do.

I call you idiot and you take it as a compliment,
but sometimes later I want to amend.
We say, "Just friends nothing more",
but is that it?
To you am I just a whore?
You say it's thrilling, boo,
I say it's never gonna work,
but what if I am willing to?
I can't show you that I am desperate can I?
But I told you I needed a shoulder to cry.
You are so different with me,
is that an act or do you really know that I can actually see.
See who you really are,
I wish you aren't just another car.
A car that will drop me to the other side?
No,
just know that I want to keep you close, not aside.

You make me blush like crazy,

I feel like am in a garden of daisy.

I know I am very lazy,

and I can stare at you all glazy.

When I am with you everything feels,

all blazy,

and kissing you make me full hazy.

And oh,

I loveyou baby!

LETTER I NEVER SENT

Hello you!

I wish I could confront you,
but I am so afraid to see you.

I know we have lost each other,
but I still talk about you to my mother.

You were the best thing to ever happen to me,
and I still remember our day under the tree.

Well, what can I do now,
all I can say is that we were such a wow.

You know when it's over but still you can't hate them but you can't talk to them either.
All you can do is journal about them.

PS: I HATE JOURNALING.

But for you—I did.

You are still written in the diary, specifically the one you gifted me.

I want to quote it-

I want to write a lot to you, but firstly I want to say with all my heart: ***I LOVE YOU.***

Maybe not in that way anymore but I do.

Maybe you were not my soulmate but you were and still are most special to me. You were the one I wanted. You were always there to listen to me, even when no one ever did, especially then.

I know we aren't destined together, but you made the part before that worth living. I know I sometimes act selfish, but you know that's cause the level of comfort I had with you was beyond words. I know you thought I wasn't doing enough for you but oh my love you have no idea because you were the one thing I loved with all my heart and I did everything I could.

Well I know you are my ex for a reason, but to stay away from you I can't find a reason.

How can I tell you how guilty I am,
nothing can compensate that.

You are just like my fam,
and it really hurts to lose that.

I can actually do anything for you,
because my heart belongs to you.

The trust I wanna gain back,
the love I wanna get back,
the boy I wanna have back.

Baby you are the one for me,
there is only you that I can see.

I know you deserve better,
but only I wanna get better.

I will lie down for you,
just to stay with you.

Baby please don't go,
I know it's not a long time ago.

Please don't lose the love,
it's all the way above.

You are so fine,

I want you to be mine.

From now don't you worry,
because darling,

I am sorry.

HEART POUND

Person of your dreams.

You met them finally you got the chance to encounter their beauty raw standing right in front of you.

You don't know them, it's not a date you are just sitting behind them going for a ride its getting late you gotta get home on time but but but...

for the first time you are *calm*. No rush, no pain nothing.

Not even butterflies, even though you are crazy about them, but for the very first time in your life you just feel like that is the place you want to be.

Its not making you nervous, you are not forced talking, it just feels right. Maybe its not but for a moment you feel that way. Maybe they don't want it, maybe they are bearing it against their will, but for once you want to be selfish for your heart, you just want to hold on to that moment for forever. You just—can't express that feeling but its pure. Your soul is finally at peace.

But,

the fear of being clingy, the thought that do they even care, am I a burden, or do I bother them so much?

And maybe it's all true and they just can't say it to your face, but you yourself can't hold back right?

You just need time get over the fact that you fell for them at the first glance when you didn't even know their name or age or who they actually were.

It takes time to get over such a thing.

Yeah you were the guy of my dreams for real,

but its getting hurt in here.

Your actions are getting weird,

but what can I do apart from being a simp, my dear?

It's always like I'll wait for you, and it's clear,

but all I am feeling now is fear.

I just wanna whisper in your ear,

Oh, *I love you* my dear!

Dear diary,

I don't know what to write today,

my thoughts are unraveling.

I need your help!

I know you are lifeless,

but I myself hve ashen.

You know me so well,

you must know a way out from this hell.

Oh my dear diary,

I wish I could meld into you,

I wish one would come and erase me from you.

You please speak for me,

because you know you took care of me.

Oh diary everyone will forget but you please,

please remember me.

My outlines will still be all over you,

the stranger will try to figure—

who besides them loved you?

This much? Hah.

But you know who did right?

Promise me you won't outgrow me,

you are all I have,

Oh dear diary,

stay with me,

as long as you can.

Come to me,
closer,
love me like I never had been loved.
Love me like it's the only night we got.
Love me like you never loved anyone before.
Hold me, kiss every ounce of me,
and for God's sake love me,
love me like you do,
touch me,
please.
I want you like I never wanted anyone before,
take my face in your hand,
close your eyes and just forget that the world even exists.
Seize the day,
I won't stay longer,
it's not where I belong,
but in the most hopeless way I need you.

The day I saw you,
the time I saw you,
I realised I was only waiting for you.
How you were with me,
unknowingly and unexpectedly,
made my heart pound fastly.
I wish you knew who the hell was me.
When you finally saw me,
I smiled at you and you ignored me.
How I felt so embarrassed,
but still you used to gaze at me.
I felt a different kind of love,
wishing you might feel that love.
As there is always a reason god sends anyone,
I only wish you to be that one.
I saw you again after that long,
my feelings started kicking me along.
I thought I would never find you again,
but seeing you again made me wrong.
Oh my god you are so pretty,
I wanna cry.
In my head there goes a ditty,
makes me go very shy.

It's always when either you feel unbearably sad or extremely happy,
that the thought of calling them occurs.

Like I know you aren't mine but you make me rhyme.

Calling you helps,

it always does.

I know you don't like it or me,

but it makes me squeee.

Bitch all you want about me,

but atleast it made my mood better.

That is the whole point isn't it?

To make you feel better in whichever way you can.

Do not cut me off,

I need this,

to stay strong, to keep living.

I won't be cringe I promise,

I won't give you a kiss.

just let me call,

once in a while.

At night when I'm listening to old bollywood,

I don't think about you toucing me.

I think about you holding make, I wish you would,

I think about all the chivalry, I wish you'll do for me.

Call me greedy,

yess, I am.

For you I definitely am needy,

to your Jim, I want to be the Pam.

MISTAKE

Ohkay readers,

Let me make you confront your biggest mistake- that one fucking person.

You didn't want them, you never asked for them, what you asked was for someone to love you, and not to break you.

But there they are all ready to swoop in your life just to teach you a lesson.

God i am tired of these lessons pleasee stop.

I didn't want a lesson, I just wanted to be held.

Was that too much to ask for?

A KISS I NEVER ASKED FOR-

I don't love you,

I know I never will.

I guess I thought you one of my closest,

cause you and I were having chill.

But then you kissed me,

and things reached to next levels I don't know why.

To this day I think about it,

and all I can do is sigh.

You were getting blurred from my life,

It was not like I was feeling alive.

You hurt me in a different way,

but flirting with you used to make my day.

I don't know if all of it will get fine,

Cause of course with you, I wanna sip a wine.

I wanted an apology.

I wanted compensation.

But you left,

I guess you needed some time.

Why did you come in my life? What possibly could have I done wrong that I deserved to be treated like that?

You showed me a life full of flowers, light, cupcakes but within that moment you took all that away and pushed me into a dark small pit full of thorns.

I get it, it was a lesson, but what—

Don't trust anybody?

Start loving your solitude?

But guess what: I never wanted to be alone. I don't want to be that person. Why am I forced to turn into that?

I was the happy one, always with a big smile on my face but it's stolen, Why?

I hate this *solitude*.

I know I have been hurt in the past but I am not a rock hearted person who'll just have to learn to be alone.

NO.

I still want someone to comfort me, but my heart is half; I still want someone to complete it.

But them? No!

Why did you do this to me?

The audacity to hurt me.

How I was so stupid like that,

how much in my heart I had.

You played me my boy,

like I was a stupid toy.

You rot in hell, I wish,

and become someone else's dish.

You call them, they don't pick up.

Ouch!

It has been like this since a long time now. I am fed up of this.

Why can't I leave you?

Why, why, why not?

Why are you the only one I want. No matter how much my heart cry, still towards you it wants to fly.

Then I only remember the poem she recites in -"10 things I hate about you":

I hate the way you talk to me,

and the way you cut your hair.

I hate the way you drive your car,

I hate it when you stare.

I hate your big combat boots,

and the way you read my mind.

I hate you so much it makes me sick,

it even makes me rhyme.

I hate it,

I hate the way you're always right,

I hate it when you lie.

I hate it when you make me laugh,

even worse when you make me cry.

I hate it when you're not around,

and the fact that you didn't call.

But mostly I hate the way I don't hate you.

Not even close,

not even a little bit,

not even at all.

I remembered the way it began,
I loved how it went.
The way you made me feel thrilled,
and how my time spent.
I felt how my heart was filled,
with what I sensed your scent.
How I was very willed,
to be with you in the event.
When you held me my whole body was chilled,
how you and I easily blend.
But it made me a little cavilled,
because it was not supposed to be felt.
How a tiny mistake we drilled,
the way you never amend.
Made my heart go unfilled,
and how my eyes wept.

We all are sadists here, aren't we,
we aren't like that apple that fell from the tree.
I was hoping someone would notice me,
but it was 1660,
now all I have to do is agree.
Why is it so necessary to romanticize everything,
where would I get the will for it?
I don't have it left in me now,
but I am living somehow.
Scrolling memes, watching shows till 5 a.m. isn't working at all;
it's only making my mind fall.
I try so hard not to break,
but all of a sudden my body starts to shake.
It's in my bones now,
I can't let it out somebody tell me how.

It's all about the perspectives,
on which everything, everyone is working.
Well that basically helps me survive,
like yess, I'd argue over this but you and I aren't same my love.
My perspective is just so out of this situation,
you can't even handle.

Perspectives:

Birds are flying—
I want to be like one,
Or,
What even their life is, just flapping wings, I'd rather be dead.

Love—
It's the only things that makes us feel alive,
Or,

It's gonna go in vain, I hate it.

Equality—
It's not yet applied properly,
Or,

It's just an excuse for a woman.

Who do you call wrong?

Nobody right?
because it's not your perspective anymore,
if multiverse exists,
the other one is already being made there.
So it makes you so apart, so distant, you just can't help it.

I overstate the bare minimum,
yeah,
and all you do is barest of it.
You replied after 5 days,
you have so many lousy ways.
I should hate you for all you did,
but you have let me in the mid.
You got me so attached that I can't get over you,
everybody makes me feel worse for loving you.
I should quit, I know,
but I feel my esteem will be low.
They say I should hold my wits,
but now I like being out of my mind even after all those shits.

Why?

Why even for a second I let myself believe that?

I know how it always go—

You call,

we hangout,

you make me feel like I am the only person in this crazy world who you want,

and then,

you stop.

It just takes one day for you get over the fact,

that I am here collapsing every second on the thought of you.

The cheeks,

which were cover with blush that time,

are now drenched in tears.

Who is responsible for that?

Who?

Well I can't blame you because it's been like this since so long,

and I always blind myself in believing that one once,

it will be different.

For once,

you'll hold me and shout to the world,

that *you* need only *me*.

WEATHER

Oh dear god,

Why can't I dance in the rain holding their hands,

why can't I sit with them in this perfectly romantic style weather,

why can't I dance with them on my favourite bands?

This weather is making me crave them, I know they are not mine, I know they are far away but oh gawd for once I want to experience this with them.

Dance like I never danced before,

laugh and so hencefore,

I don't want to make them bore,

I just want to stay under what they wore.

Yes they are sweet like little drops of this rain outside my room,
All I can do is watch the drops falling on my cheeks making me gloom.
I wish they felt that too,
Unfortunately they do,
But I am not the one for who.

My heart sings *"let's fall in love for the night and forget in the morning,"*
because only a night is enough for me to hold on for a lifetime.
You can relate right?
I wish they could too.

I wanna talk to you,

I wanna sing with you,

I want to indulge in your voice,

leaving you no other choice.

I wanna dance with you,

I also want to fall,

I'll take care of you,

the way I did my doll.

You make me, feel like I'm livin' a teenage dream.

The way you turn me on, I can't sleep.

See I don't only miss you at dawn, neither only in sunlight, nor in fall.

You are always in my head no matter what.

It's the rain, the street food, the 90's music,

Oh with you, I want to feel all.

COME TO ME, COME TO ME, COME TO ME,

PLEASE!

I CRAVE YOU, I NEED YOU, I WISH FOR YOU,

COME TO ME,

PLEASE!

I can see us lost in the memory and AUGUST slipped away—

I am glad I got to write this in monsoon,

because that way I can feel you around me.

The drops of the rain do not resemble the tears anymore,

the blowing winds does not represent anger anymore.

It's soothing,

finally,

after a long time.

Your memory isn't bad anymore.

It's honeyed,

I feel wholesome.

I'd run coming back to you,

this weather does nothing but bring back all the memories.

The best ones.

MOMENTS

I saw my neighbour for the first time I guess,
he was sitting on the ground,
upset about something,
I couldn't find.
Crying indeed,
he was hurt about something.
It's his girl what he need,
I know cause I feel his thing.

Love makes you smitten,whipped and blind.

He was smiling the other day,
talking on a call for hours making her stay.
I was dancing on my roof,
seeing him doubled my joy,
and there, that was the only proof.

Life is less painful when you are not struck,
neither on a person nor in a situation.

At that time you can fall for a coffee vendor,
you can dance on sad songs cause they aren't so sad now.

My favourite, my soul:

All this love in me,

nowhere to really put it.

All along I have a key,

but nowhere to actually fit.

Where is the other soul am holding a key for,

I don't know what am I supposed to do with it.

I guess it has been a long run for me,

Oblivious to my true destiny.

Just finding for a place to sit,

waiting for another soul to lit.

For it to come to me,

find my heart to his key.

And that's when everything,

all this world

will finally knit.

They say the person you love, flashes in your eyes when you are about to die.

But this person isn't constant throughout your life.

I wish when I do,

I see the real love of my life,

be it my husband or my wife.

Yeah I remember our trip.

That couldn't have been better.

I was at my lowest when you held me,

You aren't perfect but indeed made me.

You stared in my eyes like it's all you ever wanted,

I never got such butterflies, and it didn't feel haunted.

I know it was for a moment I can't hold you forever,

but for that brief piece of time,

I felt like you were mine.

You just can't deny it,

you also felt the same for the first time.

I called you after a long time because I was hurt,

you heard me cry,

and suddenly your heart halted.

That's because you cared.

Then I remembered why I loved you,

and look when I cried who I ran to.

You are with someone else now,

but you and I were such a wow.

You consoled me,

you made sure I laughed.

You are far now but,

in my heart you car's still parked.

I made a vow

to remember you,

but you made another

for what you had to do.

I guess I'm missing you,

even though I don't want to.

I will never forget you,

even after everything you do.

The thought of being with you makes me a poet,

I go crazy and you indeed know it.

I write about us dancing in my dreams,

or

being on the rooftop,

embracing the breeze.

I am so thrilled to even imagine that,

I know it's not possible like that.

But the idea of you—

I can't say anything more,

But that I love you.

The party,
yes I remember that,
I invited you just like that.
The dream I wove,
to you it made me drove.
I was drunk,
blackout drunk for the first time,
and for the moment I actually thought you were mine.
We danced on a song I never noticed much,
but since the day it's my favourite and I can't explain why,
no one can tell as such.
I never had that kind of fun,
you made me drink a full beer with six vodka shots,
too much for a first-time experience,
isn't it?
You were not that bad,
I was crawling towards you,
even though nobody wanted me to.
But the pull you had towards me,
made me beg, bargaining,
please let me go,
I will take it slow,
urgh I remember us,
perfectly blended dusk.
But you had someone else,
what could I do,
apart from simping for you.
Well all that's in the past,
everything is ruined now,
I thought for a long time it was gonna last.

The Karaoke Day.

I had so much fun that day in a long time,
you made me rise and shine.

You took me in your arms it was like heaven,
you became my lucky number seven.

I felt like I was in the lap of mountains,
the sound of your heartbeat took away all my pains.

I didn't feel so much wanted in a long time,
because I got the habit of being treated like shit I guess.

But you—

You handled me different.

It felt like I was in the right hands now,
nobody can take you away now.

I wanted to stay inside you,
your presence felt so warm.

but it was not it,
inside me there was a growing storm.

I can't help it but it's not my place to stay,
but to you I can never say.

I will always love you but,
not in the way they expect me to.

Nobody knows the race going on in my heart,
when I come across the sight of you.
It skips a beat and it's not even a lie,
it feels like the butterflies in my body didn't die.
I remember the moment I fell for you,
even though you never did.
When I slide forward and put my head on the seat,
I slid my head so that our eyes could meet.
You were looking at me,
like the world exists there.
I never felt that surge in my body,
I didn't know but I was falling.
It was an experience that was lowkey,
but I didn't want to end it.
My vagina skipped a beat,
my heart stopped for a second,
my lips trembled in the moment,
my eyes got lost in yours,
I don't know,
I don't know how on earth you forgot.
You felt that too I know it,
but it's been a while; you have someone else,
so you forgot it.

What's the most intimate thing I crave?

No, it's not what you think,

it's the drumroll before the kiss,

the drumroll before any intimate stuff.

Yess like you're so close to me, our lips are just a mere inches apart.

Our heart is beating at it's highest speed,

we didn't even do anything yet.

That is the drumroll I crave,

as if it holds all the power of the show,

as if without it the rest is just forced.

It's not interesting to go on without that,

I crave that so much I just can't explain in words.

LUST

My soul breaks, my heart feels wrecked just as I read this word alone,

lust.

Love with lust is a dream come true,

But only lust?

That truly is the worst part growing up.

I'll define it in 5 words

~Desperate attempts to fill voids.

Fuck it!

When you just don't know what to feel or how to feel,
you go towards it.

Because lust doesn't ask you how you feel,
it just makes you forget everything.

But that is my heart,
those are my feelings,
I don't want to forget it.

The apathy you feel,
that was the soul purpose of it.

You know sex is the closest two souls can ever be?

Crazy right?

But not everyone is yet ready for this conversation.

How can you sleep with someone and easily forget it?

How come it doesn't matter to you at all?

Do you have a heart made of rock?

And you know what the worst part is?

When you got intimate with them,

You thought

you don't want their love,

it was friends with benefits,

Oh I am so okay with that.

But when that love doesn't actually come,

it rips your heart apart.

Ironic, isn't it?

You thought you were cool but unfortunately you have a heart that beats.

Yes love it's shitty,
I know they were all witty.
You are not so clever,
you thought it will make your feelings better.
You were not a toy,
what's happening to us Oh boy!
It's not an act of love,
it made your heart shove.
It's the dirty game they play,
just so, for long you will stay.
Leave this, go away,
don't stay another may.
It won't fill your void,
it will leave your feelings utterly devoid
It feels like a drug,
but it only slides you with the rug.
I wish I could escape it,
but this generation—
made life unfit.

Even after all this that has happened,
I still want to be trapped and,
I want all of you.
The whole I can ever get,
I want to moan for you.
Tie me, kiss me, do whatever you want,
I just know I crave this so much,
I'd wanna get on my knees for you.
I swear I never wanted this,
but now all I can ever think about is our last kiss.
I can't stop with all the wet dreams now,
imagining you over me is such a wow.
And I never want to even escape this,
but it's harming me,
I guess it's time to shut this.

THE OTHER WOMAN

I have been the other woman,

and I have hated it.

I ripped my heart out,

just to be the main chick.

I know he'll always choose her,

but looking at his sight makes it all blur.

She's not better than me,

she just—

came before me.

It hurts so much that it kills a part of you.

"Why her?", I ask.

"I don't know", he gasped.

You don't know?

Who on earth knows that? Who will tell me why chose her and why am I on the hook?

Oh God someone please tell what did I do or worse what didn't I do, to make him stay.

"If she wasn't there, it definitely would have been you".

No, fuck that!

If she was there, I wouldn't have been there in the first place.

It's always like— why did you love her and kiss me?

I am tired of it.

It ruptures my soul,

I'm sorry but finally I am done with it.

Wrong timing, right person?

No, you were the wrong person,

you made me bleed,

not the timings.

We weren't just flirting, were we?

When I was in your shirt, did she know about that?

You used to tell her everything right?

She was supposed to be the love of your life.

Because supposedly you had a type,

and that too wasn't me.

How can you describe all this?

It doesn't really make any sense,

because you know for you I would have crossed any fence.

IF NOT REAL THEN WHY SO BEAUTIFUL?

You tell me about her and ask for my help like it's all so normal.

No it is not.

You don't know how it feels to be the other woman, do you?

But what's even more worse is that I can't even act out over this because then I'd be called melodramatic.

"Why do you always make a mountain out of a molehill"? he said.

"MOLEHILL?"

Was it just a molehill when you looked me in my eyes like the whole world existed there.

Or was it when you offered to tie my shoes or hold my bag and took me to your home.

How can you even say this to me?

IT WAS ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING BUT CASUAL.

When he put his finger below my chin lifted my face up,

looked me in the eye and reply—

You are so beautiful oh my,

I want to hold you,

I wanna kiss you,

I want to be your only spy.

I am not so shy,

I just want to be your ply.

You are the one for whom I wanna cry,

I will make you a french fry.

Anything you say I'll buy,

anyone bad for you I'll make them fly.

You are the girl who nourish my dry,

I love you,

to my earth you are the sky.

How can I move ahead with my life when he said that to me.

Why was I the other woman?

I didn't want to be.

Please, God, make me,

THE ONE

for once in my life.

SOCIAL MEDIA

It's what life has become now.

SOCIAL MEDIA.

It's so ironic in its own way that you will end up in an inescapable loop.

It's so funny.

It has two aspects.

Like kids are supposed to write- Social Media- a boon or a bane?

Well as for your feelings it's both.

You use it daily, you don't feel so lonely.
You post daily and people call you lovely.
Because on social media you can never be ugly.
Inside of you is not exhibited there right?
It makes you feel worthy.
You text, you love, you laugh.
You find quotes so relatable that you get stuck there.
You find everything relatable.
It makes you feel explored.
It's all fairies and wonders.

But—

When it's not magical,
it's dark.
It creates that big empty hole inside of you that you can never truly escape.
It gives you a sickening feeling of loneliness you can't escape.
You scroll for hours,
it gets you no where.
All the baggage,
all trauma comes rushing back towards you.
You can't ignore it can you?
It grows deeper, darker leaving you unworthy of emotions.
You don't know what you are feeling but it's that feeling of emptiness you are familiar with.
You try to get out of it but your brain feels paralysed.
There's nothing you can do now.
That's the irony I was talking about.
It hurts you so deep inside making you dead and the next second you are happiest using it.

This generation's love-

it's all based on social media isn't it?

This is so pathetic.

I want the old love back.

Not old hypocrisy just old love, music, movies.

Why can't we share written letters now?

Now I am afraid if I won't even get a text back.

What do you mean you can't hold my umbrella in rain?

And why won't you buy me jewellery every time you see one?

Why shouldn't we go on long walks?

Why can't I go to rides with you?

What do you mean you won't pick flowers for me?

Won't you put them in my hair? Or is it just for social media only now?

To flex.

To post.

Why?

Why can't we only keep this to ourselves.

Yes I want to go on an art day with you and not post about it.

Because on social media it sucks.

It just sometimes makes you feel you are worthy but you are just stuck in a loop.

This is inescapable in this generation.

I know you won't keep my photo in your wallet when you'll go to war.

I know all this.

It's just a bit hard to accept.

FLAMES

Take me, hurt me, burn me like a steak,
that nobody actually ate.
Am I that unbearable?
Or am I just hard to love,
cause indeed I am the person who,
everybody tends to hate.

You wanna know what I wish for?
Here it is—
Burn me with real fire.
It hurts being burnt daily by my thoughts.
It gets darker and darker,
I am sick of teetering on the edge of depression.
At least fire brings light,
unlike me,
I...well I'll bring nothing but darkness to you.
That's why I said, "Burn me with real fire".

You don't know what it feels like to live like this.

I come home after a good hangout and to the very next moment it's like that all over again.

I want to cry,

I want to die.

You don't make me happy,

it's just my outer self showing the smile.

Well as of me I have been dead inside for a long time now.

But I still don't know how to stay with it.

It doesn't get easier with time,

It gets harder.

But how would you know?

Because the outer self makes you believe all the good stuff,

It's like a compulsion.

I know it's my misery,

Only I have to fucking deal with it.

But Oh God I can't,

is that a sign that I still could be saved?

If it is—

Please!!

Confused between- wanna go missing or to be found!?

I call myself wicked.

"Oh that's bad don't call that yourself" ..blah blah blah.

But what if I am?

I bring the worst to me, don't I?

"But you gotta learn to live"

Nooo,I can't and honestly speaking I don't want to.

Who is responsible for all this?

I know indeed I didn't do stuff to be feeling like this?

Why aren't all those evil ones feeling this?

Well there's only one way to be okay—

Learn to say,"I was the chosen one".

It helps,doesn't it?

And when I ask, "Am I unbearable?"

But only chat replies, "No you are not, the world is unfair to you sometimes".

Is that all I am now?

Seeking validation from a bot who was designed to be on my side the whole time?

That's even more depressing.

And they say, "level up your game".

Dude, there's no leveling up left in here okay!

I am a hypocrite,

On one side I don't want to interact,

I want to isolate,

I want to be dead.

But I have another side,

which, well, keeps me alive.

I want to go out,

I wanna have fun,

I wanna be the wildest person you'll ever meet.

What to do, what to choose, who to be, I don't know.

I just know that I am only surviving.

Oh dear diary, I felt so alone,
walking towards my home.

That fear rushes towards me,
all the time when I just feel.

The emptiness that can't be healed,
the loneliness that can't be sealed.

I loved you so much that no one ever could even imagine to begin with.

I would burn in flames for you if you'd have asked.

You will always be in my bones,

every breath I'll take will have your presence.

Every dream I dream, I'll dream of you.

I can't—

I can't let you go.

I don't want to replace you.

What am I supposed to do with all you gave me?

You left but your presence never did.

You are on my nerves every single day. I don't know if that's a good thing or not.

I hate you.

I hate the fact you even exist.

But I can't help it, I just am so in love with you I just can't. I am sorry.

You might be worst for others but for me?

You are *everything*.

The weight of silence presses deep within,
when I realise your thoughts are now slippin'.

A once burning love now fading to gray,
came to an end where it's just stray.

The echoes of your words now lost in the wind,
The next blow I desire, you, it will bring.

My paradox feelings for you led me nowhere,
the trees in the woods caught fire,
and unfortunately no salvation is there.
I am lost in my reverie,
can't you see?
The person you made me?
The crazy, happy version of me is rotting in glee.

Run, go away,
do whatever you want.
But is not gonna last for long.
I know you are heartless but,
for once you felt,
for me you felt.
Agree or don't,
what do I care,
I know this,
you made me fall and then you left.
I wish the heat inside you still beats for me,
I wish once it did with it's full speed,
but I can't turn the tables now, can I?
I just can *grieve*,
grief on the loss of us.

Your desire makes me a wildfire wrapped in roses.

It changes me to a vampire,

you hurt me,

I heal. You hurt me,

I heal.

But a stake through my heart is an endgame,

and you shrewd master,

got me hooked,

The stake is sliding through the walls of my heart,

one inch inn—

I am gone.

You are very clever I must say,

I can't run away either.

I need someone else to stake you,

because I myself can never begin to.

I would want to be free,

but I can never betray you.

I have lost the red from my blood now,

it's now so much duller,

it has lost its colour.

My skin is kind of pale now,

I always feel kind of low,

I have lost my overall glow.

I don't buy new clothes now,

I don't like to go out,

only in my head can I shout.

I do not wish bad for you,

but you made me outraged at you.

ME

Me?

Well I try to be a bitch but humanity calls it off every time.

Me?

I am so depressed that I actually wrote this.

Me?

Always the most understanding one and never really understood by anyone.

Why?

Why can't I be heard for once?

Why can't you accept me for who I am.

I like it I get you so correctly but,

Who'll get me?

Who'll notice the change in me?

Who will say, "It's okay, you are gonna be okay".

It hurts being me you don't know that.

I wish-

someone did.

I am tired of being the mature one.

I don't want to take any more responsibilities.

Please take me away,

I am done now.

My part of life is complete.

Please take him home.

Am I so hard to love?

Or will I only get it from above?

Can you not see me?

Am I that invisible to you?

It makes me want to flee.

Emptiness sits beside me like an old friend.

Yes it hurts,

on my body you will find so many cuts.

I hate myself,

I just wanna get locked inside a shelf.

Do not open that,

cause I wanna be gone,

and this time it will be for long.

I sometimes wish that to have someone like me,
but then I look around and realise,
I am so unbearable that I myself couldn't have tolerated me.
I wish you could feel the pain I have in me,
the hate I have for myself,
It's all just burning inside me.
I can't help it,
it's inevitable.

When I come back home after a hangout I find myself repeating the cycle— the cycle of being depressed.

Why do I do that?

Why does it always feel like that?

Why can't I be normal like everyone else?

Is it really hard to love yourself like that?

Well I guess I am made of questions universe can't answer.

I just know that I can't find those answers inside of me.

I wish I could.

But God forbid I ever be over the moon.

But still every day I go out there and find happiness for me.

I just enjoy my melancholy— the feeling of sadness that lasts for a long time.

Yes that is me.

Now do you get it what I feel?

My scars know stories even I forgot.

Yes I lied,

I don't enjoy melancholy,

I have to bear it.

If I don't, it would end me.

But I wanna live,

I wanna fight,

what I live by you ask?

Hope.

Let me make all possible wrong decisions for a while,

I'll get back on track.

Don't you worry about me,

I always come back.

Yes I wanna do it for the plot,

can't I?

For once.

I have mastered my solace after my wilt,

I can manage a bit more melodrama.

Coz what's the point of livin then right?

I want to get myself back.

I want to hold the scarf in my hands and run on an open ground,

I wanna laugh like I used to,

I don't want this sadness anymore.

Finally and definitely,

I want myself back.

(the better version).

I started learning to sew,
I made flowers but only a few.
I am learning how to drive,
Why couldn't you teach me?
But she was the love of your life, wasn't she?
Well I started baking,
I am still not fluent in icing.
Atleast now I can distract myself,
from the thoughts of killing oneself.
I have had it up to here,
I am now mentally drained,
I needed someone for me to take care,
but I guess I am the only one I gained.

I feel like I am lifeless,
but love I am the one who finds life in dead inside things—
The old flickering lamp- how beautiful you would make my photos.
A frozen lake- I'd love to skate over you.
The dead flower- you'll embellish my diary.
The ending candle- you'd be the last hope of light.
The stopped clock- I'd paint on you, you'll be adorned.
And it's neither about the lamp, lake, flower, candle nor about the clock.
It's about us,
it's about you,
it's about me.
I am not dead inside,
I mean maybe I am but—
I can make everything gracious so why not start with me?
You are looking for someone to grow flowers on the darkest parts of you?
Love you are the flower, that already grew on your darkest parts when you started to love them.
Yes I agree you need someone else,
but you need yourself more.
If you don't fall for yourself no one else ever will.
Hatred comes within,
others just follow,
I am worthy everything,
I just need to find my light,
and I know it's within.

I am tired of being the understanding one,
for once can someone else be that one?

For all I was the one who stood,
but I myself was never understood.

Do not tell me to cool down,
you don't know how much have I broken down.

I still get up everyday,
wishing for someone to actually stay.

I can't keep up with this smily face,
this life I just want to embrace.

DESOLATION

I am so in love with you but the distance, it hurts, it makes me cry.

I am so in love with you but the distance, it hurts, it makes me cry.

I am so in love with you *it hurts, it makes me cry.*

with you *it hurts*

I am so in love with you

the distance makes me cry.

you makes me cry.

I cry.

I love you

but it hurts

love hurts

I am with you

I am you

I with you cry.

Your friends flirt with me,

I instantly step back.

Because you moved on,
unfortunately I never did.

I still remember that kiss.

I miss you, I can't lead them on,
they don't know me like you did.

Well, look at the irony,
you knew me well but did what exactly wasn't supposed to be done.

They say they won't do that,
and stupid me wants to believe that.

But what can I even do?

You left me like that,

half,

fragmented,

hollow,

and yet you call me shallow.

I need to move on,
it's been so long now.

I'll take my fun back,
that was the thing in which you lack.

The sorrow, woe,
the grief,
in a long time I haven't felt relief.
I scapegoated myself for all your actions,
I asked everyone, am I so unworthy?
That even after all this I am asking —what if?
If only you knew,
how much you affect me,
how much it disquieted my soul,
because what you did was out of my belief.

It feels piercing when something happened and you want to tell someone,

but you don't have them with you nevermore.

You achieved something and you know they will be proud,

but you aren't that close anymore.

They say so what? Why are you telling me all this?

We ain't together.

I know we aren't but at one point we were, weren't we?

Or does that not matter to you at all?

Say it—

You don't love me anymore,

but you can't say you never did.

Either you accept it or not, it was in your eyes,

everybody except you, knew.

I hate dating apps,
I hate 'em,
but I gotta go there,
desperate attempts?
Whatever you name it.
I have to go there to get rid of your thoughts,
to feel worthy again.
It indeed does not do that but,
from you I get a break.
When I think about you,
my mind—
It becomes an ocean,
the angry, hurt one.
The waves try to take over what I have left of you,
the floods try to drown what I built for you.
It wasn't always like this,
the thought of you used to be a sunny day on the beach,
the calm, still, tranquil ocean,
washing our feet.
We are running in water holding hands,
and then we fell in.
This time the ocean made us fall in love,
But what do you expect being in an ocean for that long?
It will show its dark side too,
I guess we weren't that strong to handle it,
and it made us fall apart.

I hate to smoke,

I hate it,

every ounce of my body rejects it.

But you love to smoke,

Ouch.

So I try, I smoke only to get a chance to feel your lips over mine.

With you, I must steal and treasure the tiniest moments,

or else I won't get one.

The smell, the smoke kills me inside,

but one share with you takes it all away.

How can someone be so held in love's gravity,

I wish you knew how much it hurts—

how much it hurts to listen you talk about someone else while smoking.

They say it's the most intimate time with someone,

you get to know the person.

And all I am getting to know is about someone you love,

but if it counts spending time with you,

I'll take it.

Call me pathetic,

maybe I am,

but I want to stay here,

this is where I belong,

this is who I am.

How did I get attached so fast?

I mean, I thought it was gonna last.

Maybe it was just a fling,

maybe he was not my chandler bing.

All this is so hard,

we wanted to be each other's guard.

I don't wanna get apart,

but I don't know to what belongs his heart.

I wish it to be me,

but it's just hard to see.

I read somewhere—

There's a lot of intimacy in never speaking again.

But that's just vague.

I mean that's hurt, the most intimate hurt.

It kills a part of you,

where they belonged once.

They aren't there anymore,

so no, there isn't any intimacy in never talking to someone again.

It left a hole, a space in me,

that can't be filled.

Because they are now gone and nobody's ever gonna be like them.

It's not like I hate you,

it's just you have dropped out of my affection.

You have become a stranger to my heart.

They say getting out from someone's heart is the realest thing,

maybe, yes, it is.

Because it happened to me— for you.

Finally.

THE LAST CHAPTER: YOU

Oh dear love,

you came to an end.

I don't know if it resembled you the whole or only in some parts,

but I indeed know this you needed this book somehow.

Remember,

you are not alone.

Whatever you are going through,

somebody out there are too.

You just need to pick yourself up every time,

you should know you are a golden chime.

It's okay,

it's all gonna be okay.

And you know why?

Because it always does.

It might not get better, but you sure as hell knows how to handle it.

And that's what living life is, right?

I read a word ~*esperanza*.

Meaning— hope.

The hope,
to live it all.

The hope,
to never let down.

The hope,
to rise and shine.

The hope—
of it all,
of everything.

The hope,
to survive.

You sometimes think,

this is the end, don't you?

But remember there are endless possibilities out there,
just waiting for you.

You might bleed everytime you get a cut,
it might even leave a scar.

You might feel being played by,
feeling like a strummed guitar.

But,

above all of this,

you know how to become a star.

You know how you'll get okay,
and be your own candy jar.

I might be out of words now,
but to make you rise you must allow.

Let them not get you,

let them not control you.

You have the gear,

you do not have to fear.

Well this is not a goodbye,
it definitely feels like one but you—
you are gonna keep this going.
You know how you feel now,
and you know what to do.
As I said it's okay to be low sometimes but you gotta lift yourself up my love.

Thankyou for being with me till the end,
I needed you, you set my hurt finally free.