

The Silence She Carried

*Poems on being unheard and finding breath
for the girl called too much*

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To the girl
who swallowed her voice
until it turned into anxiety.

To the one who was called toxic
for asking to breathe.

To the quiet hearts
That
were never heard.

You were never too much.

This is for you.

This book is written in short breaths

Because that is how suffocation feels.

It is a journey through silence, anxiety,
suffocation, and the courage to reclaim one's voice.

If you have ever felt invisible, silenced, or called
too sensitive,

This book is yours.

Before the silence,
before the anxiety,
there was a girl
who trusted her feelings
who spoke freely.

There are wounds
that do not bruise the skin.

There are suffocations
that leave no fingerprints.

There are girls
who look calm on the outside
but are fighting to breathe within.

This book unfolds those pieces.

she was born with a voice
soft but steady,
like morning light
touching closed curtains.



her anxiety was not chaos
it was accumulated moments
where she felt unseen.

it was every interrupted sentence.
every dismissed feeling.
every “you are overthinking”
when she was simply hurting.

her body remembered
what people chose to forget.



her laughter once filled rooms,
bright and careless-
until someone said,
“Lower your voice.



her room became her refuge.
four walls that never judged her tears.
a ceiling that held her secrets
without complaint.
she learned early
that feelings were inconvenient
when they were not
pleasant to hear.



her tears made everyone uncomfortable.
she dried them quickly
and practiced smiling
before anyone noticed.



silence became her friend.
if she did not speak,
no one could misunderstand her.



but silence is heavy.
it sits on the chest
like something unspoken
begging for air.



“Too Sensitive,” they said.
as if sensitivity
was a flaw
instead of awareness.



“Stop Overreacting.”
so she reacted less.
then less.
then almost not at all.



she began shrinking
inside conversations,
folding her thoughts
into smaller versions.



every time she tried to explain herself,
someone interrupted-
and called it advice.

she used to think
maybe she was the problem
that maybe her heart
was built too loud
for quiet rooms.



every time she defended herself,
someone called it attitude.



when she asked for respect,
they called her toxic.



when she cried from exhaustion,
they called her childish.



in her mind
she always wondered
how asking to be heard
became a personality flaw.



her chest tightened often,
like invisible hands
are holding her breath hostage.



anxiety learned her name
before peace ever did.



she cries in silence
so that no one knows
the weight of the
world
she carries alone.



her past replayed in fragments-
classrooms, living rooms,
friends, even her family
who rolled their eyes.
when she tried to speak.



she remembered
being told she was dramatic
for emotions
she did not know
how to switch off.



she tried becoming quieter.
kinder.

but even her silence
was labelled
as distance.



why is it always her
left standing
in the silence
after everyone walks away.



she felt suffocated
not by cruelty-
but by constant dismissal.



she moved through days
like a ghost
borrowing her own body.



she learned how to cry
without making a sound.

shoulders shaking
hands pressed against her mouth
as even if her sorrow
needed permission
to exist.



her throat often burned
from words swallowed
too many times.



she wondered
what it would feel like
to finish a sentence
without being corrected.



sometimes she cried
not because something happened-
but nothing changed .



she smiled,
pretended to be okay



her chest tight,
stomach knotted,
mind racing.



she is not sensitive.
she is emotionally honest.

she knows she is layered
still she tries.

but sometimes
the old thoughts return-
quiet and familiar.

“she’s just a girl
trying to be heard.”



her anxiety still returns
in crowded rooms
where voices overlapped
and hers disappeared.



she felt invisible
even when standing
in the centre
of everything.



sometimes she stopped talking mid- sentence
because she saw
the disinterested
in someone's eyes.



she did not want to be loud.
she only wanted
to be understood.



she never needed applause.
she needed presence.



she carry hurt inside
like a secret no one can
see
every smile she fakes
is a mask hiding agony.



she cares deeply
and that's her biggest problem.



she feared that maybe
she really was
too much.

and that fear
hurt more
than anything.

she carried it so long
she forgot
what it felt like
to walk without pressure.



she is not too much
she is expressive.

she is not fragile
she is exhausted.



she is a shadow you can't see
the quiet thought that lingers
in between heartbeats
and in that silence
she finds words
that may heal her, someone
someday.



her mind never
sleeps
it whispers
secrets
she cannot say aloud.



she lives in corners
unseen, unnoticed
her thoughts gather
quietly
like dust in the
shadows
waiting to be read.



she speak, but words fall flat
her thoughts twist in ways
no one understands
she is a stranger in her own life.



she wears a smile
while inside she
crumble
a storm nobody
notices
a scream nobody hears.



her heart is fragile
her soul is tired
she wants to shout but no one
listens.



she feels
she does not belong anywhere
she tries
her feelings too
loud
her silence too
quiet.



she speak in whispers
and the world never
listens
her pain dissolves
into the corners of the
light.



she wears scars nobody
sees
they are hidden
beneath smiles
beneath quite words.



she doesn't talk much
not because she has nothing to
tell
but because no one ever stayed
long enough to understand.



they call her sensitive
like it's an insult
but she just feels
what others try to ignore.



she smiles in public
cries in private
and wonders
if anyone would notice
if she stopped pretending.



everyone leaves her
yet she stays loyal
even to people
who never deserved it.



she sits in a room
full of laughter
and still feel
like she doesn't belong.



she feels everything
too deeply
too intensely
and still apologises
for having a heart.



she is tired
of being the strong one
the mature one
the understanding one.



she gives pieces of herself
hoping someone will treasure
them
but they only take
and never return.



she isn't dramatic
she just feels
things most people
pretend not to.

she's tired repeating herself.
tired of proving herself.
she doesn't have the power left
to defend her heart

even her sadness
feels quiet now.

not loud
not dramatic
just heavy.

like something inside her
stopped trying.



no one noticed
how much she was holding in
because she held it beautifully.



her silence grew roots.
it wrapped around her ribs
and called itself protection.



her protection
became prison
when she forgot
how to unlock it.



some nights she cried
without knowing why-
just a weight
pressing inward.



some nights she feared
that maybe
she really was
too much.



she is not immature.

she is not toxic.

she is just herself

“Is that wrong?”



soft does not mean weak
it can break stones with
steady patience.



the suffocation
lessened
when she stopped
trying to fit
into tight spaces.



her anxiety
is not attention- seeking.

it is a kind of loneliness
that happens when
you are pretending, going through,
tired and carrying the
weight in your chest.



her exhaustion
is not from being too much.

it is from feeling too much
and holding it in.

she carries disappointment
like it's a daily routine.
like it's expected.
like it's normal.



she does not hate
people who misunderstood her.

she just no longer
shrinks for them.



she doesn't cry for attention
she cries because
she has no one to talk to.



she stopped
apologising
for breathing loudly
in small spaces.



there are nights
she lies awake
replaying conversation.

wondering
if she was too honest.
too sensitive.
too visible.



she is always understanding
even when she is the one hurt.

“But why always her?”

“Is she the problem?”



she still remembers
the first time
someone called her toxic.



each day she felt like
being blamed
for choking
in a room
without a room.



her body reacts
before her mind does.

tight shoulders
shallow breath
racing heart.

trauma doesn't need permission.



she does not want
to argue.

she just wants
to explain.

there' a difference.



when she said
“I need reassurance,”

they told
“You’re Insecure,”

she started questioning
her own sanity.



she wanted to shout.
she wanted to scream.
she wanted someone to hear her.
she wanted to tell them all
that feeling deeply
does not make her toxic.
that needed patience
that does not make her weak.



the world made her honesty
for aggression.



she's exhausted.
her face became a mask.



anxiety
is waking up tired
before the day begins.



the people who called her dramatic
were uncomfortable
with emotion
they refused to feel.



she began to feel
like a footnote

present-
but not centred.

important-
but never prioritised.



she existed in margins,
where people underline
but rarely read.



her existence felt
like a room with no echo.

she spoke,
but nothing returned to her.

no reflection
no reassurance

just her own voice
dissolving into air
as if it had never happened.



sometimes she sat
on the cold floor
with her back against wall,

feeling smaller
than the room itself.

because the weight
inside her chest
felt larger
than her body could hold.



she doesn't cry for attention
she cries because
she has no one to talk to.



her heart breaks quietly
so that no one feels guilty.



she is always understanding
even when she is the one hurt.



she doesn't open up easily
because she remembers
what happened last time.



the strongest girls
are often the most abandoned.



she doesn't tell people
when they hurt her
she just remembers.



she mastered the art
of disappearing emotionally
before anyone could leave.



Her silence grew
the more she was ignored.



she became low- maintenance
because asking
always felt like begging.



she doesn't ask
"Why did you leave?"

she asks herself
"Why was I enough."



she listens to everyone
hoping someone
will finally hear her.



her tears are disciplined
they only fall
behind locked doors.



every time someone leaves
she tells herself
“I expected this”
Even when she didn’t.



her childhood taught her
that silence
is safer than speaking.



she memorised the sound
of doors closing
long before she learned
how to ask someone to stay.



she does not fear loneliness
she fears
getting used to it.



she pretends
she doesn't care
but her heart
still waits.



she hides pain
like it's a secret
she must protect.



the saddest part
isn't being alone

it's feeling alone
around everyone.



she feels replaceable
everywhere.



her tears fall
only when no one
is looking.



the girl who says
“it’s okay”
is usually
the least okay.



she holds conversations
while her mind whispers
“Don’t Get Attached”.



she laughs the loudest
so that no one hears
her breaking.



abandoned so many times
she started abandoning
her own self.



she doesn't ask to stay anymore
she just watches
who leaves.



he is always there
for everyone
but when she needs someone
the room is all empty.



she says “I’m fine”
so smoothly
you’d never guess
she practiced it in tears.



her silence isn't peace
it's exhaustion.



she says “it’s okay”
like it’s a reflex

even when
it isn’t.



she smiles
with eyes
that learned
how to hold oceans.



she cries quietly
at night.

wipes her face and whispers.

it's okay.

again.



she learned to nod
when people talk
while her thoughts
are busy somewhere else.



her body is here
but her mind
keeps finding
the version of her
that doesn't exist.



she stayed
when it was hard
who stayed for her?



she feels everything
but says nothing
is that you too?



she overthinks
because she has been hurt
by things
she never saw coming.



the quiet ones notice everything.
And I mean it.



the quiet girls
has the loudest mind.



she feels forgotten
even when remembered.



she practices detachment
even while she loves.



her heart is tired
of being the only one trying.



what if she is just a collective
of thoughts
drifting without direction
never quiet, never still
always questioning
even the things she cannot
change.



healing doesn't shout
it whispers in the cracks
of your soul.



her soul wants peace
but her mind never rests.



these words are fragile
like a glass a on a shelf
they could shatter if ignored
but maybe someone will catch
them.



everyone shines
around her
she stays in the dim
unnoticed
untouched



she begged for effort
until she realised
love shouldn't feel like begging.



she survived
everything that tried
to break her.



there were nights
when she stared at ceiling
and wondered
if disappearing
would change anything.

not a dramatic way.

just slowly.

would anyone notice
if she stopped trying?

would the world feel lighter
if she stopped trying?

would the world feel lighter
without her weight in it?

that thought scared her.

not because she wanted to leave.

but because she wasn't sure
anyone would stop her.



numbness wrapped around her
like a second skin.

she laughed when required.
spoke when spoken to.

but inside,
everything felt muted.



she learned
to translate everyone else emotions
but forgot
how to speak her own.



she carried conversations
like fragile glass.

careful not to break them.

careful not to bring herself into them
too much .

she edited her feelings
before they could become sentences.

she shrank
so that others could expand.



she still had nights
where the emptiness returned.

healing is not a straight line.

Sometimes she felt strong.
other days she felt small again.

but there was one difference now.

when the silence grew heavy,
she did not blame herself.

She asked
“What do I need?”



for the first time,
she asked herself:

What do I want?
the question felt heavy.

because wanting
meant risking disappointment.

but she sat with it anyway.

she wanted to be heard.
she wanted to feel chosen.
she wanted to stop shrinking.

the list was not unreasonable.

she is also a girl.
a human.



she was never too sensitive-
she was perceptive
In a careless world.



and suddenly
the labels
lost their power.



she stood taller-
not louder,
just steadier.



she inhaled deeply
without bracing
for correction.



she spoke
without rehearsing
every word first.



she allowed herself
to be misunderstood
without collapsing.



she simply spoke
and let the
rest fall away.



her silence
became a choice-
not a cage.



her voice became home.



her past
became context-
not destiny.



she is the girl
who was once suffocating.



she is the girl
who learned
to breath fully.



she is the girl
who survived
being unheard.



she is the girl
who survived
being labelled toxic.



she is the girl
who survived
being called childish.



she is the girl
who stayed-
even when staying
hurt.



she is the girl
who exists now
without an apology.



she stopped asking
“Am I too much”.

Instead
she started asking
“Am I being true?”



truth felt lighter
than approval ever did.



survival is not weakness
the girl was surviving
the only way she knew.



Last but not the least
she was not born quiet
she learnt it-
piece by piece,
after being told
her voice was too sharp,
too emotional
too much.



she folded herself carefully
into smaller versions
so others would not feel crowded
she mistook shrinking
for safety.



they called her toxic
when she cried from exhaustion.
she was trying to breathe
in rooms
that preferred her quiet.



she was never dramatic
she was suffocating.

and for a long time,
she believed them.



now she carries silence
like a choice.
not a cage.

now she is a women
who listens to herself first.



she inhales fully.
she exhales fully.
and for the first time-
the air stays.

and that
is her freedom.



She is not perfectly healed.
some nights, her thoughts race.
some conversations tighten her chest.

But she no longer confuses
self-expression with harm.
She no longer confuses
boundaries with cruelty.

She knows now:
Speaking is not toxic.
Needing is not weakness
Sensitivity is not a flaw.

She was not too much.
She was unheard.
And now-
she hears herself.

And that
is peace.



To the One Who Stayed Until the End,

If you are reading this.
you carried these pages with me.

You walked through silence.
Through anxiety.
Through the weight of being misunderstood.

And I hope something shifted inside you.

Maybe not loudly.
Maybe not all at once.
But even a small crack in self-doubt
is enough for light to enter.

If these poems felt familiar,
please remember-
you were never “too much.”



You were reacting to being unheard.
You were protecting yourself the only way you
knew how.

Growth does not look like becoming emotionless.
It looks like choosing yourself
without apologising.

If you choose this book and nothing else changes, let
this change:

Do not shrink to be accepted.
Do not silence yourself to be loved.

Your voice deserves space.
Even if it trembles.



Thank you for listening
To the Silence She Carried.

May you carry your own voice
a little louder.

With quiet strength,
Ramneek Kapoor

