

THE
STRINGS
OF MY
Heart

CHESHTHA SEN



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S t o r i e s M a t t e r

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Preface

Everything around us carries emotions — whether it is nature, a memory, or even the smallest moments of life. Sometimes, when we are alone, certain thoughts appear in our minds, but if they are not written down immediately, they fade away.

This book is a collection of those thoughts and emotions, turned into poetry. These poems may not be perfect, but they are honest and deeply mine.

I hope you enjoy them and discover meanings within them that connect with you personally.

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The Admirer

She is dancing in the ball,
Beneath the chandeliers,
She is as radiant as the moon.
Her graceful steps; ever so elegant,
Like the water shaping itself.

Although, she is the princess,
But in my eyes, she is the queen of my heart.
That soft smile; It's warm and bright.
Seems, I'm just another admirer,
With this sword and armour attire.
Always ready to protect this kingdom,
But I can't protect myself from this desire...

By: C.S

The Door

Walking past the door,
I discovered a new home.
A beautiful lake; ever so bright,
Clouds soft as cotton; kissing the ground.
Soft color flowers; brings a warm smile,
Seven-colors shine bright in high.
I start walking; It feels so soft,
Like becoming a feather was not that hard.
Closing my eyes; I let my arms stretch,
Going now into its embrace.
My new home is so sweet; so inviting,
Like a valley of flowers with a swing inside.

By: C.S

The Sunset

An elegant sunset,
I saw it from the shore.
Warm and cool colours filled the sky,
Gulls and pelicans take their flight.
That moment was meant to be enjoyed,
People just fell for that sight.
The Sea was glittering with scattered light.
Breeze was cool but a little salty,
Like this sunset is writing a story.
Looking at it; I wonder,
It's the end of today?
Or... A glimpse of tomorrow?

By: C.S

The Rose

This rose is so beautiful,
Fragile and delicate; with gorgeous petals.
Leaves glowing just like emerald,
It attracts my heart; As a beautiful swan in the river.
Then; about to touch it, I realised...
This beauty comes with spikes.
A thread that is pulling me towards it still lingers,
But... Also beauty will have to disappear.
My heart aches; just this one...
But I know,
One day; Colors of it, will also fade.
Just like, souls dancing in fate.

By: C.S

Rain

Rain is a natural shower,
With its fragrance that fills our lungs,
A quiet peaceful moment; full of water music.
Somewhere, a song thrush is singing..
Soil is wet, water splashing by the footsteps,
Quite identical, how we prayed for that.
It's time for new plants to grow,
A new life to come; A new flower to blow.
Emerald earth is looking radiant,
Like a peaceful blanket.
Eyes close, feeling the water spray,
I hope, at least this rain will stay.

By: C.S

Dreams

She is haunting my dreams at night,
My mind at day on every sight.
Her long umber hair looks so gorgeous on her,
And her sparkly fawn eyes; I can't look further.

The sight of her in my dreams like heaven.

I'm the luckiest and unluckiest man alive in this terra,
Because only in my dreams, I can feel and see her.
She is mine, in dreams I design,
A quiet shrine where her presence stays.
That beauty – I wish you could also be with me,
I hope, you can also live with me.
Not just in nights, but in walking days.

By: C.S

Within me

I was sitting at the shore,
My eyes were closed,
Listening to the music of the sea,
And the feeling on my skin of the breeze...,
Away from the chaos,
And... Within me.

By: C.S

The Butterfly

A butterfly flutters its wings,
With pure joy and radiant gleam,
Ready to explore a wonderful flower bed,
But isn't aware of the predator in the shade,
The beauty of the flowers was just an illusion,
To create a scene of happiness, in confusion,
Soon will that butterfly die,
Sometimes, beautiful things also can lie.

By: C.S

A Smile

Her smile is always as bright as the golden hour,
Warm and soft, untouchable.
With zero remorse, sorrow or sadness on sight.
Her admirers are everywhere,
Drawn to that light.

But... There is something that no one quite catch,
Her smile is always so bright, what's the match?
But if you look closely, she smiles with water,
Lil, small which looks like... Something betrayal.

Maybe, the brightest smile hides the heaviest secrets,
Not always, there are no regrets.
This world always buys her act,
She is... Happy. For the rest.
Because, drowning alone is better than with someone you care...

By: C.S

Autumn

Like; the flow of the river never stays,
Now here, it's autumn again.
Same foliage and shading of leaves,
That same separation again.
Cool air that touches the skin,
It will never meet again.

Although, it's autumn again.

Falling leaves; an old culture,
Warm colours, which can fade.
Season repeats, it's the same,
But those leaves are not,
Nor the wind.
A warm smile with a little goodbye.

By: C.S

The Night

She opens her eyes,
It's the middle of the night.
Away from the palace,
Bathed in the silver moonlight.
She loves to dance,
Now she's dancing with the shadows.
Wind's playing music,
Tree's filling chaos.
The rhythm is sweet, peaceful,
No other eyes can see this beauty.
Freedom is stage,
The moon is a candle,
And stars are on blanket,
In this peaceful nature.

By: C.S

Far Away...

Can't forget that warm smile,
The look in her eyes; so bright.
The way she used to talk...
Her sweet voice; her playful sight.
But, the water in the river never stays,
My heart still aches,
Her touch on my skin still lingers...
Even it's just an empty whisper.
Closing my eyes; portray her face,
Chasing a butterfly that has already flown away.
Now my eyes feel warm; wet like rain,
Heart is alive; but lost without the beats...
The end of the lane is still far away,
But now... my feet can't pick their pace.

By: C.S

The Sea

I was drowning in the sea,
No one was there for me,
People were watching me,
They were sailing on the surface of the sea,
I was too tired for the plea.

By: C.S

Lost

Wandering on the lost side,
The moon disappeared; darkness filled the space.
No eyes to judge; No soul to chase.
Only footsteps echo on the edge,
Senses lost; No where to go,
Now, my legs also lost their pace.
Something consuming my last strength,
I did try, But...
Who knows, is this the end?

By: C.S

Peace... Really?

Lying on my bed,
Looking through the window.
A quiet sky; full of night stars,
The moon is bright; radiating silver moonlight,
Everything is like a feather on a book,
Still and peaceful.
But... Something was still off,
In my quiet room; someone anyhow wet my eyes...
But, how?
I'm alone here, and I'm alright,
With no injury or fight.
But... My chest feels like a sack of sand,
Eyes are tired; finding an unknown lane,
Everything was peaceful outside,
But in this peaceful world,
My room feels; like a quiet chaos of thoughts and an unknown
whisper of emotion.

By: C.S

Lost Somewhere...

The smile is still there,
But the crinkling of the eyes is gone.
The flowers are still there,
But their fragrance is gone.
The sun is still there,
But its warmth is gone.
Birds are still there,
But their chirping is gone.
The garden is still there,
But its chaos is gone.
The bench is still there,
But it's comfort is gone.
The pond is still there,
But it's gleam is gone.
My mouth is still there,

But... Now my voice is lost.

By: C.S

Too Late

I went to water my plants,
But they were already dead.
I thought about wearing my favourite dress,
But now it no longer fits.
I bought my favourite azure cup,
But now I'm drawn to lavender.
I wanted to breathe the open air,
But the wind was already gone.
I went to talk,
But now the listener is gone.

I thought it was still day,
But the sun had already set.

By: C.S

The Little Bird

I tried my best,
But my wings were small.
The sky was high,
But my eyes were downwards.
I tried to chirp,
But my voice was low.
I jumped from the tree,
But still, I was destined to fall.
They fly always high,
While I was left behind, lying in the grass.
I tried to spread my wings,
But the feathers weren't enough.
I tried to take a flight,
But now..
The wind had already passed.

By: C.S

Not Again...

I was drowning again,
But the sea is calm this time.
Salty as always; but now warm,
Drawing attention is still too hard.

The Sea is deeper than you think,
Consuming the secrets you never know.
At last, the night falls,
Now I'm consuming twice in the dark.
Still people pass by in their sail,
Like I'm just a drowning pebble; in the lake.

By: C.S

Winter

Cool air kissed my skin,
As a smoky breath passed my lips.
Alabaster scenery lay everywhere,
Some like salt,
And some like sugar.
Cheeks turned rosy red,
Even the frost seemed frozen.
Soft morning, like now cotton is chilling.
Open my arms,
And embrace a familiar spirit.
Never quite the same,
Yet always bringing dream.
How a snow flake landed on my palm,
It's different from the other way around..
Every single one has its own beauty,
Like it made for its own,
To show, cherish and then be a part of life,
A fate.
Because one day,

These beautiful snow flakes also end up in white sand.

By: C.S

The Rose in The Book

I still hold that book,
That has your rose in it,
Dry, fragile but still cherished.
I didn't know that I was in love with flowers,
Or perhaps, Was it an unknown emotion?
Looking through my window,
I saw that old maple tree.

Not a tree anymore...
Because it holds some memories,
It still has those shady leaves,
But now they wear different skins....
Now, that rose is still in my hand,
Just a simple rose that we usually find in gardens,

But this one still holds years of burden,
Those dry petals; now more fragile,
It's not just a flower anymore...
It's that unknown emotion,
It's a victim of those memories,
Stories now buried inside this book,
With this little souvenir in it.

By: C.S

The Forest of Eyes

Lost in the forest of eyes,
Judging my every turn, from every side.
Now I can't find a way out,
And I wonder; Am I the doubt?
This forest is endless,
Like searching for the edge of the earth.
But I tried,
Unfortunately; that wasn't worth it.
I was looking above,
A lost hope of sunshine.
This forest is so dense,
I cannot even find my own shadow.
I closed my eyes,
But the forest voices were too loud.
I tried to run,
But the creepers clung on my ankles.
And in trying to find a way out,
I slowly lost my inner self too.

By: C.S

A Lie

She talks too much!

(But maybe only with her own thoughts.)

She laughs too loud!

(But maybe only in her mind.)

She always travels to new places!

(But maybe only in her imagination.)

She has more than three friends!

(But the closest ones are 'me, I and myself')

She draws a lot!

(But maybe it's spilling the tea to a paper)

She loves sleeping!

(Or perhaps escaping reality.)

I know her so well!

(But maybe she doesn't even know herself.)

By: C.S

"Actually this isn't a poem, it's just a thought"

The Glass

It is as invisible as water,
Yet does not let the wind pass.
It always seems hidden,
Until it's broken.
Even a single crack is enough,
To make it seen.

If it's broken into pieces,
It's a majestic art on its own,
But these pieces are sharp enough to draw blood.
It has beauty in every way,
Just need a better vision on sight.
This beauty is dangerously fragile.
After it broke,
It can never be as it was before.
The shattered glass,
Who has no hope.

Then again,
Perhaps it was meant to break once,
Just... It was too lost in finding others beauty,
That it forgot to cherish its own...

By: C.S

The Candle

I am burning up,
But that is okay,
This room is still too dark,
It needs some light to glow.
Each passing minute,
Is another step toward my end.

The thread I held inside my heart,
Is the reason I melt now...
'Cause it caught the fire in the first place.
After burning through the whole night in the darkness,
Again in the day; I will be forgotten by the eyes.

Without the burn,
I'm nothing but wax,
Soft, fragile and useless.
I'm a little bit confused,
Am I meant for joy, like on cakes?
Or for sorrow, like candles at a funeral?
I don't know.

But I can give everyone a steady glow,
And a little warmth while I can.

By: C.S

Whisper

In the darkness of the night,
I was drawn to the argent moonlight.
With the twinkling of the fireflies,
And the beautiful marsh on site.
Somewhere, the crickets sang in chorus.
While a glowing lantern caught my eye.

The world is full of dreams, right?
In the soothing rustle of leaves,
Or in the breeze, that hums a lullaby.
The stars looked like, a shattered bottle of the glitter across the sky.
Laying on the cool sand,
I realised,
If a flower wishes to bloom,
It can even bloom in the night.
It just needs to open it's eyes in time.

By: C.S

The Fire

It burns as always,
Unceasing; as if forever.
Those rising and falling,
Tangled flames; who engulf the wind.
Bright like sun,
Those scarlet, amber and saffron.

It can warm you in the cold,
But it can burn you if it must.
Can change its shape,
But not like water.
Lit up the candle at home,
And lanterns at night.
Not so friendly,
But almost right.

Sometimes found in the woods,
And sometimes in the eyes.

By: C.S

The Deep Slumber

People thought...

The deep slumber was a curse.

No movements, no memories to create,

Just an unconscious body on the earth.

No days, no nights matter for them,

Just lying there is all the work it takes.

A curse, ...really?

Or... just a little escape?

An escape from this chaotic world,

To the wonderful world of our dreams where we can stay.

With a feather light body,

To the unknown lane.

Eyelids are close,

But the eyes for dreams are open.

This peace is like a leaf on a lake,

Silently floating, no need for a break.

Away from reality,

Within the heaven of dreams.

By: C.S

So... Is It Strange?

Isn't it strange?

That wall has its own ears now,
Can say 'now its a good listener'.

Isn't it strange?

That pillow is a cup now,
Holding the water of eyes at night.

Isn't it strange?

That blanket has warm arms now,
Can say 'now free hugs every night'

Isn't it strange?

That ceiling fan has a mouth now,
Chatting better than most of the people you met.

Isn't it strange?

Now the clock is also matching your pace,
Slowly, sitting beside you every second.

Isn't it strange?

Now the light is also hiding your shadow,
Showing a mirror in a rare way.

Well...

No. It's not that strange.

Just...

Even in this chaos,

The chest is still hollow; this is strange.

By: C.S

No Escape

Everything has changed now,
My voice is now only twirling in my headspace.
No soul to talk to,
Nobody to touch.

Sometimes at night; I just wanna feel someone's warmth over mine,
No talk, no explanation,
Just a quiet hold.
Can't stop the water spilling from my eyes,
And the throat aches sharp; like a nail inside.

Sometimes...
The mouth can lie,
But eyes don't.
At night; I hold myself like a blanket of warmth,
Not because I'm cold...
Just...
Sometimes, you have to let go.

By: C.S

A Quiet Surprise

While sitting on my bed,
Something caught my eye.
A pair of emerald eyes; peeking from the outside.
It was dark like a shadow,
That almost merged with the night.
I was a little surprised,
It was as quiet as a silent lake.
Then our eyes were locked; a moment paused.
Those eyes were wide,
Like a curious child.
I rose from the bed; to reach my hand there,
But in a blink; no one was there.
Seems like that shadow is gone,
That moment has passed,
Like vanished into thin air.

By: C.S

She...

She is no more...

Away from the cruelty, chaos and mindless talks...

In a world of wonder and carefree talk,

Now, she can smile with herself,

Now, she can sleep peacefully without worrying about the other minute....

She is still smiling,

Like, she won something,

Maybe a fight with herself she once lost,

But now, she understands and accepts it,

No longer worries in her mind,

Just peaceful sleep and wondering about the new world,

She can explore the things she never knew before,

Because, she is in another wonder,

She is no more....

By: C.S