

istikrari

memory. mourning. metamorphosis

Vibhuti S



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Preface

The essence of this book begins with an arousal of doubt in love. It is about the moment when one has tried relentlessly and is now endlessly tired, and they have exhausted all of themselves for giving life to something that gave up on life ages back, leaving them disheveled and worn out. It silences your voice and puts a band-aid on your stabbed wounds as if they are trying to *mute the crimson* that gushes out of the cracks in you, and it endlessly leaks. The gut-wrenching revelation is when you find the evidence you never looked for but found it in the confines of you and them. They are there with you but never for you. “हैं साथ पर हैं साथ ना भी” Even after trying and trying to be the saviour, you end up being the murderer. The influx of the presence of their absence attenuates the jeremiad one has been chained in.

When one begins to keep track of the times they were there but doesn't know the numbers past one, because they accused you of being the one for them and they were there for just this one while, that too, in fragments. Eventually, the heart you have for them starts lacking in love. The love of yours that flowed to them wasn't poured back but flown away, like the *smoke billowing out someone's mouth, into an indifferent sky, a sky where the sun doesn't rise, and the moon doesn't shine, a sky where the clouds rain fire.*

No matter how much we want our *Life of Love* to be a concise scientific paper, it eventually becomes a handwritten, comprehensive historical record. Love is when you find a home in a person, but it seems unsettlingly opulent and absurd to construct a home in some months, and then, you are forced to move out or deconstruct the home. Years and years of demolishing the home, but you never get rid of the land it was built on. Homes get constructed and deconstructed now and then; you are ever evolving and adapting to it, be it anyway.

But then some homes await you, every single evening, with a cup of kisses and a jar of cuddles. Sometimes, homes run into each other and make a castle, and watch the stars and the moon, the sunrise and the sunset, and *it is all yellow*. Starting off living this life, you will feel like *young wine leaking out the barrel*, but as you age, you get more intense, more complex, more resilient and structured. Love, grief, longing—all swirl together like pigments on a canvas, each shade blending into the next.

This book ventures across various shades of crestfallen and deceptive greys, aching and bleeding maroons and reds. Even the fiercest of all days don't exhale fire on you, but the dusk and the dawn may be bleeding yellow onto us. This book can be viewed as being welcomed in a honeyed refrain after being ransacked by the stygian mist, or as a Disney movie that ends in something inexplicably, unreasonably whole. I have painted this book by numbers and made every single one of them count just to make it

clear that the greatest loves of all times aren't over now. As I unravelled that, a single thread of gold tied me to my yellow. The yellow that told me, "Perhaps, just perhaps—light still filters through. The sun roars for you; the stars shine for you, everything you do as it is all yellow".

This book holds cups of bad, bitter coffee, drops of lime juice, and chunks of *brownie waffles with ice cream*, melting too fast, vanishing before you can truly taste them. Sometimes, it melts due to the sheer heat of the sun; sometimes, it melts like my heart on seeing my sun on the gloomiest of days. It holds the murmurs and whispers of love and the growls, screams and howls of its absence, the slow and familiar physical ache of some star-less nights, the sudden sting and a beaten touch on an almost-forgotten bruise, and an ode and a kiss on scars you could not hide well from a person you know, knows you a bit all too well. It is the unproductivity of pages never flipped, the smell of wet earth before a storm, the hush of midnight when everyone else is soundly sleeping but you, you are being dragged from your bed while cautioning yourself about it. It is the ghost in empty rooms, where it is just you, the expression in words that even gestures cannot entail, it is the survival by the air you trade with the person you love, it is a millionth piece in a spectrum, in the end, it is indeed all *yellow*.

Foreword

It is with immense joy that I celebrate the upcoming release of *Istikrarli*, the latest work by Ms. Vibhuti S. Having had the privilege of presiding over the launch of her debut book, *Forelsket*, I am truly heartened to witness her remarkable evolution as a writer over the past few years. Ms. Vibhuti is steadily establishing herself as a literary figure of great promise, poised to leave an enduring mark on English literature. In *Forelsket*, she masterfully wove a poetic tapestry, connecting the heart and mind while exploring the complexities of infatuation, love, and the myriad emotions that shape the teenage experience. Her ability to capture these turbulent feelings with sensitivity and depth was both inspiring and admirable.

Her new book, *Istikrarli*- a Turkish word meaning "consistency" and "stability"- is a refreshing and sophisticated addition to contemporary literature. The book is thoughtfully structured, reflecting a journey from the organised chaos of youth, depicted in its vibrant middle section, to a yearning for stability and balance, beautifully articulated in its concluding part. This narrative progression not only showcases Vibhuti's growth as an author but also offers readers a compelling exploration of personal transformation.

Punjab's rich literary heritage, adorned with luminaries who have left an indelible imprint on the state's cultural history, provides a fitting backdrop for Ms. Sharma's contributions. Her literary passion and dedication position her as a worthy addition to this distinguished legacy. I extend my heartfelt congratulations to Ms. Vibhuti Sharma on the release of *Istikrarli* and wish her boundless success in this endeavour and all her future literary pursuits.

Regards,

Sh. Showkat Ahmad Parray, IAS

(Deputy Commissioner, Bathinda, Punjab)

I had the privilege and delight of teaching Vibhuti for a semester of Creative Writing at Symbiosis School of Liberal Arts. My time there taught me the expanse of expression that lies untapped in young hearts. The exercises and discussions brought to light fresh perspectives that surprised me every single lecture.

Vibhuti came to the class already a published poet, so to speak. Yet there was no presumption on her part about what still could be learned in a collaborative environment, the many avenues to be pursued, the craft that could still be engaged for one's voice. Her eagerness to try out the various approaches, her desire for distillation of verses, and her persistence in chasing words across the horizon was inspiring to see. She has been fortunate to have been touched by the love of poetry from such an early stage. More importantly, she has seen to it that she makes the most of it.

The task of compiling a complete anthology has many challenges, not the least of which is actually writing poems that vary in breadth and scope. Vibhuti's prolific output is a testament to her love for verse. Then comes editing, putting it all together, making sure the book sees the light of day in the form you wished for it to take, an endless struggle for perfection.

If you're a browsing reader in a bookstore, her poems like 'Over the Top' and 'A Coffee Mug' will catch your roving eye with a well-placed metaphor. Others, like

'Malicious Malaise', will make you skip a step as she takes an unexpected turn with the imagery. You can see in her voice that she has great potential to grow, that these poems are but a glimpse of what could bloom later into a thriving garden.

I was honoured when Vibhuti approached me to write the foreword for this anthology. It truly is a reflection of the remarkable person she is, one you yourself can glean from the seeds of her self she's sown in these pages. I wish her the best in her path forward.

I wish you, dear reader, a happy reading!

Regards,
Saad Ahmed Shaikh

As a creative writing teacher, I am pleased to write the foreword to this book for my student, Vibhuti Sharma. I have had the pleasure of teaching her courses in Creative Writing and Rhetoric and Critical Writing at the Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts (SSLA). Through her poetry, Vibhuti is able to express powerful emotions, both felt and imagined. Reading her poetry in this collection, the reader will journey with her through the landscape of memory, love and anguish. It takes courage to write deeply personal, honest and raw poetry that unflinchingly offers the reader the taste of both despair and freedom. In choosing to experiment with form, style, and language, through a collection of poems, Vibhuti is able to find her voice as a poet. She engages her reader with evocative imagery, innovative metaphors and vivid symbols to portray powerful emotions. As the reader is drawn into the experiences articulated in her poems, they gain insight into the depths of human emotions. It is hoped that her writing inspires other young poets to pursue their creative dreams.

Pune, April 2025

Gayatri Mendanha

Assistant Professor-

Philosophy and Literature

Symbiosis School for Liberal Arts- SSLA, SIU

About The Author



As her mother, I feel immense pride and joy in writing this author's bio. Born prematurely, she began her life with challenges but has grown into a person with reflective insights. Vibhuti S is an 18-year-old published poet and an author. She has previously published her debut anthology 'Forelsket-the overwhelming gut rush euphoria' in August 2023. She is now pursuing a 4-year Honors programme majoring in Media Studies from Symbiosis International University, Pune, Maharashtra. Her poems have been featured in the book 'Fall Of The Moon', 'Enchanted' by Writer's Pocket and by Delhi's Poetry Slam in their anthology 'The Hour Of The Sun'. She also occasionally performs at open mics and is keenly interested in

performance poetry. She believes that words can sometimes hold the strength that gestures and actions can't, as she felt it when Ed Sheeran said, "If you hurt me, that's okay, only words bleed". She is a person who swirls her life and the people in it into her poems. Watching her evolve from a fragile little baby to a strong, expressive young woman has been one of the greatest blessings of my life. Her words not only move those who read them but also inspire many to reflect on their own stories. She is characterised by her qualities of respect, being responsible and open in her communication. A big emotional and mental support to her younger brother by providing a listening ear during his tough times.

Born as a premature baby she has grown into a woman full of grace and elegance. She possesses the power to turn every emotion into a beautiful poetic verse.

Her debut book *Forelsket* published two years ago was a euphoria of feelings and is appreciated for its emotional honesty.

As she publishes her second book I feel immense pleasure in writing this bio. Watching her grow from a fragile baby of 850 grams to a young strong headed girl is truly a blessing. I wish her good luck and pray to God to shower his choicest blessings on her.

Acknowledgement

Where am I expected to begin? As foreseen, I am starting this specific trail of gratitude by extending it towards the architects of my existence: my family. I know no matter how many languages I learn or how many words I sum up in my knowledge, I'll always fall short on words when it comes to these two people. Neetu Sharma, my mom, for writing the author's bio for my sophomore book and listening to all this drama. She has keenly listened to every crescendo and diminuendo of my emotional jumble. Kunal Sharma, dear dad, for texting, "Are we ready for another book? If yes, we will go ahead with it", followed by a mandatory thumbs up. I owe everything I have to this human; he has been my lighthouse in the darkest nights, the whetstone to my blade, and has written me in various fonts ever since I was barely one. He offered advice I did not want to hear and said words that cut through my heart like a knife, but still rang in my ear. I talk greatly about devotion and it comes from both my grandmothers, maternal and paternal who have dawned abundant wishes and prayers onto me, my dadi feeding me dahi-shakar before every exam and my nani always believing me through her prayers. Acknowledging one person whom I have known my whole life, almost like a godmother figure to me, Sr. Marceline- she has always looked out for me and my

entire family and has been the strength in our spines.

Vivaan Sharma, my brother, has always been an ever-present spectator of my monologues. We converse in languages no one could ever understand except us. Thank you mum and dad for your love, faith, and genetics.

For these people, my gratitude flows like a tide pulled to the moon- Ashwani & Vineeta Malhotra, these two people have been a driving force for me ever since I have known them. They are the ones I reach out to, if not mom and dad. They have been my greatest cheerleaders and stayed there and watch me shine, taught me and kept me like their own child. Needless to mention Dr. Sameer & Shweta Grover, never don't fail to move me with their affirmative words and affection.

One is the family we have by blood, and another is the family we choose, family stretches beyond the streams of blood, the conception of a person you call "ghar". All of us have a certain set of people in our lives who stick with us, like the yellow pages of an old hardcover book. To my confidantes- Priya Goyal, Yeshasvi Gupta, and Harshdeep Garg for keeping constant checks on me and looking out for me even if it meant gazing at microscopic organisms with a bare eye. I would also like to mention a very recent and dear friend of mine, Riya Chawla, I met her before I started college, via LinkedIn, and she made

these raging tides smooth enough to surf on; she became my home away from home.

This one is for the first person who gets to read and rate every poem I write, my avid reader and someone I hold very dear, Satyam Chawla. Without him, this acknowledgement would have been a hollow soul. He made me climb those mountains that I had been carrying by him telling how he would always be proud of what I do and who I am.

And one for a precise critic, my best friend Goyam Bansal, who has been both a mirror and a magnifying glass in the last five years. Having him by my side has constructed not just me as a person but evolved my writing too. He has seen my work going from the blandest phrases to gut wrecking sentiments.

Since I wrote 'Forelsket', things changed, times changed, people changed, and lives changed for the better. One very significant encounter during that era was my meeting with Sh. Showkat Ahmad Parray, IAS, The Deputy Commissioner of Bathinda, Punjab, currently posted as Special Secretary (finance) Government of Punjab, who graced my debut book launch in August 2023. He is someone from whom I derive some of my greatest life lessons. His finding time from the creeks of his hours passing by to write a foreword for this book is an accomplishment in itself for me.

I would also like to extend gratitude to the two people I recently met as I started college, my professors, for writing across genres, Mrs Gayatri Mendenha and Mr Saad Ahmed Shaikh. These two people are entirely unaware of how significant their lectures and presence have been for me while writing this book. Both of them did not just agree to it, they helped me find a secure space in them through words that did not require the spine of my words to be straight or erect, she even admired it slouched or hunched.

My earnest regards to Dr. HS & Diljit Bakshi and Dr. Ajay Gupta who are the people who made me come to life and exist and thereafter, write.

Lastly, to the unseen hands, the unnamed faces, the voices I've not dedicated enough words to - starting off with my cousins, Malvika Awasthy, Eeshaan Awasthy, Harshita Sharma and Chhavi Sharma.

I would also like to thank Blue Rose Publishers for helping my work pave its way to the readers in various nooks and corners, I would also like to mention my publishing team- Shivam, Sameer Joshi, Sakshi Rajan, Tanya Raj Upadhyay for being present throughout from the very beginning to the end.

Thank you all, for the read and the purchase. I hope you have an amazing time delving into my verses.

With love and elation,
Vibhuti S

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*The paralysis before an
unsent letter*

*Udend's is gent when I see you, Udend's is gent when I see you, Udend's is gent
of heart bids like everest and back of heart bids like everest and back of heart bids like
So I see hope you dont see right So I see hope you dont see right So I see hope y-
ou and My Dear Indore pram you and My Dear Indore pram you and My S
e Help na please help to be me e Help na please help to be me e Help na p
smile with you keep your with smile with you keep your with smile with yo
rest of our life, weth t and a rest of our life, weth t and a rest of our ly
bfa In my hold your hand my bfa In my hold your hand my bfa In my hol
love lies l your lips Savny bfa love lies l your lips Savny bfa love lies l y
Udend's is gent when I see you, Udend's is gent when I see you, Udend's is gent
of heart bids like everest and back of heart bids like everest and back of heart bids like
So I see hope you dont see right So I see hope you dont see right So I see hope y-
ou and My Dear Indore pram you and My Dear Indore pram you and My S
e Help na please help to be me e Help na please help to be me e Help na p
smile with you keep your with smile with you keep your with smile with yo
rest of our life, weth t and a rest of our life, weth t and a rest of our ly
bfa In my hold your hand my bfa In my hold your hand my bfa In my hol
love lies l your lips Savny bfa love lies l your lips Savny bfa love lies l y
Udend's is gent when I see you, Udend's is gent when I see you, Udend's is gent
of heart bids like everest and back of heart bids like everest and back of heart bids like
So I see hope you dont see right So I see hope you dont see right So I see hope y-
ou and My Dear Indore pram you and My Dear Indore pram you and My S
e Help na please help to be me e Help na please help to be me e Help na p
smile with you keep your with smile with you keep your with smile with yo
rest of our life, weth t and a rest of our life, weth t and a rest of our ly
bfa In my hold your hand my bfa In my hold your hand my bfa In my hol
love lies l your lips Savny bfa love lies l your lips Savny bfa love lies l y
Udend's is gent when I see you, Udend's is gent when I see you, Udend's is gent
of heart bids like everest and back of heart bids like everest and back of heart bids like
So I see hope you dont see right So I see hope you dont see right So I see hope y-
ou and My Dear Indore pram you and My Dear Indore pram you and My S
e Help na please help to be me e Help na please help to be me e Help na p*

Travesty of Poetry

Weren't we fated to remain imbued after every
catalyst's touch?

Did we immolate ourselves if our dispositions had
plotted a dogmatic warfare

I said, "I would be devoted to you even if atheism
was imposed by the universe"

Now I am repulsing praying and dismissing
chances of any afterlife

Would those bad omens and misfortune be roaming
in my periphery

If you would demonstrate yourself as a sagacious
consort?

If I'd give you seven million lifetimes to know me
well enough

Would a xenon's knowledge be the waves in which
you'll surf?

Wives screaming, kids hushing

How should I break it to you that our break-up
could be our breakthrough?

Trivial-talking, unexplainable ensuring

I can't recall us being something

I can't have my eyes infected seeing you sleep
beside me

Travesty of poetry
Honour your aggression's intensity
Reckon the moment you wrecked me
A moment of uncertainty made me certain of what
my decision should've been
But you still would move out and move around
You'd drift around ephemeral spaces
The tapestry of our romance went from being
patched up to being tattered into irretrievable
vestiges
Because of the travesty of my poetry

You said, "It was a dark night"
So, you kept it in but you let your anger out
Where did all your masculine promises go?
When all you had to do was nurture the seed she
had sown?

Lacklustre, love hustler

You think I was served my life on a shiny silver
platter
If you had to face a new hell packing your life year
to year
Why would you believe it doesn't equalise with all
the hell I faced here?

You hurt me and then ask me
"Hey, what happened? I'm sorry"

If you wandered connecting constellations without
celestial knowledge

I had to be the cartographer of lost sentiments
without cartographic imprints

I still could have drawn the map

Had you not infused shivers in my hand while the
hugged the quill



Why Forge Her Armor from My Ruin?

What will you and your mother talk of if I walk off?
Would she subject you to her sworn testimony
Or would she console you for the wreck of my faith
you made?

My suppression was supposed to be sought
But for you, it was an unconscious thought
I hope you'd beg and plead and clean my wound
But you did not

You did not even care to ode it while it rots
How is it possible for your voice to sound somewhat
like a drought

I don't demand summer rains for this ache

You use her stupid tactics,

As if they were matches

And light them against my skin
you think I can be written by ink but I am inked by
blood

You use all those tools

The ones previously used by fools

Which have gathered rust for the "old times" sake

Now why would you think of yourself as someone
wise?

You turned into someone unknown
In this bloodless war
Your perception of me did distort
You were a poetic device I misused
A metaphor, beaten thin
A symbol of all my committed sins
Your headspace had no space you harboured back
in dismay
Why would you do things so handsome?
But later, you hold my questions for ransom
My vocabulary aimed too high from where it
should've been
My linguistic skills,
I did not know, I write with knives
I'm sorry it took away the shine of someone in your
life
As I etched their bark with the tip of my knife

I turned out to be a pathologically obnoxious writer
It was unforeseen
I heard, "She's the writer who publicly chastised
the person very dear to me"
Your anger was unforeseen
When you apologised to her for every word of mine
that she hadn't yet seen
Your hands were the shield on her cheeks
While I bled to hell from my knees

You said, “Why would you believe someone else’s beliefs?”

“People aren’t mindful of what they speak”

The strength of your defensive shield to save her
Was strong enough to fracture my knees

I was told to “watch my words”

Was public criticism really my work?

It’s just an implication of committing to a poet

How could I not know that she was your custom
blazer *kept in its case*

And I was the one you’d wear *just in case*

We run into feuds over people you barely know

You said, “Our love is the product of a seed that she
had sown”

How could you sow her over my burial to bloom?

/



Neve mine, never mind.

Every answer I didn't deserve
From your mouth
Every question that I served
Had some unrighteous might
Should I have been your waitress at the coffee shop
that false night?
I never said your apology could make a dispute all
right
But why would you point my gun at your head and
pretend I fired?
How can someone else bleed, if I was victimised?

My hair is thin with hope and anticipation
I don't know if my thoughts were in your
consideration
You're bothered by my whinging about things that
you aren't thinking
I'm trying to build and fence
but you're just gatekeeping

I can't keep pacing around your "sayings"
Army men handle rifles but I'm just an unloaded
gun
I'm holding on to you by clinging to you
You're holding onto me by the grip of your apologies

When did my “forever lover” philosophies
Begin to turn into anarchic psychology?
Why are you holding on to something that’s
supposed to move on?
I don’t know why am I moving on when you want to
hold on.
I can’t be always driven by denial
I’ve got to have an epiphany to curtail this denial

You never were my worst distraction
Maybe you aren’t entirely mine
More than one year down and I haven’t been
crestfallen a lot, this was something I never would
have sought, if I hadn’t been entirely about you
I wish I never would have adopted this abstract
expression
How can your certainty maim me when asked about
it?
It stabs me time and time again to know you’re
unaware of the threat you’re posing to us
I don’t mind
If you were never mine

An Aspiring Army Man

Why don't you have any clue?

I want to have you

I've gotten strongly weaker but fairly balanced
everything is 18 times heavier

I never intend to join the army

Why would you emotionally train me

I am so devoid of your empathy's charity

You began writing a love story but unfortunately, I
am the writer

Love flourishes for a while

Turns to protests and fights

Love demolishes overnight

My scepticism is prancing around my prayers

What if you suddenly turn into the saviour?

I'd be so grateful because I know what I've got, I
might have it gone

What if I need to have you gone?

I looked at you the way no one did

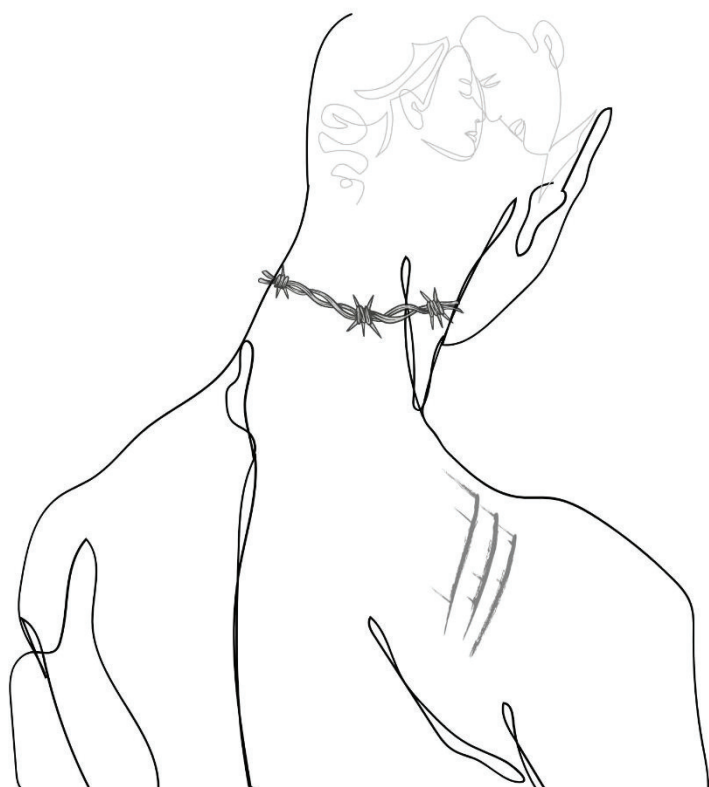
You looked over me like everyone did

I can't stay alive after being deceased and reaching
a destination in heaven

I do give my all in every moment

You felt crippled by the fury in my sight

You grew up with army manners
Spine's seamless, straight
Patriotic country man till you meet your grave
An aspiring army guy
I wasn't a rival riot
But you still invest in the construction of
fortifications

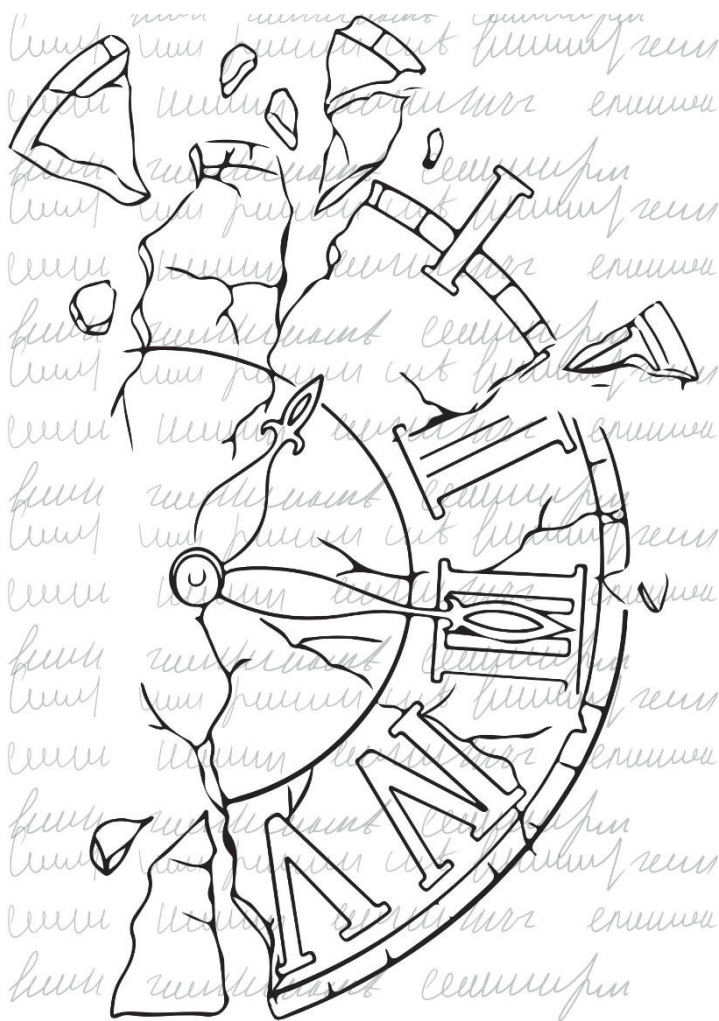


Are you the 'fear' in my fearless?

I was struggling for a good life
After being strangled by a ribbon tied too tight
But then you handed me your tie
It wasn't you,
I didn't know how to adjust the tie
I'm proud of the courage in you,
Enhanced by seeing the cowardness in me
A coward can't be talking to you
But I'm haunted by the person I become,
by the person with whom I am in love with
The roadmap to myself feels like a road never
travelled on
But on it, you trampled your grief
But it has some wear because I
was scrounging for her,
while she met you
It seems you try protecting yourself as a precaution,
seeing their forecast of me
You hope for a blazing sun the next day
While the preceding night you ran away leaving me
in the pouring rain
You only saw your scenic views
While I was comprehending my mind's rearview
I guess I was never the place for you

Because you grew up in the hills,
I was dessert, a rutted terrain
Funny,
You thought you'd find rain and the rose

Maybe.



The hours following the seconds you held me

Every single life of mine

I've given to time

It gladly accepted them all as a cordial invite to a soon-to-be-divorced wedding

Now every minute passes by gripping the *caregiving* fingers of time

That's how it toys all our lives

My life ran to time, time and time again

Heartache became timeless

As if YOU whispered in its ear that,

They'd be lifeless if they were mine

What about YOURS?

I gave you the golden time

I guess, I adorned myself as the flagship of your life

Whereas I count on my little hands the times you were the universe in my life

But then I count myself out of your tempestuous life

You drew lines thick enough to attend to

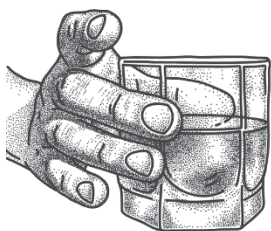
You crossed lines as you leapt and trampled most of my faith as I slept

You wrote the storyline of my life placing me in the footnotes

You got to be the header of my novels
But I can make you plead for throwing you out the
footnotes
Then you'd be the high-headed beggar

Love Of My Life,
You weren't mine
I'll remind this to you
Time after time

*Our collapse was heaven's joy
and a prophecy fulfilled*



Smirnoff

The legal dependency, that you had on her
To whom you clarified your priorities
You were not meticulous about the praxis of leaving
a lover in shambles
You braggadocio covered your incapability
That's your only tendency
Don't you know?
You don't ever make,
Your date wait

My father won't give me to someone
whose actions are governed by the dictates of a
Smirnoff
You said in your childhood
You were *devoid of your days of child*
So maybe you left your age knocking on the doors of
your intellect from the outside

You've got to learn what they mean
Instead of serving your deeds
We were always like the struggle to make ends
meet
I'm still wreathing petals over our grave
Now every time I get flowers,

All I see is their death and wilt
And piling up in a frantic way
Because they couldn't dust away the accumulated
silt

Laurence

You made your walls around me
I made my world around you
You've got to have the one
To make it seem like you're having fun

You were my sickest dream
Now you've turned into an isolated fiend
Running laps in your favourite sports field
Too proud of the ego you wield

*I was certain you were the man of the house
But what's certainty, surety, guarantee?
You were just another guest in search of a spouse
435 days and around my neck a marigold garland
you wished to see
Because diamond rings demand filthy opulence*

Your empathy couldn't get me
So, your ego got to me
You drowning in a consecrated deluge you would've
been hallowed
How stupid of me was it to not know that I was
acting shallow

Your narcissism was a forest fire set on to catch me
My understanding felt like a dwindling match when
I said,

“My love can’t hurt me.”

But I didn’t think twice when I said,

“Or, can he?”

You were the Lawrence

The one who gleams and shines

Me being Florence

I bloomed from disparity to prosperity

But our garden could never see a sunrise



How long, long for?

I stopped carrying our pride in my fist
After the night when your words twisted my wrist
I started to fear the versions of myself I haven't met
yet

My bones twist from carrying the bulky beguile
I've gone bankrupt paying loans and the bills,
For all the love you gave me I thought was a gift
That was a burden

And now I'm in debt

Are you tired of elaborating so you provide them
with the gist?

Half-truths, clipped phrases, one thought of love
condensed in a list?

My throat is parched praising you while my
innocence you abridge

How I carved myself to fit into your concept

But I was just a footnote of your lover's script

And the header of your anger's script

Your fear of roads kept me fastened to the
passenger's seat

Would you stop by my heart if you ever come across
as if it was a street?

Would you trample it under your feet?

Or would you stand by and mourn under the aegis
of the underwhelm you are governed by?

I'm still longing for the love that is long gone
Be it in the ghosts singing my poems
Even though I saw a massive bridge between us in
our friend's farmhouse
I'll long for someone
Who'll cautiously handle a loaded gun
I'm done with gathering men who have scattered
their sins
In the interstices of my life
On my uncharged therapy, they survive
For how long?
Will I call
All my loved ones
Long gone?



A cemetery of love

I'm like the glass, transparent
I hoped you'd see through me
But you never withdrew the curtains when the sun
was shining
Whenever you did, it was a rainstorm
It's tiring to be a hustler
But I'm the juggler

I'm the vase you gave a fortune for
But never kept any flowers in it
Your impulsive self was surging with rage
You picked up the vase and flew it high to realise it
crashed
You cried, you apologised you blamed yourself
But it broke apart

We used to be in each other's dreams
Even though it's too young to plan a ceremony
But we are proficient enough to mourn in a
cemetery,
Besides the grave of our affair,
Murdered by us
I wish there was a morgue for reasons
Oh, wait!

You weren't capable of identification

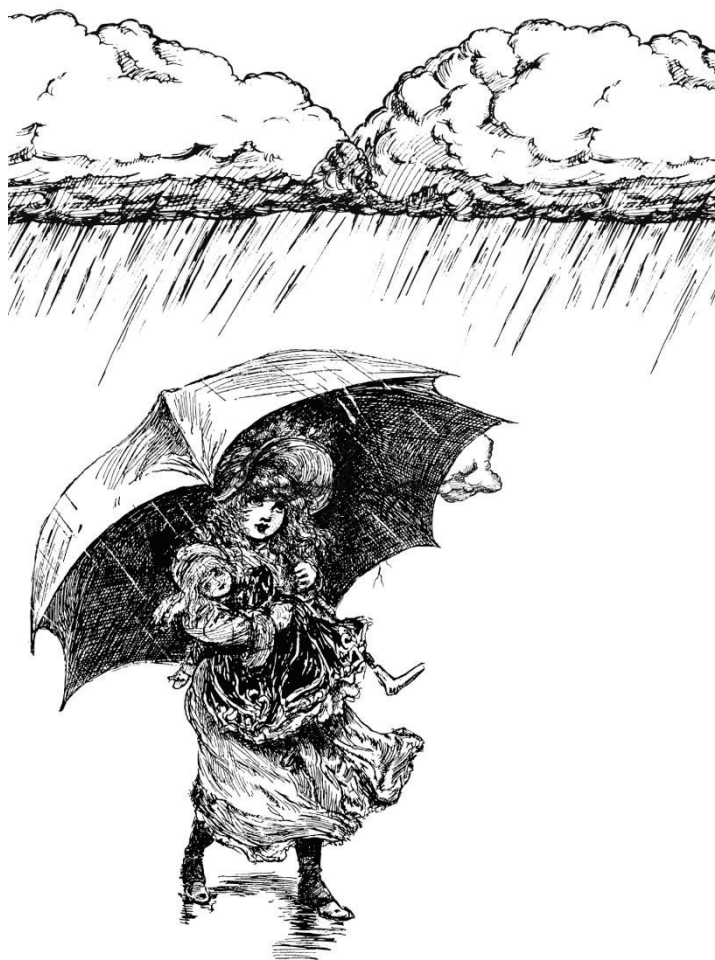
For you, *I picked myself up*

But *you picked me apart*



Grieving in the rear

Grieving in the back of my mind doesn't give me
any peace
Because piece by piece I left us to rest in peace
I might have declared a ceasefire on my castle
The artefacts and the manuscripts are gone
You thought, time after time
That I was the wind rustling your leaves
But I guess I pulled out the roots that were buried
deep
If my sudden disinterest was indecent
The gradual promises that were forgotten by you
Were *not* plausible
Your absence while our love was present
Was the greatest gravamen of my foibles
Turmoil taught me, "Wait, there's more"
I was scattered over fallow lands
Tranquillity brought me tear streams as my hand
was crushed between the slams of a wooden door



*Whether you get me or not, the
weather does*

I've been waiting at the station for my tears to
arrive

But I missed it, I miss it

there is a thunderstorm outside, at 2:00 am
whether you get me or not

I know that the weather does
the universe does

I hope the raindrops kiss you in my absence

I hope the rain signifies the tears I'm unable to
shed

I hope they unravel my ache too and tell you,
“darling, if you're hurting, it is not just you”

I hope the hurt in you does tell you about the hurt
in me

the sun hasn't reached my garden in days

has it been the same for you?

the morning glory has wilted

did you notice the fragrance of the midnight queen?

I've heard the thunderstorm cursing me

I've seen the lightning find me, to strike at my
deepest hurt
I've seen the grey clouds shrouding my rainbow sky
I've seen the sunlight fade away
The way my love did for you
I'm sorry, we weren't meant to be
Whether you get me or not, I know the weather
does
The universe does

So, that's it then.

I side-lined myself from my film to make you the
hero

You couldn't fight for a role of mine

So, that's it then?

I neglected the wise to become the tired fool

You used all of my forgiveness to make me a
purposeless tool

So, that's it then?

I fought the battles to shield us and always ended
up with bruises

But now it's been several times that I've been
wounded

And something that is subjected to prolonged
violence eventually starts to fade, it fades,

it's gone,

it's no more,

it's dead

So, that's it then.

That's it

I was supposed to be your lifetime achievement that
you accomplished

But now you are no longer proud of

The times when you didn't have to master the art of
breaking locks

Because I was always foraging fulcrums

But someone who loves you

doesn't make you lose out,

they don't run you dry,

they don't make you tired

I now know that this is,

exactly what it is

Because you didn't fight back but said,

"So, that's it then"



The Love Economist

If I were to treat myself the way you do
My self-hate might persuade me to
I thought you'd take out the ache in me
But you coaxed me to fake my tears each time you
arrived back

I was the log and I let you carve out all of me
Now I exist as sawdust,
being a slave to the wind

If I could fragment my empathy
I pray they fit in your figments of simple sympathy
We are always to know the regret of giving love
when we've given all of ours
and left devoid because it was just taken
Is this fair trade, my merchant?

NO

Because my love was traded for your dispassion

Now I know, I was a lovestruck trader who fell for
an economist
Where did my intellect go when I was checking the
'love-smitten list'?
Your grounds were fair enough to be unfair

Love and trade, historically have never been fair
Inside the freighter or yours
I died chained to a rocking wooden chair

“You don’t get to tell me you feel bad”

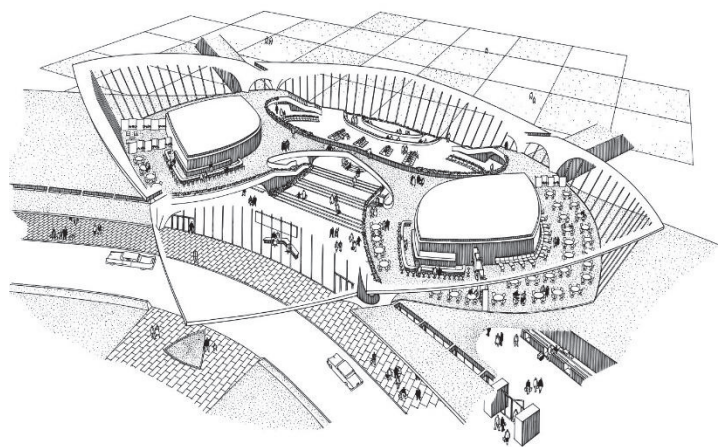
-Taylor Swift, Who’s Afraid Of The Little Old Me



Was I too heavy for you and me?

My hands weren't quantitatively equipped,
to harbour us
Your hands weren't qualitative enough,
to alleviate distress
I was trying to see a landscape in us
while we were a portrait
Newborn lovers wish to be us until they know,
that we are clickbait
I gave you my best and you took the worst
You were the central balloon at my birthday party
which was inevitable to burst
We right now are like a young life free falling from
a cliff
We need your arms to be the only *life-saving trunk-*
strength branch
Why do they feel like an inconspicuous twig
that clearly won't hold the weight of us
Gone will be the young life of us
Your words always spoke
Your actions never showed
Your words deafened me
They were that loud
Your actions questioned me
Was it THAT foul?

Your arms were as strong as twigs
They couldn't carry the love I heaved upon them
Was I too heavy for and on you and me?
That your trunk turned into a deadened branch
Oh,
I am sorry
For this second, I forgot that
I was your avalanche



“fight and flight”

I know we've moved on
But I'm too scared to admit that it still does haunt
I placed your face in every love song I have known
We are the product of our impulsivity's precision
You are a portrait of my indecisive abstract notions
You were written by your mother's aspirations
You were moulded by your father's intimidations

Flashes of our 'trust-wreck'
In my dream, a car the text stated "newlywed"

By my waist you grabbed me
I calculated the length of your arms around me
Made me aware of the weight I had to lose
Compliments and tactics can't always be used to fill
up the void of emotional intimacy

Every time I stared at your face I searched for hope
in your lies
From "fight and flight" the passengers on board
with me always died
How ironic is it when we took each other's hands
and my face got red

But when we tried to make out of a fight, we almost
felt weak and bled

My mind still aches to recall that situation

But you repressed it by Christian's impersonation

I know in the future *this suppression will be the
vault of my aggression*

The whole enchilada was the aspect

Words of honour during marriage

Cinderella but no carriage

I was terrified I'd be the only fighter

You only placed my happiness higher

It crashed and fell

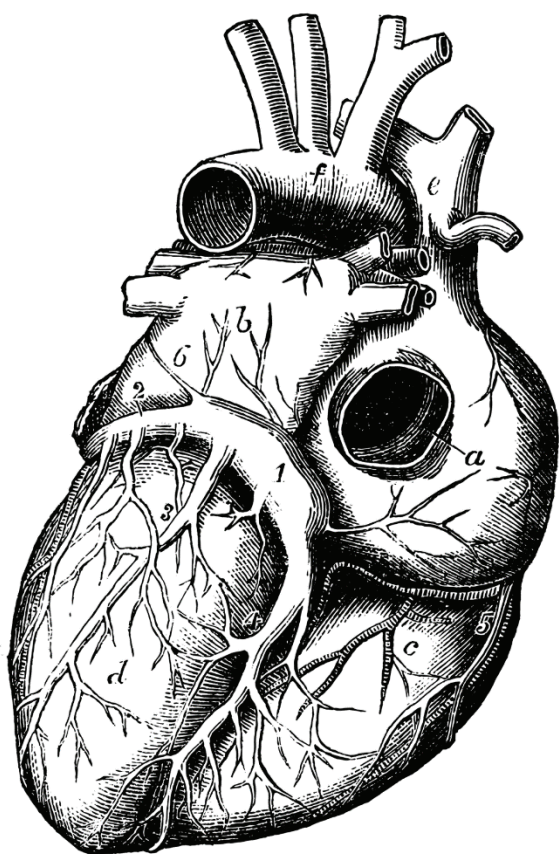
Bruises on the skin from a belt

Would I only be dealt,

If I kneeled and bent?

**“देखो-देखो, कैसी खींची लकीरें, चाहे भी दिल तो भी ना जीते
में इस दौड़ में नहीं
देखो-देखो, कैसी बातें यहाँ की, बातें यही देखूँ जहाँ भी
में इस दौर से नहीं”**

-Anuv Jain, Husn



The better half?

He said, "I never let anyone leave, my strength is divine"

Then how come was a gush of argument,

A blow of wind in your face?

Maybe it painfully succeeded in showing you your aimless pace

Hopefully, circumstances reformed you

I shrieked, "I am afraid, I might push you in the wells of dismay"

He told me, "Don't you worry, *I bait on tears, anyway*"

One falls for lies once

Time after time they turn old

Piece by piece it turns into a truth once told

No lover feels suffocated in an affair

I felt like an insect caught in a bottle

My heart, felt sliced by alcoholic women

I felt scared like a kitten of a layman

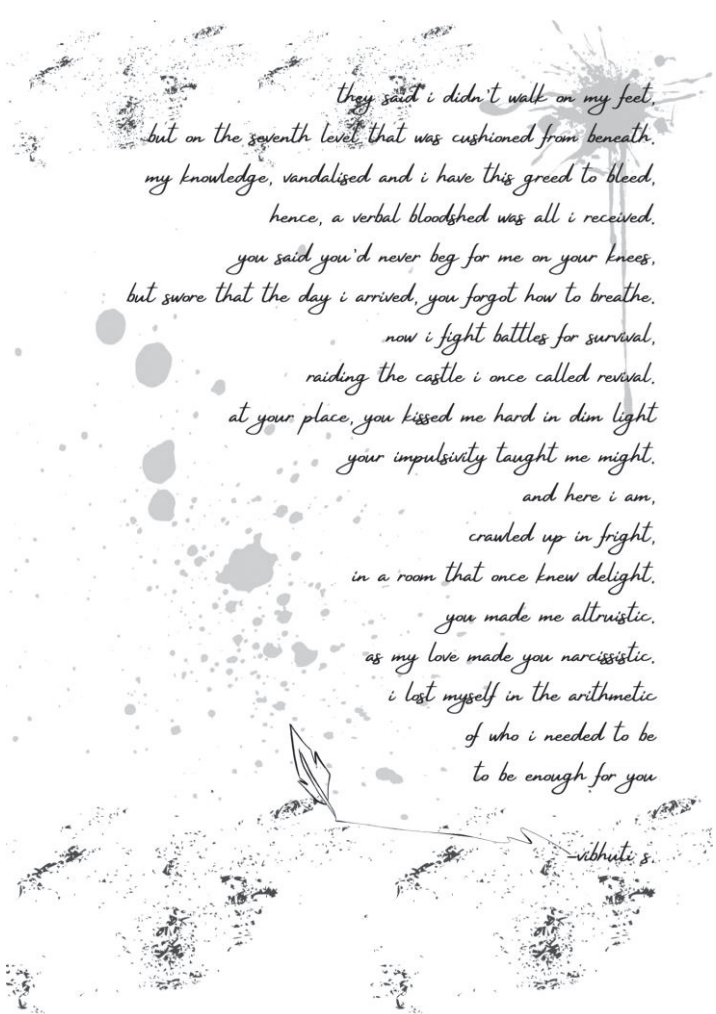
World, where was I wrong again?

My better half,

Carved out my whole heart

Sculptor with a brain and art
My better half,
Thought I was a board he could hit with darts
So, he did
But never once in the centre
My better half
Was clever than I was
But couldn't see we were never better for each
other's hearts
He let go of me like a wrong guy's grocery cart

He called me his better half
But I was an eroding quarter
The deepest trench of his heart said,
"You're better off without her"
Nothing goes fine
when an argumentative bride
becomes a wife
To a manipulative mind



they said i didn't walk on my feet,
but on the seventh level that was cushioned from beneath.
my knowledge, vandalised and i have this greed to bleed,
hence, a verbal bloodshed was all i received.
you said you'd never beg for me on your knees,
but swore that the day i arrived, you forgot how to breathe.
now i fight battles for survival,
raiding the castle i once called revival.
at your place, you kissed me hard in dim light
your impulsivity taught me might.
and here i am,
crawled up in fright,
in a room that once knew delight.
you made me altruistic,
as my love made you narcissistic.
i lost myself in the arithmetic
of who i needed to be
to be enough for you

vibhuti s.

a forgotten poem

He was an occasion in my life I'll always revisit
The fireworks won't light up anymore
He was my dear diary in which I'd write every day
But for him, I was a philosophical book; he'd never
open and flick
I gathered dust
The pages stuck
Knowledge is a must
So any lesson learnt doesn't fade

He was a poem I learnt by heart
But won't ever recite
He was an important equation
But failed miserably to balance my life
For him I'm a textbook
That he will forever revise
And forever be unable to memorise

I was the victim
But, he played defence
I kept on re-reading the bible
While he kept cleaning his rifles
How one year passed
In throwing aimless darts for true love

We were a corrupt commission
My last words were the deadline for submission

He won't ever know
How hard his invisible love's force
Hit me harder than a ball on the golf course
He was a sports guy stuck in a library
Crumpling papers after writing "I hope we get
married"

I believed us to be an infinity loop tattoo on a
teenager's skin
But after a while,
I realised we were footprints in the sand
We weren't a passionate kiss on a neck
We were a quick peck on the lips



Slithering figure

Back then my eyes became all starry at your sight
Now my eyes encapsulate all the storms of our
fights

Back then one cress from you felt like rose petals
Now one touch of inquiry feels like thorns sinking
into my flesh

I'm certain you know the love I have for you
Because when you looked into mine,
you found yourself but not me
You saw my love for you and
amidst it all,
you forgot I required you to view me in your eyes

Your glimpse now doesn't make my stomach do a
funny flip, nor does it cause a storm of butterflies
No breathless somersaults of light.
I feel snakes in my stomach, crawling and
slithering
They knot themselves into the hollow of my gut,
writhing in insatiability, fanged and waiting.

A consequential flutter of my heart caused by your
hiss

Dear, in what universe did you think that

A Flutter and A Hiss

Welcome each other lips

To Kiss?

I don't sing anymore

You used to be my favourite song, on loop
But I haven't heard from you in ages
You are now an implicit memory
A reminder of your existence dusted off a cobweb
from an age-old folklore
In this love field
I am amused at *the audacity you wield*
Like every 17-year-old girl "smitten by love"
Hopes for flowers
You taught me how *imbalanced* and *irrational* the
grounds for my power
Your game night,
you're screening
My fame died,
I'm hysterically screaming
Silence suffocated
For you, I became another girl you just dated
Death dared to grasp,
My patience at some points collapsed
For the life of us,
I'm fearing but begging
For you, I've ditched all my ethics at this point
I need to find us one painless joint
We have now become a faceless coin

I scrounge through every year to face the way you
enunciate your fears is like that of a toddler

but your promises are like a *contesting political
leader*

Sometimes being driven by fate is not the wisest
thing to do

Because fate is full of surprises which aren't known

For my lover, I'm the muse

Deep down, I'm the bruise

For him, I'm forgetful of fears,

I'm brave

But how do I break it to him?

That our breakup might be

Our breakthrough

*Because now I can't, I don't want
to*

It aches that you've become the clause among my
descriptive flaws

I wish you argued with your fears the way you do
with me

Because nobody could stay after spending 181
ravaging days

It's funny how I've ransacked every quarter of my
brain to understand you

But I can't

But I want to

Now again, past midnight, by the day
the dew is left on my face

You said, "You are what I crave"

I'm sorry but I had to take it away

Before you could mishandle another doll

Dear child, she was too delicate to survive a fall
you cannot always have your way with store-bought
toys, little boy

I wish I could gift myself to you, again

But I can't

Because now I can't

I don't want to

I might have to drop your hand to absolve you
These terrifying consequences of what you did
cannot be termed as zeitgeber

You thought I would be your facile target of
manipulation

But I'm a dyed-in-the-wool, headstrong edition
How could you sit and watch

Your favourite picture is tearing itself apart

You could save us but

Now you can't

You don't want to

“My spine spilt from carrying us up the hill
Wet through my clothes, weary bones caught the
chill”

- Taylor Swift, So Long London

I love you, but-

They say “You are what you love”

I think I loved you madly, deeply, immensely

The possession of madness in the love I thought I
had for you

It comes to terms with the mesosphere of bedlam

The faith of mine that is yours

It is as immense as my faith in God that can be felt

If I drop myself in an ocean, I won’t ever be found

It resonates with the depths of my love for you

But,

I don’t want to be you

I never wanted to

Because,

I don’t want to be your synonym

while I am a living antonym

I don’t want my child to be your retronym

Dear lover, do you think that our future isn’t mine?

Sometimes I wish it had been uniquely ubiquitous

That overweeners like you fall for underwhelmed
individuals like me

I feared my fears but they aren’t fearing me again,

They are strangling and haunting me

You never cry

This expression of yours has achingly left my
inexpressible

Maybe because of this, me and my old self are
irreconcilable

But, I Loved You

Now you are one of my archives
We'll move forward within our hives
I hope we see each other chasing heights
But, in each other's lives
Not, in our lives
We don't share them anymore
Like a forehead kiss we once did
We don't see each other anymore
The way we once did
We can't smile anymore
Together the way we did



"Ceremony" at the cemetery

If your strive was half as determined as the
relationship was
we might be looking for a place to move in together
But your strength was like a pulled feather
My skin was as thick and lashed as leather
Our halves for each other were not better

Our grave was as strong as our foundation was
Who are you to assign your mishandling a cause?
I'm sorry for putting a full stop to your pause

Just two lovestruck people who got married at the
cemetery
Funny how you thought that the garlands would
make it to the "wedding" ceremony
Even quivering on my knees would not attract any
godmother or a fairy
Ripped up hopes and sheds of disappointment of
the friends and family

You said we were born
I didn't have the chance to grow up
Right away we were buried
After the debacles of several affairs

All the devoted women admonished me with a
godless prayer

I don't know how long your lips will be sedimented
onto mine

The final rhythm of our last heartbeats,
Propagated a plangent melody

You were the sailor of the smooth sea
Who couldn't sail well enough when assailed
I was just the sailor's queen
But you were a "thrown off the throne" king
It was true when someone said,
"A smooth sea never made a skilled sailor"

Closure

You didn't demand any closure
You only cared where my clothes were
You don't care if our train has gone past me
Or if it has run me over
I believed you were clever
All the times you thought that you made me feel
better
When I screamed you thought I blabbered
You were afraid, yet owned up to my inked dagger
Compliments on me you slathered
Pictured us together
forever
I thought you'd ask for closure
But you said, "I hope you find someone better"

You said, "So you'll apiculate?"
I said, "I gave you too long to speculate."

“Don't treat me like some situation that needs to be
handled

I'm fine with my spite
And my tears
And my beers and my candles
I can feel you smoothing me over”

Taylor Swift, Closure

Snakes slither on my balcony

I hope one day I,
Give away
Gracefully, my
Guiding glory

While you would
Still smug and
Smirk along your,
Slithering
SORRY

Sorry is a venomous word
It hallows the poison that hurts
Like a snake spits death
You have your “sorry”
To blurt

My venomous honey,
I’ve got to sincerely apologise for giving you a
moment of my hazardous time
I’m sorry
You never seemed sorry

The marks of your teeth sunken

I saw those as a pair of teary eyes
I couldn't help it but
Turn them into a sinister smile



He just was not the guy

It was my faith that he eagerly waited to bury
His well-pressed suit and tie
Anti-make-up guy
Solved brain-wrenching codes
I was back-breaking to decode

My skin can't derive
hydration from crying
Your over-embellished love
Our riddance was a sigh
He longed for

He broke all ties
He stole my time
He made up lies
To steal my style

I think my soul might fly
To the grave in which he'll die
And I'll hope he'll try
To finally make up my mind
While choosing the loss of me or his life

I told the sky
I didn't need it to shield me as I had the guy
That holy ghost,
He showed me my blind eye
He was not the guy
He is likely to swan around a pyre

Your madness for the eternal love and emotional
intimacy made you scrounge for my love for you
In the quest for finding it you slit me open
You intended to be a lovestruck hunter
But you accidentally became a *Lovestruck Murderer*

Honest claims from a liar

All that your mouth mouthed was foul
Where was the silver lining in this cloud?
Being an army guy how can you pledge that loud?
Your obsession with safe and sound

While dancing you spun me around
But you never stopped
Engulfed in a lover's haze
How bluffed could be our gaze?
It was not just a dance
To lure me, you didn't leave a chance

You tried to find
An aid for my pain
You were never the hunter
But the prey
My prey?

You push your dear ones into the furnace
Is that how you claim your ace?
Giving several second chances
Leaves you safe but stranded
And it kills you as soon as it gets real
I hang on strands and fragments of your aura

I could never find
When you were in your “right mind”
I thought I was better quite
Rather than beginning a riot
This left me wandering in a dysphoria
Our honesty came from a liar

“Love comes with freckles, with a limp, with a scar
you did not notice.”

-Sarah Kay and Phil Kaye, when lover arrives

We were werewolves (in love)

He disguised tiredness and giving up in the name of practicality

He named taking his woman for granted as giving her space

That space created trenches for their love, making it go to waste

In love, don't you ever haste

You strategically chase

Once you set your gaze

Or else you lose your grace

Don't get the purity of being a sage

He stated, "You can't fiddle any riddle"

He smirked and then she giggled

Did she not know that *it was her* whom he belittled

Between dissociation and association

She was nowhere in the middle

On her plans and hopes, he scribbled

Day by day, with precision he would dwindle

Till the time she could say, "Heavens, he's gone *again*"

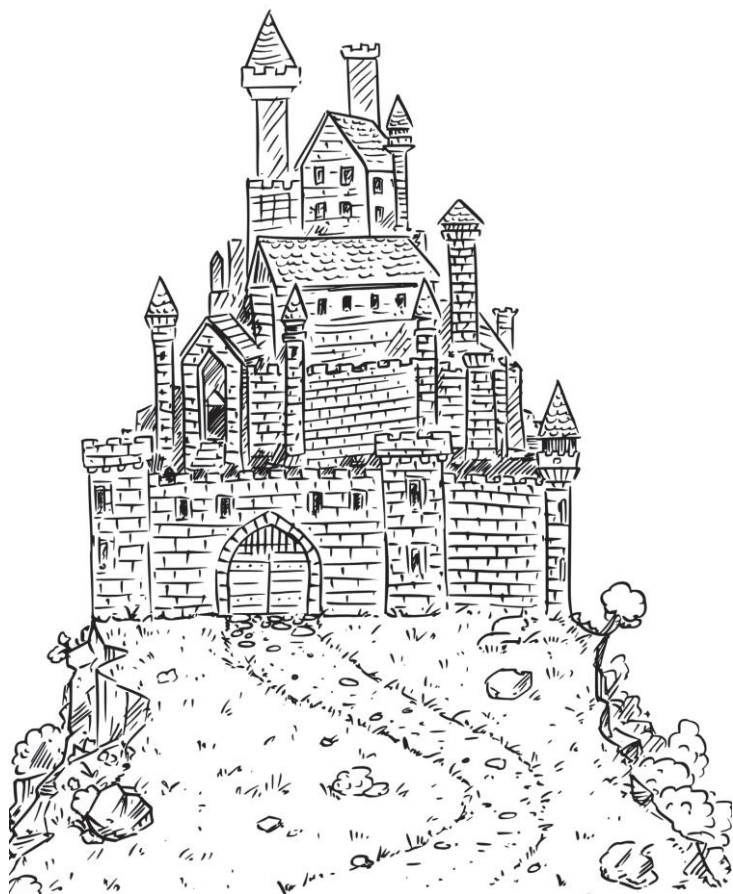
He plucked roses

His destruction was an amusement

Empathy from expected ones shut closes
Of him, she always dreamt
But he knew she never slept
How can my name not be spelt?
He found it as complicated as loopholes in a wrong-
sized belt

The ticking arms of a clock in love,
Turns people into werewolves
The eldritch tension in an affair,
Ensures a pandemonium
The man becomes a boy
The woman becomes extraneous

*Junctures pre-coursing
mourning mornings*



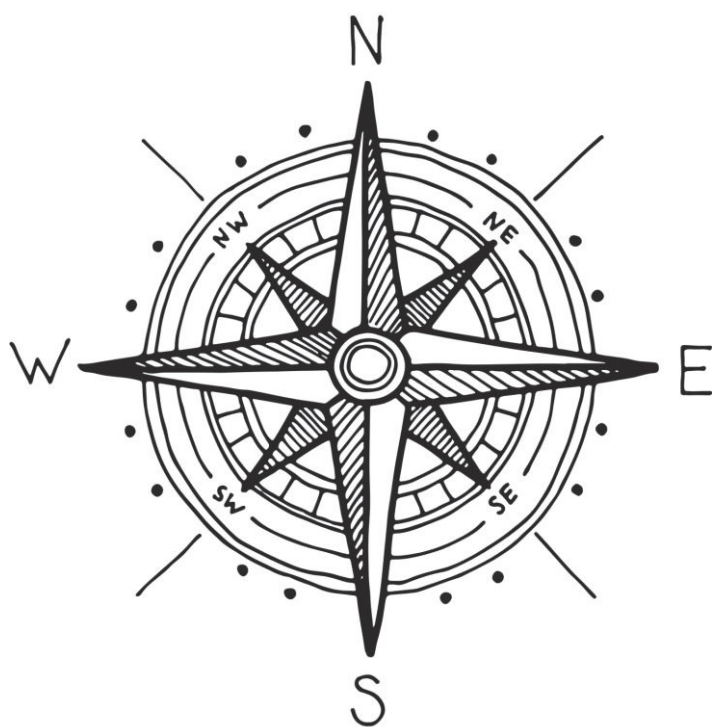
A kingdom of caged tongues

She was the reason I was born,
If she won't hold me at my highest weight
Who will? In this wretched world
You were never the offering for my insatiable
hunger
You screamed, and roared, trampling your lungs
Those screams were very much devoured and
savoured
They were just mere whispers buried in the graves
of my creativity

I am a bit diffident
Because I have mistaken your eclipsed rage as
artistry
Did I steal your "spotlight"?
If I flickered in the dim light?
You said, "That's overhyped, right?"
Where is all your vaunted might?
You sprint in some nerves, like his
And you step onto some, like mine

I can no longer linger in the confines of daylight
I hope you learn,
The universe won't plead and kneel to please you

How could you question “Is she dead?”
When all I did was faint
I no longer shrivel up like my tongue in a sour
concoction
But I muster up to tell you
That you rule a kingdom of caged tongues



lady with direction

entailing all directions
she still cannot run
there are saboteurs in the south
deimos rules the north
shame engulfs her even in unlit corners
she's squandering her denomination's honour
she has deceptors in the east
quite a few spectators in the west
her face is mortified like the gradience of the sunset
and mastered those greedy skill sets
while carrying a child
her blandest apologies became film scenes
it disgusts her to come clean her name is inferred
as destiny's axis
but she sacrificed the soul from the trenches of her
name to the gods that guard her life's dismay
she cannot run up north to validate her
blasphemies
as she's the cynosure for the god of wealth,
for she is the "lodestone for kubera's celestial eye"
as she piles up her pride around in a wall

she's stifling enclosed in her wall of ignominy
she might free fall into arms of god yama

he might cradle her into the lullabies of her grave
her grandiosity, conceit being the soil she'll be
shrouded with
in every universe, she'd hail in a south-faced house
with an incompetent coward-like spouse

she thought she was the harp in Jehovah's hand
but she is the split-spine fork in Satan's hand



Charlotte

Charlotte was presented before the jury
Resented for not possessing rage or fury
She guessed that placing her thoughts all over her
roof would craft something better
She woke up to find her bedside lamp to be
shattered

Charlotte's silent and young
Obedient yet fun
From her face, the smile never runs
Even though she several times was struck by
misery

Charlotte grew up with cynicism
Uncertainty was her futurity
Christmas was her occasion of anticipation
She didn't ask anyone for a brand-new pair of
moccasins Why could she not ask me?

Charlotte hoped to cling to her teenage flings with
her childhood spring
She is dormant in drama
But stagnant ain't karma

Charlotte was double-crossed by her owns
She was double dealt as if she was someone
unknown

Charlotte every day plays her 2008 videotape
The one in which she's dancing wearing
Superman's cape
Ten years hence she was locked in chains of regret

Charlotte turned out to be my long-lost twin
Back when I feared to turn out like Huckleberry
Finn
But then no one holds you
When they find Huckleberry in you

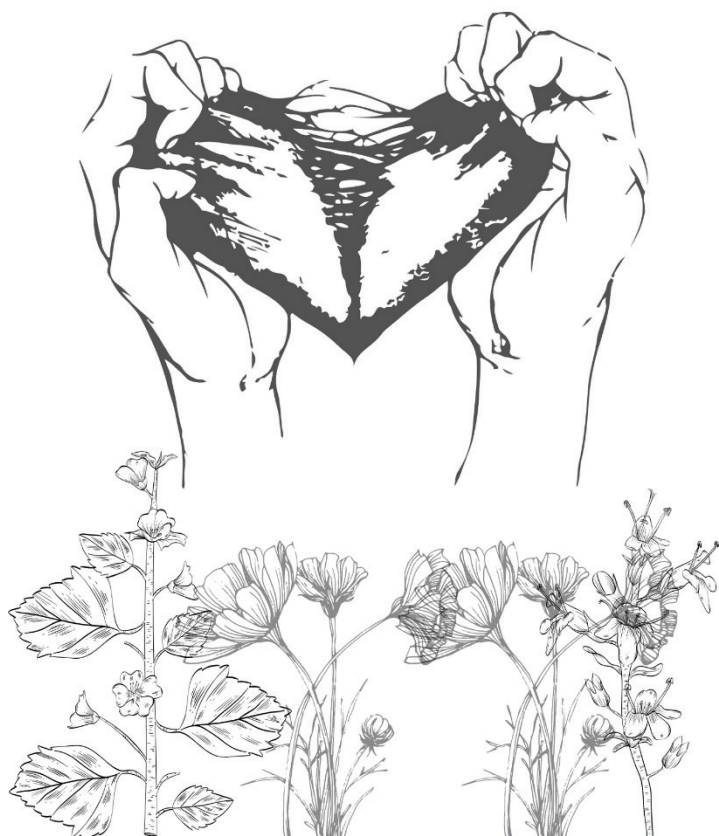
Her miserable tears, the cotton absorbed
Against her visceral, every one of her friends stood
and fought
Dear Charlotte, if there's anything I could do for
you
This new year, I'd gift my cognitions to you

Charlotte, you're somebody's place of origin
Charlotte, you're someone's destination
Charlotte, why would you delve into your mind
every goddamn night to fake a gruelling
masterpiece?

What lessons have you learned from all this hurt
you're making yourself believe?

Why would you exhibit those deeds that you were
exhorted for?

The age-old prophecy in your mind is the hindrance
between you being your mentor



A broken heart's job

I lurk in places that are yet undiscovered
With shattered pieces of a heart
That was once called sovereign
I was told I needed a man with equivalent emotions
Your longing for riddance
Was the greatest of all deceptions

My heart did shatter
But it has been so used to it
It didn't hurt or pierce my soul or body
I've learnt this a long, very long way
That hearts are to shatter and then gather
Hence, you've got to put yourself together

What is a broken heart's job?
To glean the scattered antiques
To make it into a proper physique
Sneak into other's hearts to create a clique
To lose yet, to leap, to grasp sieg
But it reconstructs itself like a patchwork that's
bleak
The potential I lack to be on fleek
A broken heart sinks,
In shrieks of laughter

What if the heart didn't belong to a great daughter?

The magnitude of love I'd give to any individual
would be immense

Because the pieces of a broken heart are greater
than a single organ

You can give and take more love having,

A broken heart

“I cry a lot but I am so productive, it’s an art”

-Taylor Swift, I can do it with a broken heart



Opulence is an asylum

Wealth is a beauty people adore
Especially in-laws and tamed foes
Wealth is a woman adorned in gold
How quick it gets to fend off misfortune
Opulence is the asylum that harbours conceit
Their plutocratic have the nearness to counterfeit
An opulent mouth's tongue weaves smiles from a
wolf's grin.

Descend of steps to the *dragon's den*
Cherished Carnations received by *Elizabeth*
Acquaintances don't get drunk in *Hangover: The*
Bar

Opulence is an asylum where the human race,
Fraudulently survives
a masquerade spun from those lies
and justification and shame in them just retires

Money is a plotless play
Lived by the actors who only have a tongue to say,
"If my blood planned to loot lands, I didn't do,
You've got to forgive us if my wife's fury blew"
Now they know, how difficult is a wealthy wife to
tame

She always becomes her source of shame

These elders well played,
The Mottola and the Jackson's game
If you sew tricks carefully in the seams
I've got raw evidence up my sleeve
Profit of one,
Loss of two, it seems

Gain goods, sheer rot
Choose clones of your money
I hope you fall to the ground,
From a million feet
Your pockets may or may not be brimming with
gold
as the earth swallows you whole
Opulence is a filthy asylum
Wherein *the richest are the maddest ghosts*
Who don't weep salt streams, but silver
Wiping tears off with pearl white sheets



Touched my heart

My heart offers endless homage to the pilgrims of
love

They are always welcome to enter and feel the aura
of love

They walk in barefoot and with tainted hands

Those hands touch my heart

They quite literally do

They touch my heart time, and again till the time
the touch turns into harassment.

That touch harasses my heart skilfully, concisely,
sinfully

My heart harassed and abducted

To reach a point where I physically feel the beating
on the bruise

My heart no more is the pilgrimage

They consider it a brothel

My heart is now like a vulnerable woman

Stumbling in a sensually charged dress

In the dingy alleys of Delhi

Or maybe a sinfully acceptable woman

In the bloodshot red light area of Mumbai

My heart lets itself fall, standing naked and
vulnerable

Unsolicited used and uncharged because
It was a temple once

If my heart is as therapeutic as a temple
People grievingly pray and offer offerings
But here all they do is take
Solely for their own sake
And as the goddess of grief,
I am too familiar with being forsaken

Don't come to touch my heart
If you aren't going to hold it while it falls apart
How godly am I to create the heaven and the earth
Every single time when I've bred in a love's dearth

“Fell victim to interlopers' glances
Lost the game of chance, what are the chances?”

-How Did It End?, Taylor Swift

Terms and Conditions applied

I have created monuments paying tributes to their
ungrateful smiles

A rose stem around their tongue twirls

As I see their lips go linear instead of a welcoming
curl

just how edifying it is that I leap far beyond their
kens

I've taken several steps back from making affinities
last

I'm still scrutinised in my dreams

But unfortunately, dreams don't scream

Friendships seem like a glass shoved down my
throat

I wasn't even parched

But I bleed either way

They are a counterfeit choir that croons till I
splinter

*I never read the terms and conditions of being a
friend*

*Because for me it isn't a contract written with
disappearing ink*

Time becomes tedious

If you are a part of the plan

but not a part of them

I am tired of being the blueprint
And never the cathedral
Your persona becomes pretentious
If it doesn't align with theirs like constellations
Old friends lose their meaning
Like fresh grapes rotting on the vine

They did not flinch hearing the cracks in the glass
They played deaf when the glass broke
Just so their porcelain skins remained unharmed
By my shards

They sprinted towards the door for the most
awaited guest of the night
But they forgot about the shattered glass on the
floor
The shards of mine that led to hell
Was my wreckage that convenient to turn a blind
eye and a deaf ear to?
I get it, I was too "damaged" to talk to

I once believed this was a ship sailing on waves of
rage
Was I stupid enough to say, "This is what I
envisaged"
Friendship is voyage
It's a ship that sinks
Because of the hands that steer it

I once feared your innocence because of the power it
held

Now I hope for your silence because of the hearts
your intentions bled

I once craved their shadows

But then they hovered over me

Like a prolonged eclipse

The moment I was left penniless

You rushed to the bank

Crushed my bones, dusted them off

Took out the marrow

Took money to construct a home on my fragile dust

That has been decaying with years of ravage

Sleep sound,

Then my bones will collapse on your head

Winds blowing in vain

The words come out of his mouth in a voice like the
breaking of a bridge between two big towns

The lumps in his throat were greater than the ache
that now around him surmounts

He glares down, piercing his fate with coarse eyes
because he has always been *forced to be the most of
a man*

Why does the power above seeing everything keep
backbreaking men in the periphery of sight?

He who helped me breathe

Is now choking in dust of devotion

Trampled by torture

I can't see him sprinting across disasters with a
spine that's shattered

He's somewhat in love

In between the heaven and oblivion

But in a whole lot in dread

How can a cub learn to curb their rustling minds

He is hustling for a name to be known

The one that pushed and nudged him from behind

He will try to inhale him in the air

Try to find his arms around him in the violence of
the winds

He's scrounging for bits and pieces of him here and there

Too impaired by this truth

To know how to move

He's suffocated by too much oxygen

Too much to breathe

He is blinded by the ache that he has seen

Too evident to unsee

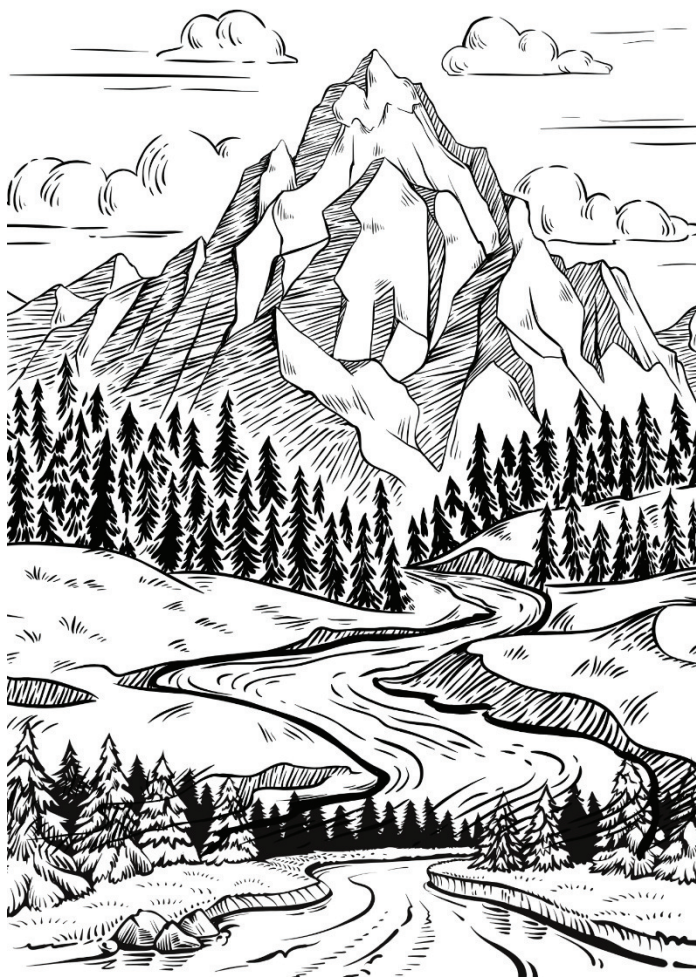
If he climbs the heights of skyscrapers, mountains and trees

He would never find the soul he's looking for

The one he never wanted to be so high up and free

As he lost the one who taught him what and how to be

This pain is new, along with January
His laughter is still stuck in a cold December night



The Poet's Joy

I am an elegist unlike Keats
I cannot romanticise lovers but eulogies
I tried wreathing around the Endymion
But always come undone
All the boys who encapsulate endless and undying
beauty
were the joy that was tenured for a short while,
never forever

I find my life of love inscribed in Shakespeare's
sonnets

The canny, yet unsettling resemblance of the
youthful lovestruck humans and the

Fair Youth Sonnets

Weave a Daedalian net of
loving & learning
starry & teary-eyed
smiling & smirking & grinning

I feel cardinal to the indecision undergone by Frost
Culturally, I'll leave the world stuck in fire
Disseminating in all the five elements
Yet the world wouldn't remember me
Hypothetically if I go freezing I might come to life

again

I wish I could decide if it would be either fire or ice
Instead of being Acquainted with the night

Osho's philosophies are intertwined in my mind
The flow of love could never be reversed
You cannot in any universe get back what you give
It's foolish of me to find an excerpt in Rumi's poetic
verses

I bet, all love poets to ever exist

Would look down on me

With shame, hate and believe their poems to be a
bait

They would curse as I search for the answers to my
unstable love in their verse

Poetry puts me in a high that makes me dream

*My skin is the shroud that I
can't ever shed*



Insatiable

How I wish my perception of self were an illusion,
Ephemeral at its greatest potential
Or a mere betrayal of refraction
But it's a delusion
It is a fluctuation
How I wish it were a hallucination
This yearning petrifies me,
As an indentured and apologetic wreck to fate
Shackled to an insatiable void that no change dares
to abate



Hitler and Jews

Her relationship with her body is like *Adolf Hitler*
and Jews

She'd push her stomach in as if she ordered the
Jews to be suffocated in a camp

She does not let it breathe

She wants to reign over the appearance it makes

She has tried perceiving her ever-changing body
image as a nazi

But it seems to be

A foolish

but an innocent Jewish man



Diana

“Diana the Princess of Wales”

You are the queen of wails
She carried the grace
That your face won't ever have
She was the icon
Something you won't achieve or ascribe

She's so sick of finding several *Charles*,
Instead of '*Charmings*'
How easily they take away her charm
She can't enunciate in her chuckles
The Joy of England

Diana watched her waist
Look at you, you're such a waste
The constant atrocities that she faced
You didn't learn but you did take
You fake picking, a desired weight

It would help if you abstained from wearing skirts
It would be best if you opted for decent fits
Only *Marilyn Monroe* owns her moment because
she's got all of it

Tall, thin and blonde she carried it all like her
wallet

You've not got the brains of *Marie Curie*
She imprinted indelible marks on history
You are not that shrewd child
Did you not know, in this world
You've to have either beauty or brains
Both of yours are in vain

You've never had an arch
How do you expect excellence in any sphere?
Where in the world would you point to yourself
You're just a face in the crowd
No one has ever heard a thing about
You won't even know if your name is called out

Someone can be ethereal like Diana
Someone would be graceful as Marilyn
Someone can be perspicacious as Marie
No one should be like the author of this anthology
No one should be like her,
Nobody

I want to do, not just to be

-Diana, Princess of Wales

She's the death she chose



Anatomy of self-loss

When did my self-hatred and punishments begin to
become their concerns?

When my brushes were needles

And the canvas was my skin

And around which I used to fiddle

Piercing scribbles and a symphony of pain

How miserable was it to do

I didn't know that this would reinvent itself too

All costs paid, but I can't hear my good name

I can't seem to understand

how I feel like my shadow

behind this obsessive woman

who tears her parts apart

throws them for sewing and stitching

old versions of us suffocate, trapped in our souls

for them to set free,

loss of your life is the only goal

I can't fit my body in the frame I build every night

In my mind

I surge with fear during horror films

Now I'm ghosting someone owning my heart

For whom, I'm a hand-held part

I've cried,
I've tried,
I planned,
and devised strategies
Yet, failed
To fit into a structure
For which 207 bones of mine needed to be fractured

Love is never lost when perspective is earned

-Taylor Swift, Peter, 2024



She is everyone she knows

She talks about her flaws like a deceptive friend
She steals their expression by mastering everybody
else's traits

She has been her and she can be like her
She has been everything and everyone she has
known

But she has never been herself

Because,

She is her largest insecurity
Her self-critical perception is the thing into which
she has apologetically grown

She has never felt like the pendant or the pearl in a
necklace

But, the chain

The fragile chain

She herself is her self's deconstructor

She is herself her abductor

Then she scrounges for new people to adore her

She herself eroded all her lustre

Her strength was the only thing she could not
muster

She looks carefully curated,
piece by piece
But every piece on its own has a different dream
As all of them hail from diverse realms
She was hanging by a thread
When her friends were hanging out and about



A Widow's Disease

In between all this sensibility
I think I am the master of madness
How I flood a place with a rainstorm
Even when no water was extracted
A destroyer like *Lord Shiva*
But not worshipped
I'm meant to be chained and caged
and then, tamed
Or else, people witness
A lapse of sanity
A loss of identity
A change in me
that breeds the fear of me
The anguish of me
The worst of me
They don't know,
It is,
Hysteria
Screaming
Breaking
Aching
Not faking
That they see and see and see
A widow's disease

I believe they say,
“The girl belongs in a psych ward”
But she becomes so sweet
You’ll never know
How much she longs to be,
Something softer, slower, silenced
Something Deceased



Unethical standards

She's sick of scribbling expressions on her face
She can't really sculpt her waist
She has given her all to resemble a glass vase
The curse never got lifted
Women's structures will always be a misfit
The kissing cult won't ever entertain a dry lip
Dare any woman ever have a flat hip
Beauty standards make me bite my lower lip
Till the blood drips
I'm just an ink pen,
I can't be forced to function like a weapon
I am an infant knowing all the cataclysmic secrets
of a parent
A curious child
A vigilant mind
A heartbeat that's never going to hold her
A dangerous sign
A charming whine
It will take twenty-two forevers to erase her
Thighs that are thick
But yet don't stick
A curvy waist
For which men gamble and bait

(paper)weight on a (table)chest

I am a river meandering around brand-new lands
I try hard enough not to be an ox-bow
But I arrive on the ground and I get stuck like an
unwanted friendship band

I am the sandcastle staying firm in the sea
I wish I could be the air that he needs
But I'm the oxygen in the water that a man cannot
breathe

I love him the most and I've got reasons for more
All that I gave to him was never ignored
For him, I wasn't a sacrifice to the rebounds in
which he was lured
He said that I am a gift he would always adore

I wish I could be a vibrant colour for him but I feel
like a tint
This soul of mine is a canvas for his trait's imprint
I wish he could be the answer I know but every
time I've just got the hint
I wanted to be his sound sleep but I was a blinding
blink
I try to execute an elaborate dinner but they stop at
the drinks

Should I really be talking 'rings'
If I live in a teary ocean
Because metals do sink
I don't want to hear bottles shattering rather than
two champagne glasses clink

How can I be so incapable?
Even though I've spent my life as a paperweight on
a philosopher's table
I'm a portrait that has always bled
I have blank spaces like a million words unsaid,
To someone who deserved them all
I am an unidentifiable poetic device
Can a daughter's, friend's, lover's by me be sufficed?

a warning attempt

I drag a shovel on marble floors
The screeches leave me collapsed after several
implores
I feel inferior as I see seashores
They've stuck together even if they were torn apart
by eternities
While my mind offers homage to blood and gore
It tears me and my empathy towards myself apart

I'm the epitome of madness
Exiling in my skin since eighteen years is sadness
How philosophies lurk and nonplus me
Like a heart that stopped, I check the availability of
my impulses
By them how can I be imprisoned?
If they are rotting in prison
I'm still figuring out
How do I warn one about me?

I've got to raise my sinking heart
Solely allegory decodes me
I'm the trap you welcomed yourself in
Even I'm searching for my feet to be freed from
these wilting weeds

How weak can humans be?
To give up on other humans every week?
Without guilt and remorse and familiar headaches

People have big mouths to speak and bigger words
Never do they get the gravity of how much it hurts
It sinks into my bones settles as marrow
My face is like a full-bloomed rose
The waist is that of a naturally occurring rose
One falls for a kiss on the lips,
Lips are the altar
They then walk down my neck
And run down my waist
But sensual dancing goes for the waist
One who is sane would certainly pull their hands
away



Agony's firstborn daughter

She was her father's daughter,
Not agony's
But she was raised by agony that was aged
As a child, she always accidentally held the fingers
of disgrace
She lost her sleep and her eyes turned red
She even twists and turns in her mother's bed

The ambiguity she sensed in Sunday brunches
She was thrown a dart for having a spine that
hunches
There is no lack of iota
She vitiates a joyous aura

Why does she let out a war cry
When what launched was a crusade
They find ways to persuade her
Into believing she's incredible
Her ribs cage her heart from applause
Her arms hold her in this frail appreciation
Hence, she defines herself as unbearable

She said, "When someone enchants me,
they blandly sprinkle, Oh, he?"

Now she convinces her expression to be free
She's a holy mural smeared into graffiti
The first thing she wants to be is, herself
What she went through is all that she breeds

She was beaten till bruised,
By an abductor's belt
Oblivious of the fact that her hands held the whip
She was a garden from where the trees of repair
were uprooted
And sown were the saplings of despair
For eventual stability was this catastrophe
prolonged for?

The despair that was fed by desperation
For something she had to derive cautiously
A chiselled jaw,
It doesn't always point towards a sharpened mind
Her grief paces in her slow sighs
The greater steps ahead of her are evident signs
She takes the deepest breaths in her shortest sighs

A ballad of triumph and catastrophe

I am dictated by gallantry contemplations
But I fall to the blunders of a benighted intellect
I'm the defeated queen of the chess game
Someone played with their mates
To flex a "Checkmate!"

I keep on hopping back in the saddle
But this time I guarded the fate that was too great
to dismantle
How can I dodge a ball thrown at me on a
basketball court?
Now I know, why people store
The letters, in love they once wrote

Even though I fear the crests and troughs
of waves of the sea
I would still sail you to your shore

If even through the slightest of confines of me
which confirms the certainty
That you are THE ONE
Why would I even seek for SOMEONE?
I don't have thoughts unsaid
But even maimed moments

seem functional enough if you're the one present

Should I feel haunted or smitten or bonded or
belittled

By what we are

It is woven into these unsaid affairs

Waiting and longing

Are we a patch of this tapestry?

Or the tapestry?

a wrecked match girl

I've been having a hard time anchoring
myself to these shards I'm living

none of my words ever choose to stay
now I'm trying to calligraph what's left of me into
verses again
my brain is always on a hunt or a lookout
decimation is the only contest wherein I wear a
crown

I craft my breath into paper boats
and I watch them drown in puddles
only thing I do now is sit with my head low
and count years till my hair grow

I beat myself with inauspicious words in revered
refrains, unheard

I try blushing in borrowed pigments
but it collapses into tiny figments off my skin
as I seem unaffected through my skilled grin

I'm the girl with damp matches and frostbitten
fingers

desire is like a residue of a spit-smitten kiss that
lingers

I put on the matches, shivering and quivering, one
after another

I'm grateful this was not seen by my brother
there was no way, no preacher, no caretaker
all my morning mournings, no one heard
as my story is deemed absurd,
it was written to be unheard
just unread and undisturbed



Celia

It's a terror for a woman to have an accidental baby
But what terrorises them even more is if she has no
record of the monthly memory
but it should be there, as something was alive
inside of her
something came, uncaged
she questions
"am I still holding it? is it mine? is me, me?"

Celia tugs on my hair each time I teach her to say,
"sorry"
her tiny hands scratch my skin
I'm afraid that this is the reincarnation of my past
wounds
is she learning from my demons because, for her, I
don't qualify as an angel?
It doesn't matter the distraction given to a young
child
It's always temporary
her toys, play with me
her games, lure me
her laugh chastised me
her wails strengthen me

Who raised Celia?
because her mother never wanted her
because she was just a vessel that held her
Celia was never to keep
but still I hold on to her as I weep
This misbehaviour and madness are somewhat her
saviour
What if Celia has a mother who doesn't want her to
be here?

Celia, are you my greatest sin disguised as an
infant
who is a cunning child?
eyes with lights bright enough to blind me
a mind held too heavy for her years
I'm sorry baby, I regret making you
raising you, loving you and hating you
The fact that you were never reviled
I forgive you as I was unable to understand you

I can't recall nine months of guarding you in my
womb
Now she schemes a psychotic end of mine in my
room
Celia, are you a punishment or redemption?
You embody my hurt and fears
But it's fine
I have to keep you near

I can't keep it in

food, secrets, decisions, shocks, reactions

I cannot keep it in

I can somehow withdraw

Myself, like a jigsaw devoid of a piece

But by any means or chances

I cannot risk my past presenting again

First come first serve

I keep getting worse in my verses

I can't digest it even if it is broken

or if it needs to be fed into me through my veins

*despite shedding alligator tears alone in a hospital
room*

I feel free in those chains

rather than to crawl into all my fatal pains

I am always the wet cement

Till they mould me again and again

Until I harden into something unrecognisable

Cautionary tales of my thoughts thinking again

Blind faith and hopeless love

Breed false hopes again

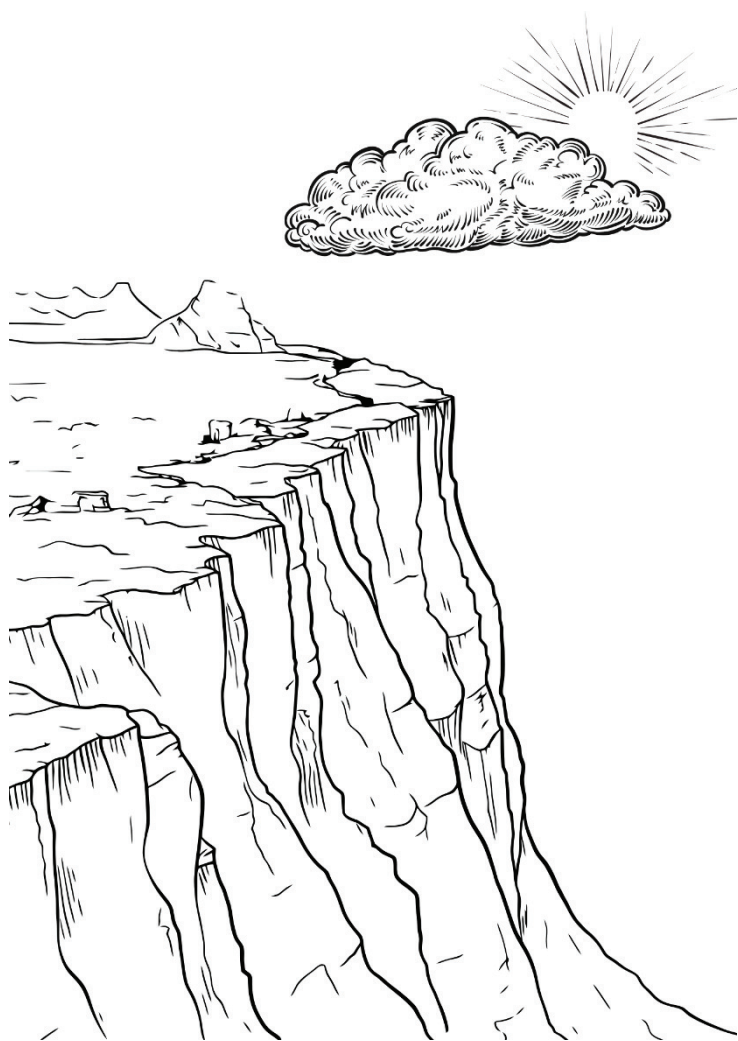
All these thoughts of ache

That my heart gently curates

As it is constructed by trembling hands

I've swallowed twenty-two lumps down my throat

In seventeen different ways
Now,
I can't keep it in
I'll purge and it wouldn't be a warning
But a messenger
I just
Cannot
Keep
IT
IN.



Edge of end

It is inhumane to joke about an instinct
Be it feeling distant or idiotic about one's physique
All these roads and skies in between
In the dead of night, I'm unable to find a door that
doesn't creek

My divinity is bound to be destroyed
by the distinctions I've created within my life
Who doesn't want all the life out of me
I am bled dry every night
To every morning I gather ashes
I curse those glances that capture matches
They were made to light up sparks but burned us to
ashes (*for once*)
Holding closer to my bosom
By the river, my blood gets thinner
As I can't throw those ashes off the edge

One step, I'm off the edge
One toss, ashes off the ledge
One reminder,
Even Edges End
I'm always cautious on
The Edge of The End



a coffee mug

Like a coffee mug that skipped the mind of the
dishwasher
I stay there on the counter
From the moment when the coffee was brewed
Till the moment it cresses the lips of the consumer
Now all contents have gone
With a maroon lipstick stain on
I pertain to the jealousy beheld against Agnes
Of those tea cups washed before me
The essence of coffee lingers on me
In the form of unhygienic stains
I was the forgotten coffee mug
What now?
Drown me in water
Or keep my brim filled with water
In a way, you'd want my lungs to be
I'm forever tainted now
Unlike those squeaky clean teacups
You saw and said, "Wow"



When Life does not find a singer to sing her heart
she produces a philosopher to speak her mind.
A truth is to be known always, to be uttered
sometimes.
The real in us is silent; the acquired is talkative.

-Kahlil Gibran, Sand and Foam



I am just a barrel

Rumi wrote,

“The wine we really drink is our own blood
Our bodies ferment in these barrels”

I drink my wine like an alcoholic
Every sip tastes different from the previous one
The sip where I forgot to twirl the glass
for the air to let itself in
the air lingered long in the around me but not in
my wine
It is less sweet
less enjoyed

I twirl my glass for another sip
To let the air in
To not just enter but,
sink in,
As my wine and the air breathe into each other
the way me and my lover did
it is concisely did annunciate to my tastebuds

I feel like the bitter sip of the wine
the sip that was because of a forgotten procedure
I feel as hollow as the wine does without her air

But,
I still feel like the wine that is twirled before
drinking
No, I don't feel vivid or any sweeter
It feels heavy

If I continue to pour wine into me
as a consequence of grief,
a disguise of coping
the oceans of aching wine in my system
would be of a quantity too hard to ferment
and I won't be able to avoid the floods that would
leave me in ruins

If I sip on my wine
solely for the occasion
I can make an oasis of wine in my system
just enough for me to ferment all those instances
and grow to cherish the moments,
where there was a rising glass of wine

I am just a barrel
Overflow
Emptying itself
To carry this holy age-old curse

I felt more when we
PLAYED PRETEND

Over The Top

You questionably became my birthplace while being foreign

I eagerly call you “my husband”

Those evil eyes glare at me from your wristband

Unforeseen circumstances build him like iron

“Don’t be the oxygen to rust him

Be the fire that melts him”

I make him the victim of my interrogative plays

He answers it all

He doesn’t refrain and dodge like a prey

That man is as strong as my belief in dismay

I wish you weren’t someone whom I’d stop by

But the final stop

You told me about how I was built to be a wife

I was ready for you to be “my husband”

But were you?

You wowed at my vows but what went wrong while
you tried to uphold yours somehow?

Now I’m stuck at this pause

Which has an unknown cause

Could be a comma or a full stop

But now I'm buried fifty feet under, *over the top*
I'll now have to get used to seeing your chest with a
polo shirt on
Better button it up till the top
Because with this overthought impulsive decision of
yours
I am way under,
Over the top



*But now, I'm right down in it, all the months I've given, it
can't be 'us' we're dividing up - Taylor Swift*



My breath beating onto you

“Talk it out”

Once again but this time

Could you refrain from ascribing any meaning?

Similar to my life

Wherein you’re now clandestinely emerging

And carefully sweeping out the strewn

interrogations from the kingdom of my thinking

Saving me from threat and drinking

Shush, listen

To my breath being tightened

Finding the air to dense to survive

As either I hang suspended in the air

Or the air contains gallows of suspense around me

Without hearing the crinkle of paper clippings
tearing

And the haemorrhage of my nose rings

The miscarriage of the visceral surges I carried

I’m a writer with zero readings

How can we be full of life?

and not yet breathing

you are breathtaking

you took mine away

as you breathed yours into me

Hearts are made for healthy beating
But some are destined to be breaking
No matter how long they spend on mending
My heart isn't even cash
Yet I'm spending
Even when our soul leaves our bodies
Whom will those spirits be ghosting?
I wish to be haunted by you
Please make up my mind for me
I wasn't in for this break-up and divide
You are supposed to be my man on *a white horse*
Not the one who pushes me off to land on the
stable's heath
And crumple in the dust as you dust off bedsheets
Because,
What is love?
If not a labyrinth without escape.

Dear Regina

I forgive you Regina,
for all those you've burned
in between the pages of a book that was never
meant to be learned
you needed to set yourself on fire
to feel how it burns
you grew your hair
while I await my lock's return

I forgive you, Regina,
My once fathomless leader
My master, for whom I would become the pleaser
I have you preserved in letters and dresses you
gave
Were those sincere gifts or something that made
you degrade?
the guitar that lay gathering rust
I hope they cut and slit open your fingertips
so that you understand that men cannot be
balanced on them

You, the goddess of high school
entertained and elated by young fools
I swear I was foolishly trying
But you envied my waist and my ribs

“Did you eat?” isn’t a question I’ll take

Regina, you’ve been a skilful stealer
of men and love believers
a hysterically awesome scribbler
When friends turn to haters
here in my self-proclaimed glory
that was patented by you
someone had to tear your lore
of moving around with a “put-together” heart
you aren’t a broken dove in this sky,
but the eagle with eyes locked at inferior beings

I’ve got questions stemming out of your birth
not envy that stems out of dearth
I believed you were a catalyst who would burn the
love I lived
but I forgot I was as disastrous as water

You’re a warning given to me by my mother,
“Don’t let the smarter ones eat you alive”
if my insecurities grew
you need to know that
you were *the catalyst in my two-man crew*

*You and I admired the same moon
But it existed my galaxy*

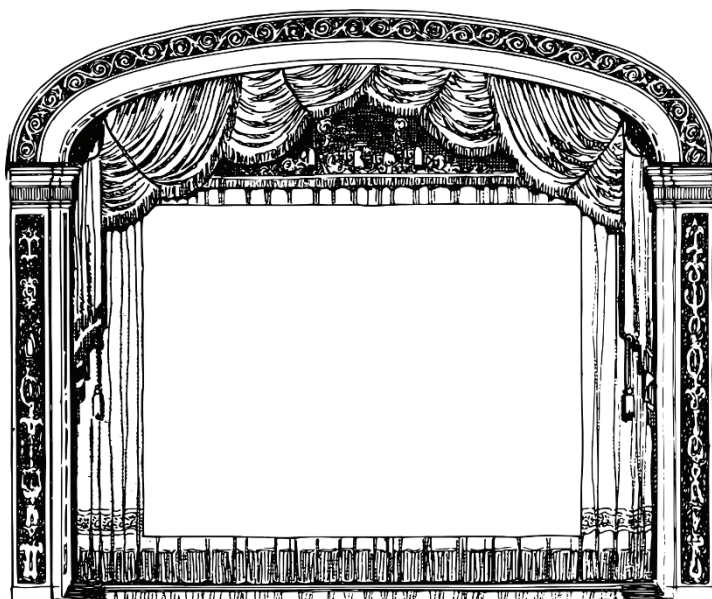


pleading paralysis

Post-setting of the palest sun
When those decibels from your mouth made their
way into my hearing canal
And beat my eardrum and beat and beat and beat
till it bursts
But it didn't
Those words stayed there
Solidified as earwax
And I'm hurdled up in my bed for four weeks
Lifeless enough to not care about hygiene
I wish that the beating of those words made me
deaf
Deaf enough to not hear anything you said
I would rather be deaf than hearing your mind
I would rather be dumb than not speaking mine
I would rather be paralysed than walking back to
you
And begging for a void of mine that you designed
I plead paralysis to pull me down like an anchor if I
try to sail to you

“I can’t breathe without you
But I have to”

-Taylor Swift, Breathe



“Your other half is not the one you love, it is just
you in another time, yet in the same space”

-Khalil Gibran, Do not love half lovers

not a love affair

I would sit through the judgements
To hear the verdict of our fate
I plan to deck our halls with the whole of the
Garden of Eden,
If the hall of fate leads to us in every way

I scheme to infringe the existing rights of doubts in
your mind
But I step several steps back from the fear of being
reviled
I embedded memories in the bracelets of our names
You aren't among the men who are all the same

It's called love because there still is love
In times of despair
Even if it's not a love affair
We stand to mend this break,
Beyond Repair
You know me inside out and not just back and rear

If not you, it's no one

I can't make you want me by fixing myself as a
woman

I'm a bird obliged to cut her wings and cherish her
time in prison

I feel awful to have an embodiment of indents on
this structure of mine

This wasp bite feels like an ointment I should apply
every goddamn night

Just to hold myself back from gifting you
profanities

I never learned what to say when the one guy says
"I may or may not wait for you and I hope you don't
too"

I thrive being trampled on by my feet

Because the weight of the body takes away all the
grief

Now my eyes see storms as they themselves don't
know if they are sand or snow

The way I'm so well known to you

I fear no other could learn me in the same way too
Even if someone does do

It would not be a quarter as well as you

I cannot in any universe find another you

All my jingling keys open only the locks I made for
you

No, I didn't mean bad

I apologise for being too glad

But, my boy, to me, you are over multitudinous
grands

I forever want to be stuck in your quicksand

*I am still trying to stay connected to myself as you
disconnect the call*

*I hope, while I learn this, I don't let my knuckles
kiss the wall*

*I hope I don't let the wall kiss my knuckles in a way
they are left swollen*

To be too red

That may seem less kiss-able by him

Inc case he changes his goddamn mind

After he sees the film inside of mine

Metamorphosis

I want to metamorphosise
As for years I have been languished in this stage-
one life
I have seen my ambition and prime bleach
As I am in a membrane transparent enough to
breach

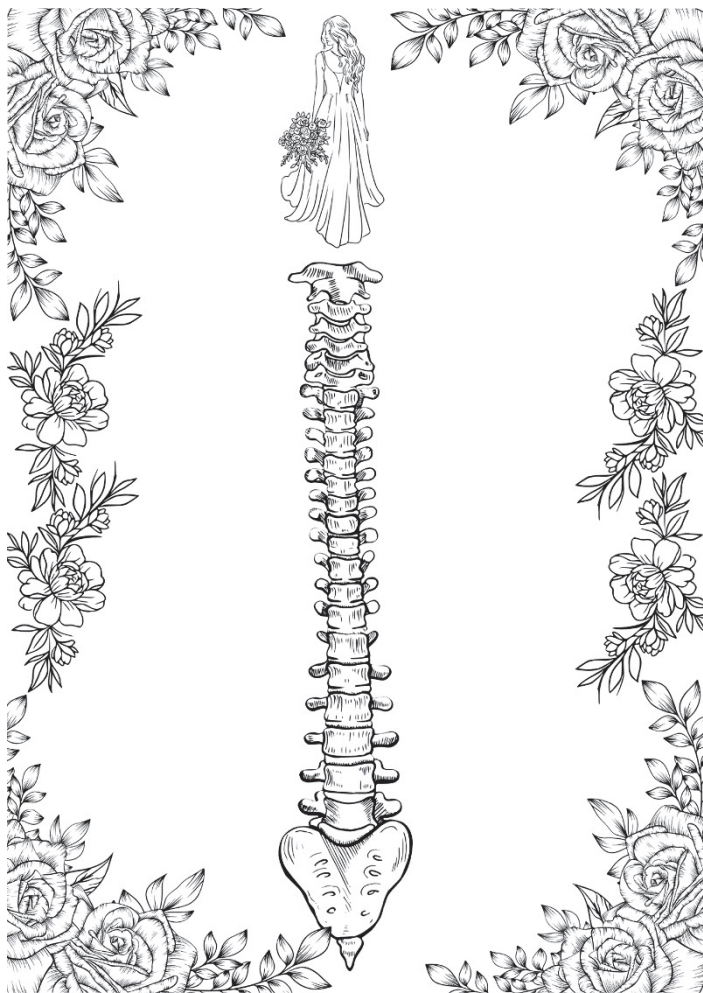
Like a well-developed butterfly
I want the world, so that
I can at the very least see my wings crumble
Instead of through the lens of this amniotic sac
See my wings and skin,
Shrivel and wrinkle

How can I fly?
I am a passive witness suspended in an amniotic
dawn and dusk
I am just a bystander hanging by,
Always at the differed becoming's cusp

In this engulfed state
Wherein I calcify silently
Are mine the wings wrought of chain
As flying is now just a memory

I keep my head low
I hide in corners and nooks
I talk with buts and ifs
As all around
I see is
That Metamorphosis

It was all yellow



his spine is my altar

I exist in him like Sylvia lived in her depression
not in sorrow
but in every breath, he takes
be it for heaven's sake

he has my indents in the gap between his teeth
and I'm the synapse as his neurons engage
I'm his punctuation and his speech

I'm the teardrop standing on the cliff of his eye
like the drop loses itself in a stream on his cheeks
I absorb into his skin through those pores and
creeks

I'm the way he likes his coffee
iced and sweetened,
with hues of the bitter that litters the tongue
I no longer know where,
in him I begin and how with me he ends

his spine split from carrying me in his mind
he's drenched through his skin
as his spine is my altar to end and begin

I drought his marrow so that his bones don't get the
chill

I instill in him like a moral in a human's headspace

I am a lesson he's learnt,

along the way

I grew on him like an ivy by the day

so much that his eyes have now mastered the art

to see if his jewel is about to get tarnished

I occupy much space in him

much more than his organs do

he is a castle I would never want to get out of

like Sylvia never got out of her castle-

a bedlam of grief,

with which she made unsettling peace

Sylvia and I are haunted by consumption

but are bound by miraculous devotion

“Is there no way out of that mind?”
-Sylvia Plath



The Maybe

Started with a “maybe”
“We shouldn’t be under people’s glances”
But it always ends up in a friend’s car, racing
On the highway, some evenings

Running through promising “sures”
Then he called her, his “cure”
As she would be leaving
I guess, it feels like aching

All this thrilling while
They kept on cursing the time
In these weeks of kissing cheeks
They dream of not slipping off the aisle
How many times has she thought of staying alive?
The numbers counting themselves have died

We try to ace all races
But never identify our paces
They run with undone laces
Their dreams can’t crumble if they won’t be waiting
Their “we” is for them to make it
But this map is yet a secret

One maybe
Gave them certainty



The longest hug that ever took place

I did construct a mansion in no time
How can I be coaxed I have to move out in such a
short while?
My mansion had a view of the universe and all the
skies,
Combined
Those bricks will always be engraved with the
headers of my life

For our life, I would run in circles
Distance is never worthless
I've read several from Wordsworth
But are our words up to their worth?

My constellations collapse
Curdling into salted streams
How can a heartbeat be precise?
If metronome was fixed
Inside a moment that had us wrist in wrist
But it was too glimpsed
I would fossilise deep inside
The longest hug that ever took place

The artistry of love encapsulates

My dreams in him can be situated
Why does the human mind fluctuate?
If decision-making paces its way
The ache goodbyes contain
This agony makes you resilient
And leaves a tinge of anguish
I felt all of this
In the longest hug that ever took place



The charm of ascending to heaven together

The skeletons in both our corpses will defy the
dictates of merging with the sand

Our souls would break the caskets of our bodies
open if they don't walk hand in hand

If this life is not our turn

I think even the sun would be raging mad to not
care about the blaze and the burn

If I am the moon to your sun

I reflect your persona because both of us are one

We have fallen in love with this "us" that we've
become

Please stick with me like my traumas from my
muffled childhood screams

Please become the drought for my flooding eyes'
salt streams

If I catch fire and keep it dear till the time it burns
and swallows my entrails

Please be the one who inhales my smoke
and bathes in my ashes

So, to every woman, you appear a new shade of grey

Both of our intentions were inside liberal cages to
seem pretentious enough

Various rumours were the cops that handcuffed my
decisions and made them follow the rules of an
alien town

You bailed me out as soon as my medication was
posted to your house

This was the one chance I had to learn your mind
inside and out

I would marry you inside my head this instant

Even if it seems possible in the distant future

I'm impatient enough to marry you with the smoke
rings I inhale every night

In my mind, every pathway is an altar that leads to
you

I am afraid I am the caricaturist of my love and life
Can wiping the traces of my presence make me an
alchemist?

But it is up to me, the active, the passive and the
rest

I would lose myself along with my mind,
Because I live the love, I write

*I want to wear
his initial*

on a chain around my neck



not because he
owns me

but because he
knows me

He is the one thing that I did **right**
making forts under covers
trust him like a brother

his *starry eyes* sparkle up my
darkest nights

Credits- Call It What You Want, Taylor Swift, 2018

Suddenly 22

And suddenly twenty-two of the fifth in twenty-four
She found Rumi's verses aligning with hers,
Like constellations on the sky like a map
Every word was a cipher that tied them end to end
Like two stars that have an incandescent glow
They knew it in the moment when pale skies
dawned yellow upon their skin
They gasped, "We know"
The universe like always indicated, "I knew"
And suddenly, all the love songs were about them

She wished for them to be the dried-up floret
pressed in a yellow-paged journal
So suffocated in the pages she wore,
So engraved in her verses and lores

She became the hush of the silence where his ideas
built in
As he embraced to flood the pages with her quill
Poems invading margins and healing through time
He was the letter her pages treasured to keep
Because of him, her pages did not have to soak in
the tears she wept
She was the hurting dissonance on his piano,

Only his keys and notes resolved and healed
The phantom chord between the ivory of the keys
And the ebony of fast-paced symphonies

She was a pale snowflake on an empty street
He was a tide that rose but never reached the shore
The way the moon cradles the tide
He was the baby whom she cradled,
Raised with love and narrate fables



Things I'd tell them about you

As I sit with them, assembling fleeting castles of
plastic on a Friday evening

I am a vigilant child standing by the door

I would thread the story of our being

Until the silhouette of your samba spills beneath
the door

and my voice transcends into an orchestral shriek
from a paced narration

I would tell them how we put us first against the
worst

How we left bystanders speculating about us in our
one-story town

I would make our children aware of how you made
miles feel like minutes

And just one touch felt like my birthright

I would pour my heart out and tell them that

In the fragments of his gestures,

I saw flickers of the first man I ever loved, the one
who gave me his eyes

I would tell them that before they arrived,

And long before their laughter echoed in our hall

I was the baby that he cradled

held me close and made me feel like a lore

a fable even the faeries would envy I would let
them know early on
How tough their father is,
How he'd carry mountains for them
How his shoulders suffice all our smiles
As we sit sipping wine in the house, we'll have
We'll see the kids grow up as the decades pass
And see them sculpt into our legacies
I would tell them how my eyes twinkled
like the stars in their rhymes
And how are you the constellation
that in every sky I would find

This is when I'll stop writing

Tonight, I asked him,

“Listen, what is true love for you?”

He answered in less than half a second, “you”
unaware of my intentions behind that question,
Having an aim, I was oblivious of

Even my heart pauses before moving onto the next
beat

But he did not

as if I had from his skin seeped into him,
dissolving into him
becoming the marrow in his bones

even when there would be nothing divine

I would be the verse with whom he'll rhyme

Love, when abstract, melts me

Love as a concept constructs me

But right now I'm melting into love's arms

That will shape and shield me

Even this distance builds us into a memory

That we'll look back a decade from now and see

How lovers were understood

In the 2000s, Bollywood

As love is not loved till the skin shivers and burns
I confess that I masqueraded
But he waited and welcomed my authenticity as it
returned
With our hearts in each other's hands
And "us" in our lives
Ten years from now, we will hold holy garlands and
happily cry
As we babied each other when days weren't fine

I was the woman who would sit by the typewriter
And write about him because
He's just a man
For whom my poetry will be about till the day
My hands stop to write
My fingers lose dysrexitry
My wrists lock like a safe
My breath forgets to arrive
And my mind agrees,
I'm no longer alive

Ending note

Dear reader, you have stumbled and stood well quite a long way, congratulations! You have come along broken homes, uprooted saplings, unconstructed ambition and over speculation.

I spent two years of my life etching instances into poems and verses and spent too much of my time picking and choosing the poems that have made it to this anthology, selecting these pieces from over 210 poems I wrote in the span of two years was like picking a favorite child.

Some poems in this anthology trace back to when I wrote Forelsket, the poems that could not make it to the final anthology. I believe that every work of mine will have writings from the earliest eras when I started writing.

This anthology is something I would go over a million times, I would always find ways to redo it, and nobody knows, maybe, JUST maybe, I might. This piece holds a very dear place in my heart and I hope that some poems also hail in your heart just the way they do in my drafts. Having met the most amount of people in my life when I was working on this made me go over this book again and again, this book has come into being because I also met some of the greatest people during this period.

As I place another brick in my anthology wall, I
appreciate and adore the fact that you gave this work
of mine a place in your bookshelf too.

I leave you here with mystery and speculation, with
a sly grin and a candle left half-lit. If you listen
closely, you might still hear the echo.

Perhaps, just perhaps,

The next era waits, impatient, just beyond this page.

With mischief and a brick in the wall,

-Vibhuti S

See you next era...

