

LOVE IS LIKE A ROSE

Whose Thorns Never Forget to Pierce

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Stories Matter

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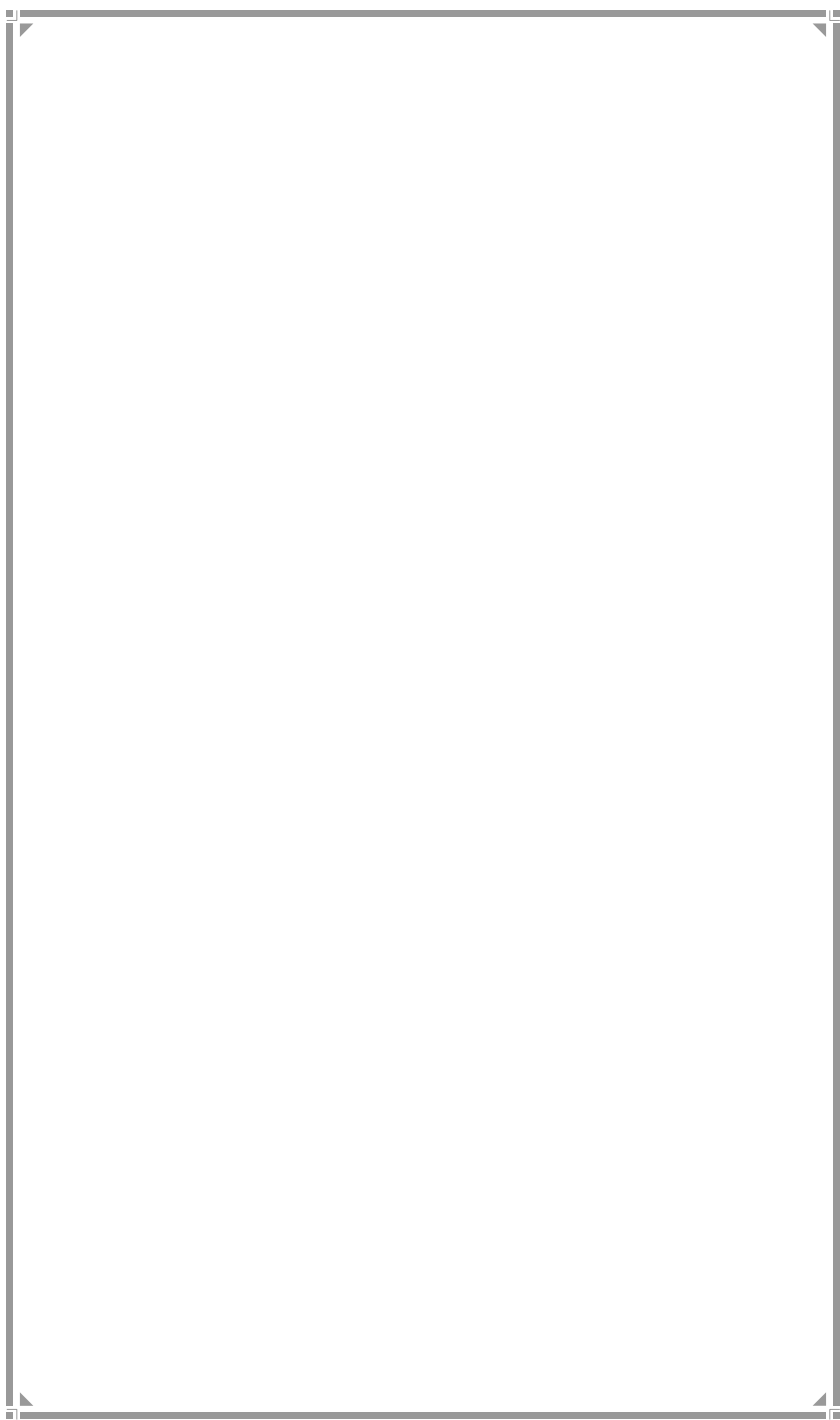
Dedication

"Even the love got a timeline"

— Kisa

"Love is the most twisted curse of all the time"

— Satoru Gojo



Preface

Love does not always end in forever. Sometimes it leaves quietly, like a fading echo; other times it shatters loudly, leaving us to gather the sharp pieces with trembling hands. This collection is written from those after-moments — when the laughter has turned to silence, when the warmth has slipped from the bed, when the heart still beats but feels unbearably heavy.

These poems are not about perfect love, but about the love that leaves scars — the kind that teaches us, breaks us, and shapes us in ways we never asked for. They are fragments of memories, letters never sent, and confessions whispered to the night.

If you have ever loved and lost, if you have ever stood in the ruins of something beautiful, then you already know the language of these pages.

Acknowledgements

I have never fallen in love, and I don't wish to.

But I have seen what it does — the way it builds someone up only to hollow them out, the way it leaves fingerprints that never fade.

This book is not for me. It is for you — for the ones who have walked through that fire and still carry the burn marks.

I cannot claim to know the shape of your ache, but I can give it a place to rest.

These words are for the nights you lie awake replaying the same memories, for the mornings when the absence feels heavier than the person ever did, for the moments when you wonder if you'll ever feel whole again.

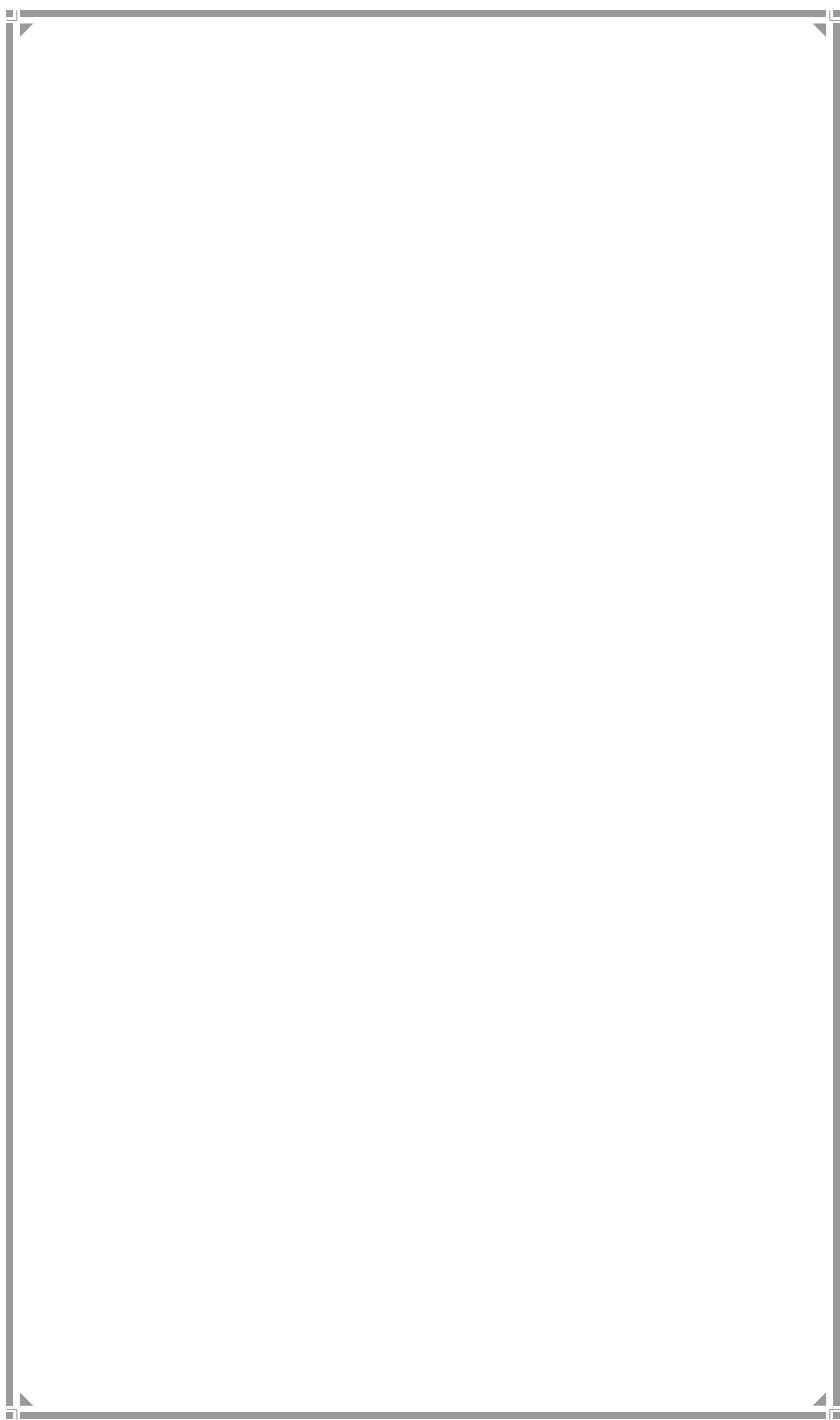
I have never been where you've been — but I have written as if I stood beside you, watching the light leave the room.

And if these pages haunt you, let them.

Sometimes, being haunted is the closest thing we have to being loved again.

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Poems



1. Love Don't Hurt

What is love?

What is really love?

How can you say that

It only brings pleasure?

When I have only sacrificed

One or the other

I need my time back

That I wasted in this relation

You make my heart ache

Last time I felt that

When I was eight

You made me the apple of your eye

So you could just please your hellish mind

Who says love is an expansion of nature?

When I only feel pain in every single weather

How can you say you love me?

When all you see is other beauties

I can't lie

They are really attractive in my eye

But you have some limitations this time

Someone said love doesn't hurt

So why am I crying with tears?

Or why does it ache so much?

I am the protector of souls

While you have trapped mine

Into yours

I need my love back

That I wasted in this mess

_____Kisa

2. Tragic Love

Hey lover,
Do you have any other?
Darling, don't say yes—
It will just break me into hundred.
I need your care,
Just brush my hair.
You are the sun;
I am not the moon,
Not even a star.
But will you still use my lipstick to make a heart?
Use the pen,
Remove the ink,
Write the end
With a lovely theme.
I need the colour that you like;
Pink is not just my type.
Give me the white,
I will give you the red
With a tragic end.
You are the charger
That gives me the booster head.

____ Kisa

3.Hair Fall

Why are you like this?
You remind me of my hair fall.
Endure you for some time,
Then use some medicines
To keep you out of my mind.
Well, medicines don't work every time.
Use precautions?
So I will stay out of your sight.
But that will not work for me this time,
As I am a cherry
Stuck to a tree,
I am a butterfly
In a bunch of honey bees.

_____ Kisa

4. Fragile, Like You

I tried not to shout.

I tried to keep my head down.

I tried to hold back my words.

I tried not to scream.

I tried.

I tried.

I tried not to cause a scene.

I tried not to make you angry,

Because I don't like how you keep those memories.

I tried not to hold a grudge.

I tried to ignore it, like you do.

I tried.

I tried.

I promise—I really tried.

But you pushed me off

The edge of my limits.

And in the end,

I'm just a human being,

With simple feelings.

____ Kisa

5.Fading, Like You

I hope we meet again,
On some sunny day like that.
I am still waiting for your message
Near that lane.
Maybe one day I'll see your face,
Or your scooter near that gate.
I am still standing on that road,
Unable to move on like we used to every day,
Hoping to cope with this awkward pain,
Hoping things like this would never happen again.
I've now become more blank,
Thanks to you again.
You are the reason for these bruises
On my brain.
Maybe someday I can move on,
Like you do every day.

_____ Kisa

6. Hold Yourself First

Oh lover boy,
Let me tell you one thing:
Love is a curse
Dressed like a beautiful thing.
No one gets it
Except the one who went through it.
And to be honest,
Half the world has fallen to its wicked scheme.
Love is pretty, but with a price.
Love is gold that shines bright.
But remember—everything got a timeline.
Nobody knows what's up in the future,
No one has seen tomorrow.
Everybody has a past,
But some have a future.
So, lover boy,
Move on.
Tell Cupid to shoot again,
Or just enjoy the company of your friends.
Nothing is permanent,
Not even the future.

So how can you say
That your love will last forever?
You have seen the world;
Get some ideas.
Not all get true love,
Not all are blessed by the love god
With true love.

_____ Kisa

7. You Played, I Believed

I was the stupid one for falling in love,
While you were the one playing with the gun.
Was it fun?
To see me knocked out by your gun,
While I was the dead one?
Maybe I was too young
To do these kinds of stunts for fun.
Maybe one day I can overcome
The pain of that moment.
I was really young
To not be able to tell
The real from the fake.
It seems I really don't know
What real fun is.
But we learn from our mistakes,
Even while taking hits
From the one who used to love us
Like nobody else in the whole world.
But it was all too good to be true
For this cruel world.

_____ Kisa

8. 1 Bled Alone

Don't make me sad,
Because it is not my fault that you left.
What is the use of saying
That we used to love each other
When we were at our best?
What about the times
When we were at our worst?
While I was begging,
Hoping the stars might re-collide
So I could hold the whole treasure in my mind,
I only got pressure—without a second choice—
While you stabbed me with a knife.

_____ Kisa

Epilogue

The journey through these pages is not just a story of love lost or pain endured—it is a testament to the resilience of the human heart. We feel, we falter, we bleed, and yet we continue.

Though some wounds remain, and some memories linger, each ending holds a lesson. Each heartbreak carries the seeds of understanding, self-awareness, and growth.

May this collection remind you that being human means embracing vulnerability, learning from the moments that pierce us, and finding strength even in the aftermath of our deepest sorrows.

And perhaps, in the quiet spaces between these words, you will find a reflection of your own heart—and the courage to move forward, fragile yet unbroken.

About the Author

Kisa Batool is a young poet and writer who explores the raw landscapes of love, longing, and human vulnerability. Her work is a reflection of the emotional intricacies of life—capturing moments of hope, heartbreak, reflection, and self-discovery.

Kisa writes with honesty and intimacy, seeking to connect with readers who recognize the fragile beauty of being human. She believes that every scar, every memory, and every fleeting feeling carries a story worth telling.