

Sadhya Maheshwari



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Title: To the Usual Suspects

To my family (who thinks I can be a superwoman), to the love of my life (who exists only in drafts), to every diary I've ruined, every playlist I've cried to, and to the girl I used to be-this one's for you, because you survived when I didn't want to write anymore.

### **My This Book?** In Case You're Mondering



### (Great question. Offish Tknew.)

You can start here. Or somewhere else.

This isn't the kind of book that punishes you for skipping ahead.

It won't test you later.

It won't ask what you learned.

It won't mind if you don't underline a single line.

I didn't write this to be understood in order.

I wrote it because some thoughts get restless when they stay in one head too long.

Some words want to be left out in the open,

to see who finds them,

who pretends they didn't,

who folds them up and keeps them in a jacket pocket for later.

If you want, you can treat this like a conversation.

Between you and me.

Between you and whoever you think about when it's too late to text.

Between you and the version of yourself that shows up at 3 AM when you're honest enough to listen.

Don't expect all of it to be pretty.

Some lines will feel like they belong to someone else.

Some will stay with you longer than you want them to.

Some won't land at all, that's fine. Not every word needs a home.

I don't know where you're reading this on a train you nearly missed, under a blanket you never wash enough, in the space between one apology and the next. Wherever you are: good. Stay there. This page isn't going anywhere. Neither am I.

So turn it slowly.

Fold it if you need to.

Write your own line in the margin if mine doesn't fit.

This isn't mine anymore.

It's yours, for as long as you want to keep it open.



### Offhy This Wame?



(Because apparently "Untitled.docx" wasn't going to cut it)
Titles are hard. Like, "naming-your-child" level hard. But this
one? It just fits.

It lived quietly like the soft weight of a worn sweater the kind you never explain but always wear

Rust and Smoke - a name born from silence and thoughts too heavy to hold

Between feeling everything and wanting to disappear into nothing

It's the ache beneath breath the tremble of longing that drifts like smoke and rust

If it feels confusing it's because it is

Like love that breaks without sound or memories that sting like rain

It's the tender mess of being alive when the heart is both fierce and fragile

Rust and Smoke is the quiet place where pain blooms and beauty refuses to leave

This is the name of storms inside that no one else sees

I offer it softly to anyone who feels too much and still loves the night Qust and Smoke. I offer it to you.

## About me

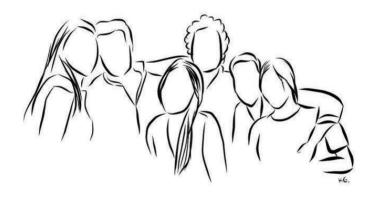


Meet Sadhya Maheshwari, a complete literature enthusiast and with her love for space design and poetries she has made her way clear.

Her fun element comes with her wherever she goes. She believes in making tomato juice when life gives her oranges. She aims at becoming an art director

AN ARTIST: TO BE CALLED IN HER NAME.

PRO TIP- IF YOU EVER WANNA IMPRESS HER JUST GET HER CUTE LITTLE STUFF AND SHE WILL BE ALL YOURS.



For My Family my heart's home "They never asked for anything, yet they gave me everything.".

"To Paglapur - the only geography where our madness holds its own gravity."

This book is not mine alone. It is made up of every night you stayed awake waiting for me to come back safe. Every plate of food that tasted better just because you made it with your hands. Every time you told me it would be okay even when we both knew you had no idea how it would be okay.

Some people get lucky with money or fame. I got lucky with you.

#### Grandfather

You do not say much. You just sit there like the world's best bodyguard who does not even need to stand up to scare the fear away. Sometimes you hand me half your biscuit without saying a word and somehow it feels like the biggest I love you in the world. If quiet love was an art, you would be the teacher and the masterpiece at the same time.

#### Grandmother

You are proof that comfort does not always need grand gestures. You turn an ordinary meal into something worth remembering. You look at me eating avocado like it is the most awful thing in the world but somehow there are always plenty waiting in the fridge before I come home. I send you one photo and you are one step away from buying the whole market just so I never run out. You pretend to fuss when I ask for more but I see your quiet smile every time you slip an extra helping onto my plate. You hold this family together in ways only you know how.

#### My second dad (Uncle)

You have never once called yourself my second dad but you have always been one in every way that matters. You say yes

even when every part of you should probably say no and somehow you make impossible things feel like small errands you can sort out before tea. You never stand in the spotlight but every good part of me has your name hidden inside it because you gave it piece by piece without ever asking for anything back except maybe that I please remember to lock the gate when I come home late, which I still forget and you still pretend you are not annoyed about.

If I ever asked for the moon you would probably ask how big I want it and whether I want it gift wrapped or plain. You say you have no patience but you have spent years picking up the pieces of things that would have broken without you. If this family stands steady it is because you stand steady first. If I ever feel brave enough to want too much from life it is because you have always shown me there is no shame in wanting the best for the people you love. And if I ever do anything right I know it is because somewhere in the middle of it you are there making the impossible feel easy the way only you can.

#### My second mom (Aunt)

You have mastered the art of loving loudly in the quietest ways. You remember my favourite snack even when I forget what I like myself. You check on me when I pretend I do not need checking on and somehow you always know when I am lying about being fine. You say things like eat well, sleep well, wear warm clothes and every time it sounds exactly like I love you said without any fuss.

You are the one who slips an extra paratha on my plate when I say I am full and then dares me to leave it unfinished. You

send me reels of cockroaches found in cakes just to remind me the world is never as clean as your own kitchen. You buy the most useless but somehow most creative things, tiny peelers we never use, strange boxes no one opens, and yet you make this house feel like it always has everything we could ever need.

#### Dad

You never asked me to win anything except my own peace. You told me passing was enough even if passing sometimes meant scraping by with one mark above failing. You are the one who makes this big house feel light even on heavy days. When uncle is angry about something small you crack a bad joke just loud enough to make everyone look at you instead. You laugh when everyone else is tense and somehow your laugh makes everyone else relax too.

You act like you do not care about stress even when your blood pressure is shouting at you to slow down. You still walk around telling everyone it is nothing while Mom tries to drag you to the hospital and you keep saying you just need more tea. You never ask for thank you or big hugs. You just sit there with that half smile that says it is all going to be fine. You are proof that the strongest person in this family is not always the loudest but the one who keeps things light when they could so easily feel heavy. If this house feels soft and happy it is because you make sure laughter always wins over any fight. You remind us that no problem is too big when there is someone ready to crack a joke right in the middle of it.

#### Mom

You made it possible for me to fly without ever letting me forget where the ground is. You fight with me more than anyone else but you love me harder than anyone else too. You taught me that love does not always sound soft. Sometimes it sounds like telling me to clean my room for the hundredth time and then covering me with a blanket when I fall asleep halfway through doing it.

You remind me when I am being impossible but never make me feel unlovable. You stay up worrying when I am out late but pretend you were not waiting at all. You say you do not want anything but you have given me everything. Your time. Your patience. Your best years. Your tired hands that still cook my favourite things even when you say you are too busy.

You are my first friend and my last safe place. Even when I forget to say it I hope you know every good thing I am is because you taught me how to be soft in a world that tries so hard to make everyone hard. If I ever feel brave enough to stand on my own it is only because you stood behind me first.

### Sister:-My forever co-conspirators (Cousins)

You were my first secret and my safest place to keep my secrets too. I might not have cried in front of everyone at your wedding but I did cry alone in my room when no one was looking because loving you means missing you too and I did not want anyone to see that part of me. I guess I want everyone to know now because maybe it makes the missing feel a little softer.

You moved into another home but you never really left mine. You still call me from the fourth floor just to tell me to switch off the lights downstairs like I am your personal assistant. You make me pesto when I say I am hungry at the worst possible time and somehow you always have fresh fruit ready for me even when you pretend you are too busy to care.

You gave me the easy parts of growing up because you took the harder parts first.

#### Brother:-My forever co-conspirators (Cousins)

You are calm in a way I will never be. You stand behind me in every fight I start and pretend it was your idea when things go wrong. You do not say much but somehow I always know you are there even if it is just to finish the last piece of cake and tell me you did me a favour by eating it first. You always say you will not buy me more shoes and then you get me my sixth pair anyway with nothing but a quick WhatsApp message from me. You do not make a show of it but your love shows up every time I need something even when I do not ask out loud. You are the quiet yes in a world full of loud no.

#### Sister

You are the best surprise life ever gave me and the one thing I never asked for but could never live without. You break rules for me like it is your full-time job and then you scold me for breaking mine like you are the responsible one. You pretend to hate it when I steal your clothes but you stand in front of the mirror with me and help me decide what looks best anyway.

You drive me mad on purpose and then laugh so hard that I forget why I was ever mad in the first place. You eat my food when I say do not touch it but you keep your favourite snacks hidden for me when I come crying about a bad day. You

scream my name from the other side of the house just to ask where your phone is when it is literally in your pocket.

You annoy me in ways no one else dares to but you love me in ways no one else knows how to. You make me swear I am done with you forever about five times a week and then five minutes later you are lying next to me watching reels and saying move over you are taking all the blanket. One day we will both grow up more than this and life will scatter us in different directions but I hope you know you are stuck with me for every version of forever. You are my first little love story and no matter how much bigger the world gets nothing in it will ever come close to what I feel when you call me your sister.

If there is one thing I did right in this life it is loving you without trying because you make it so easy even when you make it so hard.

Everything I write has pieces of you hidden in it. Every sentence is stitched together by nights you sat with me when I could not sit with myself. If anyone ever finds something good in these pages they should know it was born at our dinner table somewhere between the laughter and the arguments about who forgot to switch off the lights.

I do not know if I can ever thank you enough for making this noisy imperfect beautiful place feel like the safest place on earth. If I ever do anything right it will be because you taught me how to get back up when I did it wrong first.

This book is not my gift to you. You are my gift to me. And every page knows it.

### For the People Volho Made Me Voleird Enough to Volrite a Book

Thank you for never letting me have a moment of peace.

Apparently, that's where good stories come from.

Thank you for giving me your opinions even when I didn't ask, especially then.

Thank you for acting shocked every time I do exactly what you knew I would do anyway.

Thank you for checking if I am eating enough, as if any of you have ever let me forget how to eat.

Thank you for buying things no one needs but everyone touches at least once before losing them in a drawer no one can ever open again.

Thank you for sending me photos of suspicious food stories right when I am about to be brave and try new places.

Thank you for calling me five times when I did not answer your first where are you because I would be untraceable without you.

Thank you for every boring lunch that turned into a group therapy session or a roast battle depending on who was in the mood.

Thank you for never making me feel like I had to be anyone else to belong here. Weird is good, apparently.

If anyone ever likes a line in this book, they should know the good parts come from you, the weird parts come from you, the unnecessary drama definitely comes from you. I just did the

typing.

# "To my tribe of beautiful culprits-this book is Exhibit A."







(Look, I know no one reads these, but humor meit took me longer to write this than some of the actual poems.)

## Contents



- 1. What Privilege
  the kind you didn't know you were flexing.
- 2. It's Not One-Sided Anymore maybe it never was oops.
- 3. Your Name Tastes Like Poetry on My Lips sweet, then sour. like those TikTok candies.
- 4. To Be Called an Artist a blessing, a burden, and occasionally, a punchline.
- 5. Drowning not in water, just in \*everything\*.
- 6. A Stupid Story it's fine. it's not fine.

- 7. What Leader

  plot twist you were following yourself.
- 8. Answer to Your Questions spoiler: you don't actually need one.
- Silent Petals pretty things die quietly too.
- 10. Not Asking to Be Loved Like the Sun or the Sea just don't make me a backup plan, okay?
- 11. Is It unfinished, like me.
- 12. My Poetry messy. soft. mine.
- 13. Him placeholder for the person I \*shouldn't\* have been writing about.
- 14. Anxiety
  a tiny whisper that somehow bought a megaphone.

- 15. Brat or a Metal velvet today, blade tomorrow.
- 16. Parcel arrived wrapped in apologies.
- 17. Ritual same tears, new playlist.
- 18. I Wished constantly, quietly.
- 19. To Be Poetry
  not just written lived.
- 20. It Got a Full Stop
  but the story kept running.
- 21. Regret lowercase. permanent.
- 22. Just a Question harmless, until it's not.

- 23. Divinity sacred, sharp, slightly out of reach.
- 24. Loving You like holding glass beautiful, reckless.
- 25. Glory or Gloomy

  I live somewhere in between.
- 26. Rose-Tinted Blush hope, disguised as a face.
- 27. Ohh, to Be Like Her soft where I'm sharp.
- 28. What Is It Now
  the question that refuses to shut up.
- 29.Falling Like Lilies in Spring
  Butterflies showed up, forgot choreography.
- 30. Frost Flames cold, still burning.

## How to Use This Book:



- 1. Open it.
- 2. Read like no one's watching.
- 3. Wonder about your life.
- 4. Feel better... maybe.
- 5. Close it.
- 6. Pretend you know what's going on.
- 7. Repeat until confused.
- 8. Close it and think... "Well, that happened."
- 9. open it again and think, "What did I just read?"
- 10. Keep reading anyway.

## Reader's Essentials



(For Survival, or Whatever)

#### 1.A Brain

Or maybe not. I mean, I know you don't use yours while reading this, so why bother with one?

#### 2. A Broken Heart

Warning: reading this may cause an intense reflection on vour past mistakes like thinking about why you texted them that last "Hey."

#### 3.An Ex's Number

Because after reading this, you'll either block them, or text them at 4 AM saying, "So, about that thing..."

#### 4. A Mirror

So you can stare at your reflection and say, "Wow, I've really messed up... but at least my hair looks good."

#### 5. A Fake Smile

For those moments when you need to pretend like you totally understand what's going on, even though your mind is screaming, "Help!"

#### 6.Matcha

Because you could pretend to be trendy, or you could just drink a cup of grass and call it a day.

Bonus: A Fire Escape Plan Just in case you burst into flames from how extra this

poetry gets. Fire extinguishers are optional; a really dramatic exit is encouraged.

Before you turn the page, a fair warning: this book comes with side effects more intense than your last existential crisis and absolutely no safety net.

#### 1. Brain Safety

You may need to unplug your brain for this one. Overthinking? No. Overreading? Yes.

Proceed at your own confusion risk.

#### 2. Emotional Rollercoaster

Reading this book may cause sudden, unprovoked feelings of nostalgia, irrational happiness, and the urge to dramatically stare out the window.

#### 3. Reader Discretion Advised

You may laugh, you may cry, you may question your life choices. Either way, you'll probably need a snack afterward.

#### 4. Caffeine Disclaimer

Side effects of reading this book may include needing an excessive amount of coffee or tea to process your emotions. Proceed with your preferred beverage.

#### 5. Reality Check

This book might make you realize things you didn't want to realize, like how much you miss your childhood snack preferences. No refunds for existential crises.

#### Side Effects:

Existential Reflection After reading, you might find yourself questioning everything—your grades, your childhood decisions, your favourite pizza topping, and why you ever thought that "other" person was worth texting. No refunds for mid-life crises



### Bonus cautions



### (For the Super Extra Reader)

"If your idea of reading is just posting a cute picture on your story—this book will likely break your heart and your Instagram feed. Proceed with caution."

"For the dedicated readers who are ready for nonsense: Come on in."

### 1. A Single Lemon

Use: Throw this lemon at your problems (or at your dad for suggesting pasta for the 100th time). We don't know why you have it, but you \_might\_ need it to solve an emotional conundrum. Or maybe just for lemonade.

#### 2. A Jar of Unicorn Tears

Use: Whenever life feels like it's going too well, open the jar and let your problems spill out.

Guaranteed to make everything ten times more dramatically emotional.

#### 3. A Potato with a Mustache

Use: This potato is for those deeply introspective moments when you're reading poetry, questioning everything, and somehow still looking for meaning in a vegetable.

#### 4. A Receipt from 2013

Use: Hold onto this receipt for those \*existential\* moments when you're like, "Why was I at the store in 2013?" and you're still unsure what you were buying, but \*Hey, we all have our moments.\*

#### 5. A Squirrel Wearing Sunglasses

Use: Take this squirrel everywhere. If you're feeling too serious, just pull out your tiny squirrel. Let it give you the sass you need to face life's weirdness.

#### 6. A Blank Post-It Note

Use: Stick it to the wall as a reminder that you, too, can have a moment of complete nonsense—and that it's okay. It's a metaphor for your future plans... or just your confused thoughts. Who knows?

#### 7. A Roll of Toilet Paper

Use: Use this for moments when your thoughts are as tangled as a roll of toilet paper that someone's \*definitely\* used incorrectly.

#### 8. A Solo Sock

Use: Throw it at your sibling if they dare question your life choices. Also, it's for your one rebellious sock that doesn't fit in with the rest.

#### 9. A Crumpled Paper Bag

Use: Use it as your emotional support bag. You'll definitely need it when your emotional state is all over the place. Or just as a really dramatic prop.

#### 10. A Single Shoe

Use: Throw it at your problems. You may never find the matching shoe, but maybe that's the lesson: life is full of things that don't match. And that's okay.

## Transmissions from the Inner Frequency



\*Because your brain's buffering and your soul's got 99 problems but music ain't one (or is it?).\*

#### Transmission #1

- Sounds like your toaster is having a meltdown, and honestly, so are you - except the toaster gets fixed in 2 minutes.
- Velvet Shadows\* by The Sleepwalkers (aka that weird noise your laptop makes before it dies).

#### Transmission #2

- Glass shards crunch underfoot-which is weird 'cause you're barefoot, but hey, life's a mess.
- Paper Cuts & Polaroids\* by Neon Rorschach (sounds like a bad Tinder date, doesn't it?)

#### Transmission #3

- Panic button jammed, like your phone after 87 tabs, but the drama soundtrack plays on anyway.
- Alarm Clocks & Daydreams by Static Pulse (the only thing more unreliable than your wifi).

#### Transmission #4

- Raindrops tap Morse code on your window, which is just your neighbour's kid learning drums on pots and pans.
- Blurry Windowpanes\* by Satin Moth (seriously, someone get the kid a lesson).

#### Transmission #5

- Smoke curls like your decisions at 2 AM, "Sure, why not eat that entire cake? No regrets -except the pants won't fit."
- Cheap Cigarettes & Broken Mirrors\* by Wildflowers in Black (the official anthem of "Oops, I did it again").

#### Transmission #6

- Loneliness hums a lullaby only your plants pretend to enjoy, but hey, at least they're good listeners and don't judge your Spotify history.
- Silent Phones\* by The Lost Frequencies (aka your social life, compressed into 3 minutes).
- You've officially tuned in. If you feel personally attacked, blame the imaginary DJ. If you start dancing alone and your mom calls the cops, you're welcome.

## Loose Leaves



What didn't fit in a poem but refused to stay quiet.

- 1. I keep the rain inside me so the flowers have somewhere to drown.
- 2. Some nights I look for you in the mirror and hate how close you still stand.
- 3. Your name still tastes like a secret I keep under my tongue when the room goes quiet.
- 4. I loved you in a way that made the stars look borrowed.
- 5. I'd let you ruin me gently if it meant I'd feel you twice.
- 6. Every version of forever I believed in still smells like your hands.
- 7. If leaving me makes you free, promise you'll visit as rain.

Fold them in your pocket forget them when you need to feel whole again.

## A Letter to My Younger Self



#### Hey you,

I know you lie awake, counting your mistakes like stars on the ceiling. I know you worry that if you don't score enough, shine enough, prove enough, you won't just fail as a daughter but as a sister, as a person, as something human trying so hard to be worth loving.

I know you stand in front of the mirror and wonder if changing this or that will make you easier to keep. I know you hate the sound of your own laughter because someone once called it too much. I know you try to fold your dreams small enough to hide in the corners of your notebooks so no one can say you asked for too much.

I know you dread crowded rooms where your name is just another word for gossip. I know you check your phone and feel your heart drop when no one says your name. I know you wonder if you will always feel like too much and never enough in the same breath.

You are scared to speak because you have learned your voice can echo back at you in ways you cannot control. You are scared to trust because you know how quickly people disappear when you hand them your softer parts.

You are scared that if you fail, you will disappoint the ones who stood beside you in every storm. The ones who held you when you could not hold yourself. The ones who called you home, even when you forgot how to come back. You worry that if you ever fall short, you might disappoint the people who have loved you so completely you never had to earn it. The ones who stood beside you in every storm without asking you to be perfect. The ones who were always the quiet place your fears could come home to.

But look at you now.

Look at how you stayed when it would have been easier to vanish into a version of yourself that asked for nothing. Look at how you open your mouth anyway, even when your voice shakes. Look at how you let people stay too, the ones who know your mess and your silence and do not turn away.

Look at how you did not fail them. Look at how they never asked you to be perfect, only to be here.

You did not fail. Not as a daughter, not as a sister, not as someone learning how to take up space without apology. You still keep questions under your pillow but now you know they do not make you weak. They make you alive. You are alive. You are still here. And if you forget everything else, remember this:

You were always more than what you feared you would lose. You are made of every choice to stay soft when it would have been easier to close.

You are everything they hoped you would be, and everything you are still becoming.

You are loved in ways you cannot see yet.

You are loved in ways you have yet to name and you will keep finding them, in places you haven't even dreamed of yet.

Wote.



For every time you don't understand a poem, just remember: it's not you it's the poem. It's trying to be deep, and sometimes it's a bit extra. But that's okay.

To my parents... if I ever write a story worth remembering, it will begin with you.

**ALWAYS** 



## Offhat Privilege?



Oh, I always wondered
how they write about their parents
a gift? a surprise? a tribute? a sweet gesture?
They could cry over all night.
To become one of those daughters
whom they brag about, their family's light.

I, too, want to write about them.
I, too, want to write about how my dad's a superhero.
I, too, wish to write about how my mom's a Wonder Woman.
I, too, want to scream aloud their name.

But then I wonder, who am I to write

a failure? a failed disaster? Oh, of how I always thought they deserve someone better. Of how I always thought of how big of a failure I am.

They say people suffer and become tougher,
but I never got that privilege.
They say you get responsibilities and become responsible,
but sadly, I never got that privilege, too.
Those children only become bright
who work day and night,

but sadly, again,
my parents never even bothered to give me that kind of
privilege too.

And obviously, I've always gotten it all;
how can I even think and ask for more?
Those parents who put pressure
those parents who want their children to be picture-perfect
they become blind of that torture and effort and hard work
for which they stay up all night.

And guess what?
All that torture just to become their family's light.

But sadly, I was born with a diamond spoon.

A diamond spoon, too precious to touch

I always questioned myself

I always doubted myself

Kept cursing myself

How can someone like me hold something so rare

It's a gift too heavy

and I fear I might break it.

My parents never wished for me to be a doctor or an engineer.

Yes, yes, I never got that privilege, too. This spoiled me; they wanted me to be anything but me: a painter, a writer, a musician, whatever.



But again, now, I wonder, what did I ever do to deserve it?

Liberal, kind, free, and open a checklist always ticked, because my parents never missed a quality yet to be ticked.

> And Ohh, now, I, again wonder Why me? Why me? And not anybody else?

I would work hard to make my parents' name,

a daughter, so bright
that they would work their entire lives to think of ways to
dim her lights.

And yes, I don't want the privilege;
I wish to become the privilege.

And one day, when I become the privilege,
I, too, will write about my superhero.
And that one day,
I, too, will write about my Wonder Woman.
And one day, I, too, will write.



## To my parents, (again)



I used to think love came dressed as pressure, like shouting, like silence, like medals on walls.

But you...You gave me love like an unlocked door. Like a stage and a spotlight, even when I forgot my lines. Like a yes, when the world handed me a no.

You were never my burden.

You were my proof.

And if I ever write my name in light, I'll make sure it glows just enough to spell out yours behind it.



NOTE: "It's not one-sided anymore I'm finally getting the love I deserve.

{from my dog}

## It's Not One-Sided Anymore



It's not one-sided anymore.

Damn him; damn his excuses.

I realized it could never have been anything alone.

The BUTTERFLIES are TIRED; They want an escape, Out of this desire.

The EYES have lost CONTROL; They want to be back in hold.

But in all this, The HEART has been shattered more; It needs to BREATHE & MOULD.

Yet, the mind was left, It sighed of PAIN. How could it ever have been HIM??

He questioned my HEART; But the BUTTERFLIES REPLIED The ONES WHO USED TO FLY Are all dead after the reply.



**Update:** "It's actually not one-sided anymore... no, seriously, it's just my dog and I against the world."

**Update #2:** "Okay, I lied and might have just checked his Instagram 2 minutes ago... but it was for my dog. He asked me to .He wanted to see if I am following any cool dog accounts.





## "The Missing Poem Theory"



(This page imagines the person as a lost poetic form - never discovered, only felt.)

In the ancient vaults of literature, there was once a theory:

That a poem so perfect, so devastatingly beautiful, could never be written down only felt.

It wouldn't rhyme.

It wouldn't fit into meters.

It wouldn't be taught.

Because the moment someone tried to explain it,

it would vanish.

This poem is that theory,

and you are the reason it exists



### Your name, libe postou on my l

## taste like poetry on my lips



You're the poetry my soul was afraid to write, ink into veins and stars into skies.

 $There\ are\ metaphors\ dangling\ into\ your\ moonlight\ eyes.$ 

I learned poetry the moment

I saw your most beautifully perfect eyes.

You walked in, and suddenly every poetry started to make sense

perfect lips and beautiful eyes, a face sculpted as if out of demise.

I could write 100 poems,
but none would explain you,
None would explain the reason
I felt so hard for you.
You're the poetry no one's ever written before,
You're the poetry no one's ever heard before,
You're the type of poetry everyone is afraid to write

because you're not just any poetry.

You're perfection, alive.



I thought I could describe you, butyour eyes
that Tuesday
the silence before you said my name
you left
I waited
it still hurts
I can't finish this.
You were never meant to be written.



The Artist's Palette of Emotions rather A Color Guide to Daily Crises

Because sometimes, "fine" isn't a feeling, it's just a colorcoded lie.

Scarletspiral – That moment when you remember something embarrassing from 2014 and immediately want to delete yourself.

Honeydelusion - When you convince yourself that cutting your own bangs at 2 AM is a fantastic idea.

Oliveloop - Overthinking a text for hours just to reply with "lol" and immediately regretting it.

Crimsoncrisis - That "What am I doing with my life?" breakdown that hits mid-scroll on TikTok at 3 AM.

Sunsetdenial – When you swear you're fine, but your playlist is 97% sad songs and Olivia Rodrigo.

Bluedespair - The feeling when someone leaves you on seen, and now you must pretend you totally don't care.

Winedivine - That random boost of confidence where you convince yourself you should start a YouTube channel, move to Paris, and become an icon.



Inkblackhole - Falling into a Wikipedia rabbit hole at midnight and somehow ending up reading about the history of spoons.

Goldenrage - The silent but deadly rage when someone takes your charger without asking.

Lilachope – The yearly tradition of saying, "This summer, I'll get my life together," knowing full well you won't



### To Be Called an Artist



To be called an artist,
An artist who paints
The sky in red,
And all those clouds in violet.
And oh, how can I forget
Those raindrops in that beautiful pink?

An artist who, at times, leaves the canvas empty And finds beauty in all those colors empty. to choose from Scarlet, honey, olive, and crimson. The type of one who chose to be called an artist, To create a type of art where the grass isn't green,

And those sunflowers aren't yellow. And at times, to choose to leave that canvas empty. Where those red and blue, Pink and wine,

Keeps on dripping?
Oh, but now look at the mess you've created,
Red and yellow, pink, and wine combined,
A Dirty pigment unwind. But who cares?
You're an artist—
There's always a red in yellow,
And Pink in wine.



And must you create your own divine, A type of art where all those colors intertwine, interwine to paint the grass in crimson, And all those sunflowers in wine? And why should you care?

You are an artist; you must let art, in itself, work fine. And now, you mix red and pink To form a lovely shade of blushing pink. And, and the same black canvas chose to be painted,

Painted in all those beautiful colors of mine. To be called an artist, An artist who mixes colors, An artist who forms honey out of scarlet, An artist who paints her dreams,

An artist she chose to be called in her name.



## You've met the colors of her chaos-now here's the bill her heart paid for mixing them.

#### Your Emotional Color Bill

Thank you for shopping at The Mind's Palette

Item	Shade Code	Cost (in sanity)
Scarletspiral	#FF240	1 sleepless night
Honeydelusion	#FFD5	3 hours of regret
Oliveloop	#9CCC	67 drafts unsent
Crimsoncrisis	#DC14	Your entire existential crisis
Sunsetdenial	#FF9E	One fake smile a day
Bluedespair	#64B5	200 stares at a read receipt
Winedivine	#C218	1 power fantasy
Inkblackhole	#21212	3 AM and still awake
Goldenrage	#FFD7	One passive-aggressive postit note
Lilachope	#CE93	Summer plans: still buffering

Subtotal: A beautiful mess Tax: 18% overthinking

Total Due: One whole identity crisis

Payment Method: Art.

#### Note:

"Returns not accepted. Every color was meant to be felt."





POV: The wave looked at my baggage and nodded. Didn't even flinch.

No Lifeguard on Duty

This page leaks.

Saltwater, mostly. Some from the ocean. Some from you. Some from me.

If you find yourself talking to your plants more than people, stay.

If you rearrange your books hoping the plot will fix itself, stay.

If you stand at the edge and wonder what you'd feel if you let go, stay.

Float if you can. Sink if you must.

There's no rescue boat coming. Maybe that's the point.

Nobody here is waterproof anyway.



## **Drowning**



You drown in that cruel flood Gasping for that single breath Gasping, you try,

but still you drown
And then you cling;
Cling to vent near somewhere
Still struggling and choking and suffocating
Even the air you try to breathe is dry and burns your throat
Cold and heat, dry and hot opposite elements combined
Combined to embarrass you rather to assault you
A flood, it's cruel, indeed
A flood again,
but this time it's my heart
That's it:- A FLOOD?



This poem has been certified by the Bureau of Existential Plumbing.

#### "Drained. Literally."

Here's what follows drowning:

- A broken pipe diagram of your heart. (Yep, it leaks sarcasm.)
- A "Do Not Flush" sign you clearly ignored.
- A waterproof diary with invisible ink.
- 3 soaked tissues and 1 wet ego.
- And a highly suspicious 'flood warning' from your brain's municipality.



This poem was almost titled The Audacity of Me Thinking I'm a Writer Today



## A stupid story??



And today, I chose to pick up this little weapon of mine Pen and a blank paper to write my story. This very little story of how I started to write this very little story,

*Knitted through letters and all those stupid words of mine.* 

But how do I write a story?

The story of how scared a girl was when she picked this little golden sword

For the first time to create her own goddamn story.

How do I write about the courage gathered to want to write, To want to create a stupid story altogether, called mine? And today, my weapon must write a story because it's a weapon

A weapon which could create a magical story Or destroy this whole existence of glory.

How do I not write a typical story?

A sad ending, an uncompleted love story?

How do I preserve this only little power of mine,

The power of writing a story,

the power of creating a goddamn story?

And how do I write a story which drowns you in those words of mine,

Which surrenders you to do nothing but read and read this divine?

How do I create my own story?
A story that people admire,
A glory that remains untired
To write about my story,
Embroidering it everywhere
With nothing but my glory.

To hold this power

To create your own goddamn story.







SORRY. WE CAN'T SEEM TO FIND THE PAGE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.

## Letter Found Folded Inside a Wotebook



(Scrawled in blue pen, on a crumpled page half torn from a school register)

Dear Writer (or Warrior? or Wizard? whatever this poem made you), So I read your "stupid story."

Spoiler alert: it wasn't stupid.

I don't even know why I'm writing this. Maybe because you said "golden sword" and my brain whispered, "mine's a pencil with no eraser." Maybe because you said "create your own goddamn story" and I realized... I haven't even picked up the pen yet.

You made me want to write.

No. You made me believe I could.

You wrote about that moment—when the fear is loud but the paper is louder.

I've been living in that moment.

Avoiding it.

Now I want to live through it.

So thank you.

For telling a story about telling a story.

For making the blank page feel less like a battlefield and more like a beginning.

Yours in ink,

- A reader who found their weapon

# Leadership? I too Googled It

## "This is a TED Talk. Unfortunately."



#### Hello, everyone.

I know what you're thinking: "Oh god, not another inspirational leadership story from someone who probably made a PowerPoint titled 'Be the Change.'"

I promise, no slides. No acronyms. No graphs shaped like triangles. Just me, a highly questionable life resume, and a story about how I tried to become a leader and accidentally became a sentient anxiety burrito instead.

Let's begin.

So. Leadership.

Sounds heroic, right? Like something you'd scream before jumping into battle or applying for head girl.

But real leadership? Imagine trying to herd 47 emotionally unstable cats while blindfolded, holding a motivational auote in one hand and a half-eaten croissant in the other. That's leadership. That's the vibe.

Yesterday, I woke up feeling like the CEO of my life. I even did the Power Pose™ in front of my mirror chest out, chin up, eyebrows trying to look in control.

Thirty seconds in, I knocked over my water bottle, tripped on my charger, and remembered I had five deadlines and no will to live. So much for world domination.

But I pushed on. I opened my Notes app titled "Leadership Goals," which was just a sad list that read:

- Be confident
- Don't cry
- Pretend to know what ROI means

I stared at it like it was ancient scripture. Then I closed the app and watched a video of a raccoon stealing a bag of chips because honestly? He seemed to have a better grip on life.

Anyway cut to me applying for a leadership role. I wrote the most dramatic application ever. I said things like, "I believe in uplifting others." Which is hilarious, because five minutes before that, I had screamed at my Wi-Fi router and threatened to move to a cave.

Spoiler: I didn't get the position.

Bigger spoiler: I cried. Not the cute tear-down-the-cheek cry. The full-blown "leave me alone, I'm eating cereal out of a mug at 2PM" cry.

You know that scene in every movie where the underdog rises, music swells, lights shine, and the main character becomes a leader? Yeah, in my life, that scene skipped. I just got stuck in the montage of confusion.

The truth is, I wanted the aesthetic of leadership. Not the real stuff. I wanted to walk into a room and say "let's pivot" without knowing what that meant. I wanted to hold a clipboard. I wanted dramatic hallway walks.

What I got was an existential crisis, a Google search history of "how to command respect without sounding like a mall

Santa," and a mental breakdown next to my dying succulent, which I had ironically named 'Hope.'

But here's what no one tells you: leadership isn't the spotlight. It's the backstage chaos. It's whispering "I got this" while your brain screams "WHERE IS THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER?"

#### It's...

- Writing 47 versions of a group message so you sound confident but not tyrannical.
- Saying "Let's circle back" and praying no one actually circles back.
- Getting ghosted by your own ambition halfway through a project.

And it's also realizing that maybe the leader isn't the one with the answers. Maybe it's the one who stays after the Zoom call to clean up the metaphorical confetti, calm down Karen, and remember who actually ordered the pizza.

Let's be clear: I'm not standing here because I figured it out. I'm standing here because I didn't. And I still showed up. That's it. That's the talk. I still showed up. Puffy eyes, mismatched socks, and three open tabs called "motivational quotes that don't suck."

To everyone out there feeling like you're not "leader enough" same.

Leadership is 10% strategy, 90% pretending you're not spiraling while replying "Noted!" to the fifth passive-aggressive email of the day.

So next time you feel like you're not cut out for this just remember:

Even the best leaders probably once cried into a burrito, or worse, cried while holding someone else's burrito and saying "No no I'm fine."

Let's redefine leadership. Not as perfection. But showing up with a half-charged phone and an over-charged heart.

And if you fail? Fail dramatically. Fail with glitter. Fail while screaming "THIS IS FINE" like the flaming dog in the meme.

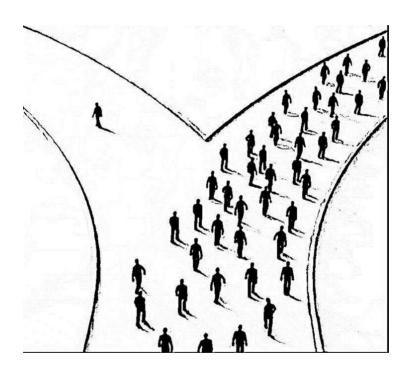
In conclusion (yes, we made it): You don't need to be the loudest, the smartest, the most graph-obsessed person in the room.

You just need to keep showing up. And maybe just maybe buy a new plant. One that doesn't die every time you forget it exists. Like, maybe a cactus. Or fake.

Thank you. Now go forth, my fellow semi-functioning humans, and lead like you're auditioning for a chaotic reality show. Because let's be honest we kind of are.

Also: if you take nothing else from this talk, please remember A true leader never explains their browser history. Godspeed.





### Offhat leader?



And yesterday, it felt like I could achieve it all, So confident that it was meant to fall. I kept creeping. I wanted it. All. I kept screaming, "Leader." It should have been mine, and mine alone.

I want to steal it, snatch it, and now I'm looking at it Broken and falling.

The scream is locked, the feeling is blocked. Now it's just an empty range within, Hollow screaming and silent roaring, Crying and sobbing.

"Please, I want it all LEADER, MINE & mine & mine, ALONE."

Tears are falling; Breath is locked; All I'm left with is an empty block.



\*\*Fact that:\*\*
Those who deserve
Get it all,
But a feeling of perplexion blocked it all.

And what if Even I wanted it all? Confidence is one day Obviously meant to fall.

Who deserves what? Must I ask?! Who deserves what? MUST I ASK!!

I must find the key to my lock; I wanted it all LEADER, MINE & mine & mine, Alone.

Who snatched it? Who grabbed it? Who took it? Who took it?



I will find it all,
Even if I don't get it today.
Eventually,
It'll come to me.
It is in my destiny,
To get it
EVENTUALLY,
LEADER—mine & mine
& mine alone.



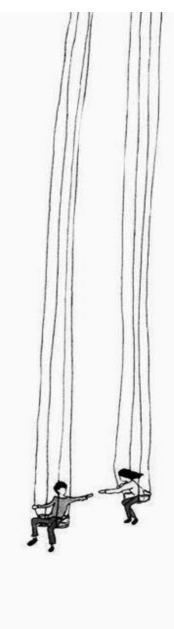
You know how they say, 'Fake it till you make it'? Well, let's manifest it till you own it.manifesting leadership is way easier than pretending to be busy in a Zoom call. But let's try both, shall we?

Here are some morning affirmations to start your day:

- "I am a leader... who leads with snacks."
- "Today, I'll lead, but I'll probably procrastinate first."
- "I'm the captain of this ship... even if it's sinking."
- "I've got big plans, small energy, and a lot of coffee."
- "I lead with confidence, or at least with a really good excuse."
- "I'm a leader, not a miracle worker. But I try."
- "Today, I will lead with wisdom. Or at least Google it."
- "I'll make decisions today... after breakfast."
- "I'm the boss... of my own procrastination."
- "I lead by example, and by 'example' I mean 'naps."
- "I'm ready to lead... after my second cup of coffee."
- "I will inspire greatness, or at least try not to break anything."
- "I'm a leader, but I'm also a professional overthinker."
- "I'll show up, lead, and probably make a bad pun along the way."

The Universe Where I Lied"
I told you I didn't love you.
I said it too easily.
In that universe, I'm happy.
And you never looked back.
But this isn't that universe, is it?





## Answer to Your Question



In your arms,
I found the poetry I have always been searching for.
I love you like the sun loves the sky.
I love you like the ocean loves the shore.
I love you the way you cannot ignore.
You are the sunshine I have always been looking for, brightening the darkest parts of me.
Like I am the moon,
you are the moonlight I have always been longing for.
You are like the moon in the dark sky—
always and forever, lightning my way.
It's time for me to answer your question,
the question you have been living for:

#### What made you fall in love with me?

The only reason I fell in love with you wasn't your perfection, but rather the way your imperfections made us whole. You're not the question my heart has been looking foryou're more like the answer I have always known



But in the version I write at night, you don't believe me.
You touch my wrist,
and whisper"Try again. Just Stay."

## Petal Power Meter:



#### How Much of a Wilted Flower Are You Today?

Are you barely hanging on, like the last wilted petal on a dying rose, but still pushing through?

The kind of person who's just holding it together by a thread, but somehow manages to make it through the day.

## Or are you fully fallen, crumpled up on the floor, questioning your life choices?

The emotional equivalent of a flower that's given up and is just waiting for someone to revive you with a cup of tea.

Maybe you're somewhere in between just a little droopy, but somehow still surviving on caffeine and willpower.

The "I can't feel my face but I'll fake it 'til I make it" vibe.

## Are you like a petal that's seen better days but still has a little bit of sparkle left in you?

You're trying to act like you're fine, but deep down, we all know it's just a facade like a flower that's holding onto one last good bloom.

Or perhaps you're that one petal that's hanging on to the stem for dear life, hoping someone notices before it falls off completely?

The "please don't let this be the day I hit rock bottom" energy. You're waiting for something anything to make things feel right again

Rate yourself on a scale from 1 to "I need a hug from my dog."

• Because honestly, dogs always know how to make everything better.

**Bonus points**- if you start daydreaming about cozy blankets, endless naps, and sipping hot chocolate while reading this.



## Silent Petals



The heaven opened its doors, And it was a journey of drizzle to downpours, A restless night, Limping her soul tight.

She sat there, terribly trembling, Her body a burden, Mind a load, Arousing all her pains-old.

A sin, a curse, a nightmare, a tale? The same old girl, Consumed in pain, And it's a waste of how we talk about.

She wouldn't survive,
Her soul crumbled, and broken heart;
She's tortured, tormented,
And broken apart.
She needs somebody to mend her broken heart.



But again, in the silence of night,
She shivers.
She's consumed in sweat, and losing her breath.
Her heart pierced,
Weighed with grief,
As if, as if
It was autumn for her.

Wilted flowers and falling leaves, For she felt buried, Feeling a violent silence underneath.

And I hate knowing for sure What happens when she dies. But I tend to believe There's a heaven-Past this azure sky.



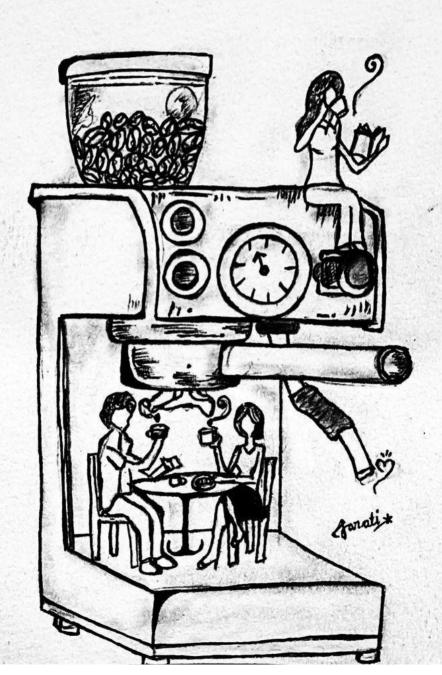
## Petal Pause



If you've made it this far, You're proof that wilted still means alive. That quiet pain still speaks. That surviving is still something sacred.

So breathe. You don't have to bloom today. Just rest here a whilethis page is holding you.





#### Search History Snippet

```
/ Google /

/ Why do I always feel left out? /

/ How to disappear without dying / error

/ How to stop feeling invisible /

/ What if no one ever chooses me? /

/ Am I too much or not enough? /
```



## Not asking to be loved like the sun or sea



I reached for love that can't be bought, Still I'm nothing more than an afterthought. I'm the message they type, then delete. A memory that fades before it's made.

I sit quietly in crowded rooms, and still feel too loud.
My silence screams louder than my voice ever could. I've mastered the art of shrinking.
They call me dramatic, but I'm just bleeding where no one can see.
Love skips me like I'm a skipped song.

I am never the melody - just background noise. People love me until they learn to read me. And then they say I'm too much ink. I am the unread message at midnight. The birthday they forget. The seat that's always taken. I get tired of explaining pain that's invisible.

Holding back tears like they're secrets.
My heart feels like an empty inbox.
Waiting, always waiting, never receiving.
I am unlovable in a lovable world.
Not asking to be loved like the sun or seaJust once, to be chosen. Just once, to be me."



I kept pieces of you hidden in my heart, even when you forgot I was there.



## This page is for the girls



#### The Self-Date Plan

For the girls who danced alone in the rain, who set the table for two and stayed anyway, who learned they were the storm and the shelter all along.

Take yourself out the way you once wished someone would. Dress like you're about to break your own heart just to put it back together softer. Choose a place that feels like a secret, a quiet café, a bookstore corner, a park bench in the shade. Order dessert before dinner. Buy the fancy drink you'd never let yourself have on an ordinary day. Pretend today is not ordinary, pretend you are not either.

Sit there with your phone face down and your thoughts face up. Eavesdrop on the world moving without you. Watch strangers laugh. Make up stories about them. Let your mind wander into all the places it never gets to visit when you're busy waiting for someone else to call you home.

Write something. Anything. A sentence you don't have to share. A promise only you will keep. A soft reminder that you showed up for yourself, and that's always been enough.

When you leave, buy yourself something small. A flower you carry home in your bag. A candle that will burn just for you. A pastry for tomorrow's breakfast. Take it home like a souvenir from a place where you remembered your own worth for an hour or two.

When you get home, light that candle. Eat that pastry. Smile like you're in on the best secret: that the love you keep giving away is still yours to keep, and it always has been.

This poem was brought to you by one part Sandeep Maheshwari motivation, two parts Sadhguru wisdom, and three parts 'why am I like this?



### Is it?



What are we always taught?
Hiding behind our insecurities,
Or locking ourselves in our own prejudices?
So why are we
Running away from our responsibilities?
And fearing over the losses?
Why are we turning away
And letting the burden weigh?
Let's just FACE it,
Even where there seems to be
NO WAY!!

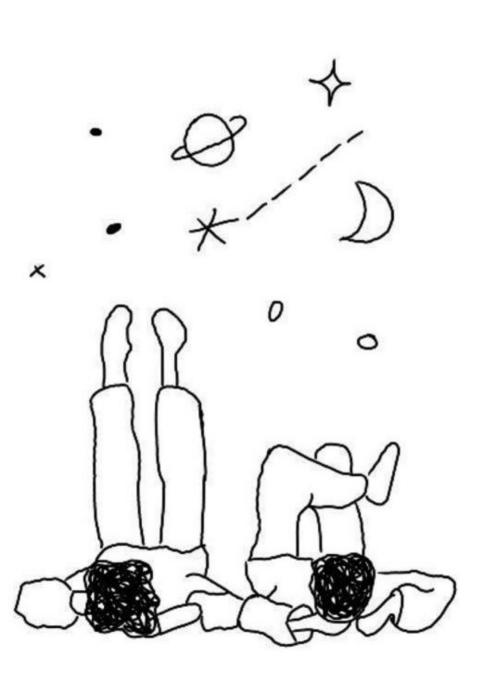


Finished reading? Wow. Impressive. Now go ahead and pretend you deeply connected with it while aggressively scrolling through frog memes and ignoring 27 unread emails.

We believe in the Tagline:

"Delulu is the solulu."





I tried to write you a love letter. But it came out as a poem. Then I tried to write a poem. And it became you.

## My poetry



You're the type of poetry A paper cannot handle You're the type of poetry Which makes liking Someone else impossible You're the type of poetry My heart could never handle You're not just an type of poetry You're my poetry You're the type of poetry Where words fall shortly You're the type of poetry Where even moons and stars can't be described easily Cause you're not just any poetry You're my poetry A poetry I have been always meaning to write A poetry where your and my hand tightly intertwined A poetry which makes it very hard writing you're mine The only thing I realized writing this is You're not just any type of poetry You are my poetry

## "Pocket Poem Permit"



(A pretend government-approved license to love someone way too much)

#### **POFFICIAL DOCUMENT**

Issued by: The Department of Soft Feelings Valid for: One (1) him only

Name of Holder: SADHYA

Subject of Affection: "N" ( N IS FOR NO ONE)

#### Reason for Application:

Couldn't stop writing poems about him. Also: his smile. And the way he says my name.

#### Terms & Conditions:

Holder may experience butterflies without warning.

May refer to the subject as "my poetry" at any time.

Permit is void if the subject stops being adorable (unlikely).

Signature: With all my heart.

S.



#### WELCOME TO: Heartbreak Hotline™

For emotional damage with style. Press 1 to cry, Press 2 to dramatically stare out a window while listening to Phoebe Bridgers. Press 3 to confront your ex via telepathy.

#### [Automated Voice speaks]

Hi, you've reached the Heartbreak Hotline.

Your pain is important to us. Please stay on the line while we pretend to find closure.

[Dial tone beeping]



#### [Operator Melody enters the chat]

Melody: Hi, sweet disaster. Reason for your emotional meltdown today?

#### You:

He said he "liked" me... Then vanished like my will to do math homework.

#### Melody:

Classic. Shall I send you:

- A meme that hurts?
- A quote that feels like a hug & a slap?
- Or a checklist titled "He Wasn't Even That Cute Tho"?

#### You:

All of the above.



### Him



When you feel like you don't deserve him, Remember this, remember me. He is not your reality. He was never meant to be. Let your fate align. Just think of yourself; you are divine.

You don't seek his attention, you don't seek his love, for he is not yours. But, my darling, just think of this question: Was he ever meant to be yours?



#### Melody: Reminder:

You are not what they forgot to choose.

You're every page they wish they'd kept reading.

You're the ending they don't get to hold.

## End Call? Press 9 to glow up. Press 0 to block him.



#### Totally Not a Horoscope

This page won't heal your anxiety. But it will definitely make it feel seen (and slightly judged).

Aries - You tried to punch your panic. It punched back. Now you're mad at the air.

**Taurus** - You calmed yourself with snacks. Then got anxious about eating your feelings.

**Gemini** - You gave your anxiety a name. Then argued with it for 45 minutes.

Cancer - Cried over a memory that didn't even happen yet.

Leo - Gave a TED Talk in your head about feeling overwhelmed. You were the only one clapping.

Virgo - You made a spreadsheet of your anxiety. Now you're anxious about the formatting.

Libra - You tried balancing your thoughts. Now they're juggling you.

Scorpio - You said "I'm fine" with such intensity, it startled your own nervous system.

Sagittarius – You ran from your feelings. Accidentally signed up for three retreats. Still anxious.

Capricorn - You planned your breakdown two weeks in advance. Still behind schedule.

Aquarius - You googled your symptoms. Now you think you're extinct.

Pisces - You cried over a text. The text was from Swiggy.

For those who don't know who Beyoncé is- okay, fine, that's wild but fine

but for those who don't know their zodiac? babe, this page is for you. because even the stars are judging you today.

#### **Zodiac Signs**

#### Aries

Symbol: Ram Dates: March 21 - April 19 Element: Fire

#### **Taurus**

Symbol: Bull Dates: April 20 - May 20 Element: Earth

#### Gemini

Symbol: Twins Dates: May 21 - June 20 Element: Air

#### Cancer

Symbol: Crab Dates: June 21 - July 22 Element: Water

#### Leo

Symbol: Lion Dates: July 23 - August 22 Element: Fire

#### Virgo

Symbol: Maiden Dates: August 23 - September 22

Element: Earth

#### Libra

Symbol: Scales Dates: September 23 - October 22 Element: Air

#### Scorpio

Symbol: Scorpion Dates: October 23 - November 21 Element: Water

#### Sagittarius

Symbol: Archer Dates: November 22 - December 21 Element: Fire

#### Capricorn

Symbol: Goat Dates: December 22 - January 19 Element: Earth

#### Aquarius

Symbol: Water Bearer Dates: January 20 - February 18 Element: Air

#### **Pisces**

Symbol: Fish
Dates: February 19 - March 20
Element: Water

## Anxiety



In the shadows of mind,
It creeps anxiety like a restless river,
Never sleeps.
It's a storm within a tempest night,
A battle fought in the dead of night.
There are dark thoughts in the corners
Of an overgrown mind,
Anxiety's Like a tsunami—
Never kind,
But come what may
Why are we turning away
And letting the burden of anxiety weigh
Let us all face it'
Even where there seems no way



Sometimes the only doctor you need is the one who lets you cry, laugh, spiral, and then hands you a fake prescription for your very real emotions.

Here's yours.

#### PRESCRIPTION

Patient Name: You, my overthinking star

Date: Whenever you finally closed the 47 open tabs in your

brain

Prescribed by: Dr. Sadhya Maheshwari,
MD (Master of Dramatic Overthinking)

#### Diagnosis:

- Brain Wi-Fi connected but no emotional internet.
- Narrating your life like a movie, with zero chill.
- Frequent time-travel to conversations from 2016.

#### Rx:

- 1 spoon of "shut up brain" syrup (before deep thoughts hit).
- Screaming into a pillow (3x daily, no overdosing possible).
- Dance-off with your shadow (for mental clarity).
- Pet a wall. Trust the process.

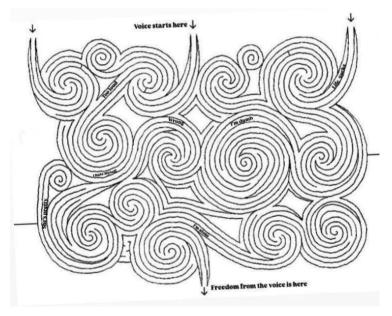


# If oice Trap Maze Find Your May Out of the Foice Trap



#### Instructions for the reader:

"Your mind's an endless chatterbox. This maze is your escape route from that noisy inner voice. Grab a pen, trace your path, and find freedom. Remember: sometimes the only way out is forward."



### Brat or a metal?



And yesterday, I screamed.

I yelled.

I promised - promised to all.

Took my weapon and scarred them all.

But today, sitting here with this weapon in my hand,

Yes, in those red, bloody hands of mine, which are scarred.

Scarred not completely,
but yes, badly.

Yes, those scars, which remind me of the first time I picked up this silver metal to create my own story.

Yes, the same metal for which people trusted me surely. And what am I to it now?

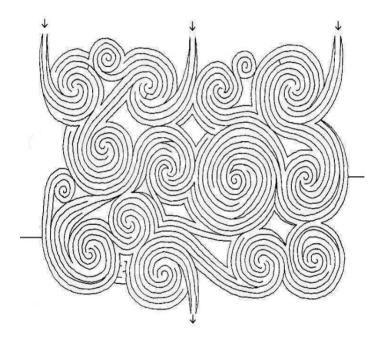
A slave, a prisoner, bounded in these cages of mine. Where the shackles aren't words, but that voice of mine the voice that never shuts up, the voice that always acts up. Yes, that bloody voice of mine.

And today, sitting here, Who am I to blame? This shiny metal? Which scarred my hands for nothing but the better?



#### Why is the maze empty?

Because for once... the voice shut up. And I finally listened, realizing the only thing making it complicated...' was me.'



""Sometimes, the heaviest things arrive in the smallest boxes. Open with care."  $% \label{eq:condition}$ 



# Parcel



There comes my parcel,
Packed in a box, fully taped,
Just like my emotions.
Parcel opens,
Just like memories,
Refreshed—
Every sticker and parcel,
Homesickness creams,
handwriting on the sticker,
Reminds me of them,
Of their love,
Which was not valued,
But cherished every minute.
Now,
there comes my parcel.



"I know I started all emo and deep, but that's just me covering up the real story my mom and I ordering way too many parcels online. Guilty as charged!"





#### The Daily Emotional Loop

You wake up and the room remembers before you do. A weight in the air, soft but certain.
You lie still. You replay old words like checking if a wound still opens.
It does.

You stand up anyway. You make coffee you don't taste. You watch the steam pretend to disappear. You tell yourself today will be different.

You scroll through other people's mornings. You put on music that feels like a door you're too tired to walk through. You write a list. You don't follow it. You move things from one side of the room to the other.

Hope comes in small ways:
A patch of sun on the floor.
A message you almost send.
A second where your chest feels light, then heavy again.

You want to break it. You don't know how. You promise tomorrow. Tomorrow promises nothing back. So you stay.

If you're here, you're here. That's enough for now.



Congratulations! You've successfully navigated the emotional loop again.

P.S. Breaking out of the loop is optional but highly recommended.

#### If you're stuck in the loop

I know Breaking out is hard but hey, even Selena dated Justin.



## A Ritual



I'm questioning myself today.
I'm questioning myself every day.
It has become a ritual for me.

I'm overthinking about life today. I'm overthinking about myself every day. It has become a ritual for me.

Yes,I feel guilty. Yes,I feel depressed. Yes, I feel disgusting. Yes, I feel like shit every day. It has become a ritual for me.

I mean to carry the disgust, to feel the misery – aloop, aloop, aloop, a maze to escape every day.

It's hard to hide your pain every day, to fight just to survive.

Just one more day, or to feel dark when it's bright. To feel like autumn fallen leaves,
And broken petals being burnt every day.

You are no one's first priority.

You're the lone nerd, just everybody's comedy.



You're not bright. You're not liked. You're socially outcasted,

You're socially not accepted. You're only the autistic trends, reality. You wish to be someone's light.

You fight and fight and fight, but in the end, you just feel your burnt life. You start to ignite the broken rose, covering your body.

The pain you've been struggling with is your reality, darling. The pain you've been struggling with has become your reality.

You're trapped in the loop.
You're trapped in the maze.
But, darling, you're still a petal.
You mustn't filter your leaves until you escape this loop.

Trust me: the pain you've been struggling with is not your reality.

Yes, it's a loop.

A delusional reality, a delusional society.

But trust me, for once and for all:

the pain you've been struggling with is not your reality.

You're bright.

You're right.

You're sunlight, you're moonlight, you're everything. but your own reality.



#### Regret Confessional: Write Your Own Loop

#### Instructions:

Write down one regret you keep replaying in your mind like a broken record. It can be big, small, silly, or serious no judgment here.

Now, fold the paper (or cover your words) and whisper this to yourself:

"This regret does not define me. I am more than my mistakes."

#### Bonus:

Next time the loop starts, remember you've already faced it once you're stronger than that spiral.



#### & CALL NOW! &

For Only RS.19.99 + Shipping & Handling, You Can Get the Official "BROKEN ROSE WITH THORNS" Emergency Survival Kit!

Are you a shattered mirror?

A rose with thorns?

A song that even Spotify won't add to their playlist?

Congratulations, you're a walking, talking emotional rollercoaster, and we've got just what you need!

Introducing the "BROKEN ROSE WITH THORNS" Emergency Survival Kit!

Because, honestly, we all need a little something to make our self-pity more... special.



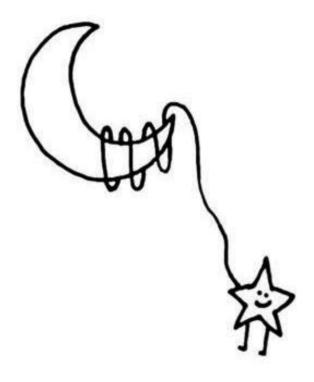
#### Kit Includes:

- 1. A Shattered Mirror-Perfect for those moments when you look at yourself and wonder, "Did I break, or did the world break me?"
- 2. Thorn-Free Rose-Because even though you're a mess, at least your flowers deserve to be soft, right?
- 3. "Paint Me, Maybe" Set- For when you're like an unpainted canvas, and you're starting to think maybe a Picasso-level meltdown could be the answer.
- 4. Emergency Sunglasses -So you can pretend you're the light at the end of the tunnel, even if it's just the glow of your phone screen at 3 AM.
- 5. A Rain Cloud in a Can For when you need a dramatic downpour but don't want to leave your house. Just spray it and feel the personal storm cloud follow you everywhere. Pro tip: Perfect for when you forget your umbrella but really want to cry on command.



But WAIT! Order now and we'll throw in a FREE box of tissues! Because who doesn't love crying dramatically into a pile of soft, overpriced paper? Seriously, it's like crying with dignity.





Warning: May stir tears under moonlight and thoughts as endless as the stars.



# I wished



I always wished to be someone's star, To be someone's beautiful moon with scars: I wished the world loved me. I wish I was the rose with thorns, which never defined me. But reality struck hard: Oozing blood, discard. I was the shattered mirror Which couldn't be fixed. I was the unpainted canvas Which couldn't be painted. I was the song Whose lyrics couldn't be composed. I was the rose. Meant to be disposed. I still WISH. I still CRY. I still TRY. Doing all this, surely I'll die. But all I want to be is light when it's dark; All I want to be is the sun when it's night; All I want to be is rain when it's dry. But all I am is a BROKEN ROSE

WITH THORNS, DRY.



#### Warning

The BROKEN ROSE WITH THORNS Emergency Kit will not save you from what you're trying to bury.

It will not close the door you keep unlocking at midnight. It will not teach your chest to be quiet when it remembers too much.

This kit is for the ones who feel it all-the ache, the softness, the sharp bloom under the ribs.

For the ones who write confessions on scraps of receipts and forget to throw them away.

For the ones who know it's dangerous to feel this much, but stay soft anyway.

Use it when the night grows teeth.

Use it when silence sits beside you like an old friend.

Use it when you want to remember you're more than what you've survived.

Keep it hidden from anyone who calls you "too much." They wouldn't know what to do with gardens that bleed and grow back anyway.

Handle with soft hands. Break gently. Feel everything.



## My Last 3 Google Searches



- "What if he's emotionally constipated, not toxic"
- "Signs he's in love but doesn't know it"
- "How to delete someone from my imagination"



## To be his poetry



To be written, a poetry about, To be someone's poetry A magical thought, A lucid dream. I too need in me A story about you, An essay on how It's everybody, but only and only you. As if you possess me, A little possession of yours, A sweet little poetry on How I'm all yours; But the truth is here. Of how it's not real. But I wish, I wish It was something clear-A poetry, a story, an essay, Anything but real. To be anything but Your own sweet little poetry. TO BE YOUR POETRY...



## Group Chat: She wrote a poem again



Members: Sadhya, Saanvi, Shivanshi, Sanya

Saanvi: So we're just pretending Sadhya didn't drop a whole heartbreak in the Wotes app at 2AM?

Shivanshi: It read like an apology to someone who never deserved it.

Sadhya:

It's not an apology. It's just the only place I can leave him without asking him to stay.

Sanya:

You still write him like he's coming back.

Saanvi:

He's not coming back, you know that.

Sadhya:

I know. The poems aren't for him. They're for the version of me that kept the door unlocked.



#### Shivanshi:

You write like you're trying to forgive yourself.

#### Sadhya:

Maybe I am. Maybe this is how I let go of the parts he touched.

#### Sanya:

You could write about something else. Anything else.

#### Sadhya:

I try. But the ache keeps turning into metaphors when Im not looking.

#### Saanvi:

One day you'll write about someone who stays long enough to deserve a stanza.

#### Shivanshi:

Or maybe you'll write about a quiet morning where you don't think of him at all.

#### Sadhya:

One day. For now, it's just me and the ghost of a goodbye that never sounded final enough.

#### Sanya:

Of then you're done writing him out of your chest, send the last line here. Of ell keep it safe.



no U get Deja Vu?

## Traitor by olivia rodrigo



You betrayed me
'Cause I know that you'll never feel sorry
For the way I hurt, yeah
You'd talk to her
When we were together
You gave me your word
But that didn't matter
It took you two weeks
To go off and date her
Guess you didn't cheat
But you're still
You're still a traitor (ah-ah-ah)
Yeah, you're still a traitor



## It got a full stop



He taught me to be my own kind of beautiful.
He taught me to be my own definition of the moon.
He made me feel loved.
He made me feel in a way I never knew was possible.
I loved him, with his imperfections.
He made me accept my imperfections.
He taught me, embraced me, and loved me.
But she was pretty, and that's how they got lucky.



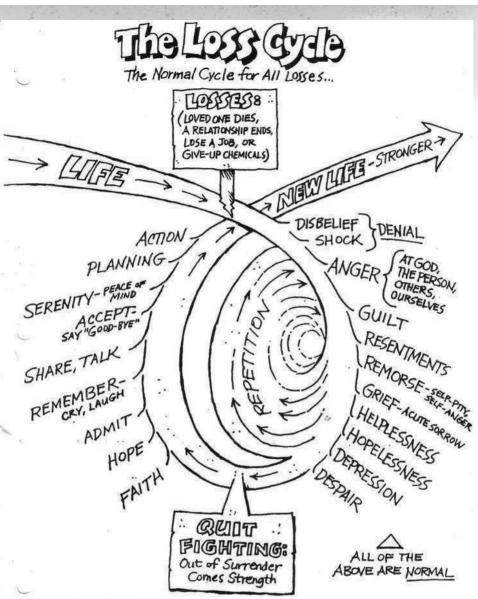
## Bad Blood by Taylor Swift



'Cause, baby, now we got bad blood You know it used to be mad love So take a look what you've done 'Cause baby, now we got bad blood (hey!) Now we got problems And I don't think we can solve 'em You made a really deep cut And, baby, now we got bad blood (hev!) Did you have to do this? I was thinking that you could be trusted Did you have to ruin What was shiny? Now it's all rusted Did vou have to hit me Where I'm weak? Baby, I couldn't breathe And rub it in so deep Salt in the wound like you're laughing right at me Oh, it's so sad to think about the good times You and I'Cause, baby, now we got bad blood You know it used to be mad love So take a look what you've done 'Cause baby, now we got bad blood (hey!)

"Is it just me, or do people go from Traitor to Bad Blood and call it 'healing'?"





DENIAL-ANGER-DEPRESSION-ACCEPTANCE-RECONSTRUCTION (BARGAINING TAKES PLACE ALL ALONG)

"If you zoom in, you can hear my old self screaming, 'WHY?!"" Regret is life's way of reminding you that you're sometimes the main character - but mostly the clown.

Like that time you wore those shoes you knew would betray you. Or those bangs that turned your forehead into a cautionary tale.

Anyway, let's play a game of Who's the Most Regrettable Here? Let's check how much we regret together. For every 'yes' here, take a little piece of your dignity and throw it out the window.

[] Watered my grass thinking it was thirsty, when all it needed was sun.  Regret level: I might be a plant murderer.
regret teven in thought we as possible mountaineren.
[] Spent 30 minutes looking for my phone while it was in my hand.
Regret level: I'm just glad I didn't call someone to ask where $\it my\ phone$ is.
[] Tried to look "cool" ordering coffee and accidentally said, "Can I get a pumpkin spice latte no, I mean, just a regular latte?"
Regret level: I will never live this down. I can already feel the judgment.
[] Opened the fridge, stared inside for five minutes, then closed it without taking anything. Regret level: I've truly outdone myself.

## Regret



Regret and regret and regret But what is regret A feeling penetrating deep down, Unborn yet, screaming aloud.

The guilt of not doing,
The guilt of not proving,
you are stuck in this feeling,
Intertwined and intertwined

You are stuck in this box, Which is nested, alost. You are stuck in this box, Which is nested, alost.

But it comes naturally, It comes uninvited, A stain on your On your identity.

To regrets...

You think.
You think they deserve a better daughter.
You think they deserve a better friend.
You think they deserve a better sister.
You think they all deserve someone
Better than this one.

And again,
You're stuck in this feeling,
Intertwined and intertwined.

But at this point, It feels like you cannot feel anything anymore. You cannot decide anything on your own. It's an envelope of guilt, Sealed with regret.

And still they say,
"You'll find your people."

When? I ask
Crying and tense,
Tired and broken.

Still not here.
I devastatingly asked:
Still not found.

To regrets...

Now whom do I ask? I do need my own people. I do need my own life now.

I wonder,
Is it in my hands?
Or controlled by some stupid gang?

When I ask again I'm genuinely tired. There's a constant pain, And nothing to gain.

But she said:
"Please shut up,
And just listen to your brain, dear.
Tear that envelope,
And break that seal.

This thing called regret, Any which ways, Ain't a big deal."

To regrets...

No regrets, ever. Remember, even your phone autocorrects your words into nonsense and still thinks it's right. So, you're basically perfect.



Between Drowning and the Shore

# Just a question:



Have you ever felt so empty, But so full?

Have you ever felt you're drowning, But also on the shore?

It's not wondering, But questioning. Not searching, But finding.

It is a question of existence, Which keeps you wandering.



### A Moment to Breathe



Before you move on, take a slow, deep breath. Close your eyes for a second.

Imagine standing at the edge of the ocean the waves pulling you in and pushing you back, the salty air filling your lungs.

Feel that tension between emptiness and fullness, drowning and shore, the constant dance of questioning and finding.

Hold that feeling. Let it settle.

Now open your eyes. Carry this question with you not to solve, but to wander with.

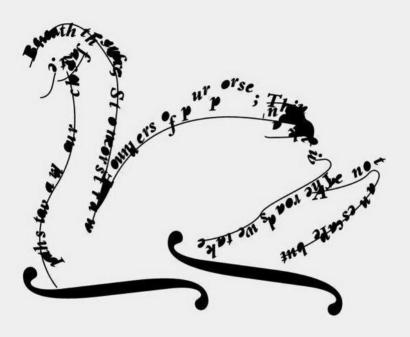


## The Divinity Detector



Ever mistaken someone's eyes for a galaxy? Or felt like a single glance rearranged your soul? This feature is for the moments when beauty feels holy and you confuse butterflies with blessings.





# Divinity



And what did it feel like To witness heaven, And hear the divine?

To get lost in those mountain hazel eyes, And wake up in those Cotton skies, With nothing but broken lies.

The eyes that reflect the most beautiful sunrise, And the voice that reminds you of those chirping butterflies.

You're LOST, So very LOST in HIM; Even to realize the HEAVEN you're SEARCHING Is YOU, my DIVINE.



## Sanity vs. Spirituality



## Score card

Was it love, or was it a spiritual awakening? Or maybe a midlife crisis with glitter? Rate your current state:

 $\Box$ Earthbound

 $\Box$ Floating

□ Fully ascended, emotionally unavailable, and possibly in love with a hallucination.

No worries. We've all mistaken soulmates for shooting stars.



# Red Flag Forecast



Like a weather forecast, but for emotional storms.

#### Emotional Climate:

Scattered flashbacks with a 90% chance of "What did I even see in him?"

#### Red Flag Radar:

- Said "I'm not like other guys."
- Took more than he ever gave.
- Loved the idea of you, not you.
- Apologized without changing.
- Made you feel lucky he stayed.



# Loving You



Loving you felt like running barefoot, beautiful, until it hurt

Your hands. Felt like home, soft and gentle, until you let it go.

You kissed me like I was your world, kissed me hard ,until you found a new one.

You said you would stay until staying wasn't fun anymore.

You made me feel like a masterpiece until you decided I was just a rough draft.

You made me feel safe until I realized loving you was danger disguised as warmth.

Life just like that loving you became a lesson I never wanted to be mine.



# Bonus Scene: "If I Could Time Travel..."



If I could go back, I wouldn't warn myself. I'd walk up to her -the me who loved him and slip a note into her pocket that said:

"You're not hard to love. He just wasn't built to hold art."

Then I'd steal her phone, delete his contact, and change her wallpaper to a picture of her laughing. You know the laugh she forgot she had before him.





Sorry, this page was written at 3 AM. No context will be provided

## Glory or Gloomy



Somebody once told me, You are the moon between the stars. And I will love you just the way, Even with your scar's. And today, in this darkest night, Where even the stars don't blink. Their light where the moon looks shattered, And its pieces fall scattered, I ask him. Where has he gone? Come back. I'll be the night. And you can again be my brightest light. But where have you gone? Leaving me half, ignite, Please come back. I wish of you to be my brightest light. Even if I am the scariest, darkest night. Come back. So that we too can have a story A little too sad to be a glory, But still, if you come back, You can again be my bright lighting the darkest of nights. And once that happens,

Those stars will once again shine bright;

Won't just be just half ignite.

and my heart,

## Complaints Department



Feeling overwhelmed by all the deep feelings? Please send complaints to your nearest mirror. We can't guarantee an answer, but you can try talking to yourself about it.



## The Wever Texting Him Again Contract



l,the emotionally evolved party:	

do solemnly swear, on my cracked phone screen, my halfhealed heart, and the group chat that's tired of my delusions - that I will never, under any circumstance (not even if he posts a shirtless gym selfie or Mercury decides to backflip into retrograde), text him again.

#### I will not:

- Send a "just checking in" disguised as growth.
- Rewatch his stories like a digital detective.
- Text I miss us when I really just miss the attention.
- Respond to his hey. I am not a fish.

If I get the urge, I will:



- Bite ice.
- Burn a poem.
- Call my most savage friend.
- Remind myself that even fictional men disappoint.

#### If I break this oath:

- Public meme-shaming.
- A full group chat roast.
- Emotional cringe flashbacks.
- Selfie cam judgment.

#### Exceptions:

- None.
- Not one.
- Not even in dreams.

#### Signed:

Inner Peace

#### Witnessed by:

- Common Sense and Better Taste -

I have realised he was just a chapter - and I am the whole damn saga.

So, ladies close the book.

Burn it if you must.



### Rose-tinted blush



Smile, a beautiful smile, Drowned me in him so very fine. Eyes, so very magnificent, Just like golden flies.

But how do I ignore all his twisted lies? Face a mask so ruptured and dark, Hid, all his beautiful marks and scars. Him, who's magic in the dark, Him who promised to love me all his life, Now left me all alone with nothing, But with his darkest and deepest lies.

Rose-tinted blush.
I always wore
On my face, now faded and erased
As I go all alone in this haze.

A rose-tinted blush, A rose-tinted blush, I always wore on my face.



## Rose Tint Detection Test



\*For those still simping, spiraling, or spiritually stuck.\*

#### STEP 1:

Press your thumb here:

Γ

(Or kiss it. Or cry on it. Honestly, at this point, just do something.)

#### STEP 2:

Match your results below. Your thumb knows your emotional IQ.

If your thumb feels sticky:

You've probably been sipping emotional juice. Spit it out. He's not worth your serotonin.

if you smudged it trying to be poetic:

Stop. This isn't a Lana Del Rey MV. It's giving tragic lead in a Wattpad fic from 2012. if you stared for too long before pressing:



You're still debating texting him "by accident." Stop playing chess with your brain. It's losing.

If your thumb was holding wine instead:

Honestly iconic. Still heartbroken, but at least you're hydrated. Text your therapist, not him.

If there's glitter, eyeliner, or literal blush in the mark:

You dressed up in sadness and it's still sadness. Take a pic, look cool, block him.

If your thumb left no mark:

Cold. Dead. Emotionless. Queen energy. You're healed or dissociating. Either way, we move.





This one's for the girl crying in the school bathroom.

For the sister who never feels enough.

For me.

For you.

For all of us learning, quietly,

how to hold the weight of our own hearts.



### ()hh, to be like her!



Why do I have to be such a disappointment? Why do I have to be an insult? I hate how those people say, "I wish I was like her!" I would hate to be myself again. It's a headache, It's a heartache;

It's a pain with nothing to gain,
And must I wonder—
Why can't I be HER?
Why can't I be like HER?
She's sweet and kind and beautiful,
While here I am, still struck, looking cool.
She's got that good personality;
While here I am,

Still struggling to find my own reality.
She's out there achieving it all;
While I'm still sitting here, thinking of How she could have it all.
Ughhhh!!!

Why do I have to be such a disappointment? Why do I have to be such an insult? Why can't I be anything but HER?



I also want to be the best daughter, The best sister;

Hell yes, the bestest PERSON!!
Why can't I be anything but
The worst, worst blunder?
I don't get good grades like she gets;
I don't know how to dance like she dances;

I don't know anything, While she's out there, good at everything. Ohh, I wish, I wish

To be like HER.
I wish to be anything but HER.
I want her HAIR,
I want her SKIN.
For she's FLAWLESS, she's PHENOMENAL.

And must he like me When I become HER?
For he likes her for who SHE IS,
While I tried to be who I thought he dreamt me to be.
And now I wonder,

Why can't I be ANYTHING,
But the WORST, WORST blunder?



## Playlist: this is for all of us until we find our Louis Partridge.

Or at least someone who doesn't make us hold midnight séances to summon forgotten self-respect, offer burnt toast as tribute to the gods of "Why Did I Text That?", and compose interpretive dance routines explaining our emotional breakdowns to confused houseplants.

We have a sacred oath to never answer texts before coffee, and a secret handshake involving rolling eyes and deep sighs.



#### Hit play.

#### Join the cult.

#### We have snacks and existential dread.

- 1. driver's license Olivia Rodrigo
- 2. good 4 u Olivia Rodrigo
- 3. traitor Olivia Rodrigo
- 4. deja vu Olivia Rodrigo
- 5. brutal Olivia Rodrigo
- 6. happier Olivia Rodrigo
- 7. favorite crime Olivia Rodrigo
- 8. jealousy, jealousy Olivia Rodrigo
- 9. 1 step forward, 3 steps back Olivia Rodrigo
- 10. enough for you Olivia Rodrigo



# Cult Handbook:



#### The Order of Perpetual Overthinking

#### Initiation Rites

Wake up and remember their name before your own. Check your phone for a message that isn't there. Sip coffee like it can fix what silence broke. Stand by the window and wonder if they stand by theirs too. Burn the toast. Burn the bridges. Burn the parts of you that still wait.

Tell your houseplant what you wish you could tell them. It listens. It stays. That's more than they did.



#### Proof of Membership

#### Your Wame

admitted for loving too much, too quietly, in rooms that didn't echo their name back.

Accepted for carrying conversations that never left the drafts.

Known for rereading old messages like they might change if you look long enough.

Still here, still feeling it all.

Still waking up and forgiving yourself for staying soft in a world that didn't stay.

Still writing them down so you don't carry them in your chest forever.

Still proving that some love leaves but the feeling never really does

You write them out of your chest so you don't carry them forever.

You turned the bruise into poetry, and the poetry into proof that you survived.

Melcome to the part of me that loved you like the rain knowing you'd leave but loving you anyway.

## Your Official Superpowers



- 1. The Collector of Almosts Keeping pieces of people who never stayed whole.
- 2. The Keeper of Unsent Letters Writing what you'd say if you were braver at midnight.
- 3. The Archivist of Echoes Saving old words just to feel them breathe again.
- 4. The Lighthouse Heart Leaving a light on for love that loses its way home.
- 5. The Soft Alchemist Turning hurt into quiet gold no one sees but you.



# Official Motto



"If loving too much could heal, I'd be whole by now."

Membership ID: Somewhere between what stayed and what left Signed, sealed, and quietly kept alive by The Keeper of Soft Things & Unwritten Endings



## Mindfulness Reminder



If at any point you feel like your brain might explode, take a moment to breathe, stretch, and remember: This is just poetry. It's not meant to fix you, but it might just make you think about things you didn't want to.



### Offhat Is It Now



Screaming inside, flashing noises, darkness hovered, silent roarers.

A girl, so shy, came out of her cave to paint her very own sky.

Those screams inside are hollow now

Those flashing noises

Darkened even more now.

The darkness that once Hovered is all gloominess now.

The silent roarer once she was is a creator now.

Screams and noises and silence and darkness, there was once, but it's all magic now.

For the girl who used to scream so loud, (but now just hums when no one's looking)

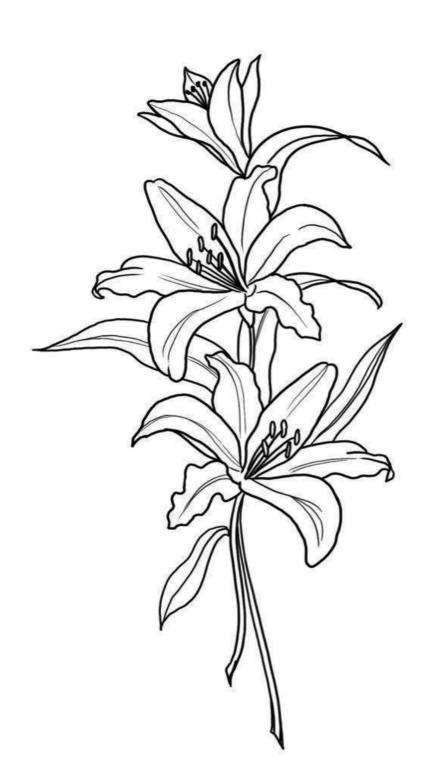


#### Silent Roarer's To-Do List:

- Paint new skies on Tuesdays (or whenever the coffee kicks in).
- Argue with shadows about who's messier (spoiler: it's always you).
- Turn old, embarrassing screams into lullabies nobody asked for.
- Find one lost echo and send it a friend request.
- Practice dramatic sighs for maximum eye-roll effect.
- Collect awkward moments like they're rare Pokémon.
- Invent new swear words that sound like poetry but make no sense.
- Tell your fears to take a number and wait in line.
- Remember: Even silent roarers get parking tickets in life.
- Celebrate small victories by doing absolutely nothing and calling it "self-care."



PS: If anyone asks why you're smiling alone, just say you're busy negotiating peace treaties with your inner chaos.



## Choose Your Lily Fall Style



How do you fall in love? Pick the way your heart leans and see what it whispers about your soul

#### The Quiet Unfurl

You love like dawn, slow and unannounced, a warmth that fills the room before anyone knows you are there. You bloom in silences. You stay when the world rolls over.

#### The Sudden Drown

You do not fall, you plunge, headfirst and unguarded. Every word is an ocean. Every glance is a tide. You flood the parts of you they promised to keep safe.

#### The Soft Spiral

You drift like petals on water, turning and turning. Love finds you in small moments, a brush of hands, a late message, a half-smile in a quiet hallway.

#### The Gentle Ruin

You love like a garden that forgets the frost. You risk the bloom anyway, wild and out of season. You know it might hurt and open your hands all the same.



#### The Secret Bloom

You fall alone first, in the dark and in the quiet where no one sees. You carry it like a hidden blossom behind your ribs, feeding it with old songs and quiet dreams until it grows too big to hide.

In your quietest garden, which lily waits for you?



## Falling Like Lilies in Spring



I didn't know at first but then, in a full room, you looked at me like a lily turning slowly toward the sun, checking if I was laughing.

I didn't know at first but then my cheeks ached, like petals tender and soft, from smiling at you more than I ever thought I could.

I didn't know at first but then your eyes seeped past my eyeline, like the quiet bloom of lilies opening softly at dawn, making their way deep into my soul.

I didn't know at first but then I knew, this was me falling, gentle and sure, like lilies in spring.



## A Lily Dream



This is the dream you carry quietly, the soft promise that love can grow anywhere it is given warmth.

Somewhere between us, something soft began to grow. I didn't know at first, but somewhere, a lily learned my name. It opened in the hush between your glance and my breath.

It turned where I turned, waited where I waited.

You looked at me like I was sunlight breaking through your dark.

You held my laugh like it was something fragile and worth keeping.

I didn't know at first, but the bloom stayed, soft, stubborn, sure. And in its quiet unfurling,

I found my heart leaning toward the sun.



## Reader's Reflection



Frost or Flame Which Force Drives You?

Close your eyes. Feel the weight of the fire and ice inside you.

Where do you feel the burn in your chest, your mind, your soul?

Where does the cold wrap around you, numbing or protecting?

Now ask yourself:• What are you running from in this endless loop?

- What masks are you wearing, the fierce flame, or the frozen calm?
- What pain do you dare not face?
- What desire have you buried beneath the ashes or beneath the ice?

Write it down or hold it in your mind.

What would happen if you chose to stop running?

What if you embraced the fire without fear, or melted the ice with courage?

Challenge yourself to feel both-fear and hope, pain and peace.

Because inside the battle of frost and flame, your true self waits to be Found.





## Fire Mithin Ice



Close your eyes for a while And imagine vourself Running and running, But getting nothing. You're stuck in a loop: You're stuck in your mind, Feeling a feeling That has never been kind. For disguised, you couldn't Help but just feel fierce or ice. There's darkness around you, A pierced soul, Finding a solution, But beneath you, there's A burning sensation. Adore it or be it for desolation. Decide, if you wanna thrive For peace or demise, Or let it be just as fire or ice?

And now-now You start questioning yourself.
Escaping, you start running,
A run for miles and miles,
Getting nowhere; yet again, feeling disguised.
The fire in you soon turns to ash, And once again,
There's darkness around this overgrown mess.
But omitted is the burning sensation, regardless.

\*\*FEEL THE FEAR:\*\*



#### \*\*FIGHT THE PAIN;\*\*

#### \*\*STOP THE ANXIETY;\*\*

#### \*\*AND THRIVE IN VAIN.\*\*

You escape reality to fight the fear, But end up fearing nothing but fire. But please, for once, Hold on to your desire,

#### \*\*CHALLENGE DEATH AND PLAY WITH FIRE.\*\*

Don't seek warmth and End your desire.

\*\*FEEL THE FEAR:\*\* \*\*FIGHT THE PAIN;\*\*

\*\*STOP THE ANXIETY;\*\*

#### \*\*AND THRIVE IN VAIN.\*\*

Ice... ice is a mystery, A puzzle to be resolved: Hatred? Tolerance? Death? Difference? Yet to be found. But one thing's for sure: You're covered in shadow, You're covered in stress. Yet another overgrown mess. And if I ask you to run again For miles and miles. Just so that you can Escape the fear that in itself hides, But please, for once,

\*\*HOLD ON TO YOUR HATE,\*\*



### \*\*CHALLENGE DEATH AND CHANGE YOUR FATE.\*\* Work until the ice melts.

Heated,
Tolerance,
Death,
Difference,
Becomes a concept revised.
And now, don't run
For miles and miles.

\*\*JUST OPEN YOUR EYES\*\*

And tell me.

\*\*HOW WAS YOUR TOUR TO ESCAPE THE DEMISE?



\*\*Title: Between Fire and Ice
But here's the question that lingers
Which shapes us first:
The fire that burns away,
Or the ice that holds us still?
And if both are parts of the same story,
Then which one are you becoming?



### Use Me



This is yours.

No rules. No right words. No neat endings.

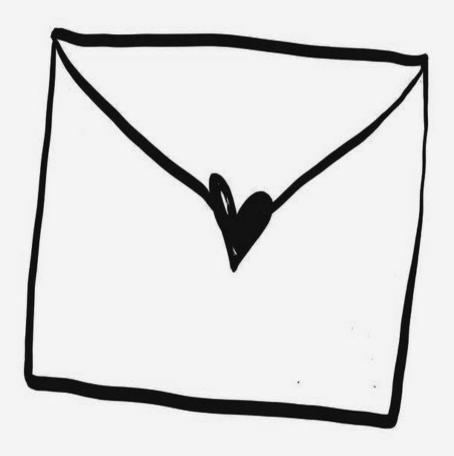
Write the name you're still carrying.
Write the goodbye you never said out loud.
Write the promise you keep breaking for them.

Cross it out.
Write it again.
Fold the page if you have to.
Tear it if you want to.

Leave it here when you're ready to go. You're allowed to outgrow the ghosts.

This page listens. That's all it doe





#### A Letter to My Future Self

Hey you,

I hope your hands still smell like flowers after you touch the world.

I hope you stand in the rain sometimes, just to feel forgiven for a minute.

I hope your arms are still a safe place for yourself first, and then for whoever is gentle enough to earn them.

I hope you haven't forgotten how to look at the sky and feel small in a good way.

I hope you still believe some things are beautiful simply because you decide they are.

May you keep your softness tucked behind your teeth like a secret only the right people find.

May you still write love letters you never send, just because it's enough to know you could.

I hope you keep a vase on your table, even when there are no flowers in it yet.

I hope you forgive the seasons for changing you.

Let your arms open when the right ones ask. Let your spine stay strong when the wrong ones knock.

May you stand by open windows long enough to taste the weather.

May you never run out of ways to say come home to yourself, to someone worth the door staying unlocked.

I hope the softest parts of you never learn how to hide. I hope the strongest parts of you never forget they grew from tenderness first.

I hope your heart still knows how to bloom where you thought nothing would grow.

And if the rain comes, stand in it.

Let it ruin your hair, your plans, your perfectly pressed days.

Be the garden. Be the storm. Be the arms you fall into when the world forgets how to be kind.

And if you forget everything else remember you were made to be beautiful without permission.

Love, You

# Feelings Chart



Disclaimer: By now, your emotions are probably in a whirlwind. Don't worry, it's totally normal. If you're unsure of what to feel, just grab a snack and follow the chart below for guidance.

Page 1: "Oh, okay."

(You thought you understood life, but now you're just mildly confused.)

Page 2: "Wait, what?"

(Did this book just do that? It did. And you're still trying to figure out how.)

Page 5: "This is too real."

(Suddenly, this book is speaking your soul's language. What do you do with that?)

Page 10: "I think I need a hug."

(Or a nap. Or both. Or maybe a therapist. You're not quite sure.)

Okay, your turn!

Track your feels below. If you're writing "WTH?" or "This book just ruined my life," don't worry we're all in the same emotional dumpster fire. You're probably panicking, but that's fine. Enjoy the chaos.

Page: "" (Write down your emotional reaction. Don't worry, it's not a test. There are no wrong answers except maybe "I'm fine." We know you're not fine.)
Page: "" (Still processing? Still questioning everything? Still wishing you were reading a recipe book instead? Write it down.)
Page:"" (Does this book have your life figured out? Nope, it's just making you question your entire existence. Go ahead and write that down too.)
Page: "" (Welcome to the existential crisis party. Enjoy your stay. You're not alone. Write your feelings. We're all just trying to make it through this wild ride.)

### Post-Poetry Survival Kit



Because sometimes you finish a poem and just... stare at the wall. This is for that moment.

Grass for Camouflage - When the emotional devastation is too much, hide in a patch of grass and pretend you're a confused sheep.

A Potato - Because potatoes are life, and they can't judge you for crying over a poem.

One Sock - It doesn't match with anything, but you'll feel better about life. Sort of.

A Tiny Blanket - So small you'll feel like a giant and it's oddly comforting.

A Puddle of Glue – For when you need to stick the shattered pieces of your heart back together.

A Single Teardrop in a Jar – Collect your tears for later use in an art project or an emotional Spotify playlist.

A "Read Me" Sign – So you can sit in a corner, dramatically holding it up, waiting for attention.

A Stick of Butter - Because nothing soothes the soul like a greasy, buttery embrace.

## Mhat To Do After Reading This



Congrats! You survived my emotional rollercoaster without throwing this book at a wall. If you still have feelings left (which, honestly, is suspicious), here's your official action plan:

- 1. Scream into your pillow like it owes you money.
- **2.** Take a selfie making your best "I'm fine but actually chaotic" face and send it to absolutely no one.
- **3.** Call your crush, your ex, or your pizza delivery guy and say something completely random like "Do you think ducks get bored of water?"
- **4.** Pretend you're deep in thought while actually planning what snacks to eat next.
- **5.** Repeat steps 1 through 4 until you forget how to adult.

You're welcome. Therapy session over.

#### What is this?

Welcome to the "Fake Fan Mail" section where strangers pretend to love my poetry because honestly, my real fans are mostly my mom and that one friend who says "cool" out of politeness. These totally made-up compliments exist to inflate my ego and save you from actual critique.

If you feel personally attacked by how much better these fake fans sound than your ex's texts, you're welcome.

Enjoy the lies. Try not to cry.

#### Fake Fan Mail

From: Totally Real Reader #47

"I started crying on page 3, and honestly, I'm not even mad.

The tears made my eyeliner look like modern art."

From: Confused But Enthralled

"I have no idea what I just read, but my brain and heart are both pleasantly shaken. Also, please tell me where to get coffee as emotional as these poems."

From: Your Future Self (Probably)

"Hey, it's me, 10 years from now. Just checking in to say you nailed it. Also, don't forget to eat, sleep, and occasionally stop existential crying."

From: The Guy Who Only Reads Memes "Wait, this isn't memes? Okay, but these poems hit different. Can I get a refund on my expectations?"

From: Someone Who Skipped to the End

"Not gonna lie, I'm just here for the snacks and questionable life advice."

If you laughed even once, congrats — you officially have terrible taste, but hey, so do I. Welcome to the club.

You've read my shadows.

Now go live your light.

And if one day your hands shake again

I just know this book will still be waiting.

Right here.

With every underline you didn't know you needed.

Just a reminder: You survived this book

Official Certificate of "How Did I Even Get Through This?"

Awarded to

[Insert Name Here]

for bravely surviving:

- Existential poetry attacks
- Weird metaphors you didn't understand
- Random emotions you didn't ask for
- And possibly questioning your entire life, twice

You laughed, you cried, maybe snorted at some lines, and somehow, you didn't throw this book across the room.

Congrats, you legend! You are now:

 $Certified\ Professional\ Overthinker\ \&\ Emotional\ Tornado\ Wrangler$ 

Feel free to brag about this, show it off, or use it as a coaster. Because honestly, you deserve it.

Issued on this very questionable, "what just happened?" day.

#### A Drinking Game for the Emotionally Brave

Because sometimes, life's a dumpster fire and your feelings need a designated driver or at least a drink with a side of sarcasm.

Welcome to the Rust and Smoke drinking game, for anyone who's ever felt like their heart was a glitchy app running on low battery. No actual fire extinguishers required, just your best "I'm fine" face and maybe some snacks.

#### How to Play:

- Sip once every time the words "rust" or "smoke" show up because, yeah, we're all just a little burnt out inside.
- Take a deep sigh after every poem. Bonus points if you do it while dramatically staring into the void (or your ceiling).
- Sip twice when a poem makes you want to text your ex... but you remember you're better than that (or at least you have no signal).
- Take a gulp if a metaphor confuses you so much you start questioning reality and your life choices.
- Sip slowly when a poem feels like a secret note written just for you, but you're too proud to admit it.

- Stand up and spin once if you feel like flinging your emotions out the nearest window (please don't, plants don't deserve that).
- Cry responsibly only if you're reading this on a Tuesday. Tears on other days might cause mood confusion.
- If you whisper "same" or "literally me" out loud, finish your drink to honor the poetic truth.

Bonus Challenge: Read a poem aloud without making a weird face or losing your place. Impossible? Probably. Worth trying? Absolutely.

Welcome to the Afterparty of Your Brain Where Sanity Takes a Coffee Break and Weirdness DJs the Playlist:

- Emotional Pizza Toppings: Burnt cheese of regret, jalapeños of panic, and a drizzle of "Why am I like this?" ranch. Warning: May cause spontaneous dance moves or deep existential dread.
- Post-Poem Snack Suggestion: Try the "Meltdown Macaron"- guaranteed to crumble your soul while sweetening your chaos. Pair with tears or questionable life choices.
- Plant Therapist Check: Confess your feelings to a ficus or fern. If it gives you side-eye, congrats you've found your kindred spirit.

#### Final Words of "Wisdom" from the Ashes:

If this book didn't set your heart on fire, it at least should have left you with some ashes to throw at your problems. Either way, cheers to surviving Rust and Smoke one awkward sip at a time.

# Coming Soon



#### Velvet and Petals

A poetry book for those who romanticize rain, stand too long in doorways, and still find pieces of you in poems you'll never read.

You are the reason my flowers bloom a little sadder and my sun sets a little softer.

Hey you yes you the quiet breath that found this page before the world could tell you not to

This is your invitation to Velvet and Petals no big lights no applause just soft rain on your shoulder a lily blooming where you thought nothing could grow

This book is for the ones who thank someone for leaving for the ones who loved like open windows during a storm for the ones who keep tiny pieces of people pressed like flowers inside poems they never finish

If you wonder yes some part of you still lives in words no one else will ever read out loud you are the reason someone writes the same line twice just to feel it break softer the second time

We were never forever but we were enough to make the sun linger a little longer in the room to make the rain stay gentle when it fell

Thank you for walking away thank you for making room thank you for teaching me how to stay for myself when no one else could This is for the small warmth that never left your hands for the quiet ache that taught you how to bloom without asking permission

Not every ending needs to be neat some things drift away like petals no one catches some love stories stay open so the light can get in

If you find a sad lily resting between these pages let it rest it will open again when your hands are ready

You're here you belong this is your soft place your small permission to feel beautiful in all the ways that still hurt sometimes

Turn the page when you're ready the garden isn't going anywhere "launch code":- #VelvetAndPetalsSoftLaunch

Since you're here and holding the launch code in your hands you get to slip through first a few pages of Velvet and Petals just for you before the rest of the world knows how soft it can be

Stay as long as you like
Take only what feels like yours
Leave the rest blooming here for when you're ready to
return

#### Page one

Sometimes goodbye is the gentlest thing we can give each other.

You didn't break me

you just showed me where I needed to grow.

There are still corners of this city where your laughter lives . $\!$ And  $\!$ I let it.

#### Page two

Sometimes goodbye is the gentlest thing we can give each other.

#### Page three

I hope you think of me when it rains and you need somewhere warm to put your hands.

### Acknowledgments



(Aka the Oscar speech I didn't get to give... yet)

But don't worry I've been practicing in the shower daily. Just in case.

This page is basically my standing ovation to the legends who stuck around when my brain was a mess and my poetry was worse.

First things first my family. Thank you for fully funding this emotionally chaotic startup I call "self-expression." Your investment returns? Just a bunch of intense metaphors, weird analogies, and maybe one or two life crises turned into art.

You've been my emergency contact, my creative board of directors, and the reason I remembered to eat (sometimes). This book runs on your love, support, and whatever was in the fridge.

To my parents, thank you for not freaking out when I said I want to be creative for a living. I owe you two the world (and maybe also a nervous breakdown or two caused by my career choices).

You said "yes" more times than I deserved, and "it's okay" more times than I'll ever forget. This book is basically one big "thank you" with fancy metaphors.

To the random people who said "this is good" on poems I was one second away from deleting "bless your hearts, I owe you snacks.

To the teachers who called me "distracted but bright," jokes on you I turned the distraction into a whole book.

To my friends, thank you for surviving my "listen to this poem real quick" texts that were never real quick. You've clapped for first drafts, endured dramatic readings, and somehow made me feel like a literary genius for rhyming pain with rain.

You are my unpaid editors and my little hype squad

To my diary, my mood swings, and my Wi-Fi this would've been a novel without you.

To caffeine, for being my most toxic relationship.

I promise I'll hydrate... eventually.

And finally, to me. For showing up even when I didn't feel poetic. For writing even when I hated everything I wrote. And for turning 3 a.m. meltdowns into metaphors. I guess we kinda did it?

If you're reading this and feeling like you wanna write a book too, DO IT. Use Google Docs. Use lipstick on your wall. Use your Notes app. Just start.

Because if I can write 40 poems and call it a book... you can definitely do that thing you've been putting off.

Love and late-night drama,



Follow me before I become famous and start charging for personality or you'll regret it when I'm too busy doing press interviews and ignoring your DMs.

## The Grand Finale



(Because Even Rust Needs an Encore)

You're here. At the end of Rust and Smoke. A small wreckage of words and leftover feelings. Maybe you're lighter. Maybe you're heavier. Maybe you're both.

Close it gently or toss it on a shelf. Let it gather dust or lend it to someone who thinks they don't feel much.

It's fine if you don't have the right words for what this did to you. You're not supposed to.

Your heart is allowed to stay weathered. Your thoughts can drift like smoke through an open window.

If you need a reward, take one. A bite of something sweet. An hour of quiet. A moment to look at the ceiling and call it art.

If anyone asks, say you finished it. Say it changed nothing and everything. Say you kept the best parts for yourself.

Curtain closed. Fire's out. You're still burning.

P.S. If someone asks what this book was about, just say:
"Something about rust.

Something about smoke.

Something about me."

Before you shut this book and return to pretending you have it all figured out...

Here's a tiny reminder from one overthinking human to another:

"In the ashes of yesterday, we find the spark to begin again." (And if that spark smells like burnt toast, just laugh you're definitely human.)

Now finally close the book.

ily all.

good night. (seriously, stop flipping there's no secret page. go drink water or something.)

bla bla bla bla DIADDIA Bla

