

THE VEIL

A poetry collection on hidden scars and resilient hearts

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Author's Introduction



At sixteen, my world collapsed into silence. What began as ordinary sadness slowly tightened its grip around my thoughts until I found myself trapped behind an invisible veil—isolated, misunderstood, and exhausted by battles no one else could see. It was during one of my visits to Medanta Hospital in Delhi that Dr. Pratibha Singhi, a pediatric neurologist, noticed the patterns I couldn't yet name. A few gentle questions were all it took for the walls to crack, and I broke down completely. That moment was both an unraveling and a beginning.

Soon after, under the guidance of a neuropsychologist, I began my long journey through therapy, treatment, and self-discovery. I was diagnosed

with depression and obsessive-compulsive disorder—labels that at first felt like sentences, but eventually became maps guiding me back to myself.

Medication was prescribed—what they called “happy pills”—but they could only do so much. The real healing began when I picked up a pen and let my emotions spill onto paper. Writing became my voice when I could no longer speak, my companion when I shut myself away in dark rooms, and my lifeline when suicidal thoughts clouded every corner of my mind.

The Veil is not just a book; it’s my soul unfolded across pages. It is a journey through despair, numbness, rage, and the slow rediscovery of light. Each word is drawn from a place of raw honesty—of learning to name emotions I once feared, of finding beauty in brokenness, and of realizing that survival itself is a quiet form of rebellion. “The Veil” was born from the quiet truth that we all live behind one. We move through life wrapped in layers of silence—hiding our fears, our grief, our wildest emotions behind smiles that don’t always reach our eyes. This veil protects us, yet it also confines us, keeping our hearts unseen and our pain unnamed. Through these poems, I seek to lift that veil—thread by thread—to reveal what lies beneath: the chaos, the beauty, the ache, and the healing that comes when we finally let our souls breathe in the open.

If you’ve ever felt unseen, unheard, or unworthy of joy, and love, this book is for you. I hope that through my poetry, you will find the courage to lift your own veil—to confront your pain, embrace your vulnerability, and recognize that even in darkness, healing begins the moment you choose to write your truth.

Shruti Suman.

New Delhi, Oct, 2025.

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1.
I Met My Shadow

It was dark and stormy,
I found myself in an abandoned castle.
I looked around,
And found nothing.
Until I saw an espejo,
It felt like it wanted to say something.
There, I saw a girl,
Who was lost and still,
And cried shrill.
As I went closer,
She faded away...I couldn't see her face,
But seemed to be a part of me.
It captured my heart,
And wanted to take that hazard!
She was sitting near a fountain,
It seemed like she wanted to bound!
The moonlight kissed her face,
And showed her grief...She was roto inside,
And was morte alive!
Her eyes were filled with sorrows,
As if her soul was seeking help...I saw myself in her,
And followed her...That girl was absorbed in an espejo!
When I looked at it,
That girl was me.
I met my shadow that night.

2.

The Harmony of Sorrows

The piano plays its rhythm at night,
As if it's calling a demon by its side...

Filled with grief,
I listened to that harmony of sorrows...

Birds are caged,
And they are crying,
My heart is buried,
And I am dying...

The night changed its sight,
As if it's lonely inside!

The moon is covered by the clouds,
It felt like hiding its shroud!

The repiqueteo sound of raindrops
Made my eyes shed endless tears...

My soul is heavy,
And my mind is reckless...

But I can't escape,
As my heart is breathless.

3.

Alone

Walking alone through deserts and seas,
Searching for serenity...!

Now stop!

You've been through lots of mirages,
Take rest,
You're tired.

You need someone to hold you...
You're exhausted,
You need someone's unconditional love,
You're puzzled,
You need trust...

Stay!
You're lost...
Stay.
Until your eyes are closed.

4.

A Lonely Star

A lonely star twinkling,
Derramando sus lágrimas,
That nadie knows...

In the foute of galaxy,
That little star is lost and numb...

Standing away from everyone,
Thinking about sin valor life,
Makes that little one feel dead alive...

It's terrifiant,
Its heart is lourd,
Et can't ressentir anything...

It can't oso anymore pain...

That little one was roto,
And took its last breath...

Before anyone could make a wish,
That little one was ido forever.

5.
Halt Hours

It's been years,
Since the sun had shone!

It's been years,
Since the moon had smiled!

Living with a dead soul,
Kills my corazón.

Every moment seems to stop,
And time doesn't seem to change.

The silent night is haunted by my cries,
Which makes my heart fight.

The imaginations are dead!

And memories are haunting!

My heart is an empty room!

And eyes have lost their tears!

Those shining stars are stolen by demons,

And that little hope is killed by unpleasant nights!

Screaming for help,
Makes me bury inside,

But no one hears those cries,
And no one feels the pain.

Left alone in the silent night,
My cries are locked up in a dark room!

Where no one senses a living soul!

6.

Elección

If I had a choice,
I would never go back to my haunting memories.

If I had a choice,
I would never be so quiet.

If I had a choice,
I would never cry a silent cry.

If I had a choice,
I would never have caged my soul.

If I had a choice,
I would never have stabbed my innocent heart.

If I had a choice,
I would never have lied to myself that I'll be alright!

If only I had a choice,
I would never have thought of a youthful sleep!

7.
Whispers

Cuts,
Bruises,
It all started with abuses!

Laying on the floor, begging to be loved,
My heart shattered into pieces,
My brain mumbled its absence,
And my soul whispered its loneliness!

Hoping to keep myself to me,
I ran from one corner to another,
Covered in scars,
I locked myself in my sleep.

The moonlight kissed my face,
And the wind touched my neck!

Dreaming to be saved,
That night I moistened my eyes.

8.

Suffocation

Struggling through life,
Finding a reason to survive,
Kills me each and every time...

Living with this suffocation,
Is more like fighting through hibernation!

Hoping for a little light,
I walk through this dark monde!

Living with failure,
Makes my heart feel numb inside!

Controlled by the grasp of darkness,
I shed my tears all night!

I had a little hope somewhere in me,
Right before I got stuck with an illusion!

Which left me alone without a reason!

I was shattered into pieces,
And finding my way back to happiness!

Living among this artificial world,
Makes me feel dead alive...

Which made me stand in the middle of a sword,
From which I can't move,
Neither to the left nor to the right,
And standing still is a deadly life!

9.
Silence

When grief took over my life,
Demolition darkness filled my soul,
And silence spoke,
Through my unsettled spirit...

Hey! You can't release the grasp of darkness alone!

10.
The Wound

Scribbled mind speaks to my soul to cajole me,
Trynna make me do something mendacious!

I know I can fight!
But in the end, everything seems to be so vile...

How can my soul be healed so soon with those healthy bruises?
When my values are left unheard and emotions are dazed!

I try to pick myself up each and every day,
But tend to deteriorate!

I didn't choose my wounds...
Oh precious!

My soul was stabbed gently and persistently!

11.
That Easy?

How could anyone expect a soul to be healed expeditiously,
When that soul has been struggling since its inception?

12. *Arduous*

It's hard to cry,
When everything happening around you is now "normal"!

It's hard to speak,
When nobody listens to you.

It's hard to complain,
When you are blamed for no reason!...

It's hard to feel pretty,
When you are being abused every single day....

It's hard to smile,
When you know your heart cries day by day!

13.

Weather

Cloudy weather,
Dried leaves,
Broken trees,
And quiet roads...

Seems like celebrating their grief!

Those pretty fruitful trees,
Have dried up!

Those shade-giving trees,
Are being cut off by a selfish woodcutter!

Those pretty flowers,
Where bees used to collect nectar,
Are being plucked by naughty kids...

Seeing all this,
That plant mimosa got drooped inside!

Just like them,
My eyes are filled with tears,
And my heart is heavy with pain,
My soul is empty,
And my mind is unconscious...

I've caged all my feelings in a piece of paper,
Hoping for someone to feel my pain,
And listen to my cries...

14.
Silent Cry

Once again, my heart cried a silent cry,
Far away from myself,
I see myself as somebody else!

My brain took over my heart,
I can feel no pain!

My thoughts took over my life,
I can feel no love within me!

My mind took over my senses,
I feel no soul,
I am now a prisoner of my thoughts and emotions,
And once again, my heart cried a silent cry!

15.

Whispers Beneath the Storm

The moon forgets my name tonight,
Her face a blur through restless haze.

The wind—my only witness—cries,
And steals the warmth the stars once gave.

A forest hums with hollow breath,
Each leaf trembles from unseen grief.

The river hums a song of death,
While drowning echoes seek relief.

The sun hides deep beneath the foam,
Afraid to rise, afraid to burn.

The heart, a vacant, broken home—
Still waits for love that won't return.

Through endless rain, my shadow dreams,
Of softer light, of kinder skies.

Yet dawn dissolves in silver streams,
And hope fades slow—like fire that dies.

16.
Sweet Sixteen

She was sweet and chill,
But is now weak!

She had a kind heart,
But has fallen apart!

She was pretty and fleek,
But her scars are as deep as a creek!

She was happy all day,
But now cries all day and night!

She was cute and fun,
But is now alone and numb!

She was friendly and nice,
But chose to be alone and quiet!

She had her "sweet sixteen,"
Which wasn't so sweet!

She then gathered up the courage,
And made herself strong...

Her heart is heavy,
But doesn't let it show.

She needs support,
But doesn't ask for it!

She needs light,
To clear all her dark thoughts.

She needs herself back...
And wants to be that beautiful soul again.

17.
Echoes Through the Thicket

Alone she drifts through shadowed groves,
Where silence burns like fading light.

No voice to answer, none to hold,
Her tear-streaked face lost to the night.

The woods stretch wide—a cage of green,
Each path a twist, no beacon light.

She runs from whispers, soft and mean,
But finds no refuge in the night.

Behind her, something stalks the shade,
A fear unspoken, close and cold.

It follows steps her heart has made,
A shadow's breath, relentless hold.

She stumbles, blind to turning trails,
The forest folds around her soul.

Her screams are swallowed by the gales,
No rescue from this silent hole.

Yet still she flees, though lost she feels,
A flicker burns within the deep.

Through fractured trees and winding reels,
She breaks the grasp and wakes from sleep.

At dawn, the woods release their claim,
The shadows shrink as light runs free.

No longer bound by fear or flame,
She stands, unchained—her soul at sea.

18.
Blue Moon Confession

I sit alone beside the glass,
The night unfolds her velvet hue.

A pale blue moon begins to pass—
A lantern burning cold and true.

I whisper all the ache inside,
To you, my friend who lights the skies.

You stay so near when pain's my tide,
Yet vanish in your darkened guise.

Tears of blood trace silent streams,
Carving sorrow deep and wide.

A heart that longs to catch the beams
Of warmth that might break through the tide.

At least the stars remain in place,
Their scattered eyes my fragile guide.

But haze and hurt erase their face,
And silence swells where hope once pried.

Years stack heavy on my chest,
Unheard, unseen, a fading cry.

How long must hearts endure unrest,
While night turns slowly, drifting by?

Oh moon, if you choose to hide,
And stars dissolve with breaking day,

Will someone hear this hollowed side?
Or must I watch the light decay?

Aching still for just one gaze,
A whispered word to break my night,

To feel alive through love's warm blaze,
And finally step into the light.

19.
Elegy for a Fractured Soul

Within the hollow of a fractured mind,
The shadows creep, relentless, blind.

Demons dance on edges worn,
Grasping fragments, torn and sworn.

A soul once bright now chokes in night,
Lost beneath the pale false light.

Whispers twist like winter's thorn,
Echoes of a self forlorn.

I reach for dawn beyond this maze,
A fleeting hope through smoky haze.

Yet chains unseen clasp my flight—
Trapped beneath the ghostly night.

Oh, mourn this heart that slips away,
Drifting far where shadows play.

A silent scream in dark confined—
The fading trace of self entwined.

20.
Elegy of a Shattered Heart

O cruel woe that rends the soul's fair veil,
A tempest dark, where light doth faint and fail.

In chambers deep, where silent sorrows lie,
A weary heart doth break without a sigh.

Oft hath the night beset me with its knell,
And folded me within its shadowed shell.

Anon, bright hopes like fragile dreams do fly,
Yet leave behind the tears that never dry.

My aching breast doth bear a grievous weight,
A heavy chain that seals the hands of fate.

But hark! A whisper soft doth stir the gloom—
"Hope springs anew from sorrow's deepest tomb."

Thus shall my soul, though broken, seek the day,
And from this darksome night shall find its way.

21.
Beneath the Scars

They say healing's a gentle dawn,
A soft light spreading through the pain,

But what they hide from weary eyes,
Is how the night drags on again.

It's jagged steps through broken glass,
A crawl where hope feels far and thin,

An aching, ugly, ruthless fight,
That burns the soul deep from within.

No silver threads or easy grace,
No tidy end to tangled years,

Just bruised bones and fractured breath,
And weathered walls built up by tears.

Yet through the storm, a fragile crack,
A whisper breaking cold and stark.

And when the chains at last give way,
The darkest night births fledgling spark.

Worth every scar, each whispered scream,
To live again beyond the dream.

22.

Unmasked

She wears her armor, cold and crude,
Blunt edges shield the fragile hue.

In crowds, she stands a silent wall,
Afraid that cracks would make her fall.

Her heart, a fortress built on fear,
Wonders if love can still appear.

Can she receive what's softly given?
Or has that well of warmth been riven?

Not just to give, but to be held—
To trust a touch unmasked, unquelled.

Yet shadows whisper, doubts entwine,
If love will heal or redefine.

She questions deep the soul inside,
Is love a breath, or love denied?

With closing eyes, she dares to dream,
Of answers carried by moonbeam—

A tender hope amid the pain,
A chance to feel, to love again.

23.
Hazy Reality

Helpless soul,
Disgusted body,
Tearful eyes,
Unconscious mind,
Emotionless heart.

Might sound like an excuse,
Maybe those like me would understand!

I cannot feel myself,
I'm surrounded by filth!

These thoughts are killing me,
These feelings are aching me,
Everything I see, feel, seems hazy,
Everything I do feels unworthy!

I see myself as a broken, mucky doll,
Who has been thrown into a garbage bin!

24.
Abrzo

Cold wind,
Kissing my wounds...
And reminding me of your abrazo!

Which makes me feel ouzo...

I walk through that lonely road,
Which reminds me of your touch!

That dark rainy weather,
Feels like they are crying with me...

I've kept you safe in my heart,
Like a memorable flower in a book...

Hoping for your best,
I decided not to destroy your life including mine...

25.
Under

Under the sheet of love,
Under the roof of trust,
We made our promises.

Laying in each other's arms,
We made our beautiful memories...

Our souls met with each other,
And skin felt its beauty...

You gave me hope,
You gave me love,
You gave me trust,
And you made me believe...

Then, on one stormy night,
You flew away like a strange wind passing by...

26.

Little World

Somewhere in the forest of woods,
There lived a girl,
Who was tired and lost...

Her scars were deep,
But could not be seen...

Reminding her past,
The streams were her inspiration,
And birds were her friends,
The clouds were her savior,
And forest was her family...

Happy in her own,
She was away from this fake world,
But the nights were restless,
And haunting were the cries...

The world was her enemy,
Which made her cry...

Pretty was her family,
Which is now running from pace to miles...

Saving her happy little world...

She was broken into pieces,
And couldn't find her space to hide...

This world chased her dreams away,
And killed her happiness...

Seeking for help... She lost in an eternal forest.

COCO ASKED: WHAT IS LOVE?

I REPLIED, "IT'S WHEN YOU GAZE AT YOUR FAVOURITE DOLL NOT WANTING TO LEAVE AND YOU'VE THOUGHT EVERY POSSIBLE WAY TO KEEP IT WITH YOU FOREVER!"

COCO ASKED: IS THERE A FOREVER?

I REPLIED, "YES, IT IS. ONE WAY OR ANOTHER THERE IS, EVEN IF YOU ARE APART, A PART OF THEIR SOUL WILL ALWAYS LIVE INSIDE OF YOU OR WITH YOU!"

COCO FROZE LISTENING TO THE WORD "APART!" HE ASKED SHAKINGLY, "WHY WILL THEY APART, SHU?"

TEARS FILLED IN COCO'S EYES AS I TURNED TOWARDS HIM!

I LOOKED AT HIM WITH ALL MY LOVE AND REPLIED...

"SOMETIMES THINGS DON'T WORK OUT FOR FEW PEOPLE, IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT NONE OF THOSE WERE REAL! WE ACCEPT THE SITUATION, NO MATTER HOW HEART-WRENCHING IT IS AND LET GO!

COCO WAS BREATHLESS WITH THE THOUGHT OF LETTING GO!

HE ASKED, "DO I HAVE TO LET GO MY DOLL AS WELL, SHU?"

I AWED HIM, EMBRACED HIS CHEEKS, AND THIS TIME I ASKED,

"IF YOUR DOLL EVER SAYS THAT SHE WANTS TO BE FREE, DOESN'T WANT YOU TO CARRY HER

EVERYWHERE AND IT HURTS HER THAT SHE'S STUCK IN THIS LITTLE PLACE WITH YOU! WHAT WOULD YOU DO, COCO?"

"WELL, I GUESS I'LL LET GO," COCO DESPONDENTLY REPLIED!

WITH INNOCENCE FILLED IN HIS EYES, COCO SAID, "BUT I TRY MY BEST TO KEEP HER HAPPY. I EVEN GIVE HER MY FAVOURITE BLANKIE, I TELL HER IT'S HERS AND THAT SHE DOES NOT NEED TO SHARE!"

HE THEN GAZED AT HIS DOLL AND MUMBLED, "THAT BLANKIE IS THE ONLY THING I'VE GOT, BUT ONCE I'M OLDER, I'LL GIVE YOU SO MANY BLANKIES AND BUILD YOU A HOUSE! THEN YOU'LL NOT FEEL STUCK."

HE SMILED, THEN ASKED, "SHE WILL NOT, RIGHT, SHU?"

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, SEEING HIM TRYING TO HOLD ON TO THAT LITTLE DOLL THOUGH SHE CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING. COCO TRYING HIS BEST TO MAKE HER HAPPY, GIVING SELFLESSLY, ASKING FOR NOTHING, HURT ME!

I TOOK A DEEP BREATH, WALKED TOWARDS HIM, HUGGED HIM AND I REPLIED, "SHE SHOULDN'T, BUT WE CAN'T DECIDE FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO STAY AND WHO DOESN'T."

COCO DIDN'T UTTER A WORD.

HE HUGGED HIS DOLL AND WITH BITTERSWEET VOICE HE ASKED,

"HOW COULD I BE ENOUGH FOR YOU, NINA?"

28.
Numb

Helplessly,
Waiting for nothing!
Holding back tears,
'Cause no one cares!

Learned to survive,
But couldn't live!

Want to be cured,
But want a big sleep!

Have no expectations from myself,
'Cause I couldn't help myself!

My brain whispers something,
But my heart says lots of things!

Tired of myself,
Want to close my eyes,
As I'm not able to feel myself alive!

29.

Undefined

Those undefined words say a lot!

Coping up with the world of demons,
Makes me feel dead inside,
My heart is shallow!

And it's crying,
Tired of noises,
Finding my space to hide!

Without letting anyone know about my thoughts inside,
As the night falls!

The whole world is sleepy and quiet,
But I am dead alive,
My thoughts are killing me each and every second,
But I hide all my feelings with a pretty smile!

Without letting anyone know about my thoughts inside!

30.
El Karma

Vivo con muerto alma,
Waiting for karma!

Kills my esperanza!

Demons out there are waiting for my funeral!

They watch me burn,
And hear me cry!

Making me dance like a puppet,
They are feliz!

Lost that smile,
Lost that intuition,

Tired of praying,
Tired of fighting,

I've crushed my feelings,
And destroyed my emotions!

Walking alone,
And surviving life with no "hope"!

31.

Escape

Empty heart wanting to escape,
Reckless mind wanting rest,

Broken into pieces,
Carrying out the burden,

Remembering the screams,
I sat in a corner of my room!

Letting my demons rise!

Hoping for someone to find me,
Hold me,
Trust me,
Love me,
Heal me from within,
Help me fight my demons!

And leave this darkness behind!!

32. *Toxic*

Our relationship with "God" is so toxic!

No matter how much we blame him, curse him, we still go to him!

No matter how much he crushes our emotions, our soul, we still go to him!

We still go to him even if he takes away what he gave to us in the first place!

It's "toxic" and we love it!!

33.

Shabby

The results can be beautifully "shabby" in your darkest "shabby" life.

34.
Breathing

Is breathing enough to live a life?
Or am I drifting in endless strife?
Does every breath hold a hopeful song,
Or just echoes of a grief too long?

What hue colors a soul so scarred,
That wears its pain so deeply marred?
Is numbness strength or silence' plea,
A quiet fall, or setting free?

Can this fleeting moment truly be living,
When darkness clouds the light forgiving?
Is survival just a shallow air,
While life's true essence hides elsewhere?

I reach for more than breath and heart,
For warmth, for touch, for truth to impart—
A reason to be whole, not torn apart.

Is there more beyond this hollow gasp?
Can joy grow where shadows clasp?

Is breathing really enough to live a life?
If it is, then I'm happily living one bright life!

35.
I Know

I know you don't feel like waking up!
I know you don't feel like seeing the rising sun!
I know you don't feel like talking to anyone!
I know you don't feel like interacting with people!
I know that you've lost your appetite!
I know that you've lost your sleep!
I know that you've lost your tears!
I know that you've lost your feelings!
I know that you've lost your trust!

But I also know there's a little hope left inside you,
There's a soft belief left inside you,
There's a flame left inside you.
Take a look within yourself.

I know you're tired,
I know you're angry,
I know you're irrational.

I know you want to die happily,
But trust me, trust yourself,
I know you can do it, you know you can do it.

All you need is just a little push;
You are a beautiful soul, and stay the same.

36.
Buscar

Pretty soul,
Stop searching for happiness in the same place
Where you've lost it.

37.
The Price

Why is physical death expensive
And mental death cheap?

38.
To Be Free

I want my soul to be free from this caged body
Because it's the soul which experiences pain, not the body.
The body just shows the bruises.

I want my body to be free from this caged soul
Because if I won't have a body,
Who will the rapists crave for?

39.
Touch

In this convolution, vile world,
When you perceive another soul reminiscent of you,
Hankering for tenderness,
You tend to go infirm inside.

40.
Vanish

They say, "Talk to me,
I'll be there for you."

I say, "I wish I could trust you."

They say, "Trust me,
I'm here for you."

And when I need them,
They vanish like a shooting star!

41.

Unrealistic

Did I really feel that breaking,
Or just glass on a tiled floor?
My chest sounds like a window shaking
In a midnight thunder's roar.

Salt burns hot upon my lips,
But are these tears or just the rain?
Is this ache beneath my fingertips
Real skin, or borrowed pain?

Mama's voice still scrapes my ear,
Like a metal plate on stone:
"You're acting. Nothing's real, my dear.
All this softness isn't your own."

Now every sob stuck in my throat
Feels staged beneath a blinding light,
Like smudged mascara, running notes
In a play performed at night.

When I shiver under blankets thin,
Is it the cold or fear I feel?
Is this tremor on my skin
A living hurt, or something still?

My heartbeat thuds like knocking doors,
Yet I tap each pulse to see—
Is it grief that shakes my core,
Or echoes I've been taught to be?

I taste iron on my tongue,
But is it truth or just a trick?
Have all my feelings died so young,
Branded “fake” and “dramatic”?

So I smell my pillow, damp and worn,
Hear my breath in ragged streams,
Touch each bruise my doubt has torn,
And still question all my screams.

If every feeling’s called a lie,
How can I trust what my nerves perceive?
I watch my shadow learning to cry,
Yet wonder—do I really grieve?

I move through rooms like fading mist,
Half-ghost, half-child, half-masked plea,
Asking every ache that exists,
“Are you real, or just unreal me?”

42.
Lost

Somewhere between these lies and betrayals,
Somewhere between these battles within myself,

I've lost my innocence,
I've lost my inner child,
Who doesn't want to meet its soul again.

43.
Hallucinations

I'm afraid that I'll lose my mind!
I don't want to!

I don't want to hallucinate anything!
I don't want to imagine happiness, love, care, or support,

It drives me crazy!
Help me!

It's so exhausting!
I can't do this anymore!

It's hurtful!
People are hurtful, everything and everybody's hurtful!

44.
A Gentle Way

Scribbled mind speaks to my soul to cajole me,
Trying to make me do something mendacious,

I know I can fight,
But in the end, everything seems to be so vile,

How can my soul be healed so soon with those healthy bruises?
When my values are left unheard and emotions are dazed.

I try to pick myself up each and every day,
But tend to deteriorate,

I didn't choose my wounds...
Oh precious,

My soul was stabbed gently and persistently!

45.
Insecurity

Sitting in a dark corner,
I asked my insecurity,
"Why, insecurity, why do you bother me so much?
It's hurting!"

Insecurity then replied,
"It's not me,
It's your concomitant of loving so much,
And getting so little in return!"

46.
Quite Battle

Whispers speak inside my mind,
Telling me to do things I fear.

They don't show the truth I find—
I'm not these voices I hear.

I know deep down I'm still kind,
A good heart that wants to be free.

But these thoughts are hard to unwind,
They won't let me simply be.

I hurt and wish to break these chains,
To find some peace and soft light.

It's tough, but strength still remains,
I'll keep fighting through the night.

One day the whispers will fade,
And I'll breathe without their hold.

Until then, I'm not afraid—
I'm ready to be bold.

One day I'll find my peaceful song.

47.
Death

When I die, take a look at my heart and brain, please,
To see how many scars they had, how much unease.

A war unseen, a silent fight—
Days swallowed whole by endless night.

The weight of sorrow, thick and cold,
A story shattered, never told.

Whispers of doubt that never cease,
A haunting ache that robbed me peace.

The tangled web of anxious fears,
The flood of uncried, bitter tears.

Yet through the pain, a flicker stayed,
A fragile hope that never swayed.

So when you see what's left behind,
Know strength was born from a weary mind.

Though shadows claimed their heavy toll—
In brokenness, I found my soul.

48.
Fog

Swollen eyes,
Cracked-up head,
How do I see my motion ahead?

I see fog,
Fog that has covered the whole road!

The passersby couldn't see me standing!
How will they?

The fog has hazed my presence!

Is it really the fog?
Or is it just me?

I wonder where to step and how to walk
In this nature!

49.
Am I Enough?

I ask myself often,
Am I enough?

Too hard to love?

I see some people have great luck in love,
Can't I be one of them?

Is it too hard?
Am I asking too much?

A cosmic energy I trust!
Can't it feel my void?

I wanna give love!
I just don't know how to receive it!

Giving is something I'm familiar with,
Receiving is strange for me!

Maybe because as a kid I always longed for a gentle touch!
Was that too much to ask for a child?

Wasn't I enough?

50.
One Day

One day your soul will rise,
Breaking free from shadows deep,
Shedding chains of pain and sorrow,
Finding peace where silence sleeps.

One day the weight of darkness
Will lift like morning's light,
Revealing joy in open skies,
And love that feels so right.

One day the hollowness inside
Will fill with gentle grace,
You'll walk unbound, your spirit whole,
Embracing life's sweet embrace.

One day your heart will learn to heal,
Each scar a story told,
Of strength reborn and battles won,
A soul regaining hold.

One day you'll live with open arms,
In laughter, light, and ease,
Dancing free beyond the pain,
Finally, your spirit at peace.

Glossary

Title: 4. A Lonely Star

- Word: "Derramando sus lágrimas"

- Language: Spanish

- Meaning: "Shedding Its tears"

- Word: "Nadie"

- Language: Spanish

- Meaning: "Nobody"

- Word: "Sin valor"

- Language: Spanish

- Meaning: "Worthless" or "Without value"

- Word: "Terrifiant"

- Language: French

- Meaning: "Terrifying"

- Word: "Lourd"

- Language: French

- Meaning: "Heavy"

- Word: "Roto"

- Language: Spanish

- Meaning: "Broken"

- Word: "Morte"

- Language: French

- Meaning: "Dead"

- Word: "Oso"

- Language: Spanish

- Meaning: "Dare" or "To dare"

- Word: "Ido"
- Language: Spanish
- Meaning: "Gone" or "Left"

Title 06 : Eleccion

Language : Spanish

Meaning: Choice

Title 20. Elegy of a Shattered Heart

Woe: Great sorrow or distress

- Rends: Tears apart violently
- Veil: A covering or something that hides
- Doth: Does (archaic form of "does")
- Faint: To become weak or fail
- Oft: Often
- Knell: The sound of a bell rung slowly, especially for a death or funeral (symbolizing doom or sorrow)
- Shell: Protective outer covering; here, the night's "shell" means its enveloping darkness
- Anon: Soon, shortly
- Hath: Has (archaic form of "has")
- Doth bear: Does carry or endure
- Grievous: Causing great sorrow or pain
- Hark: Listen, pay attention
- Doth stir: Does awaken or awaken slightly
- Gloomsome: Full of darkness or sadness (here shortened as "darksome")
- Spring anew: To rise again or begin fresh

- Title: 36. Buscar

- Word: "Buscar"

- Language: Spanish

- Meaning: "To search" or "To look for"

- Title: 30. El Karma

- Word: "Vivo con muerto alma"

- Language: Spanish

- Meaning: "I live with a dead soul"

- Word: "Esperanza"
- Language: Spanish
- Meaning: "Hope"

- Title: 30. El Karma
- Word : "El"
- Language : Spanish
- Meaning: The

- Word: "Feliz"
- Language: Spanish
- Meaning: "Happy"

Epilogue

The veil I wore was heavy and dark,
hiding the storms that shook my heart.
In these lines, I faced what I feared—
the quiet pain no one else heard.

This isn't about all the answers,
but the courage to feel and be honest.
To sit with the mess inside,
and still find a way to survive.

If these words reach you in your own night,
may they remind you: you're not alone.
Behind every struggle, there's a light—
and it's okay to hold on, even when it's small.

Thank you for walking this path with me,
for seeing the hidden, the broken, the real.
Together, maybe we can lift the veil—
one breath, one word, one heartbeat at a time.

Author's Note

At 16, my world shifted when I was diagnosed with depression and OCD—a turning point that marked the beginning of a journey I didn't fully understand. These poems were born in my darkest, most desperate moments—a cry for help I didn't know carried the power to start healing myself.

Healing begins when we choose to acknowledge our battles, embrace our emotions, and accept every part of ourselves—especially the weakest moments we often try to hide. These pages hold my truth, raw and unfiltered, capturing the unseen struggles that shaped me.

Through this honesty, I hope to offer a light in the shadows and a reminder that even when it feels impossible, healing is possible. If these words touch your heart, know you are seen, you are not alone, and every breath forward is a victory.

Thank you for walking this path with me.

Shruti Suman :)