

RESONANCE

The Vibration of Empathy

Astro Barnett



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The First Resonance



In the melody of our mother's embrace, we discover the first notes of empathy. Every line of this book carries the resonance of compassion and love—the same tenderness you felt as a child in your mother's arms. Her love taught us what it means to truly feel, to connect, to resonate with another soul.

Preface



Hello my dear friend, the reader. I want to start by saying thank you for purchasing my book, which allowed me to get in touch with you. I hope that after you finish this book, you'll think of me as an energy-matched friend. I never imagined that I would write a book when I first started writing during my bachelor's degree, but as time went on, I realized that writing was a good way for me to connect with other people who shared my feelings, so here are some verses, stories, and messages that I have shared with you. To my friends and readers, dear ones, These verses are a gift from me to you, a whispered secret beneath the stars. May my words give you courage to face life's obstacles head-on, inspiration, and company as you navigate your own maze of existence. May they also rekindle the poet in you.

"Poetry and Music illuminates the depth of our souls,
just as twinkling of stars in the night sky."

Dedication



"A big applause for those who survive after their heartbreak and struggling to make happy someone they love."

About the Author



Astro Barnett (Akshay Kumar) is an astrophysicist from Rajouri, Jammu & Kashmir, India. Inspired by clear night skies, Akshay developed a passion for astronomy early in life. After finishing his studies in India, he moved to Italy for advanced research in astrophysics at the Università degli Studi di Padova. Alongside his scientific career,

Akshay is an avid poet and enjoys amateur astronomy, often spending nights exploring the cosmos with his telescope. Dedicated to motivating young minds from small towns, he uses both science and writing to inspire others to pursue their dreams. His journey reflects the power of curiosity, perseverance, and connection.

Learn more at astrobarnett.in.

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Introduction



Some stories we can't bind in words. My heart had always wanted to connect with everyone, feel their suffering, and have conversations with them, but I found it really hard to do so. Therefore, I chose writing as my way. In an effort to reach out to everyone, that is the reason I am writing my first book. Even though it's often quite challenging, I still try, and I will continue to try, to convey all of our thoughts in a poem or a story. My aim in writing this book will have been achieved if, after reading it, you get the impression that I'm speaking to and understanding you.

My hope is that you will find a glimmer of friendship and not feel alone on every page of my book. However, if after reading this book you still feel as though something is missing from your heart, then understand that some things perhaps cannot be expressed merely in words.

There's a chord within us all,
Silent, waiting to be strummed.
Empathy, the constant call,
Sounds when hearts are gently plumbed.

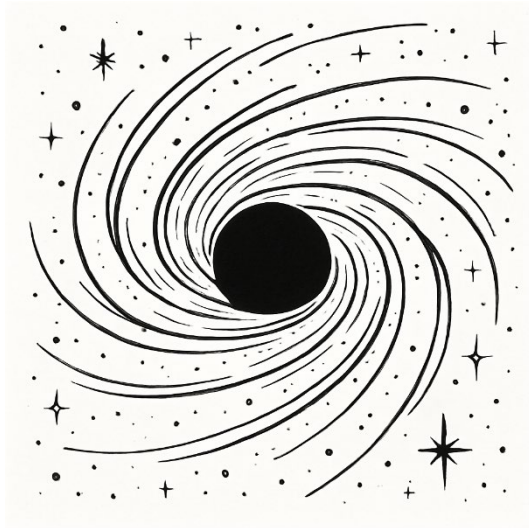
We all are made of stardust,
Here we are seeking a path back to cosmos.

Cosmos



Cosmos 

Cosmos is another word for the Universe as a whole



Dear Black Hole,..

I am writing you this letter to let you know,..

that I don't feel right on earth.

Truth is stranger in my dreams,

Hope is fighting the beasts.

People here won't understand the reason

behind the letter,

so I am writing it to you....

There is nothing left here,

People long far fight and war.

Dear Black Hole,

Embrace my soul,

And let's meet up somewhere

where the thousand stars meet.

So I wish to embrace the dark,

Even though the gravity doesn't seem to hold my breath.

Oh dear Black Hole..!!

Take me away before,

The earth shatters my stardust away.

I'm writing you this letter

From the depth of my heart,

To let you know,

I am fading tonight

As I lay on my bed
Lyrics start to fill my head
As the widow next door
Sings some more
She sings at night
Only night
To the stars she sings a plead
Asking for them to take the lead
Take her on a path alone
On a path with out the one
The one who makes her sing
The one who wears the other ring
The one who left her with nothing
The one who gave her everything
The one who loved her for herself
The one who sits on her shelf
The widow sings, and pleads
She asks for them to fix things
As I lay in my bed
These Lyrics fill my head
They bring a tear to my eye
They help me ease my mind

Last night I was sitting under deep sky and had a conversation with few of cosmic objects. Although I have discussion with all the stars and cosmic objects but few of them were long conversation so I will just share our mutual discussion which cosmos also want to convey the message to everyone:

Firstly, moon came down to me and told me that his heart too broken by the way i miss her he added that he still remember how i took promise to love her till he exist in this universe. Now the moon asked me the biggest question should I destroy myself so that you can survive? What should I say to moon I was numb.

My second conversation was with the Saturn because he was one of my favorite and best friends in our solar system. He was also angry with me and scold me that why don't you maintain a balance of your life as he maintain the stability in our solar system. Saturn teach me to look at the many aspects of life like he has encapsulate its stunning ring system.

My third conversation was with the black hole and this conversation was very deep which I can't explain in my words but I will try to put in simple words. He mentioned that he knows about the depth of my love for everyone and it's same as he has the gravity for all the matter in cosmos. But I also need to draw a line of cross like black hole has its event horizon. Its obvious that escape is an illusion when entangled in the gravitational dance of destiny

This morning, I arose with the sun,
And offered my apologies, one by one,
To the cosmos objects that I'd compared,
To my beloved, with love that flared.

I spoke to the stars, twinkling up high,
And to the moon, soaring through the sky,
To the birds, singing a sweet melody,
And to the river, flowing wild and free.

To Saturn and Black Hole, I expressed my regret,
For judging their beauty, without a moment's fret,
For it was not their fault, but my own,
That I compared them to my love, and bemoaned.

I am sorry, nature and cosmos alike,
For the comparisons that I made, in hindsight,
It was my love that made my beloved shine,
And I hope you'll forgive me,
for it was not your design.

We are made of stars, a cosmic dust
A cosmic connection, a cosmic trust
From the beginning, we've been a part
Of the universe, a cosmic heart

The atoms that make us, once were a star
A burning bright light, from afar
But they exploded, and spread out wide
And in us, now they reside

We carry within us, a galaxy's worth
Of stardust and light, a cosmic birth
We are made of the same stuff as the stars above
A cosmic connection, a cosmic love

We look up in wonder, at the night sky
And marvel at the beauty, on high
But in truth, we are made of the same
Stars, planets, and galaxies, a cosmic game

We are made of stars, a cosmic truth
A reminder of our place, in the cosmic youth.

Loneliness, a bitter pill to swallow,
Its grip on me, I cannot follow
I long for connection, for a friendly voice,
But in my solitude, I have no choice.

Oh cosmic energy, can you hear my cry?
Can you help me to touch the sky?
To break free from this loneliness,
And fill my life with happiness.

I know you hold the power to heal,
To help me find what I need to feel,
So please, send me your divine grace,
And guide me to a better place.

Let your light shine bright on me,
And fill my heart with harmony,
With peace and love, to light my way,
And help me face a brand new day.

Oh cosmic energy, I trust in you,
To guide me to a life that's new,
With hope and joy, to light my path,
And help me overcome this lonely wrath

When I write about you,
I feel guilty, as if I'm copying a beautiful work of art.
Like trying to repaint a masterpiece
with simple lines on paper.
Forgive me for trying to capture the universe I see in your
soul.

I don't have anyone special on this planet, but if you accept my love, I will summon the stars from the cosmos as witnesses to our love. Although I will summon all the cosmos, only a few will be special to me.

Firstly, I will summon Venus to witness the depth of my adoration for you, before sunrise and after sunset. Then, I will call upon a Black Hole to illustrate the gravity of your love.

But it doesn't end there; I will also beckon all the cosmic energy to infuse me with the strength to show you just how deeply I am energized by you.

I can never seem to capture in words the way you appear in my eyes. But this is how I would encapsulate you if I had to try. The stars descended, kissed the earth, and left behind some light. Somehow, that light transformed into you, and somehow, you became mine. Now, every night, I thank the stars that you are a part of my life. How fortunate I am to hold not just your hand but the stars themselves.

We are just dust from distant skies,
Searching for stars where our true home lies.

I know someday when the world will stop working for you and you will come back for me. But you will be surprised to know that there is no road left that directly comes to my home. And even you find the way for my home you will see that all the walls have cracks and I didn't painted those walls the moment you left our home. But the one thing you will see the wall where you hanged our photo is still there with no cracks and then you will asked me why ? Most probably I will reply that after you left nobody has come to paint these walls so everytime when I try to paint i just finished with one wall where our photo is hanged.

Somewhere at the beginning of time, I think your heart was once part of mine. Two souls, fallen from the same star, Scattered into two people far apart.

All my life, I searched for you, And all the while, you were searching too. Today we met for a second-first time, But this time on earth, not in the sky. I didn't know, I couldn't see, That meeting you was finding the missing part of me.

When I look to the clouds, I see your heart float by, And in the sea's deep blue, I find the color of your eyes. Your laughter sways with the leaves on the trees, And I can smell you in the whispering breeze.

Even though you are far away,

I will continue to look for you in

the stars,

the trees,

and the clouds.

Resonance



Reso ♦ o ♦ nance 

Resonance refers to the invisible threads that ties our souls to the rhythms of life and this mysterious connection we experience when someone else’s words reflect our own thoughts, similar to notes harmonizing in a symphony. It’s the soft buzz of comprehension that permeates our beings and enhances the beauty of our shared experiences.



Hugging someone with a pure heart and beautiful soul is a very special experience. You experience comfort and tranquility in your life as a result of its healing power. Worries disappear in their presence, and weighty responsibilities seem to lift off the body. The knowledge that someone genuinely cares about you is brought to mind at that precise moment. Your spirit is raised and inspired by their energy, which propels you forward and infuses your life with love and hope.

She looks at me as if I'm,
The last boy in the world.

She touch me as if I'm,
The last metal in the world.

And the way she hold me as if I'm,
The last cosmic dust left in the multiverse.

I removed you from my life, blocked you from everywhere because they say that person who can hurt you can't heal you. But that doesn't mean I stop myself from thinking of you.

There are some people with whom we want to talk but we still choose not talk with them. It's because we know they will not going treat us the same as they did before. The reason for writing is to talk with someone stranger so that if our heart feel same I want to tell you that we have to survive because we are the soft and kind people and we are very rare so please don't quit.

Sometimes I hesitate to introduce my friends to my mother. They know too much — my depression, my habits, my healing. Good friends hold pieces of us that even family may not see. They help us rise from pain, remind us we're not alone, and their empathy becomes the quiet vibration that heals.

- Thank you, my friends — because of you, I have survived.

Sometimes I wonder what's worse —
losing someone suddenly,
or losing them slowly.

When it's sudden,
you never get to say goodbye.
You don't know your last moment
was the last — until it is.

It's I love you
until you can't say it anymore.
It's see you tomorrow
until you don't.

You hug them, not nearly tight enough,
believing you'll have another chance.

One moment they were here,
and the next — gone.

Sometimes I think losing someone suddenly is easier. But maybe I
only believe that because I've never lost someone slowly.

You were my sunshine, a big star in the sky, And my only sunshine;
because of you, I used to wake up early.

Those days were better with you, And the sky was clear and blue. It's
been a long time since I found my star in the sky.

I wish I had told you, How much I loved you, And darkness fills my
sky without you. Before the cosmos took my sunshine away.

There's nothing like finding friends
who make you laugh until your stomach hurts,
but also stay up with you at 3 a.m.,
asking the kind of questions
that stay with you long after the night ends.
The kind of people who roast you without mercy,
then have your back when it really counts.

Friendship like that is rare.
When you can be foolish
and still talk about life's deepest truths.
When your heart is safe, and you're never pretending.
That's when you know it's real.



Losing you was painful,
but in that pain, I found myself.
You taught me whom to hold close
and when to let go.

You showed my heart its strength —
how it could still beat
even when broken.

Because of you, I was once shattered,
but because of you, I am now whole.
After you, no one can easily break me again.

Thank you —
for the lesson, the scars,
and the strength.

Rest.

not because you are weak,
but because you are worthy.

Worthy of stillness,
of breath between battles,
of peace between storms.

Even strength needs silence.
Even warriors need rest.

To feel too deeply,
to cry without knowing why,
to laugh and ache
in the same breath—
that is not brokenness.
That is what it means
to be *human*.

Empathy



Em♦pa♦thy 🗣️

Empathy refers to the connection that connect all souls through my verses with the intention to resonate with the depths of human experience.



Missing someone you will never see again is a pain unlike any other. Somehow, even remembering them carries a quiet ache. The act of whispering, “I love you,” into the air—knowing that those words will dissolve into the universe and never return—is a humbling, heart-shattering sorrow. Yet the pain of whispering, “I miss you,” into the void, aware that there is not even the slightest chance those words will bring them back, might hurt even more.

The river flows, never looking back,
Carving its path through stone and crack.
It sings to the sky, it dances with time,
A journey unchained, a rhythm sublime.

Mountains may rise, the storm may roar,
Yet onward it moves, seeking more.
It does not ask where the end will be,
It simply flows—wild and free.

So be like the river, bold and true,
Let nothing stop the soul in you.
For every twist, for every bend,

In this broken world, don't search for someone who loves you or cares for you more than you do. There are individuals who are persistently shattered mentally and emotionally, yet they continue to strive for the sake of their family and friends. Therefore, this message is dedicated to all the broken souls. We are connected by love. You have a special place in my heart because you have a weak heart. You are, in my humble opinion, the bravest and most amazing miracle.

Please, don't let other people's sorrows or your own tears make you cry while reading a book; instead, stay true to who you are. Your beautiful soul is evidenced by your capacity to understand the plight of bent butterfly wings. Don't let the weight of the world drag you down; your fortitude and tenacity are amazing.

I was raised believing in reincarnation and the journey beyond this life. Knowing that our time here is temporary, I refuse to waste it on anger or ill will. Instead, I devote myself to love—in thoughts, in words, and in every quiet moment I can share with the world.

Of course I can handle things on my own.

I always have.

I've learned how to carry everything—

groceries, heartache, memories, loneliness, and expectations—

sometimes all at once.

I've taught myself to untangle messes

that no one else even realized were there.

I find my own answers,

face my own doubts,

and lift myself up

when the silence grows too heavy.

People say, "You're so strong,"

as if it's a gift,

not something I built piece by piece

when no one else came to help.

Yes, I can do it alone.

I just wish

I didn't always have to.

Every night I lay in bed,
A storm begins to grow inside my head,
Crashing against the walls of my brain,
My thoughts are the thunder and life is the rain.

The illusion of time decides to pass,
as lightning strikes my world: from the sky to the grass,
starting destructive yet beautiful fires of anger and sadness,
I realise that again I am alone with my mind and its madness.

Every single water droplet becomes heavier,
as I reflect over the terrible day that has come to an end,
I think about the people who have aggravated me and stirred
up my hate,
the storm is becoming devastating- suffocating the animals
that represent my hope

Is it really worth it?
Why do I bother?
Why do I get up and deal with the pain of life,
When I could stay here,
In a world of my own.

I have come to realize that every heart carries its own story, its own struggles, and its own joys. To live fully is not merely to exist, but to feel with others—truly, deeply, without judgment. In this life, I choose to open my heart, to listen, to understand, and to respond with love. Because in the quiet act of empathizing, we find the most profound connection to the world around us.

I think, as time passes, we are losing people who are kind and pure of heart because we often fail to provide the care and support they need. When their hearts are broken, we do not reach out to help them heal. But even small acts of kindness—a listening ear, a comforting word, a moment of genuine attention—can make a world of difference. We have the power to nurture those who carry goodness in their hearts, and in doing so, we not only help them recover but also strengthen the compassion and connection that keep humanity alive.

One day when this world will end and there will be a "Judgment Day"
I will do apologize to the God for the moments when he loved me a
lot and send his angel as a friend to save me to end my life before
time and put him through the hell when he was doing best for me.

I'm sorry to everyone who has lost me, and to those who won't see me again. I've been absent because I grew tired of trying to meet everyone's expectations and giving care only in ways they wanted. I needed to step back to take care of myself, even if it meant being away from those I care about.

I wish I had known before our last meeting, so I could have loved you in the way you truly needed. I am deeply sorry for any pain or inconvenience I caused, and I apologize for not being the person you deserved in that moment. Even if words can't change the past, I hope you can feel the love and care I carry for you, quietly and sincerely, from wherever I am.

Ever since you've gone,
I started talking with the cosmos to give you the happiness:
Which I couldn't bestow upon you.
Even though all the cosmic objects are against me and asked;
Why you love so much

You might be surprised to know why I blocked you. Even though you knew how much I loved you—beyond the cosmos—I had to.

I blocked your number because the urge to text you wouldn't go away.

I blocked your Instagram because seeing your photos, stories, and reels—the memories we shared—was hurting me every day.

It didn't stop there; I also blocked you on Facebook, because every little thing reminded me of you, even your favorite birthday cake.

A part of me still wants to call or text you, to tell you that leaving me was the hardest thing you've ever done, and that living without you has been miserable. I know it might seem rude, and if you asked me how I feel about it, I'd probably lie and say I don't care. But deep down, I still want to know if you're okay. . . if the world is treating you well.

I'm not asking for you to treat me like
I'm fragile,
or to look at me with sad eyes.
I'm not asking for you to change the way that you see me;
I'm still me.
I'm just asking for you to remember me and everything
I've gone through.
So that perhaps you might understand that sometimes,
what I have to offer is all I have to offer.
Because sometimes there is nothing left.

I know you're still waiting for that apology—
to hear "I'm sorry, I was wrong,"
and to feel an embrace that quiets the hurt inside.

But if our peace depends on those words,
we're still giving them power over our hearts.
What if that apology never comes?

True closure isn't found in their regret,
but in the life we create beyond the pain.
Healing begins when we become
everything they couldn't be.

And maybe that, is our happy ending

We don't lose someone all at once.

We lose them slowly—infininitely—until we break into
countless pieces.

We lose them when a song reminds us of their smile. When we pass
an old place and remember the moments we shared— the laughter
we can't recreate, the presence we can never replace.

We lose them in the quiet of the night, when their absence echoes
louder than words. We lose them in conversations where their name
still slips out, in dreams where they appear, only to fade with the
morning light.

We lose them in the small, ordinary things— in routines that once
included them, in memories that resurface without warning. We don't
lose them once; we lose them, again and again, with every thought of
what could have been.

Breathe — You Matter

I know you're carrying so much right now, trying to hold everything together, to fix what feels broken. The weight can be overwhelming — I feel it too.

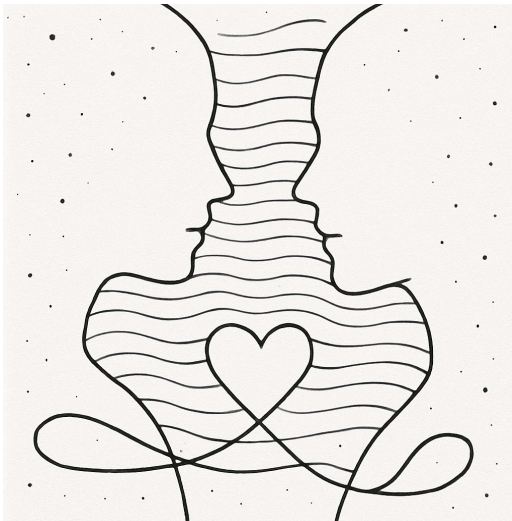
But pause for a moment. . . and just breathe. You matter just as much as the things you're trying to heal. Your mind, your heart, your body, your soul — they all need your gentleness too. Give yourself the same care and patience you offer to everyone else.

String



String 

We are drawn closer to one another by empathy, which resonates like a delicate string due to our shared experiences



I love you because you've endured a childhood filled with challenges and suffering, yet instead of letting it break you, you chose to heal and rebuild yourself. You may be tough at times, with emotions that won't stay silent and a strength that won't settle for less. You challenge me to be better, call me out when needed, and carry the weight of the world with grace. But through it all, you love fiercely—me and the family we'll have someday. You know what pain is, and you would do anything to protect our children from it. And if I can give you a safe, steady love, I know you'd face every storm by my side, a warrior for our family. That's why I love you.

It's okay to break down, to let yourself shatter, to scream into your pillow, and to release the weight you're carrying.

But this time, when you rise, when you gather the strength to stand again, leave the heartache behind, let it stay where it fell.

I used to make excuses for them, telling myself, maybe they're going through something. But then I remembered my own battles, the storms I've survived, and I realized—I never let my pain become someone else's wound.

We have to understand one thing:

We human beings are here to suffer from the mistakes we make and then learn and heal so that we can make a better life.

By accident, I opened the Google photos gallery.

And there it was—proof we existed:

your tears frozen on-screen,

my silence captured forever.

The internet never forgets,

even when we beg it to.

A screenshot from that last call—

two people refusing to let go

of what was already lost.

Everything's erased now.

No chats. No contact. Nothing.

Yet this digital museum keeps its doors open,

waiting for me to wander in

and bleed all over again.

Anger that comes with grief hurts on different levels because this kind of anger is like fire that can burn your friends, lovers, God, and yourself.

I Just miss you

It has been many years, and I am still thinking about you every single day. Not as intensely as I did in the beginning, but the truth is, I still miss you so damn much. You were my person—the one I could turn to, the one I could talk to about anything, and you always understood me. And I was yours too. But now? Now, I feel so lost. It is so hard not to reach out, not to text you, or even FaceTime you for the simplest things. Every day, I fight the urge because I promised myself I would not talk to you. I am proud of myself for holding on to that promise, but it hurts like hell. I keep telling myself it is for the best. . . but is it really? I wish we could talk again, like old times. Catch up on everything, laugh together, just like we used to. But deep down, I know that if I let you back into my life, my heart will shatter all over again. The truth is, I do not think I can ever forget you.

You changed me in ways I cannot even begin to explain. One thing I know for sure is that I do not believe in love anymore—at least not now, maybe not ever. I am terrified of going through that pain again. I am scared that no one will ever take your place. I am scared that we will never talk again. And most of all, I am scared that I have lost someone who meant the world to me. I just miss you. So much. And I do not know if that feeling will ever go away.

If I were to build a house,
I'd have your arms as the walls
Your eyes as the windows
Your smile as the front door
Your heart as the fireplace
And your soul as my light
And in this house
I'd place my faith
Knowing I'd finally
Found a home

Letter to myself

Sometimes I worry about you. I see the weight you carry and the struggles you face, and it breaks my heart. I wish I could take away your pain and make everything better. I worry because I care so deeply about you and your wellbeing. Please know that you're not alone in this, and I'm here for you, ready to support you in any way I can. You're stronger than you realize, and I believe in you, even when you don't believe in yourself.

I watch the sunrise and feel your warmth on my skin. I walk through
the silence of trees and hear your laughter in the rustle of leaves

I dip my hands into the river hoping it carries a trace of your touch. I
sit under the moon and whisper your name to the stars even in
distance, you remain woven into everything

i see

i hear

i feel

and so, i keep finding you

in the wind

in the light

and in the quiet between heartbeats.

If I die, donate my organs.

Give my lungs
to someone still fighting for breath —
I've spent too long gasping in silence.

Give my heart
to someone who still believes in love,
who hasn't felt it rot while still beating.

Give my eyes
to someone who still seeks the sunrise —
mine have memorized too many shadows.

Give my liver
to someone who can bear more
than bitterness and ache.
And if there's anything left,
burn it —
not for sorrow,
but for release.

Let the smoke rise
like a prayer,
like a whisper of what I once was —
so the universe might remember me

not as broken,
but as someone who tried to turn pain
into light.

Someone asked me,

“How are you so calm, like nothing bothers you?”

I paused, and then I said,

“Because all the things I feared, all the things I imagined
would break me. . . they came. And I survived.”

Symphony



Sym♦pho♦ny 

The consonance of sounds.



Sometimes I just listen to music and feel that you're sitting by my side. And explaining every word of the lyrics like you used to do, and in all ways, I feel that I am with you. Melodies are compositions of memories.

In the darkness of night, I hear,
A melody that brings you near.
Resonance of our shared past,
A song of empathy that will last.

In the vast cosmos I wish to find,
The hidden connections of our heart and mind.
Through fields of stars and empathetic streams,
And weave together my dreams.

With each string I pluck, a story unfolds.
Of cosmic wonders and hearts of gold.
In the end, I found my place.
In the symphony of time and space.

O strings of the universe,
Binding stars and hearts alike,
Your resonance, a song of creation,
Your harmony, a gift of connection.

From the depths of space to the human soul,
You weave a tapestry of light and sound,
In every note, a story told,
Of empathy, of love profound.

In the silent symphony of night,
We hear your whispered song,
A reminder of our place among the stars,
In the eternal resonance where we belong.

When I hear your voice, a chord strikes within,
A harmony that plays beneath my skin.
Resonance in words, in touch, in sight,
Our hearts play a duet in the quiet night.

Your turn is coming,
Your time is coming,
and your happiness is coming.

Everything that comes to you is worth waiting for,
Just don't forget to celebrate everything along the way.

Take the trip you have planned
and savor every moment of your life.
Because if you don't take care of yourself,
the world will take everything away from you.

I met someone new today
Even though I knew my heart still belonged to you
I sat across a stranger today
Pretending I could feel something true

I smiled today
Trying to recreate the spark
That first night when you looked at me
And lit up my dark

I listened today
As they spoke with hope and grace
Trying to reach the places in me
You used to embrace

I let them be kind today
Let them compliment the parts of me
You once adored so easily
But it all felt empty

I couldn't take their love
Even though it mirrored all I dreamed of
Because none of it felt like you
And that truth was just too tough

I met someone new today
Only to be reminded that
You broke me so beautifully
I can't love anyone after that

You are not the sum of all your wounds,
nor the echo of what you've lost.
You are breath. You are becoming.
Even in your silence, you grow.
Some days you bloom.
Some days you only root.
Both are sacred.
Both are progress.

You are not late.

You are not behind.

You are moving at the speed
of your healing.

Let others rush—

you are learning to bloom
without breaking.

Let yourself feel it—
the ache, the joy, the in-between.
That's how you know you're alive.

When you don't know what to say,
say nothing—but stay.
Sit with them.
Breathe beside the ache.
Sometimes love is just
not walking away.

Keep a door in your heart
unlocked—for joy, for love,
for the unknown.

You don't have to know
what's coming
to welcome it.

Maybe one day,
Someone will truly understand me—my mind, my soul,
why I feel so deeply, and why I love so intensely.

Acknowledgement



I've always dreamed of writing a book. Today, as I hold my first book in my hands, I feel a mix of emotions—joy, because a long-held dream is finally coming true, and a touch of sadness, as I'm not physically well due to an accident.

To my mother and my family,

Words cannot capture the depth of my gratitude for your love, patience, and unwavering support. Through every moment of struggle and triumph, you have been my anchor, my strength, and my inspiration. This book would not exist without the foundation of values, encouragement, and belief you have instilled in me. Thank you for teaching me that dreams are worth pursuing and that love is the greatest force that connects us all.

To Daxal,

Thank you for believing in my words before I did. When you once told me that I should put my thoughts into a book, you planted a seed that has now blossomed into this work. Your encouragement gave me the courage to share my voice with the world. This book is a testament to the power of friendship and the profound impact of a few simple words spoken at the right moment. This is not just a book—it's an attempt. An attempt to connect with you. An attempt to give voice to your stories and pain. An attempt to share my emotions and struggles with you through words.

If this book touches you in any way, please do share it. Your support will mean the world to me—it will not only motivate me, but also give me the strength to keep writing.

Special Thanks



This book was written during one of the most challenging periods of my life. Following an accident, I found myself relying on the kindness and support of those around me, and I am profoundly grateful for their presence.

To my dear friends—Siddhesh, Suprio, Veronica, Riccardo, Ajinkya, Alejandra, Alka, Vicky, Utsav and Poornima — thank you for standing by me through every difficult moment. Your encouragement, patience, and unwavering belief in me gave me the strength to heal and continue writing when I doubted myself. Your friendship has been a true blessing, and I am forever grateful for your support during my recovery.

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To everyone who offered comfort, assistance, or simply listened when I needed to share my struggles, thank you. This book exists because of the resonance we share, the strings that connect us, and the symphony we create together.

With deepest gratitude,

Akshay Kumar

Special Thanks for my sister



To My Sister, Arti

“You're the poem my childhood composed and the resonance my heart has always known.”

The bond between a sister and brother is one of life's most beautiful resonances—a vibration that begins in childhood and echoes through our entire lives. From playground adventures to grown-up conversations, you've been the constant note in my symphony, the string that keeps me connected to who I truly am.

Thank you for your dedication in proofreading this book, for catching every misplaced comma and refining every thought. Your careful attention brought clarity to my words and harmony to these pages. This book resonates more deeply because of you.