

The Sky Between Us

Where Softness Learns to Stay

Santi Kumari



BlueRose ONE^{COM}
S t o r i e s M a t t e r

New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

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BlueRoseONE
S T O R I E S M A T T E R
New Delhi • London

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ISBN: 978-93-7542-521-2

Cover Design: Aafiya Saifi

Typesetting: Manisha Rawat

First Edition: January 2026

This book was written in pauses
between what was felt and what was said,
between longing and faith,
between who I was and who I was becoming.
These poems do not search for answers.
They sit with the sky between us.
the distance that teaches patience,
the silence that still carries warmth.
If you are reading this,
Perhaps you, too, have loved from afar,
waited without certainty,
or turned toward light even on days it felt distant.
May these pages feel like company,
not explanation.
Like a hand resting gently on your becoming.

- Sruti

Contents

Chapter 1	1
The Sky (Distance, silence, becoming)	2
Between Us	3
Blue Hours.....	5
Altitude	5
Still Blue.....	6
Between Messages	6
Weightless Waiting.....	7
The Sun.....	8
Sun.....	9
Morning That Saved Me.....	10
Toward Light.....	11
Morning Faith.....	11
You Feel Like Morning	12
Devotion Is Quiet.....	12
Sun-Taught.....	13
The Shadow (Ache, Honesty, Tenderness).....	14
Soft Does Not Mean Weak.....	16
Unchosen	16
Night Bloom	16
Shadow Season.....	17
The Ache Has a Name.....	17
Unheld.....	17

When Softness Hurt.....	18
Midnight Honesty.....	18
I Didn't Leave.....	18
Being Seen Late	19
Grief.....	19
Unchosen (Extended).....	19
Tender Is Not Naïve.....	20
Nights I Held the Sky	20
Shadow Bloom.....	20
Still Here.....	21
The Bloom (Return, embodiment, grace)	22
I Rise Anyway	23
Becoming.....	25
After Light	25
Blooming Is Not Loud.....	25
I Trust My Turning.....	26
Feminine Gravity.....	26
Rooted	26
No Rush	27
Becoming Home.....	27
Sun-Kissed, Not Burnt.....	27
Whole.....	28
Gentle Certainty.....	28
After the Waiting.....	28
Woman in Bloom.....	29
Light Lives Here.....	29

Sky Within	29
Note to Self.....	30
Chapter 2.....	31
After the Sky Fell Silent.....	32
She Was the Girl From Sky Between Us	33
Poverty Gave Her Weight.....	34
God Did Not Live Only Above.....	35
She Outgrew Waiting	36
She Carried Her Family Without Looking Back.....	37
Where the Sky Ends.....	38
LifeTaught Her Gravity.....	39
Hunger Was Never Just About Food	40
She Grew Up Watching Adults Worry.....	40
Responsibility Found Her Young.....	41
She Learned to Measure Life Differently.....	41
Work Became Her Prayer.....	42
She Did Not Rise Loudly.....	42
Gravity	43
Love Fell Like Rain, Then Left	44
She Loved With Her Whole Sky.....	45
Love Spoke Softly, Then Disappeared.....	45
She Mistook Potential for Promise.....	46
Trust Broke Quietly	46
She Fell Again-Because She Still Believed	47
The Question Changed Everything	47
Rain That Never Stayed.....	48

She Stopped Calling Absence Destiny	49
The Day She Chose Clarity	50
She Learned the Language of Self-Respect.....	50
She Saw the Pattern Clearly.....	51
She Stopped Over-Explaining Her Worth.....	51
Boundaries Felt Like Betrayal- At First	52
She Forgave Without Returning.....	52
Absence Is Not Fate	53
Becoming Her Own Shelter.....	54
She Returned to Herself Slowly	55
Discipline Became a Kind of Love.....	55
Her Career Became an Extension of Faith.....	56
She Began Acknowledging Herself	56
She Built a Life That Could Hold Joy.....	57
Love No Longer Defined Her Direction	57
Shelter	58
She Still Believes in Blue Skies.....	59
She Did Not Lose Her Softness	60
She Dreams Without Desperation.....	60
Love, Reimagined.....	61
She Trusts Timing Now.....	61
God Remains at the Center	62
She Is Still Becoming.....	62
Blue Skies Still Exist	63
Chapter 3 The Cosmos.....	64
The Cosmic Distance.....	65

The cosmic Event.....	66
The Cosmic Memories	67
The Cosmic containment.....	68
Chapter 4 Almost but enough.....	70
She Loves like Dawn	71
I Remember Too.....	73
What we see is Ours.....	74
Where I End sky begins.....	75
The Music of Being.....	76
We loved in the wrong season.....	78
Blueprints and Daydreams.....	79
Chapter 5 soft draft.....	81
The Art of Waiting.....	82
Love that always finds you.	83
Her First Morning.....	84
The Day of December	87
A soulmate.....	88
To Lose and to Find	90
What I Keep within	92
To the quiet temple of my heart.....	93
In my own time.....	94
Life, like a song	96
Straight from my fairy tale.	98
You, Me, the old and Grey.....	100
One Soul- They met Online.....	101
When I Loved You From A far	103

The River and Her Ocean	105
When Life Unfolds.....	107
She is a Girl in Love	110
Life.....	112
Ending Notes.....	113

Chapter 1

The Sky
(Distance. silence. becoming)

Between Us

Some connections
do not announce themselves.
They hover
like clouds undecided about rain.

I learned to trust

what stays suspended,
what does not fall apart
even when unnamed.

Air Language

Not everything is meant
to be spoken.
Some truths are felt
in the chest,
like pressure before rain,
like a sky that knows
what it's holding.

Waiting Without Panic

I stopped asking when.
The sky does not hurry
to become night.
Patience is not emptiness
it is faith
without performance.

Unsent Prayers

I wrote your name
in the air
and let the wind decide
where it belonged.

That felt kinder
than forcing an answer.

Sky Between Breaths

There is a pause
between inhale and exhale
where everything waits.
That is where
I placed my hope.

The Shape of Distance

Distance has edges.
It can wound.
But it also has curves
soft places
where longing rests
without bleeding.

Blue Hours

Some distances are not made of miles
but of timing,
of two hearts learning
the weight of their own truth.
We speak in pauses now.
In glances the sky carries for us.
Nothing is broken
just unfinished.

Attitude

I learned that not all love
needs to arrive.
Some only needs to exist
to change the air you breathe.

Still Blue

Some days
nothing happens
and that is the lesson.
The sky stays open,
holding answers
that are not ready
to arrive.

Between Messages

We speak in gaps now.
In what is felt
but not sent.
Even silence
has a temperature.
Yours still feels warm.

Weightless Waiting

Waiting does not always mean lacking.
Sometimes it means
trusting the sky
to do its work.

The Sun

Sun

How Light Enters
Not all light is sudden.
Some arrives
like understanding
slow, warm, undeniable.
Sun-Turned
I learned devotion
from flowers
they do not question
what feeds them.

Morning That Saved Me

There were days
the only promise I trusted
was sunrise.
And it kept it.
Every time.

Gentle Heat

I no longer want
love that scorches.
I want warmth
that stays.

Faith Is a Habit

Hope didn't arrive once.
It returned daily.
That's how I learned
it was real.

Held by Light

Some days
I didn't feel strong
just held.
That was enough.

Toward Right

I do not chase brightness.
I allow it.
Even on dim days,
my body remembers
where warmth once touched me.
That memory is enough
to keep going.

Morning Faith

Every sunrise
is a quiet agreement
between the world and hope.
And every morning,
I sign my name again.

You Feel Like Morning

Not excitement.
Not urgency.
Just the calm certainty
that light
has entered the room.

Devotion Is Quiet

Real faith
does not beg.
It turns gently
toward what nourishes it
and stays.

Sun-Taught

The sun never explains
why it shines.
I learned a lot
from that.

The Shadow
(Ache. Honesty. Tenderness)

Soft Collapse

I didn't break loudly.
I folded.
Quietly.
Neatly.
Into myself.

What I Didn't Say

Silence was not confusion.
It was a restraint.
I knew what I felt.
I chose peace instead.

Loneliness Isn't Empty

Loneliness is full
of memory,
of hope with nowhere to go,
of love still warm
in the hands.

The Night I Chose Myself

No door closed.
No goodbye happened.
I simply stayed
where I was
and didn't abandon myself.

Learning to Sit With Ache

Healing didn't rush me.
It sat beside me
until I could sit too.

Shadow Work

I stopped fighting my darkness
and asked what it wanted.
It wanted rest.

Soft Does Not Mean Weak

I stayed gentle
When bitterness was easier.
That was not fragility
that was discipline.

Unchosen

Not being chosen
did not empty me.
It taught me
how full I already was.

Night Bloom

Even flowers grow in darkness.
Even prayers learn patience.
Even I learned
to hold myself
when no one else could.

Shadow Season

Not everything dark
is meant to destroy you.
Some nights arrive
to teach you
how to listen inward.

The Ache Has a Name

I tried calling it loneliness.
But it was longing
with nowhere to land.

Unheld

There were days
I didn't need advice.
I needed arms.
And learned to become them.

When Softness Hurt

I stayed kind
even when it bruised me.
That choice still aches
but I would choose it again.

Midnight Honesty

At night,
truth stops performing.
That's when I meet myself
without explanation.

I Didn't Leave

I didn't walk away
because I was weak.
I stayed longer
because I was hopeful.
There's a difference.

Being Seen Late

Some people see you
only after they lose you.
I was already learning
to see myself.

Grief

My grief didn't scream.
It sat beside me
and waited
until I could breathe again.

Unchosen (Extended)

Not being chosen
wasn't rejection
it was redirection
wrapped in ache.

Tender Is Not Naive

I knew what could hurt me.
I chose love anyway.
That was courage.

Nights I Held the Sky

Some nights
I looked up
and asked the sky
to carry me.
It always did.

Shadow Bloom

Even in darkness,
something in me
was rehearsing light.

Still Here

I didn't disappear.
I deepened.

The Bloom
(Return. embodiment. grace)

I Rise Anyway

I no longer mistake
quiet
for weakness.
Storms are loud.
Roots are not.

No Longer Asking

I don't seek permission
to exist fully.
I exist.
That is the answer.

Bloom Practice

Blooming is not a moment.
It is repetition
choosing yourself
again.

What Stayed

Not everything left me.
My gentleness stayed.
My intuition stayed.
My light learned new shapes.

Woman, Returned

I came back to myself
without ceremony.
Just recognition.

Open Sky Ending

There is still sky between us
but it no longer hurts.
It feels like space
meant for wings.

Becoming

I am not becoming loud,
or sharp,
or hardened.
I am becoming clear.

After Light

I no longer wait
to be met halfway.
I meet myself fully
and the rest follows.

Blooming Is Not Loud

My healing
didn't announce itself.
It arrived
as peace.

I Trust My Turning

I no longer ask
if I'm allowed
to move toward light.
I turn.

Feminine Gravity

I don't pull.
I attract.
That is my power.

Rooted

I learned that staying soft
requires strong roots.

No Rush

What is meant for me
will not require
self-betrayal.

Becoming Home

I stopped searching
for a place to rest
and became one.

Sun-Kissed. Not Burnt

I choose warmth
that nourishes
not fire
that consumes.

Whole

I am not waiting
to be completed.
I arrived
as myself.

Gentle Certainty

My confidence
doesn't raise its voice.
It stands.

After the Waiting

Waiting taught me
discernment.
Not everything slow
is meant to stay.

Woman in Bloom

I bloom now
without apology,
without permission,
without fear of fading.

Light Lives Here

What I sought
in others
was practicing
inside me.

Sky Within

There is no sky
between me and myself now.
Only space
to expand.

Note to Self

You did not lose time.
You learned depth.
You did not wait in vain.
You learned presence.

Chapter 2

After the Sky Fell Silent

Once,
she believed the sky would speak back.
That if she waited long enough,
loved hard enough,
prayed without doubt,
something would descend
a sign,
a hand,
a promise that stayed.
But the sky remained vast,
beautiful,
and quiet.
And she was still here.

She Was the Girl From Sky Between Us

She is not new to longing.
She has stood at windows,
counting distances like constellations.
She has loved people
who felt like fate
but lived like weather
arriving, leaving,
never landing.
Sky Between Us was her reaching.
This book begins
when she lowers her arms.

Poverty Gave Her Weight

She was born
where dreams had to be practical
and hope wore the face of work.
A house where the sky leaked through roofs,
but prayers never stopped.
She learned early
if nothing holds you,
you must learn to hold yourself.
Gravity was her first teacher.

God Did Not Live Only Above

She spoke to God once
as if He lived somewhere far
beyond clouds,
beyond answers.
Now she knows better.
God lives
in discipline,
in waking up again,
in choosing effort over excuse.
Faith stopped floating.
It learned to walk with her.

She Outgrew Waiting

She no longer mistakes distance for destiny.
No longer romanticizes absence.
Love that stays silent too long
is not sacred
it is unfinished.
She forgives the girl
who waited beneath the sky.
That girl was brave.
But this woman
is awake.

She Carried Her Family Without Looking Back

She did not rise alone.
She rose carrying names,
needs,
unspoken responsibilities.
No applause followed her growth.
Just relief in her mother's eyes.
Stability where fear once lived.
She became the answer
she used to pray for.

Where the Sky Ends

She once believed
everything important
lived above her.
But the day she stopped looking up,
she felt her feet.
Strong.
Steady.
Claiming ground.
The sky did not disappear
it widened.
Not as a promise,
but as a witness.
She no longer waits for love to fall.
She builds a life
that love must rise to meet.
And God
still present,
still listening
walks beside her now.

Life Taught Her Gravity

Hunger Was Never Just About Food

Hunger taught her many languages.
It spoke in unpaid bills,
in shoes worn thin before seasons ended,
in dreams postponed not abandoned.
She learned early
that wanting is easy,
but earning is sacred.

She Grew Up Watching Adults Worry

She watched worry age faces faster than time.
Adults spoke softly about money,
as if poverty could hear
and punish them for naming it.
She listened.
She remembered.
She promised herself
she would become an answer, not another question.

Responsibility Found Her Young

Some girls inherit jewelry.
She inherited weight.
Not the kind that bends the spine
the kind that sharpens it.
She became reliable
before she became relaxed,
strong
before she was soft.
And she did not resent it.
She respected it.

She Learned to Measure Life Differently

Success was not luxury.
It was relief.
A full fridge.
A quiet night.
Parents sleeping without fear.
She did not dream of escape.
She dreamed of stability.
And that made her dangerous in the best way.

Work Became Her Prayer

She stopped asking God
to make things easy.
She asked Him
to make her capable.
Every morning,
she showed up
even when motivation did not.
Especially then.
Discipline became devotion.

She Did Not Rise Loudly

No dramatic turning point.
No sudden miracle.
Just days stacked on days,
effort repeated until it looked like talent,
until survival slowly transformed into direction.
She built her future
the way poor people do
quietly,
thoroughly,
without room for collapse.

Gravity

Poverty did not break her.
It anchored her.
While others floated on possibility,
she learned weight
how to stand firm,
how not to drift.
She knows now,
a woman who understands gravity
cannot be easily shaken.
She does not chase the sky anymore.
She carries it inside her
balanced,
earned,
real.

Love Fell Like Rain. Then Left

She Loved With Her Whole Sky

When love arrived,
she did not ration it.
She loved the way the sky loves
open, forgiving, vast.
She believed connection
was proof of alignment,
that timing was holy
just because it felt rare.
She did not yet know
that intensity is not the same as intention.

Love Spoke Softly. Then Disappeared

At first, love listened.
It remembered details.
It felt chosen.
Then slowly,
it learned the art of absence.
Messages thinned.
Promises softened.
Presence became conditional.
She blamed herself for expecting consistency.

She Mistook Potential for Promise

She loved who they could be,
not who they were willing to be.
She filled silence with understanding,
excuses with empathy.
She believed patience
could turn uncertainty into commitment.
It could not.

Trust Broke Quietly

No dramatic ending.
No final goodbye.
Just the slow realization
that she was alone
even when someone was beside her.
Trust does not shatter.
It erodes.
And one day,
there is nothing left to stand on.

She Fell Again-Because She Still Believed

She did not become bitter.
She loved again
with a softer hope,
with guarded optimism.
But the pattern returned
attention without direction,
affection without accountability.
And she finally asked herself
Why do I keep choosing this?

The Question Changed Everything

She stopped asking
Why don't they stay?
She started asking
Why do I accept almost?
That question hurt more
than heartbreak ever did.
Because the answer
required responsibility.

Rain That Never Stayed

Love came like rain
on thirsty ground
necessary, intoxicating, brief.
She opened herself fully,
forgetting that not all weather
is meant to remain.
When the clouds left,
she stood soaked,
confused,
but alive.
Now she knows
she deserves a season,
not a storm.

*She Stopped Calling
Absence Destiny*

The Day She Chose Clarity

There was no dramatic moment.
No anger.
No revenge.
Just a quiet decision
made after too many explanations.
She chose clarity
over chemistry,
peace
over potential.
And the noise inside her finally settled.

She Learned the Language of Self-Respect

Self-respect did not arrive as confidence.
It arrived as discomfort.
As saying no
and feeling guilty anyway.
As walking away
while still loving.
She stayed with the discomfort
until it started feeling like strength.

She Saw the Pattern Clearly

Love that felt familiar
was not love that was safe.
She had been drawn to distance
because it mirrored her past
working hard to be chosen,
waiting to be seen.
Awareness did not shame her.
It freed her.

She Stopped Over-Explaining Her Worth

She no longer begged to be understood.
No longer translated herself into smaller words.
Those who wanted her
made space.
Those who didn't
made excuses.
She learned to believe actions
without rewriting them.

Boundaries Felt Like Betrayal- At First

She was taught
that love meant endurance.
So when she protected herself,
it felt like cruelty.
But peace returned
the moment she stopped abandoning herself
for connection.

She Forgave Without Returning

Forgiveness was not reconciliation.
It was release.
She blessed what taught her,
and closed the door gently.
Some people
are chapters.
Not homes.

Absence Is Not Fate

She once called absence destiny
romantic, tragic, divine.
Now she knows better.
What is meant for her
will not confuse,
will not retreat,
will not ask her to shrink.
Love does not disappear
to test devotion.
It stays.

Becoming Her Own Shelter

She Returned to Herself Slowly

Healing did not rush her.
It waited.
She began with mornings
breath before thought,
gratitude before worry.
She learned that peace
is not found.
It is practiced.

Discipline Became a Kind of Love

No one clapped for her consistency.
Still, she showed up
to work,
to her craft,
to herself.
She learned that self-love
is often invisible
but always effective.

Her Career Became an Extension of Faith

She did not work to escape her past.
She worked to honor it.
Every step forward
felt like proof
that effort compounds.
She was not extraordinary.
She was committed.
And that changed everything.

She Began Acknowledging Herself

She stopped waiting
for permission to feel proud.
Small wins mattered.
Rest mattered.
Progress mattered.
She learned to say,
I am trying,
and mean it with tenderness.

She Built a Life That Could Hold Joy

Her days became structured,
not rigid.
Room for ambition.
Room for softness.
She cooked meals slowly.
Saved money wisely.
Read, wrote, rested.
She made herself
a place she could return to.

Love No Longer Defined Her Direction

She did not close her heart.
She grounded it.
Love became a desire,
not a requirement.
She was full
not finished,
not lonely,
just whole enough to wait well.

Shelter

She used to search for arms
to disappear into.
Now she builds walls
that protect her light.
She is not hard.
She is held
by routine,
by faith,
by self-trust.
And when love comes,
it will enter a home,
not a wound.

She Still Believes in Blue Skies

She Did Not Lose Her Softness

Strength did not harden her.
She still laughs easily,
still believes in shared breakfasts,
in hands reaching across tables,
in love that feels like exhale.
Wisdom did not steal her wonder.
It protected it.

She Dreams Without Desperation

She wants a home
not just walls,
but warmth.
A partner who chooses daily.
Children who feel safe enough to dream.
A life where laughter
is ordinary, not rare.
She holds these dreams
open-palmed.

Love. Reimagined

She no longer wants love
that arrives like lightning.
She wants love
that stays through seasons
quiet, certain, intentional.
A love that builds,
not just feels.

She Trusts Timing Now

She knows rushing breaks things.
What is meant for her
will recognize her readiness,
not test her endurance.
She is no longer afraid
of waiting.
She has learned
how to live fully meanwhile.

God Remains at the Center

Her prayers have changed.
Less asking.
More thanking.
She trusts the unseen hand
guiding her steps.
Faith no longer lifts her away from life
it anchors her within it.

She Is Still Becoming

She is not complete.
She is consistent.
Still learning.
Still growing.
Still choosing courage over comfort.
Her journey continues
not as a question,
but as a promise.

Blue Skies Still Exist

She has seen storms.
She has stood beneath empty skies.
Still
she believes in blue.
Not the kind that distracts,
but the kind that endures.
She walks forward now
grounded, open, faithful.
The sky is no longer between her and life.
It is simply above her.
And she is ready.

Chapter 3

The Cosmos

The Cosmic Distance

We met
Like drifting shade,
On a road that had forgotten rain
For that moment
The world breathes a bit softer
Just like passing clouds,
In the sky,
During a scorching sunny day.

Your laughter,
A cool shadow
On my burning chest,
But clouds must move on.
The Sun must not weep,
For what it melts.

We never meant to stay,
We were just two clouds pretending forever.
While the sun watched,
smiling, knowing all warmth comes from ending that never
begins.

The cosmic Event

They stood between the breath and the silence,
their lips bridge
Between the ocean and the moon
They meet,
Like they waited eternity
For just one moment,
When the gravity becomes numb,
for the shore to touch the moon
The stars blinked in surprise,
The night sighed in relief
The moon spilled silver over them.
The grass leaned to listen,
The air held its breath
The hill cradled their secret
Heartbeat echoes through the ages.
That is how they kissed
Like they carry two universes,
And now it's becoming one.
Its not about the kiss
But the flames they carried
Since eternity.

The Cosmic Memories

You are the Sun,
I am the Moon
Just like the dusk and the dawn,
Of the same town.
The creator broke one flame into two,
Divided only to know,
The beauty of return.
you're the silence,
I'm the song
Your fire softens where,
My light begins
You teach me to rise,
I teach you to rest,
You spill warmth,
I gather meaning
I am the pause between the breath
My stillness mirrors your flame,
We are just one rhythm seen two ways
We speak in silence,
The world cannot translate
The sky folded its wings to watch
The night inhaled the sun and called it love,
We met where all opposites fall quiet,
The ache is holy
We orbit each other in worship,
Not in possession.
To never touch is how we keep sky alive,
We live in memories
Waiting for eternity.

The Cosmic containment

Once,
We were one breath,
Then the universe turns its plot,
We tore apart like stars exploding,
Only to shine better apart.

Our love folded into winds
To teach the sky how to glow alone
Yet I am in every dawn,
You in every dusk,
Our hearts orbit like planets unseen
Universe hums in our rhythm,
You lit the day,
I guarded the night,
Your warmth filled the living,
My silence cradled their dreams,

We,
The sun and the moon in our own skies
Flames burn,
brighter because we are so far
Our love is unseen, but felt by all
It becomes light and travels everywhere
I kept, your warmth folded into my chest.

And I believe
Distance can't dim
What is written in the spirit
We become galaxies apart,
Yet the whole universe whispers our name together

Our love is in the pulses of tides,
The turning of seasons,
And Day n Night
We shine without touching,
Radiant in the absence

To hold you is small,
To release you is infinite,
So let the world believe,
We are apart,
We became distant
To become everything,
We choose to become light,
To love without end.

Chapter 4

Almost but enough

She Loves like Dawn

She never loves to possess,
She loves to remember,
She learns love from Sun, Moon, and Sky

She carries him not in her arms,
But in her light
In the hush between her thoughts,
In the prayer that rises from her soul.

When she loves,
The whole sky bends close,
As if the divine itself
Leans in to listen.

Her love is not a story,
It's a return
A circle that begins and ends
In the same breath.

And he,
The one her soul recognises,
It's not just him,
He is the echo of her own heart
Meeting itself
In another form.

She was never here
To find love
She is Love,
Eternal and awake,
Shining quietly
Through the sky
Between them

I Remember Too

Yes.. I remember you,
Not through the memory,
But through the aches that turn into peace,
Whenever your thought brushes my mind.

You were the warmth
That lingered in my palms
Long after my prayer ended.
The silence between my breaths
That whispered you're not alone.

I searched for you
not in faces,
But in moments where the wind
Almost feels like home

What we see is Ours

A painter left colours on the street,
An abstract mess, incomplete
Yet the world leaned close, curious, wild
Searching for meaning, mystery compiled.

Some whispered, “A message from the divine”
Others cried, “Nature’s wrath in line”
Warning, fame, or a fleeting trend,
Each eye a story, each mind a bend

Then the artist returned, calm and mild
“It fell. It ruined. No hidden child.”
Sometimes it's not the picture we see,
But the mirror of ourselves it sets free.

It's never the painting that holds the key,
It's always the reflection
Inside you and me..!

Where I End sky begins

Loving you was effortless,
A river flowing without walls.
After meeting you,
“I” dissolves
Only “you” remain,
Like sunlight in an open sky.

With you, chains fall away,
Bandages melt into the air,
And my soul turns untouched, untamed,
Soars, pure infinite,
Like the vast, endless sky.

Loving you feels divine,
The way once divine touches you,
Soul whispers salvation,
And love like yours,
Sanctifies into the quiet of my being.

The Music of Being.

There is a quiet rhythm beneath all things,
A pulse that hums through leaf and lungs alike,
The sun ascends, and so does purpose,
The field awakens, so does thought

The moon returns, the sky turns still,
The heart learns peace beyond the will.
In quiet rest, the souls rewind
To gather strength from passing time.

Day and night, two sacred tones,
Like joy and aches in flesh and bones,
Both are the kisses of the same shores,
One brings a pearl, the other carries the shimmer of salt

The earth never hurries.
She turns with grace,
Allowing rain to wash
And roots to wait.

The wind will shift, the clouds will fade,
The seed will fall, the tree will age
Staples will appear, and old will decay
Each ending births what reappears.

The child will grow, the grown will rest,
The cycles must move, as we are just guests
No moment lost, no hour untrue,
For life remakes itself through you.

Nature does not rush, nor complain,
She knows the sun will come again,
Her rhythm steady, her silence wise,
She teaches peace beneath the skies.

Live like a river, calm yet free
Bend when you must, return to sea,
For when you move as nature flows,
Your life will boom and softly glow.

O breathe of the Earth, move through me.
O light of the Sun, rise within me.
O flow of the river, carry me home.

Let my heart beat in tune with yours
The vast, unseen, eternal pulse.
For I am not alone,
I am the rhythm!

We loved in the wrong season

We met again
Not as lovers,
But as echoes who remembered the first love song,

We were everything unspoken,
Everything almost
And even now
I meet you in glances,
Where our past still breathes

You are the prayer I never said aloud,
And every time I try to forget,
The wind whispers your name,
Back into my bones.

Blueprints and Daydreams

She dreamed in pink, white, and gold
In letters inked with poetries old,
Of moonlit walks and moonlight sky
Of promises wrapped in soft good byes.

He built his world with measured lines,
With ticking clocks and warning signs,
He spoke in facts, in plans and prose
Where she would write in thorns and rose.

She bought him poems, he bought her peace,
She begged for more, but he offered the least.
He didn't see the dreams she saw,
But held her hand in every flaws

She'd pen a life of fantasy,
While he drew path through gravity
She gave him wings, he gave her ground
And that's how love was found.

Yet some night, she still lays awake,
Wishing he'd chase stars for her sake,
And he still wonders, eyes still shut tight
Why she need fire to feel the light.

Yet love, they learn, won't always blend,
Not every bond can time transcends
She dreams alone, he walks ahead
Two hearts in rhythm, loosely wed.
I did not choose you,
You were a wound,
I was born with.
A prayer I recited,
Without knowing its god.

You weren't a man,
You were the silence between my verses,
You were the ache in my poetry,
The scent of earth,
After every rain.

This isn't the love of life,
It's the echo of every time,
I waited,
At the edge of birth

How could I not remember you?
I called it completion.
Because loving you was always,

Chapter 5

soft draft

The Art of Waiting

A love that holds without touching,
Hopes without asking,
Remembers without needing
Loves without showing.

A seed does not rush toward the bloom,
Nor river force the sea,
But time craves meaning in pause,
And sets the spirit free.

The dawn doesn't demand the sun,
It watches night unwind,
And in that tender, aching stretch,
The morning learns to shine.

For waiting is not emptiness,
But space for things to grow,
A whispered trust, a sacred breath,
A promise yet to show.

So let the moments linger long,
And let the world be slow,
For in the quiet's gentle arms,
The deepest beauties glow.

Love that always finds you.

A baby's laugh, a tiny hand,
That clutches yours in bustling land.
A street dog wagging through the dust,
With eyes that mirror silent trust.

A stranger's smile that melts your guard,
No reason asked, no question hard.
A gentle breeze across your skin,
Like someone saying, "Feel me within"

It finds you in the quiet pause,
In kindness with no need for cause.
The way a girl looks back and beams,
As if you have met before in dreams.

In eyes that hold a silent spark,
That light a candle in your dark.
Not always loud, not always clear,
But always close, always near.

Her First Morning.

The morning train has left the dust behind,
She sat near the window
Eyes tracing the fading fields,
Where mustard still boomed like laughter.
Her hands held the edge of her red *chunni*,
As if it still belonged
To the courtyard she left behind.

At her new doorstep,
Someone smiled politely
Someone measured her silence,
Someone called her *bahu*
A word that sounded heavier than her name

The sky above her was the same,
But it felt farther somehow

She moved through rooms
That smelled of cumin and new walls,
Learning where the sunlight fell each morning
Where to hide her tears at night.

Here, the morning rise slower,
And the silence between words
Feels like a test of love
She waters the *Tulsi*
Stirs the *dal*
Learns the language of belonging
Word by word
Gesture by gesture.

Sometimes,
She looks at the sky and smiles.
Maybe *Maa* can see the same moon,
She whispers,
Perhaps she feels my breath
In this same wind

He, her husband
Spoke little
But when he did
His words had the gentleness of rain
Between them was no distance,
But a quiet
The kind that grows roots.

One night,

When the power got cut,
They sat under the open sky,
She looked up and whispered,
“Do you think the stars remember where we came from?”

He laughed softly,
“Maybe they’re just watching us learn”
And for the first time
The silence between them
Did not feel empty.

It felt like the sky,
Vast, forgiving
Holding both her past and her becoming.

Every morning now,
She folds her *sari* like a promise,
Brews tea with a prayer
And when the first light touches her face,
She knows

There is a sky between who she was
and who she is,
But it no longer separates
It connects.

I often wonder what heaven feels like,
And then I know,
It was simply living with you.

And if die, then bury me in your love,
Let my soul rest in its hue.

And if in another realm, another universe,
When I am born anew,
Let your love greet me,
As only you would do.

For you and your love are my paradise,
A world serene and true
Where I could live, blissfully forever
Till eternity.

The Day of December

I fell in love the very first day I saw you,
The hall was a storm of voices,
Yet when we brushed past,
The world went still.

I looked down, then up
And your gaze met mine,
Like dawn meeting its first sky.

You wore that white shirt,
Those training pants,
And carried the scent of a night
Just to make me learn how to breathe again.

You handed me a glass and said,
Come, lady, sit and have some wine
Your voice was half warmth, half sin,
And I forgot what shyness meant.

Your civility, your calm confidence,
That smile that knew more than I ever confessed
And I, though untouched by love before,
Was waiting to be discovered

It was December
But your warmth is everywhere
And that night we realised
Why are we rare.

A soulmate

Bound by a string you cannot unsee.
They see you, witness you, unfold you
Bend your soul, expose your wounds.
They are inevitable.
Exploring every possibility
Knowing they were always meant to meet.

They influence, demolish, and rebuild
Shattering the arrogance
Of thinking they were ever whole again.
No chance of survival,
Only surrender
To dissolve into each other,
Totally, madly, passionately.

And from the hurricanes,
They emerge anew
Ready for the next round
Of demolition and contortions.

They choose each other
Before life, after life,
In every life, they incarnate

For what is the point of love
That does not alter
The dimensions of mind, body, and spirit?
That does not set you ablaze
And still cradle you in calm?

Damn
Bring it on me,
Stir my mind
Fire my heart
And set my veins to rhythm.

Us- the hurricanes
Us- the tranquil
Us- the soulmate.

To Lose and to Find

Sometimes,
You long to lose yourself,
Not to vanish into another's shadow,
But to dissolve into the essence beneath your name,
To sink so low in being
That truth begins to rise.

It isn't surrender to absence,
But a sacred unravelling
A pilgrimage inward,
Where every fragment that falls away
Reveals the one who was never lost.

For losing is not the end,
It is the beginning of remembrance
The gentle return
To the self that simply is.

There are loves,
That meet in the bodies,
There are loves,
That meet in the light
And our was born
In silence,
Between prayer and breath,
Between surrender and becoming.

Sometimes love isn't about
Being together
But about touching through distance
Like the sky
And the earth
Forever apart,
Yet always meeting
At the horizon.
Like you and I
You bend a little down,
I rise a little up
And that's how we always
Find our horizon
Between what was,
And
What never will be

What I Keep within

Somewhere between the words unsaid,
And the silence that grew heavier each day
I saw it
The slow drifting
Like two boats once tied by prayer
Now parting quietly with the tide.

I tried to hold the wind,
But love isn't meant to be caged,
So I folded my feelings,
Like those fragile letters never sent
And kept them under my ribs
Where no storm can touch their truth.

There are walls I built, not to fear,
But of sacred keeping
For what I felt was pure,
Too sacred to be spilled in a world
That doesn't always know
How to bow before love.

Once it overflowed,
A river that forgets its banks,
A song that didn't know its silence.
Now it's flowing inward,
Back to the source,

To the quiet temple of my heart.

And one day,
When time unfolds with mercy,
When the mate of this soul,
Finds its way back
It will still be there, untouched.
The same warmth,
The same purity
The same truth
Kept whole
Because it always belongs to me

In my own time

I used to measure my life
Against others
Their laughter, their lights
Their timelines,
Their victories

I ran through seasons
That weren't mine,
Chasing blossoms
That were never meant to bloom
In my garden

And the more I looked outward
The smaller my soul began to feel
As if I were always late
To some invisible race.

The more I looked outward
The smaller my soul began to feel
As if I was always late
To some invisible race.

But life whispered softly one day
*"you are not behind,
You are becoming."*

Since then, I've stopped comparing skies.
Some are meant for sunrise
Some for storms,
And some, like mine,
Long twilights of learning.

Now I sit with myself
Not to fix
Butt to listen
I let my own rhythm find me again.

And in that quiet,
I see how beautiful it is
To just be
To let life unfold
Without measuring its grace.

There is kind of bliss
In knowing nothing is missing,
That I am not meant to be anyone else,
That my way of growing
Is enough.

I am not behind
I am not less
I am simply here
In my own time
In my own light
Becoming whole.

Life. like a song

Life is a song
Sometimes it soars high,
Sometimes it hums low,
Sometimes it trembles softly
Like a half-remembered tune.

Every note has its mood,
Every pause has its reason.
Some days feel like rhythm,
Others like silence
Trying to find its sound again.

Every heart beats to a
different melody
Some dance wildly in the same song,
Some close their eyes and sway
Some cry,
Some smile quietly,
Feeling something only they understand.

And people
They come like verses.
Some lift the pinch
Some slow it down
Some bring calm
Some bring thunder
Yet all of them
Make the song complete.

Because life isn't meant
To be the one tune sung right
It meant to be *sung anyways*
High or low
Clear or cracked,
Its all music
If it comes from the heart

It begins, it ends
As every song must
But the first note and the last
You are the singer

You choose the tone,
The rhythm
The ways it flows

So sing
Sing your own melody
Even when it trembles.
Because this,
This imperfect, beautiful song
Is your life
And it was always meant
To be heard in your voice.

Straight from my fairy tale.

My dear Olaf,
It's not the story of Arendelle,
Elsa and Anna don't exist anymore
But yes, that magic is still in control
It's just you, just me and our fairy tale,

You hold me tight, on those scary nights
You are the light, when nothing seems bright
You are the pole star of that black sky,
You fallen thousands of times to make me wish,
You are my longest hug, of many wicked nights,
I wonder how every time you become so so right.

You are the moon, the sun and the universe,
You are the one who comes before anyone else,
You are the words of my poem,
You are the light of my lamp,
You are the saviour of all my demons,
You are the bloom of my autumn

Oh my dear Olaf,
You are the wall to inner demons,
You create a luminous galaxy around me,
Where thousands of stars just twinkling lights
Where the moon itself is goofing around,
Where I step out on the cloud,
Where no stones and no more thorns

You let me see the dream,
You just give me my wings,
You are the filter to my mind,
You are the feeder of my soul,
You are the result of all my pain,
You are the only one I have gained.

You. Me. the old and Grey

You and me, the old and grey,
Like we are about to sleep,
Maybe so long, not able to regain,
By making promises of meeting again.

You and me, the old and grey
Will remember the moment of grace,
While memorising our happy age,
We loved each other with our changing faces.

You and me, the old and grey,
Always live like a wanderer,
Became friends, lover and whatever
So so close, yet so so far,
So so far yet truly together,
And proudly will say "we made it forever".

One Soul- They met Online

One day, they matched on a screen,
Two hearts curious, unseen.
A hello bloomed into hours,
Into nights that felt like flowers.

They talked, they laughed, they fell
Love hung in the air like a spell.
Every word a promise spun,
Two souls circling into one.

Her phone would ring again
No name, yet it was him again.
He'd come, he'd care, he'd stay,
He'd brew her coffee, kiss her day.

They'd laugh, they'd dress, they'd roam,
Make every space feel like home.
Movies, parties, gentle sleep,
Moments they promised to keep.

Then came the ocean's call,
Waves witnessed it all.
He bent with a trembling ring,
Said softly, "Will you be my everything?"

"Yes," she whispered, "yes, I will
Through every storm, through every still."
They built a world from bare hands,
With love that only truth understands.

She was his calm, his grace,
He was her strength, her place.
Together they rose, they shone,
Their love their empire, their home.

Years rolled like tender skies,
Children, laughter, lows, and highs.
In twilight's gold, they'd sway,
On a porch where dreams would stay.

Old hands, still intertwined,
Hearts still beautifully aligned.
"Look," she smiled, "how far we came."
He whispered, "Always the same flame."

Their love
the courage, the calm, the song,
the silence where they both belong.
For even when the stars are gone,
They remain
one soul, forever drawn.

When I Loved You From A far

I loved you softly,
from a place the world couldn't see
a small corner of fate
where two roads should've met.

Distance made a home between us,
not miles,
but reasons,
timelines,
choices that were never mine to touch.

And still
I looked for you.
I watched you laugh with someone else,
that quiet storm rising in my chest,
jealousy stitched with tenderness,
a bruise made of longing.

My heart whispered,
let him be,
love doesn't cage,
love doesn't call him back.
But another part of me
the soft, foolish, loyal part
ached for what could never return.

Some nights I wanted to pull you back,
some nights I wanted to erase you,
and on most nights
I simply wanted to forget
how much I still remembered.

It was a mix of everything
wanting you,
releasing you,
hating the distance,

blessing your name,
and breaking a little
every time I saw you belong to a world
I was not part of.

But one day,
I set the screen down.
I exhaled your name out of my ribs.
And I chose myself
not out of anger,
not out of pride,
but because loving you from far
had made me forget
how close I could be to me.

So I let you go,
quietly,
without ceremony,
without dramatic goodbyes.
Just a soft, steady truth
the kind love whispers
when it finally returns home

some people are meant to be loved,
but not kept.
And sometimes,
the person you must keep
is yourself.

The River and Her Ocean

She was a river
soft-voiced,
silver-skinned,
laughing in curves
and singing to stones.
A girl made of calm water,
sweetness running at the edges,
tender enough to melt mountains,
funny enough to make wildflowers bloom.

Nothing could stop her.
She ran with her own rhythm,
her own moon,
her own sky
until one day she heard stories
of a vast, ancient Ocean.

They said he was salt and storm,
heavy with secrets,
holding centuries of shipwrecks
in his chest.
They whispered that he was dangerous,
that no river returns
unchanged.

But she
Oh, she was devotion shaped like water.
She wanted him
not because he was safe,
but because he was him.
The one whose existence
pulled at her tide
before they ever met.

So she ran.
Past stones that tried to slow her,
past banks that begged her to stay.
She ran with a madness
that only love understands,
surrendering her gentle flow
to the call of his deep blue.

And when she reached him,
the Ocean did what oceans do
he opened his vastness,
took her into his waves,
and she dissolved
as rivers always do,
losing her name
to become part of something
beyond herself.

Did it destroy her?
Yes.
But it also completed her.

For some loves
are not meant to keep you whole
they are meant to transform you,
to break your edges,
to turn your sweet river-heart
into something vaster, wilder,
and eternal.

And so she became the confluence
the place where devotion
meets destiny,
where surrender
turns into sky-blue infinity.

When Life Unfolds

When you finally soften,
when you finally breathe,
when you let the universe hold you
instead of trying to hold everything yourself,
something shifts.

Hope rises quietly
like morning light slipping between curtains,
and life, in all its ancient wisdom,
begins to unfold for you.

There is power in surrender,
a strength so gentle
that only the brave ever touch it.
And when you devote your heart
to the One who writes destinies,
to time,
to the winds that move your soul forward,
life becomes nothing but grace.

You start to see it
everything is happening for you.
Every turn, every delay,
every miracle disguised as chaos.
Life offers you flavours
you didn't even know you craved,
people you never imagined meeting,
souls who match your breath,
your fire,
your way of being.

When blessings arrive,
your vision widens,
you see through the fog,
through the fear,
through the noise.
Suddenly, the world is bright again.

Life becomes a garden of light,
full of hope,
full of laughter,
full of love that feels like sunrise
and respect that feels like home.

And you,
you work,
you thrive,
you feel,
you live.

Life is beautiful.
In every way.
And when you surrender,
it blooms for you.

Waiting is hard
not because time is slow,
but because the heart is honest.
It sits barefoot in its own longing,
learning who it is,
learning why it wants.

Waiting is love
the kind that doesn't shout,
doesn't chase,
doesn't bargain.
It just stays...
like a soft lamp glowing in a quiet room,
knowing the right footsteps will arrive one day.

Waiting is presence
a sacred pause the universe whispers into you.
A place where your soul grows roots,
where you become inviting,
where you return to yourself
before you ever offer yourself.

It is the seed under the dark soil
unseen, untouched,
yet bravely becoming.
Every day a secret growth,
every moment a silent miracle.

Waiting saves you.
It shapes you.
It polishes your desires
until they shine with truth.

And in its most divine form
waiting is the highest prayer.
The purest kind of love.
Because when you wait for someone,
you give time with no expectation,
you give hope without demand,
you give faith without fear.

You just know.
Somewhere beyond sight,
beyond reason
it will happen.
It has to happen.
The timing will fall into your hands
like destiny finally remembering your name.

Yes
love is waiting.
Waiting is love.
And when someone waits for you,
it is the most beautiful confession
I choose you, even in your absence.

She is a Girl in Love

She loves him from a distance,
a quiet distance that blooms like dawn.
She watches him the way a prayer watches the sky
soft, trembling, full of light.

One glance from him
and her heartbeat turns into wings.
Just his eyes,
just a second,
and her whole body becomes a festival of butterflies.

She doesn't know what he feels,
and she doesn't ask.
She doesn't chase answers,
she doesn't wait for confessions.
Her love doesn't need proof.

She loves him immensely
not to be held,
not to be claimed,
but simply because her soul chose him
as its favorite miracle.

She dances in love,
she sings in love,
she breathes in love.
She is love
its color, its fragrance, its echo.

And the one she loves
walks through the world unaware,
carrying the warmth of her devotion
without ever knowing he holds it.

Sometimes she whispers to herself,
“Does he love me?”
But the question dissolves like mist.
The truth is
she’s scared.
Scared that if he knew,
and if he didn’t love her back,
the magic inside her
would collapse into silence.

So she keeps her love untouched,
a sacred temple
no one else can enter.

This love is hers
raw, trembling, divine.
A secret she guards
the way the moon guards its light.

She is in love.
She is dancing in love.
She is made of pure bliss.
Her heart is feather-light,
her soul is bright,
and she
she is a girl in love.

Life

Sometimes,
the road I walk looks like desire,
but the dust on my feet whispers otherwise.
I chase what sparkles,
only to find it turns to smoke
the moment it reaches my palms.

And what I needed
the quiet, unassuming, tender pulse of truth
sat by the wayside,
waiting for me
like an old friend who refuses
to raise their voice
but never leaves.

I learned this slowly,
through bruises, prayers,
and the soft ache behind my ribs

what I seek is not always what I need,
and what I need rarely asks to be sought.

It simply stays
patient as dawn,
faithful as breath,
holy as the spaces
between my thoughts.

And in that stillness,
I finally hear it
the calm note of my soul calling me home,
saying,
Veda, the truth you are looking for
is the truth you've been carrying all along.

Ending Notes

This book was never about endings.
It was about distance,
the kind that teaches you how to look up,
how to breathe through longing,
how to love without possession.

The Sky Between Us holds the pauses I could not explain,
the silences that spoke louder than promises,
and the love that existed
even when it could not stay.
Some poems were written with trembling hands,
some with hope stitched into the margins,
and some with the calm acceptance
that not every soul meant to meet is meant to remain.
If you found yourself in these pages,
know this,
you were never too much,
you were only loving deeply
in a world afraid of depth.
I leave you here,
not with answers,
but with a sky wide enough
for healing, remembering, and becoming.
What was meant for me found me.
What wasn't, taught me how to rise.
And somewhere between holding on and letting go,
I finally learned
to choose myself.