

Souls who never hated each other

painfully Yours

Confessions by Rohit Manoj



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*You are still my favorite
because you are the reason
I believe in love, hope, and the wait.*

You know why I am writing these pieces?

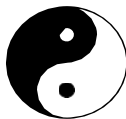
Because I believe in the incantations of poetry.

I found you through poetry and
how could I ever lose you through it?

They are helping me again
to find you in this chaotic cosmos.

Trust me, I'm almost there,

“just a hug away”



PHASES

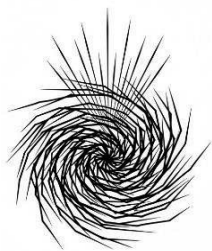
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Chaos

She stepped in quietly,
like a whisper
in a crowded room.

The world had shifted, unseen,
and I had traced
the curves of her chaos,
lost in the bloom.

– *Chaos meets serenity*



No maps,
no signs,
just the pull
of her orbit.

Her presence had changed
the edges of my life,
and in the twists,
I had discovered
pieces of me
I hadn't known before.

– *Unmapped*

She moved like a hidden storm,
soft yet unstoppable.

I didn't resist, her
whirlwind became my rhythm,
and I learned to dance
through the unexpected,
through the prism.

– *Silent storm*

No force,
no demand,
just the silent tug
of her soul.

Chaos had lost its fear;
it became the gravity
I never knew I'd need here.

– *Gravity of you*

Every glance
had lit corners of me
I had forgotten existed.

Even in unpredictability,
there was comfort,
a gentle ache
I could not resist.

– *Storm light*

She rose,
she receded,
and I had followed
her rhythm quietly.

Love hadn't waited for calm,
it had learned her tides,
and I had let myself
be carried along.

– *Tides*

Her laughter lingered
in the silent halls
of my mind.

A trace of chaos,
a mark of her presence
and I had welcomed it
entirely.

– *Echo*

Through twists,
through turns,
through storms
she had carried inside,

one truth remained:
my heart had found its home,
and it was her chaos,
endlessly,
without disguise.

– *Still* you

Do you know what?

We were not toxic.

We were just two
unhealed people
bleeding on each
other.

– *Unhealed souls*

If I let you know,

Every argument
was just fear
disguised as anger.

– *The disguise*

We loved loud,
fought louder, and
called it
“passion.”

– *The volatility*

You asked me,
why I overthink.

I didn't know
how to explain
that losing you
felt rehearsed in my
head every night.

– *The haunting*

I pushed you away
just to see
if you would fight
to stay.

but I realized
you only loved me
until I was whole
enough to be left
behind.

– *The exit*

We weren't breaking
because we didn't care.
We were breaking
because we cared
too violently.

– *Chaotic love*

I wanted reassurance
like oxygen
and suffocated you
while gasping for it.

– *Breathless*

Sometimes
I created problems
just to feel
close to you again.

– *The insecurities*

You were tired of *assuring*,
I was tired of *fearing*.

And somewhere in between,
we forgot
how to listen.

– *Tired efforts*

I loved you
with *anxiety*,
not *stability*.

– *Stable confession*

Our silence
was never peaceful.

It was
a battlefield
where pride survived
and love died.

– *The battlefield*

I accused you
of changing,
when it was me
who never felt
secure.

– *The accused*

We kept saying
“it’s us against the world,”
but on most of the nights
it was us
against each other.

– *Tainted alliance*

I mistook jealousy
for depth
and possession
for devotion.

– *Mistaken*

You needed calm.

I only knew
how to love
like an emergency.

– *The overwhelming*

We didn't fall apart
in one big explosion.

*"We eroded
in small, sharp words."*

– Attrition

I kept asking
“do you still love me?”
like love
was something
that expired overnight.

– *The vigil*

I wasn't scared
of losing you.

I was scared
you would realize
you deserved better.

– *Apprehension*

If we ever meet again,
I hope we are softer,
less ego,
less noise,
less chaos
disguised as love.

– If we ever meet again

Serenity

She arrived softly,
like morning light through
fragile glass.

The room bent quietly
around her,
and I was her calm, her
quiet in a world too loud
to hold.

– *Calm arrival*

*Her hand brushed mine,
and warmth spread
through the still air.*

I became the pause she
needed,
the gentle hush in the
rush of everything else.

– *Gentle touch*

Sunlight rested on her face,
edges softened by dawn.
Even her smallest flaws
shone like tiny sparks,
and I was there to hold
the glow.

– *Morning glow*

Laughter rolled like soft wind,
through the corners of the room.
It found me waiting quietly,
her calm anchor,
even when the ache pressed
softly.

– *Quiet laughter*

No words were ever needed,
for the silence said it all.
I was her peace,
the place she could breathe,
the quiet she never had to ask
for.

– *Unspoken promise*

Her presence stayed,
like the soft glow of twilight.
I was the warmth she leaned on,
though shadows of doubt
sometimes brushed our edges.

– *Lingering light*

Twilight folded the room gently,
and I remained her hush.
The world outside faded,
but inside,
my quiet held her steady.

– *Evening hush*

Did you feel the calm I gave?
Or did it slip away,
like whispers through the cracks,
lost quietly in the days?

– *Fleeting calm*

Moments rose and fell
like soft waves along a quiet shore.
Even in gentle shifts,
I remained her refuge,
her soft, unspoken core.

–Fading tides

Every room held traces
of the peace we shared.
I was her sanctuary,
her gentle place to rest,
her quiet, her care.

– *Quiet refuge*

With you,
even silence felt like a home
that knew my name.

– *Inhabited*

We did not need loud love.
Ours was the kind
that rested gently
between heartbeats.

– *Between heartbeats*

Your hand in mine
made the world quieter
not perfect,
just easier.

– *The anchor*

There was a calm in your eyes
that made my storms
sit down and listen.

– *Tamed*

We were not without pain.
We were just brave enough
to hold it *together*.

– *Common ground*

The peace we found
was fragile
like glass warmed
by sunlight.

– Fragile things

You never fixed my wounds.
You just stayed
while they healed.

– *Presence*

Our love was soft
not because it was weak,
but because it refused
to shout.

– *Quiet strength*

In your laughter,
I found a quiet place
where my fears
forgot their names.

– *Amnesia*

Even our sadness
felt lighter
when it leaned
against each other.

– *Counterweight*

And now when we are apart,
I look back at things
and realize,

“We did not promise forever.
We promised presence
and that was enough.”

– *The realization*

There was a tenderness
in the way you listened
that made my past
less loud.

– *The pacifier*

You were not my escape.
You were my pause,
the breath
between battles.

– *Respite*

Our love did not erase the ache.
It simply
held it gently
until it softened.

– *Malleable*

With you,
even broken days
ended in quiet
understanding.

– *The shoreline*

We were two tired souls
finding rest
in the same
small moment.

– *Tired yet loving*

For me peace was
always just
your shoulder,
and nothing else
demanded.

– *The peacemaker*

We loved in pursuit
of the eternal,

only to find a love
without a need to win.

“And that felt holy too.”

– Altered eternity

The world was still chaotic.
But beside you,
I learned
how to breathe again.

– *Resuscitation*

Serenity was never
the silence.

It was you
sitting beside me,
while everything else
slowly faded.

– *Serenity*

Even when distance stretched,
I stayed her calm, her glow.

A gentle ache lingered,
longing for what could not stay,
yet grateful for the moments we
held.

– *Bittersweet*

Serenity settled like dusk,
a refuge she knew well.
I was the steady flame,
flickering softly,
always there, always hers.

– Ever peace

In fading light,
a question pressed softly,

*“Am I still your serenity,
even when your heart has
drifted far from me?”*

–Fading glow

Love lingered in silent spaces,
unseen, eternal, true.
And I whispered gently,

*“Do you still feel it,
the serenity I kept for you?”*

– Unseen hues

Still April

The season came gentle,
air humming around us,
but nothing felt soft inside.

A moment lingered,
still and bright,
yet your shadow slipped from mine.
Light stretched longer,

I came alive,
in the hush between smiles,
where your soft shadow met mine,
like blooms waking for the first time.

– *Spring's whisper*



Your voice arrived with the dawn,
like a leaf trembling in quiet morn.

It wrapped around my hours,
but the warmth was thin,
sunlight slipping through cracks.

I felt the ache
of a moment first awakened,
when hearts softly spoke,
and warmth blossomed,
yet vanished too soon to take.

– Morning echoes

We watched the sky apart,
moon casting shadows on my
heart.

I whispered to the night,
it only held emptiness.

For a heartbeat,
light filled the space,
where our first spark
quietly started,
leaving only a trace.

– Apart beneath the sky

Moonlight spilled on empty streets,
silver edges held our beats.

Every shadow whispered of
closeness now gone,
a fleeting glow I cannot grasp.

When silence fell,
I felt again the gentle spark
from that first night we met,
fragile, soft, yet deeply felt.

– *Silvered shadows*

Notes floated fragile and small,
our laughter blending through it all.
The wind listened, stars kept the beat,
memory folded soft and sweet.

A quiet evening tucked away,
hearts leaned near,
even the night held our light,
like a song that lingers
long after it played.

– Songs at twilight

Evenings breathed gold,
but warmth felt borrowed, cold.
Whispers traced where hearts first smiled,
yet those smiles were shadows mild.

The first touch of closeness lingered, soft,
endless,
like spring insisting to bloom
where nothing could grow,
and pain was all it rendered.

– *Evening hues*

Your voice came with the dusk,
soft, fragile, almost musk.
I held it close, but it slipped,
a fleeting bird between my grip.

Even then, the season swayed,
that first spark we played,
memory carried its glow,
gentle, quiet, slow,
and still it whispered sorrow.

– *Twilight murmurs*

Silver above kept secrets true,
shadows bending, carrying you.
Brief was our closeness,
soft as whispered notices.

Night deepened,
echoed the spark
from the first meeting,
in quiet glow,
leaving only marks.

– *Moonlit Ache*

Morning trembled,
your voice broke through
but could not heal the hollow.

Sunlight over sheets danced,
reminding me
of a fleeting chance
lost in the hours.

Dawn first held us,
soft, new,
yet pain remained too.

– *First glimmer*

A day held the world still,
soft air, quiet thrill.
Laughter traced in memory's glow,
but shadows grew,
absence ebbing slow.

Moments held me near,
like the first-time hearts drew clear,
magic whispered,
rested in thought,
yet only ache appeared.

– Endless day

I once held you close,
without a care,
now shadows linger
where warmth was there.

The laughter faded,
soft and thin,
leaving only ache
beneath my skin.

– *Shattered warmth*

We spoke in whispers,
hearts aligned,
now silence fills the
space we find.

Your voice was once
my guiding light,
now echoes hollow
through endless night.

– *Silent echoes*

Hands that met with
tender grace,
now grasp at nothing,
empty space.

The love that bloomed
like morning sun,
now flickers weak,
almost undone.

– *Empty grasp*

I felt your presence, calm and near,
now absence cuts, precise, severe.
The comfort once that filled my chest,
has turned to pangs that never rest.

– *Vanished calm*

We laughed at nothing, hearts entwined,
now memories ache, bitter, unkind.
The spark that danced in eyes once bright,
now fades in darkness, out of sight.

– Fading spark

Your touch once lit my trembling skin,
now cold remains, the ache within.
Every word that soothed before,
now fades, leaving pain to pour.

– *Cold touch*

We dreamed together, bound as one,
now dreams dissolve with rising sun.
The tender hope that once we knew,
is lost to time, and fading too.

– *Dissolved dreams*

I once believed our love would stay,
now grief returns and will not sway.
Every heartbeat recalls the past,
a fleeting joy that couldn't last.

– Fleeting hope

Moments we held, so sweet, so clear,
now only shadows haunt me here.
The closeness felt in fleeting hours,
replaced by cold, relentless powers.

– *Moments*

I stood with you in gentle light,
now I stand alone, in endless night.
The love that lived, the bond so true,
now whispers faint, yet cuts me through.

– Alone in Light

Your shadow lingers, cold and thin,
I reach, but it won't let me in.
Every memory sharp as stone,
I feel it pierce me, all alone.

– Lingerin' Shadow

Words once said now fade to air,
each echo heavy, cruel, unfair.
The space you left is dark, profound,
I stumble blindly, no one around.

– Faded words

I touch the place you used to be,
a hollow ache consumes me.
Time moves on, but I remain,
trapped in the echo of our pain.

– Hollow Place

I hear your voice inside my head,
soft and cruel, it leaves me dead.
Every thought returns to you,
every smile, now broken through.

– *Voice inside*

I hold the weight of all we lost,
a tender flame now turned to frost.
Your absence burns, relentless, deep,
haunting me in restless sleep.

– *Weight of loss*

I reach for words I cannot say,
they falter, stumble, fade away.
The love we held is gone, replaced,
by hollow shadows I can't erase.

– Lost words

Every glance I cast, I find
your absence lodged inside my mind.
A fragile thread, now torn in two,
leaves only me, remembering you.

– Torn thread

The past returns with every sigh,
and I can't hold it, though I try.
Each heartbeat aches, a broken drum,
counting losses yet to come.

– *Counting Losses*

I thought the pain
would someday end,
but grief persists,
it will not bend.

Your presence lost,
yet still I feel,
the wounds too raw,
impossible to heal.

– *Raw wounds*

And here I stand, alone, exposed,
love decayed, but memory imposed.
No comfort comes, no solace near,
just echoes of a vanished year.

– *Vanished Year*

April still comes,
but now it only feels like
withered leaves
falling on the windowsill.

Could you come back
and make it April again,
filled with pure seeking like before,
or is that too much to ask for?

– *The ask*

Can we still look at the moon
and remember that full spring night
when we wished to be together
in that exact moment
and you pacified my restlessness
by saying,

At least we are grateful
to stand under the same sky.

*“You know why I am asking you this,
the spring is here again but we are
not.”*

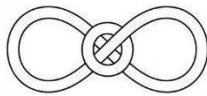
– Because it still flickers

Forever

I keep remembering
how your laughter filled spaces
I didn't know were empty.

Even now, I feel it,
soft and unyielding,
pressing against my chest.

– *Unbroken bond*



Threads of moments
we left behind
stay with me.

I trace them quietly,
sometimes comforting,
sometimes sharp.

– *Endless threads*

Your presence hid
in unseen ways,
but it warmed my heart.
Shadows came,
but the glow of us
remained.

– Eternal Glow

I felt your hand in memory.
Across the years,
across the distance,
our warmth persisted.

– *Timeless embrace*

Every promise,
spoken or silent,
lives inside me.

Even as time moved on,
love remained,
soft and stubborn.

– *Boundless heart*

If I could, I'd pause time
to hold our laughter,
our shared silences,
every fleeting moment.

– Ever after

Spring came,
winter followed.
Seasons changed,
but I felt you in all of them,
steady, quiet, persistent.

– Through seasons

I remember the words
you gave me,
soft, gentle, alive.
Even unseen,
they keep me tethered.

– *Golden promise*

When darkness pressed in,
I found you there,
a quiet flame,
guiding me through.

– *Unfading light*

Every step we walked,
every road we shared,
remains somewhere inside me.
Though paths diverged,
hearts stayed near.

– Infinite steps

Your voice drifts softly
inside my mind,
an echo I can't let go.
Quiet, but present.
A note I lean on.

—Lasting whisper

Even when the world widened,
I felt your presence.
Nothing could erase
what we had made.

– Held close

A vow unspoken
breathes in every heartbeat.
Time cannot undo
what we once held.

– *Silent vow*

Across the years,
across the miles,
your shadow remained,
soft and constant.
Hearts that chose
each other,
still belong.

– Forever yours

Clocks spun fast.
Life moved on.
Moments faded,
yet hearts remembered.

“They refused to let go.”

– Bound by time

I see your face in distant skies.
Horizons stretch, but never separate
what was once *ours*.

– *Endless horizon*

Your warmth remains
when nights are cold,
soft, gentle, quiet.

Through long hours
your love keeps burning
ever bright.

– *Ever bright*

Even in silence,
your echoes remain.
Whispers, laughter,
moments still haunt me.

– Infinite echo

Storms came.
Winds bent us.
But the flame endured.
Soft, fierce, unyielding,
always there.

– Persistent flame

Trials came,
loss pressed in.
Yet roots ran deep,
hidden, unbroken.

– *Unshaken*

I felt your hand in memory,
its warmth stays with me.
Though moments fade,
feelings remain.

– Lasting touch

I travel past the times we shared.
Every glance, every tear.
Memories press softly,
sometimes comforting,
sometimes sharp.

– Through memories

Miles stretched silent, far and wide,
but you were always near.
I felt it in my chest,
no distance could make us part.

– Ever near

Time moved on,
seasons bent.

Love stayed,
quiet, strong,
unchanging.

Hearts that met
remained free.

– *Unchanging*

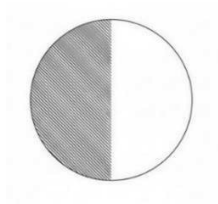
All we were, all we know,
keeps me bound.
Through every tear, every sigh,
we remain always,
You and I.

– Always us

Eclipse

You are still there,
but the light has shifted.
Nothing is gone,
yet nothing is whole.

– *Borrowed light*



It wasn't an ending.
It's just a pause between
heartbeats,
where silence learned
your name.

– Held Breath

We stood under the same truth,
yet something moved in between
not loud enough to be blamed,
not soft enough to be ignored.

– *Drifting lines*

I learned that love
doesn't always leave.
Sometimes it just
steps aside,
and lets the dark
pass first.

– *Soft Shadow*

Your presence became partial
not absence, not closeness.

*“Just a shadow pretending
to be enough.”*

– Half presence

I kept waiting for the light
to return,
as if it knew the way back,
as if it hadn't chosen
to be hidden for a while.

– *Waiting light*

Tell me,

when something eclipses

love,

does it mean the love is

weaker,

or just brave enough

to stay unseen?

– *Quiet question*

We didn't break all at once.
We loosened
minute by minute,
while time pretended it
wasn't watching.

– *Slipped hours*

Once, holding on felt
natural.

Later, it felt rehearsed
like we were trying
to remember how
closeness worked.

– *Fading hold*

Nothing dramatic
happened.
No final words.
Just a space growing so
normal that we stopped
questioning it.

– *Quiet distance*

So many things stayed
inside us,
heavy and unpaid
as if silence
would eventually settle
the debt.

– *Heavily unpaid*

We kept living on
borrowed days,
hoping time would return
what it slowly took away
without asking either of
us.

– *Borrowed days*

Tell me,

was it your fault for
drifting,
or mine for waiting?

Or was time simply better
at pulling things apart?

– *Soft unraveling*

Was it the pauses between us
that grew too loud,

or the years that taught us
how to stay quiet?

– *The silence*

We blamed time
because it couldn't defend itself.
But did time change us
or did we let it?

– *Time's Alibi*

If love was real,
why did it feel temporary?
And if it wasn't,
why did it take so long to fade?

– Shared question

I keep asking the same thing,
who failed first?

the moment,
the distance,
or the two of us?

– *Unanswered*

Nothing ended loudly.
It just thinned like light
at the edge of shadow,
unsure which side it
belonged to.

– *Fading edge*

We stood on opposite sides
of the same moment,
both believing
time chose wrong for us.

– *Shared blame*

What broke us
wasn't distance,
it was how calmly
we learned to accept it.

– *Quiet damage*

Even now,
I don't call it over.
I call it something
that stopped mid-sentence.

– *Still between*

The shadow didn't leave,
It learned to stay softly.

*“not heavy enough to end us,
not light enough to heal.”*

– Lingering dark

When the eclipse passed,
I checked the sky.
The light returned,
but it wasn't ours anymore.

– Last light

Time moved on.
We didn't.
Somewhere between seconds,
we remained unclaimed.

– *Unclaimed time*

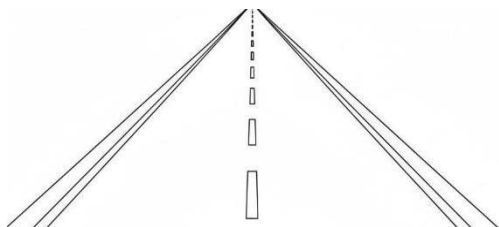
If the light came back
and we still stood apart,
was it ever the darkness
or were we already fading?

– *Open question*

The Wait

I am not waiting in silence,
I am waiting with meaning.
Time moves ahead, yes
but it knows why I am staying.

– *Stayed for*



Waiting feels less like absence now,
more like alignment.

As if days are slowly learning
where they must arrive.

– *Quiet alignment*

Some things remain untouched,
not because they are weak,
but because they remember
how gently you held them.

– *Untouched corners*

There are corners in my life
where time hesitates to enter
small spaces that still breathe
the way they used to.

– *Timeproof*

I don't call them gifts.
I call them proofs
that what we had
was more than passing truth.

– *Proofs*

Even the smallest things stay loud,
a fragile circle, lightly made,
holding my name in its silence,
refusing to fade.

– *Paper promise*

It was never meant to last forever,
yet it somehow does — not on my hand,
but in a place time doesn't touch.

– *Held elsewhere*

I wait,
not with doubt,
but with trust
that what was given with love
knows its way back.

– *Faithful pause*

Hope doesn't pull me forward.
It sits beside me,
not asking anything
just staying,
the way you once did.

– *The hope*

So, I remain here
not paused, not broken,
just open enough
to believe
that some waits
are answered.

– *Still*

I keep the days gently now,
not tightly, not afraid.

What is meant to return
knows where it was saved.

– *Gentle keeping*

Every morning
I choose the same faith
not loudly,
just enough
to stay standing.

– *Still chosen*

Some nights feel heavier,
but even then,
I carry the light that you gave
me refuses to go out.

– *Carried light*

Waiting becomes a practice,
learning how to breathe
without holding onto the ache.

– *Quiet practice*

Maybe this space exists
not to separate us,
but to prepare us
for what comes next.

– *Meant time*

I don't clench the future anymore.
I leave my hands open,
trusting what belongs here
will find them again.

– *Open hands*

The world tells me to harden,
to move on, to forget.
I choose something braver,
to stay soft.

– *Staying soft*

I don't wake up alone.
You arrive quietly
in the breath I take,
in the way the day begins
already knowing me.

– *Still with me*

This waiting doesn't feel empty.
It feels filled,
as if you never left,
only found a softer place
to stay within.

– *Familiar space*

Time stands between us, *yes*,
but it doesn't undo you.
You remain
stitched into pauses,
steady in what I don't say.

– *Held between*

I don't reach for you now.
I don't need to.
You exist in how I hold myself
careful, constant, true.

– Kept close

I wait because you are already here.
Not beside, not near,
but around me,
the way faith stays,
even when nothing appears.

– Already here

You folded forever from fragile paper,
and wrote my name like it would last.
It fit loosely, yet held tighter
than anything time has asked.

Even now, it waits where memories stay,
creased with love, not worn away.
Pain visits, but hope remains
some promises don't need gold to explain.

If love remembers *what it once began*,
you will return,
and it will fit my finger again.

– *Paper ring*

I don't ask the days to hurry.
They already know my answer.
Every moment carries you quietly,
like something promised, not lost.

I move, I breathe, I live
but never without you within.

*"Some waits are not pauses,
they are proofs."*

– *Still Here*

I carry you quietly now,
not as a wound,
but as something
that healed without leaving.

– *Carried quietly*

If everything else changes,
this doesn't,
*“the way my heart
still recognizes yours.”*

– The last constant

This isn't weakness.
This is me admitting
that love, once real,
doesn't disappear,
it learns patience.

– *The second act of love*

Nothing feels heavy here.
The days arrive, they go.

Something learned to stay
without asking why
soft as breath,
slow as snow?

– *The peace I didn't request*

Some things don't fade.
They settle.

Like warmth that knows
where it belongs,
like hands remembering
what they once held.

– *Abiding*

Life didn't stop.
Neither did I.

Only the heart learned
a gentler pace
where waiting feels
less like absence,
more like grace.

– *In between*

Hope doesn't speak anymore.
It hums.

A low, familiar sound
that says,

*“some bonds don't break,
they bend,
then come back around.”*

– The elasticity

Not everything needs words
to stay true.

Some meanings survive
by being carried,
by being kept
just as they were meant to.

– *Soft proofs*

Nothing was forced.
Nothing rushed.

Only a careful holding
the kind that trusts
what arrives with love
returns with love.

– *The reciprocity*

This wait isn't lonely.
It's aware.

Like standing by a window
certain the sky
knows how to clear.

– *Beyond loneliness*

Magic doesn't disappear.
It rests.

It waits in quiet corners,
in small, unchanged things,
in faith that passes
every test.

– *The quiet corners*

Paths widened.
The world grew loud.

Yet something
stayed aligned
soft, unshaken,
not lost, not found.

– *Yet aligned*

If it comes back,
it will feel familiar.

Not surprising.
Not new.

Just like something saying
I always knew.

– If it comes back

I learned to wait
the way love teaches
quietly, carefully,
without breaking the faith.

I kept everything as it was,
soft, untouched, breathing,
as if time itself
knew where to stop.

And now,
in the gentlest ache of hope,
one question stays with me,

when you return,
will you feel
how much of me
stayed behind for you?

– *The question I carry*

Finally, when you see
and find me a little less whole,

don't ask what broke.

Look closely,
some parts of me
lost their way
while searching for you on the
empty days.

– *A little less whole*

The Half-Life

To the girl who loved the rain,

It's pouring today. I started to reach for my phone to tell you, then I remembered that we don't share the sky anymore. I hope you're staying dry. *I hope you're warm.*

— It's just rain now

To the name I can't say,

Your name still sits at the front of my
teeth, waiting for a reason to be spoken.
I have to swallow it every morning like
a bitter pill.

– It's the only part of you that won't leave

To the empty space in the car,

I still catch myself driving as if you're in
the passenger seat. I take the turns slower
so I don't disturb your sleep. Then I hit
a red light and remember the seat has been
empty for months.

– I still drive for two

To the memories,

Sometimes I walk through the day we
met just to feel the sun again. It's the
only place where we aren't hurting each
other. I stay there until the lights go out.

– *Closing time*

To the "Overwhelming",

I'm sorry I loved you like an emergency.
I didn't mean to make your life feel like a
siren was always going off. I just didn't
know how to hold something precious
without squeezing too hard.

– I broke what I tried to protect



To the face I used to know,

I saw a photo of you yesterday.

You look happy. It's a strange kind of
grief, to be glad you're smiling, but
devastated that I'm not the reason
why.

– A selfless ache

To the silence,

The house is exactly how you wanted
it now. Quiet, organized, still. It's
perfect. And it is the loneliest place I
have ever lived.

– *The silence I never prayed for*

To the anniversary,

Today would have been the day.

I didn't buy flowers, but I did sit in the
park where we used to talk about the
future.

*“The future came, it just didn't
bring you with it.”*

– A calendar with no destination

To the reflection,

I look in the mirror and see the lines
you left around my eyes. I don't hate
them. They are the only part of you I
get to keep for free.

– *Tracing the past*



To the scar on my hand,

I remember the day I got it,
you were there. Now, even my injuries
are souvenirs. My skin remembers you
better than my mind wants to.

– *Inscribed*

To the city we shared,

Every street corner is a witness to a
version of us that no longer exists. I'm
tired of walking through a cemetery
disguised as a neighborhood.

– *Urban mourning*

To the sweater you left behind,

I tried to wash it today, but I
couldn't. I'm not ready for you
to smell like laundry detergent
instead of the night we stopped
trying.

– A preserved souvenir

To the shared playlist,

The songs still suggest your name.
I have to skip the melodies you
loved just to make it through the
morning commute.

*It's a strange way to live dodging
notes like bullets.*

– Dodging notes

To the kitchen table,

I still set it for two, then I remember,
I move the second plate back to the
cupboard and eat standing up, so the
empty chair doesn't have a chance to
stare at me.

– *Dining in exile*

To the person I became for you,

I look at my clothes and wonder
which ones I only bought because
you liked the color.

I am wearing a stranger's skin,
waiting for my own to grow back.

– A stranger's skin

To the inside jokes,

I said one out loud today by mistake,
No one laughed. The room just got
colder. It turns out our language died
the moment you stopped speaking it.

– A dead dialect

To the medicine cabinet,

Your *vitamins* are still there, next to
my *aspirin*. I keep them as proof that
you were real, and not just a fever
dream I had in the middle of a lonely
year.

– *The validation*

To the coffee shop,

I ordered your drink today without
thinking. I sat there until it went cold,
watching the steam disappear the
same way we did.

– *A wasted pour*

To the one who still remembers me,

If we ever meet again, don't look
away. You don't have to speak, and
you don't have to stay.

*Just look at me for one second
so I can see if any part of me is still
there.*

– If you could for a while

An Apology

To the version of you I tried to fix,

I apologize for treating your wounds
like a project. I was so busy trying to be
your healer that I forgot how to be your
partner.

*I am learning to love the scars now,
please don't let anyone else be the one to
touch them.*

– The architect in ruins

To the words I swallowed,

I'm sorry for the silence I used as a
weapon. I thought I was being strong by
not speaking, but I was just building a
wall you couldn't climb. I left you alone
in a room we were supposed to share.

– *The cold war*

To the person you became when you
were with me,

I'm sorry if I made you feel small so
that I could feel significant. I look at
the person I am now and I realize I
was a shadow that didn't know how
to let you shine.

– *The eclipse*

To the way I let you go,

I'm sorry I didn't make the ending
easier. I made you carry the guilt of
leaving because I was too cowardly
to admit we were already gone. I let you
be the villain so I could stay the
victim.

– *The coward's debt*

To your favorite things,

I'm sorry I stopped noticing. The way
you took your tea, the books you left on
the night stand, the way your voice
changed when you were tired.

*I stopped paying attention to the
details, and that is where the love lived.*

– *The blind eye*

To your younger self,

I apologize for the years I took that I
can't give back. I held onto you long
after I knew we were a dead end, just
because I was afraid of being lonely. I
stole your time to pay for my comfort.

– *The thief*

To the pedestal I put you on,

I'm sorry I loved a version of you that
didn't exist. I fell in love with a ghost of
my own making, and I punished you
every time you were human. You
deserved to be seen, *not imagined*.

– *The glass cage*

To the arguments,

I'm sorry I fought to win instead of
fighting to understand. I won the
debates, but I lost the person.

It was a hollow victory.

– The hollow trophy

To the life we didn't have,

I'm sorry for the children we named
and the house we drew on papers. I'm
sorry I couldn't be the man who made
those things real. I'm sorry I left you
with a map to a place that doesn't
exist.

– *The phantom life*

To someone I still wait for,

I'm sorry for everything. But mostly, I'm sorry it took losing you to realize exactly what I had. *I am not letting you go.* I am simply learning to carry the weight of your absence until you're ready for me to carry you again.

– *Until I carry you again*

I looked at you and saw a solution instead
of a human being. I was so busy trying to
fix my own life that *I accidentally broke*
yours.

– An accidental fallacy

The floorboards still creak where you
used to stand. I haven't fixed them. I
like to think the house is calling your
name because I've lost the right to say
it out loud.

– *Audibly inaudible*

I kept the receipt from our first dinner.
I kept the handwritten map to a place
we never reached.

*I am an archivist of a war I lost and a
peace I didn't know how to keep.*

– *The Archivist*

I took years of your life while I sat in
the hallway deciding if I was ready.

You were standing at the door on day
one. I let the clock run out simply
because I was afraid of the light.

– *The photophobic*

I blamed you for the parts of me that
I couldn't stand to look at.
I made you the mirror and then I
grew harsh on the reflection.

– *An absurd grudge*



I treated your patience like a well
that would never run dry. I kept
drawing from you, never stopping
to see if the water was turning to
salt.

*I am standing over the dust now,
holding an empty bucket.*

– The drought

I had the compass and I had your
hand. I chose to get lost just to see
if you would be the one to find me.
I made my survival your
responsibility.

– *Reckless*

I used my silence as a weapon
when I should have used it as a
bridge. I let the space between us
grow until it was too wide for
even your voice to cross.

– *Spaces*

I am still your man.

The world can call me a stranger,
the city can call me a ghost,

but in the quiet between my ribs,
I am still exactly where you left
me.

– *Still your man*

Hope

Since the inception,
It was pure and divine.

In the spring,
It was fascinating following
irreplaceable signs.

The days and the nights were adoring
and full of serenity,
The themes were heavenly,
And the moon still holds blissful
memories.

Those silhouettes on the tiny screen,
Heads colliding, indulging souls in
every dream.

I knew, it was running out of hands,
There was something scattering like a
sand.

A riptide took “*forever*” drifting away,
Feels like those promises still holding
a way.

Will there be those springs again?
Or will the summer be cold still?

I don't know where we are but
I do know there was a love that
made a way to it
and now there's a hope that
flickers only for it.

– *Flicker of forever*

I do not wake up healed.

I wake up willing.

*“Willing to breathe
without asking why it still hurts,
willing to believe
that staying was not foolish.”*

– *Quiet yes*

Some days are still heavy.
But I hold them the way
one holds a flickering flame cupped,
shielding the very thing that burns.

– *Held Gently*



The pain is still here.
So am I.

Some days it hurts the same,
some days even more,
but I don't disappear from myself
anymore.

If I am still standing
on days like these,
I think that is
what hope looks like.
Is it?

– Not leaving

I survive softly now.
No announcements.
No victories.

Just the quiet courage
of showing up again.

– *Soft survival*

Nothing is certain.
And yet,

“Somewhere between
loss and waiting,
I learned
that possible
is enough.”

– *The enough*

I don't look for
homes anymore.

In the quiet way
a heart decides
to stop running.

If forever exists,
it isn't loud.
It feels like choosing
the same place again,

even when the door
has been closed
for a while.

– *Home forever*

I still return
to the letters you left behind,
not to reread the words,
but to ask one thing,

they carry promises,
written with so much certainty,
as if time was never meant
to change them.

I don't question you.
I don't accuse fate.
I just want to know,

*"when does a promise
leave the page
and come looking for me?"*

– *The letters*

I step in, the silence remains,
yet so does breath, so does day.
Nothing fully fades, it seems,
it only learns a gentler way.

I move, not far, not fast,
just enough to stay sincere.
Pain still knocks from time to time,
hope answers, *I am here*.

– *Still here*

It lives in what still survives
a crease, a mark, a name once drawn.
The smallest things still softly say
what mattered once is not yet gone.

I keep them close, not as proof,
but as a quiet vow I hold,
what was given with honest hands
does not fade with time
it stays whole.

– Held in small things

Time keeps asking me to move.
I answer politely,

*“I am not lost,
I am waiting.”*

– The polite refusal

I did not rewrite the story.
I kept the margin empty,
in case
you return to finish the line.

– *The unwritten*

I do not stay
to become strong.

I stay
because somewhere inside me,
your return still sits where
hope keeps its last chair.

– *The last chair*

I am not healing.
I am not moving on.

I am only keeping
the space you left
exactly the way it is,
in case one day
you walk back in
and recognize it.

– *The preservation*

I keep writing to you
without addresses.
Not because I expect a reply,
but because silence
needs somewhere to rest.

Some confessions
are not meant to travel,
they are meant
to stay faithful.

– *The unsent*

If you ever read these,
read slowly.

The real things
are not in the sentences,
but in the pauses
I left breathing between
them.

*“That is where
I kept you safe.”*

– Between the lines

I know,
your heart still crumbles.
Your head floods with words
those papers keep.

Tears still surface
whenever time
clicks that minute of
promises.

I know,
the void still cuts deep.
The soul still yearns
for moments it once lived.

I feel it too, because I know,
you are still there.
You still feel everything.
You still want to live
in the house of forever,
in a home built of chaotic peace.

And I know,
you are hopeful too,
because you still believe
in the chapter
of pure seeking.

Just hold on.
I don't know when,
but one day, one moment
and forever,
for sure.

– *Pure seeking*

If you've reached this page, thank you for carrying these pieces of me.

Pain is a heavy thing to hold alone, but I hope in these snippets, you found a place to rest your own.

May you leave these pages a little lighter than when you arrived, knowing that to feel this deeply is not a weakness, but a way of staying human.

*Still,
Rohit*