

# SILENCE HAD THE LAST WORD

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

ROOTS.....	2
WOUNDS.....	42
SHIFT .....	90
RISE.....	132

*for the quiet ones.*

To the ones who understand,  
There is a kind of silence heavier than words, one that  
falls deep into the bones and lingers.

It is the weight of all that was kept back, all that was  
too complicated to say, all that was simpler to bury.

Silence had the Last Word, but in the time leading up  
to that, there was love that never felt secure, wanting  
that never had a home to settle, and scars are often  
confused with strength.

These pages are not answers. They are just what is  
left. If you have ever felt unheard, I hope you will find  
yourself here.

Yours truly,  
Ojasvi

# ROOTS

ROOTS are where it all starts, in the sweetness of new love and the soft weight of belonging. It is forever's promise, the soft fingers shaping before they leave is realized. During these moments, love is never doubted. It is warm, never implying the distance it will eventually occupy. But nothing remains intact forever.

## WHISPERED BEGINNINGS

Silence born with the memories dissolve,  
Joyous tales, a world they had created.  
Kind and gentle words of love,  
A truth lost too far away to be achieved.





## GIFT-WRAPPED AFFECTION

Love in boxes, dressed in pretty paper and ribbon.  
Child's delight confused it with warmth, filling empty spaces with trifling treasures. Things were gifted, but emotion was never received. The new toys, the bright clothes, the room full of presents. They were louder than words, yet not the words she required. Love felt commodified, measured in what was held.



## EMPTY EXCHANGES

The more given, the more it felt to mean. Little hands grasped trinkets, believing they bore love. But the void remained, a hollowness, things couldn't fill.



## CHILDHOOD'S MIRAGE

Bright hues and big bows, a mirage of what love appeared. The laughter was real, but transient. Everything was a promise-one that never reached the heart.



## BETWEEN JOY AND SILENCE

Laughter rang out in the space, but silence came after.  
Love was like a visiting stranger, leaving her  
wondering if it ever happened.  
The smile remained, but words escaped.  
Worse to remain silent than to be misconstrued.



## THE QUIET MASK

Quiet taken for something calm, A serious child in a  
faraway landscape.

Pushed away softly, instructed to remain, the world  
beyond seemed very distant.



## FAULT LINES

Every move felt misplaced, incorrect.  
Shadows clung where love was pursued.  
The mirror told of faults unfelt, the burden of “bad”  
became routine.



## FIRST LIGHT

A place that was large and so were hearts, laughter  
filled where tears passed.  
Friends and love, a thin thread, fear once made it  
home.



## FOR THEIR EYES

A decision not for the heart, a healthier path, an opportunity to begin again. Approvals were granted, but joy was lost, the cost of love, too high a price.





## UNSEEN FORCE

Nightly tears, alone and naked, no comfort in the love now present. The urge continued, relentless, brutal, driven by a yearning no happiness could sustain.



## QUIET RESILIENCE

Steps advance, slow and steady, through darkened ways, a hidden strength. Hope for love, a quiet appeal, a force not known, a will to exist. A story told, soft and tidy. Belief was shaken, the truth unclear, memories lost to fear and time.



## MISUNDERSTOOD STILLNESS

Eyes that heard, words kept close, a quiet shadow  
shunning the light. Soberness withered where silence  
bloomed, an invisible world no one knew.



## TETHERED STEPS

Tugged by strings too tight to snap, a path cut out,  
no decision to make.

The load of others built each day, a burdening price  
for rules maintained.



## NEARLY ENOUGH

The laughter that is shared, the love that is near, a brief heat, a subdued cheer. But the heart still knew, deep down low, that “almost” was the greatest it could grow.



## A WORLD OF FIRSTS

New smiles, the air full of the sound of laughter and  
warm comfort found.

Friendships formed, open, unbound, with trust built  
high.

A peek at love, what life might be.



## THE SWEETEST DAYS

Late-night conversations and sun-bathed walks, A  
heat that sewed the quiet gaps.

The sweetest friends, a love so true, for once, the  
heart felt something new.



## THE KINDEST STRANGER

A presence that chased away the fear.  
Each word, a gentle spark.  
A light that lit up every shadow.





## SOFT BEGINNINGS

He entered like a soft wind, Gentle words, warm  
looks. The world leaned in just enough to make her  
feel noticed. For a moment, It was easy to remember  
she wasn't heavy.



## UNSPOKEN BONDS

Talks ran past midnight. Laughter occupied the spaces Where tears used to stay. She felt heard, even when the words were imperfect. He was the first to inquire, “Are You okay?”



## THE QUIET SHIFT

The change was subtle, A message unanswered, a day without his voice. She reassured herself it was nothing-That everyone needs space. But the silence grew louder.



## THE VANISHING ACT

He just wasn't there one day. No apology, no farewell.  
His absence was like a mirror reflecting all she  
believed Was wrong with her.



## BLAME

It had to be something she did.  
Too quiet, too much, too insecure about herself.  
She relieved every second, searching for the fissure  
that caused him to abandon her.



## THE SWEETEST LIE

He made her believe in things She had given up on for years. But perhaps that was the cruelty-The sweetness was temporary, lost before she could grasp it.



## GOOD DAYS

There were good days before the silence. His laughter  
was like sunshine, His words a gentle place to land.  
She clung to those times, even as they unraveled.



## BITTERSWEET REALIZATION

He wasn't the solution to the problems she was trying to solve. His presence was a salve, not a fix. But it still stung to lose him, Even knowing he couldn't remain





## NO SECOND THOUGHT

Then the news came, a change to make, A greater  
path for their own good. No hesitation, no doubt, no  
wait, their happiness led the way.



## A SILENT GOODBYE

The happiness left behind, the quiet end, No goodbye.  
The sweetest moments to dust reduced, all exchanged  
for a fragile trust.



## WHY NOT STAY?

The heart asked gently, not knowing, unheard, why leave what joy had awakened? But their happiness was all that mattered, and so the soul was claimed.



## A TRADE-OFF

For each smile, a tear was wept, For every laugh, a  
burden instead. The sweetness dissipated, replaced by  
pain, all for love that still was not real.



## SWEETEST SOUL

A touch gentle, a love defined.

In passing moments, hearts might trust, but even  
sweetness turns to dust.



## CHASING THE BETTER

The step was taken, the bond was severed, For love's validation, a deeper groove. Pride took the place of warmth once pursued, the better arrived, but joy did not.



## BETTER, BUT NOT BEST

A name on paper, a badge of pride, for them, it counted-nothing else fit. The halls grew chillier, the smiles not real, Success was nothing without the view.



## ECHOES OF JOY

Memories of laughter lingered behind, A haunting  
sweetness carved in mind. No warmth in sight, only  
walls so high, the echo of joy turned to the fall.





## THE ROOM OF TEARS

Nights became longer, tears flowed deep, A restless mind that could not sleep. Every corner whispered, “Why be here?” A place of love, now governed by fear.



## FUEL THAT BURNS

The steps were burdensome, the intent unclear,  
driven by something no heart could cheer. Not hope,  
not passion, just the slightest glimmer, A gentle force  
pulling through the black.



## THEIR SMILES, HER PAIN

They smiled now, broad and bold, 'Love' had replaced  
their tacit 'might.' But every smile excavated deeper  
pits, A hollow victory for broken aspirations.



## UNSPOKEN REGRET

Words stayed where they always resided,  
Wordless truths, too painful to be shown.  
Regret hovered, close and heavy, A friend now too  
powerful to conceal.



## THE OTHER PATH

What if the path had been to remain?  
Would bliss have taken root, would hearts comply?  
Questions swirled but never found an answer,  
In this moment of silent anguish, she grew.



# WOUNDS

WOUNDS come unannounced, filling the places love used to hold. Silence becomes heavier, once known voices start to fade away, and the pain of nearly enough hangs in the empty places between what was given and what was required. Loss does not make a declaration. It creeps in slowly, until even the sound of laughter begins to ring like sorrow. Some wounds heal, but some become part of the body.

## FIGHTS IN THE WALLS

Her voice rang out, cutting and harsh, little  
arguments that turned to clouds. Each statement was  
like her own fault, A heart trapped in their safe.





## THE SPACE BETWEEN SHOUTS

Words crashed like thunder in the home. Her hands over ears are too delicate to bear. It was the space between the shouts that stung more, The quiet after, cold and limitless. They told her it wasn't her fault. But they never actually looked at her.



## SILENT APOLOGIES

Each error weighed more than it should. They didn't yell, but their eyes had a weight. She learned to say sorry in whispers, even for things she hadn't done. Perhaps that's why the words flowed so well now, slipping out before anyone could fault her.



## MISSED CALLS

The phone would ring and the silence increased, each unanswered call, the guilt repeated. They demanded her time, her tears stole it all, Busy crumbling under the pressure.



## A LIFE BETWEEN LINES

Their questions asked, voices airy, no room to speak  
of sleepless nights. “Busy,” she said, as the cries  
swelled low, A truth no words could ever reveal.



## THEIR QUIET DISCONTENT

Her tears belonged to her; they never realized, yet  
smiles declined, cares increased. Complaisance won,  
joy lost, A bond too feeble to hold together.



## DUG UNDER HOPES

Every achievement was with cold approbation, no comfort to end the empty days. Complaisance swathed in still disdain, Love lived a stunted life.



## THE FISSURES OF LOVE

Their love existed, and so did tension, A creeping  
guilt, increasing pain. Each look contained unspoken  
words, Love tinged with their own dismay.



## TEARS IN THE NIGHT

Alone, the pillow knew her name, each tear a witness  
to the same. A hope for love, a silent ache, A yearning  
no success could shake.





## THE FUEL THAT HURT

Every advance hurt the heart, A push for love that  
wore it down. No happiness, no heat, no light above,  
only a power masquerading as love.



## ENDLESS NIGHTS

Loneliness swathed like a heavy veil, Tears that fell  
without fail. Halls too quiet, rooms too cold, Warmth  
of dreams was far off, old.



## THE WAY THAT BURNS

Why the fire burns still echoed a voice, A low, gentle voice that once spoke choice. Not hope, not joy, not love but still, only a power that will not have the steps filled.



## A DISTANT HORIZON

Somewhere before, a truth does lie, A destination  
where love finds spoken words. Steps go on, though  
the heart does ache, A silent hope that it persists  
somewhere out there.



## FRACTURED PATHS

Each step onward weighed more to take.  
Their love existed, but at a distance. Words hovered  
on the periphery, too tenuous to come to the surface.



## WEIGHT OF SILENCE

Silence hung between them.  
Every silence weighed more than it should.  
Unspoken words hung in the air, constructing walls  
no one could breach.



## BREAKING POINT

Hope began to grow thin.

The questions sounded louder at night. she reached for something to cling to, but everything slipped through her fingers.



## WHISPERS OF ESCAPE

The idea crept up slowly.

What if escape was the only option?

Freedom had its own terrors, but remaining hurt  
more than it cured.





## WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN

The memories remain fresh. Laughter, faces, places left behind. A life that could have been sufficient, now merely a question too large to solve.



## SPLINTERS OF MEMORY

Her name in their voice was heavy, more than she  
desired, less than she required.  
Each look back brought shreds-Splinters of love and  
indifference mixed.



## THE EMPTY CHAIR

Foreign was the laughter in the dining hall. Her plate remained half-full; her mind, heavier. The sweetness of shared moments diminished quickly. It was difficult to be in the moment when the past seemed so much louder.



## SMALL REMINDERS

The ringing of a ringtone evoked guilt. Each unanswered call caused her chest to constrict. She reassured herself they wouldn't notice, but she couldn't help checking, just in case.



## CRUMPLED LETTERS

Words typed late at night never sent. Apologies typed for feelings too raw to utter. Each letter a reflection of what she couldn't speak out loud, left unopened in drawers she didn't use.



## THE MORNING AFTER TEARS

Eyes puffy, head weighed down, the light coming through the blinds was oppressive. It wasn't sadness anymore-Just fatigue from pretending everything was okay.



## BURNT BRIDGES, UNINTENDED

She didn't intend to pull away. It wasn't rebellion; it wasn't apathy. Each move away was designed to repair things, But the distance became too real, too lasting.



## UNASKED QUESTIONS

Would they continue to like her if she weren't trying?  
Would love remain if the effort did not? The  
questions whirled around in a loop, but answers never  
emerged, only more questions.





## UNSEEN FUTURE

The horizon seemed out of reach.  
Yet steps moved towards it. Not for love or  
acceptance anymore, but for something unknown.



## UNFINISHED MAPS

Each plan had been half-drawn, left undone.  
Lines pointed too many ways.  
No path appeared secure or guaranteed. She only  
knew she couldn't stay.



## SMALL ACTS OF DEFIANCE

Sleeping through their phone calls.  
Discarding the notes, they wrote. These weren't acts  
of resistance, simply survival.  
A means to be free, even briefly.



## THE OTHER SIDE OF LOVE

It was different to others. Softer, warmer,  
unconditioned.

She didn't know if it was true

or

if she just couldn't see it right.



## THE QUIETEST ANGER

Not loud, not wild, but steady.  
Anger for their approval that hurt more than it  
healed.  
For her own need to earn it.  
It sat in her chest, dull and constant.



## LEARNING TO LET GO

Letting go wasn't sudden. It wasn't loud or dramatic. It came in fragments-A Day without crying, a night of quiet sleep.



## A FRAGILE TRUCE

The calls became less frequent. Their voices softened, unsure. Her responses remained brief, guarded. Peace, but with distance.



## THE SHAPE OF HOPE

Hope was different now.  
No longer bound to their love.  
It was less, quieter-A slow growing seed,  
unnoticeable.





## FRAGMENTS OF SELF

Bits and pieces of who she was, scattered in her mind.  
The child who laughed, the teenager who overdid.  
The person they perceived, the one she dreamed of.  
Separating them seemed infinite,  
but she wasn't searching for solutions anymore.  
Simply learning to exist with the questions.



## THE MIRROR'S EDGE

Gazing at herself felt unusual. Her reflection told stories she hardly knew. A stranger looking back, familiar but far away. She ran her hand against the glass, hoping to feel something true, but only discovered her own uncertainty.



## BREATHING IN QUIET

Silence once hurt. Now it hung beside her like an old companion. Not soothing, yet not intolerable either. Breaths came more freely, not because everything was fine, but because it didn't need to be.



## REDEFINING LOVE

Love was not what she had imagined.  
Not always kind, not always warm. At times it was  
messy and quiet, lurking in areas she never observed.  
She gave up looking for their definition of it,  
allowed herself to build her own.



## LETTING GO

The desire to prove herself clung tight. It held on to each thought, each step. But gradually, she began to release her grip. Not with anger or hopelessness because she deserved better than running after something that may never be.



## SOFT PLACES

There were soft places she hadn't anticipated. A hot  
cup of tea on a chilly night. The feel of a book in her  
hands. The way her own laughter sounded strange,  
But hers, unmistakably hers.



## THE SLOW WORK OF HEALING

It wasn't linear. Some days were like moving backward. Others were like staying still. But occasionally, there was a day she didn't think about the pain, and that was sufficient to continue.



## BECOMING WHOLE

Not the sort of whole she had always wanted. Not the ideal version of herself they dreamed. Just someone who could awaken and be all right even for the shortest second.





## WHAT CAME AFTER

The horizon wasn't the end point. It was yet another start. She didn't feel complete, not yet but the moves forward felt less heavy. Not all pieces shattered.

Some pieces remained, scattered in the shadows. It took days to collect them, to understand which pieces were still hers.

They didn't fit so neatly anymore but they were enough to begin again.



## MIRROR'S GAZE

The mirror once was her enemy, A surface reflecting  
one undeserving. Now, it was quieter, softer.  
A stranger gradually growing known.  
It wasn't love that she saw, but it wasn't hate either.



## CRACKS IN THE REFLECTION

The cracks remained. Lines etched by each doubt, each loss. But they no longer shattered her. They retained light in unfamiliar ways, making imperfections into gentle stars, whispering one by one, “Keep going.”



## THE QUIET QUESTION

What if this is enough?  
Not extraordinary, not perfect  
but merely enough to be, to wake up  
to move another step.



## UNLEARNED WORDS

Love wasn't what she believed it to be.  
Not boasts or loud declarations, but little gestures she  
used to overlook.  
A warm plate left just for her, a hand sweeping back  
her hair, even silence giving space.



# SHIFT

SHIFT is not an escape or a solution but the gradual unraveling of what had been made holy. It is the reckoning, the burden of memory against the necessity of going on. Healing does not arrive as relief but as weariness, a quiet acceptance of what can no longer be altered. Even that which is left behind must still be borne, and not everything that shatters can be reassembled.

## A NEW LANGUAGE

Healing wasn't gentle; It ripped through her softly,  
made her relearn words, as “worthy,” “deserving,”  
“whole.” Words once so strange to her, Now had a  
bitter sweetness to them.





## THE ROOM SHE BUILT

There was a room in her head, A space untouched by  
anyone's fingers. It wasn't clean or pretty but it was  
hers. She packed it with the pieces of her.  
She wasn't yet prepared to give away.



## WHAT THE PAST HOLDS

The past had always been present, Like a shadow  
behind her. But it isn't heavy anymore, it was a map,  
pointing to where she no longer had to go.



## THE PRICE OF TRANSFORMATION

She attempted to be another, someone who could fit, blend. It succeeded for a time, until they noticed the fissures.

The areas of her that no longer aligned with their vision. Every fight was like a sentence:  
Not enough here, too much there.



## THE PUSH AND PULL

They craved stillness. A version that remained constant. But the world required movement, A self that continued to change. Trapped between two powers, each tug left another wound.



## THE WRONG SHAPE

Nothing she became was right. Too soft in some places, too harsh in others. Her edges blunted, not to belong, but just to end the pain.



## WORDS LEFT UNSAID

Every word was a minefield, Each step wrong.  
What had to be said remained hidden, for speaking  
only made things more wrong.  
The silence roared louder but it still wasn't peaceful.



## EMPTY ESCAPES

The nights extended, Blurred edges instead of sharp  
pain. Each drink promised comfort, But the pain  
never departed. The refuge only looped back, A cycle  
she couldn't escape, Leaving her more hollowed out.



## FALSE REFUGE

She pursued something to silence the sound, but it  
only became a din.

The empty solace she discovered was never  
substantial enough to silence the void.

It wasn't healing;

It was suffocating.





## BREAKING POINT

The more she attempted to conform, the more she unraveled. Every effort left her farther Away from the self she aspired to be. She drowned in the only thing That seemed to numb the edges, though it never made her whole.



## WHAT CHANGED INSIDE

Change wasn't the plan, but survival had its costs.  
Pieces of her disappeared slowly,  
Like smoke from a fire.  
The ashes remained,  
Reminders of what she used to be.



## TOO MUCH AND NEVER ENOUGH

Every decision felt wrong.  
Too bold, too silent, too far from what was right.  
She wasn't certain whom she was trying to please, but  
it never seemed to be enough.



## LINES THAT CROSSED

The arguments weren't boisterous; They hung in icy  
stares, In heavy silences that screamed louder than  
words. She stopped explaining herself, and they  
stopped asking.



## ALONE IN THE NOISE

The world was too loud, but inside felt empty.  
No one could hear the questions, not even herself.  
Maybe the answers didn't matter anymore.



## GOLDEN HOURS

The sun always seemed to shine brighter there,  
Laughter filling the spaces between words.  
Days stretched with endless possibilities.  
Nights hummed with music and quiet talks.  
Each moment felt alive, Like the world had paused  
just for them.



## CAREFREE STEPS

Stepping down familiar corridors, each step bore the weight of belonging. No pretending or explaining—Her own just understood. It wasn't perfect, but it was whole, and that sufficed.



## ROOTS AND WINGS

They gave her wings without an expectation to be repaid, cheering on her victories.  
Catching her in her falls. It seemed like she'd finally found her roots there.  
A place where she could be herself.





## UNFILTERED DAYS

No masks, no secrets. Just laughter over meals  
shared, midnight talks that made the world smaller.  
Nothing felt burdensome for once.  
The lightness was palpable and she wore it as a prize.



## FOR A MOMENT

Every joke, every look, created a world she did not wish to leave.

She found herself there

or at least fragments of the self she aspired to be.

For a moment

she felt she had it all.



## ECHOES OF LAUGHTER

The new faces were not as warm, their laughter never  
reached her soul. Memories of past friends played like  
a tune, familiar and comforting  
but beyond her reach.  
She'd miss the ease, the trust.  
The sense of being known without effort.



## EMPTY SPACES

Their presence was absent, a silence that stood in every place.

The moments they spent together now felt like distant fantasies.

Reaching out was more difficult than just missing them.



## ALMOST ENOUGH

The days were warm and sunny, her laughter seemed authentic for the first time. But their words remained guarded.

Warm but removed.

They enjoyed her and she wondered if departure could turn into love.



## FLEETING WHOLENESS

She had all she required, or so it appeared.  
Her heart was full, her days were bright.  
But their acceptance was just short of love.  
Like standing in sunlight and not feeling its heat.



## A HOPE TO CHASE

Each smile she received from them was a step closer,  
But never close enough. They liked her now—  
She hoped they would love her If she took a different  
route.



## LINES IN THE SAND

Their kindness was tentative, Measured and controlled. She desired more than courteous speech, more than cool pride. 'Like' was fine, but 'Love' was what she required, even if it meant paying a price.





## THE TRADE

Happiness kept her awhile, Warm and soothing.  
But their lukewarm affection stayed with her,  
Silent emptiness she couldn't shake.  
She relinquished her happiness, In hopes of bartering  
for their love.



## BETWEEN LIKE AND LOVE

The space between the two seemed like an ocean. She paddled in their 'like' But yearned to drown in their 'love.' Every decision was made for them, even when it swept her under.



## WHAT WAS LEFT BEHIND

They had constructed her once, Piece by piece, with love and madness. Leaving them felt like snatching pieces away, leaving gaps too deep to mend. She attempted to rebuild, but nothing stood as solid.



## INVISIBLE STRINGS

They noticed the cracks, not profound enough to alter the route. Maybe the notion of her there was more reassuring than her bliss. Every move felt hers to make, but only because the strings weren't on display.



## SHARED GUILT

Each time it was said “This Was your choice,” It was like a stone tossed in water. The ripples bore guilt. Not hers, but laid there nevertheless.



## THE IDEA OF IT

Perhaps it wasn't about her. It was about the vision they bore— A picture-perfect life she was forced to fit into. Her sorrow was an afterthought, A whisper overridden by what they believed best.



## MISUNDERSTOOD REASONS

The reason for her choice was never really seen.  
Every word they said Missed the mark.  
How do you make sense of a heart that bends until it  
breaks?



## FORGOTTEN CORNERS

Their footsteps once filled the hollow spaces, now emptiness lingers where they were. She attempted to continue, but with every step, their names sounded out, A reminder of what she abandoned.





## THE DISTANCE GREW

The phone calls decreased, the texts slower.  
Not because they didn't care, but because time had  
pulled them too far.  
She despised the way things fell apart.  
She didn't know how to glue them back.



## HANDS THAT HELD

There used to be a circle of arms that kept her grounded through every tempest. Now storms raged with greater fury and those hands lay too far away to grasp. She didn't fault them for releasing her. She longed for the security they provided.



## LOST IN TRANSLATION

The words came out wrong. What flowed so naturally before now sounded awkward. She wished she could tell them everything, but even the words of friendship felt like something she'd forgotten.



## LOOKING BACK

Photos weren't enough; They only made her miss them more. She scrolled through memories Like a book she couldn't put down, knowing every page would hurt, but needing to feel them anyway.



## SMALL FIRES

Not every fire burned to destroy. Some flames warmed her from the inside out, kept her going on cold nights. She didn't always realize them, but they were there.

A small kind of hope.



## LOVE LETTERS NEVER SENT

Words stuck in her mind, things she needed today  
but couldn't.

To her parents, to her friends, to herself.

They remained unwritten.

Felt too delicate to be real, but she still carried them.



## WHAT SILENCE HOLDS

Silence once felt oppressive, A hollowness that echoed  
too much. Now, it became a place to breathe.  
A room where she could listen to her own thoughts.  
Not all of them were gentle, but they were hers.



# RISE



RISE is the last step, the point the journey comes to what was always referred to as home. But home is not the warmth once envisioned. It is cold, empty, and strange. The burden carried for so long is lost, but only because nothing is left. The end is still, almost serene, a sort of liberty that no one else will comprehend. There is no rising. Only silence.

## SMALL JOYS

The sun on her skin warmed more now, Not blinding,  
just steady. A cup of tea held between her hands.  
A book opens to a random page. They weren't grand  
moments,  
they reminded her she was still here.



## WEIGHTLESS NEARLY

The weight hadn't vanished. It changed, grew lighter,  
not so much that it would lift, so much that it could  
move without falling.

It wasn't freedom,  
But it was a beginning.



## LEARNING TO REMAIN

Running has been the solution for so long. From  
places, from persons, from herself. But remaining felt  
like defiance now, A decision to sit with the pain.  
To observe if the world might yield.



## FAMILIAR SHADOWS

Old habits echo remains  
A reflex developed through years of constraint.  
Smiles are like borrowed light, but the warmth is  
temporary.  
Even here, where the air is less shackled, chains still  
clatter in quiet alleys.



## HUSHED CONFESSIONS

No words leave the lips anymore, not because they do not exist, but because they become heavier over time. Each syllable weighs heavy in the invisible judgment of the past, those who uttered love is a reward, not a norm.



## BETWEEN WALLS

A silence-filled room cries out. Walls constructed for safety now hold captive.  
What previously felt like security now is choking.  
The need to escape is overwhelming, but where?



## FADING NOISE

Laughter arrives in echoes, a shadow of what it used to be. Memories of happiness fade, overwhelmed by the persistent buzz of doubt.

What became of the days when laughter was unlearned, and joy didn't have to be worked for?





## BROKEN COMPASS

No direction is correct, every step forward recovers  
old wounds. The need to depart is strong, but fear  
holds hard. How does one chart freedom when the  
map is sketched by another's expectations?

This is it

the lifetime has handed you.

No more fighting back, no more wondering.

Not even grief finds its way through.

Just a silent acceptance of the hollowness.



## STRENGTH IN NUMBNESS

Not strength, just the lack of feeling. Tears that once  
flowed now remain trapped behind dry eyes.  
Nothing to lose, nothing to fight for.  
This is survival, not living.



## QUIET SURRENDER

Hope once blazed brightly; now it flickers weak, a  
small ember in an ocean of ash.  
Every feeling bled out long ago.  
Only quiet remains.



## FADING REFLECTIONS

The mirror holds no judgment now.  
Not strength, not weakness— just existence.  
Everything feels like an old photograph, faded,  
untouched, left behind.



## MISALIGNED STARS

Blame it on the heavens, the tilted constellations, the  
planets spinning away from grace.  
What else explains a life so endlessly unbalanced?  
Nothing to grasp, no way to align  
just the quiet ache of misfortune.



## THE FAULT OF STARS

Not hers, but the universe's mistake. A cosmic error, a crooked path laid out long before her first breath. How does one fight what was written in the skies?



## COSMIC SILENCE

The sky provides no reply, only the broad, uncaring emptiness. No signs, no directions, only the still flame of far-off stars. Perhaps this was always so—a play authored in silence, never to be performed.



## WRITTEN IN DUST

Wishes dissolve like dust between tired hands.  
Each desire is a mistake.  
A misstep on a path laid down by something higher  
and colder.





## CELESTIAL INDIFFERENCE

The stars are not concerned with who rises or falls.  
They shine for themselves, their beauty unaltered by  
human pleas.  
She looks at them, asking questions they'll never  
answer.



## SLOW OPENINGS

Walls don't fall in a day; they weaken with time.  
Words said in passing came to fill the space.  
Faces became familiar, hands waved hello.  
Perhaps not a connection, but something like.



## NEW PATTERNS

Daily habits sewed a pattern. Shared smiles, fleeting glances— small stitches in an untethered life.

The past didn't disappear,  
but the present grew louder, insisting on attention.  
One step forward, then another.



## BORROWED WARMTH

Laughter arrived in pieces borrowed. Not hers, but theirs, and somehow, that was enough. The weight lightened in pieces, like rain softening after a long, brutal storm.



## UNSTEADY BONDS

Not trust, but the willingness to try. Each voice became a lifeline. Not a perfect fit, but enough to make the loneliness less biting.



## THE ACT OF JOY

Smiles rehearsed in the mirror, laughter practiced in solitude.

Happiness was like a script-memorized, delivered, empty.

The applause never materialized, but the act continued.



## BORROWED LIGHT

Joy wasn't hers, but it was borrowed, crafted from  
transitory moments that didn't belong.

Every celebration felt contrived, every cheer rang  
hollow. Still, the attempt persisted.



## UNSPOKEN SHADOW

Happiness shouldn't be this loud.  
Every forced moment left a crack beneath the surface.  
Trying too hard to belong, to feel, to erase the  
doubts. It wasn't enough-it never would be.





## FRAGILE HARMONY

Peace came in slivers, always too small to hold.  
The world expected a glow that didn't exist.  
Still, the motions continued, as if pretending long  
enough would make it real.



## BREAKING POINT

The weight of pretending crushed every fragment of peace.

Forced joy turned brittle, shattering with every hollow smile.

Nothing left to hold just the emptiness underneath a facade too heavy to support.



## SILENT COLLAPSE

No tears, just the steady wearing a way of effort.  
Each step forward felt like descending deeper.  
The mirror reflected a stranger, smiling, but empty.



## FRAYED EDGES

The strings that kept it from coming apart finally broke.

Not with a bang, but a gentle, tearing release.

There was no struggle left-only the heavy buzz of exhaustion filling the space.



## AFTER THE FALL

Bottoming out felt like nothing at all.  
No grief, no fury, just the lack of anything.  
Even the hurt went away, leaving a silent hollow and  
the distant whisper: what now?



## THE LACK OF MOURNING

Grief would have been better,  
at least there's something,  
at least there's reality.  
But there's nothing-  
no heft, no thickness,  
just a perpetual flatline that runs on forever in every  
direction.



## UNFELT FISSURES

The heart fractured,  
but it didn't hurt.

Broken shards spilled, but the numbness remained.  
No echo, no point-only silence. Perhaps silence was  
worse.



## UNSHARED JOY

No madness, only the choking silence.  
Nothing moved within, no storm, no grief  
only the crushing stillness that would not depart.





## A STILLNESS TOO LOUD

No sobs, no tears, not even the burning cut of hurt.  
Only a silent hollow where grief once resided.  
Numbness swathed close, a protection or a blessing,  
perhaps both.



## CHAOTIC VICTORIES

Even tiny triumphs lacked luster.

No cheers, no pride, only arguments that ripped through the silence.

Each try wiped out, as if it was never sufficient to count.



## FRACTURED BONDS

Old companions dissipated, their laughter distant echoes. Those who remained felt like foreigners, and the new faces had already formed their cliques. There was no space for another.



## ECHOES OF CONFLICT

Words hurled like stones, bitter and merciless.  
Every fight reopened old wounds that hadn't had a  
chance to heal.  
A life suspended in fighting, no room for serenity.



## GROWING APART

Friends Voices faded softly, mutual memories  
dispersed like dust.

The distance was unintentional, yet it grew  
regardless. The burden of their loss weighed more  
heavily than anticipated.



## SMILING THROUGH

The smile was effortless, a talent that was honed from childhood.

Eyes danced at will, laughter practiced within the silence.

No one sensed the cracks-the emptiness beneath was concealed too well.



## SILENT PERFORMER

Each day a stage, each moment a show.  
Smiles that pained to maintain, a voice too bright for  
sincerity.  
The praise came frequently, but the void never  
dissipated.



## THE ART OF PRETENDING

Happiness became second nature, a daily mask.  
The secret wasn't pretending, but in persuading  
herself it was possible.  
It never was, but the act continued.





## OLD HABITS

Pretending was simpler than describing. Simpler than confessing the burden within. It had been like that for years-so long it seemed normal, like breathing. The lie became life.



## CRACKS IN THE FACADE

Smiles once painted with such ease now weighted more, slipped, lost at the edges.

Every laugh seemed foreign, every moment too stretched.

The weight of deception became unendurable.

The release was too perilous.



## ERODING STRENGTH

Day by day, the mask failed.  
The hollowness leaked through, a quiet pain in each  
breath.  
What had once felt numb now screamed silently  
No one noticed-nor perhaps they did, and decided to  
turn away.



## A FADING LIGHT

Talk was empty, words too bitter, silence too loud.  
The world narrowed, and the walls closed in.  
Her mind went inward, a whisper of freedom growing  
louder every night.



## THE FINAL FALL

They found her curled on the floor, a pool of red  
spreading into the stillness.

Her wrist, open, no longer shaking-where had she  
found the strength?

Perhaps it wasn't strength, but the numbness finally  
at home.

A quiet enveloped her like a last solace and the world  
faded into nothing.



## SHATTERED FRAMES

They stood in the doorway, eyes fixed on the space  
she'd held.

Pictures hung crooked on the walls  
her smile frozen in a moment they couldn't retrieve.  
They searched the quiet for hints,  
for the moments they'd lost, but the silence yielded  
none.



## WHAT THEY CARRIED

Guilt hung around them like a cloud, each argument  
replayed in fragments.

How could they not have known?

But deep in their hearts, they always did.

Her silence wasn't calm; it was a request.

Now, the house laboured harder, its walls burdened  
with remorse.



## ECHOES OF LAUGHTER

Her friends gathered close, faces smeared with tears, attempting to call up the warmth of her laughter. They remembered late nights, endless jokes, and the secrets they believed she'd always continue to share. How none of them had seen the cracks?





## WHAT FRIENDSHIP LEFT BEHIND

Every message she left unreturned, every call missed,  
they echoed in their heads like a sad refrain.

Was it their distance? Their inability to hold tighter?

They faulted themselves.

The truth remained elusive.



## A SOFTER PLACE

Some said she was peaceful, free from the clamour that beset her here.

Maybe the stars had her now, their light softer than this world had been.

Her friends and family could only hope, clinging to the idea that she finally found what she had been searching for all along.



## THE PRICE OF LOVE

At last, they loved her.  
Pride capered in their words, their tears, their  
trembling hands clasping memories.  
She felt it now, the fire she had been craving, but only  
in the stillness of her absence.  
It cost her life for their like to be love.  
She thought, “Well, at least it did.”



*it ends in silence here*

Thank you  
for spending your time and reading this book,  
even for a little while.  
I am honoured.  
I hope this art flows through you,  
until  
silence has the last word.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ojasvi Baijal is an emerging architect from Jaipur, Rajasthan. She finds solace in painting, music, and the gentle rhythm of words.

Her debut book, *Silence Had the Last Word*, is a tender exploration of love, loss, and quiet resilience, weaving profound emotions through simplicity.

Ojasvi's artistry flows from the intimate spaces of her soul, offering readers a glimpse into the beauty of healing and the strength found in silence.