

Finding Forever

A collection that follows the arc of love—from longing
and devotion to heartbreak and healing

a poetry collection by
Srijla Guha



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Preface

If you're holding this book, I want you to know something—you're not alone.

Finding Forever was written in moments when I didn't have answers, only feelings. When love was a memory, when loss felt heavier than language, when healing seemed too far to touch. These poems came to me the way truth often does—slowly, quietly, and only when I was ready to listen.

This book is my heart speaking to yours.

Not as a writer to a reader,
but as one human to another—
someone who has wandered, who has broken,
who has tried to rebuild their own light.

You may find pieces of yourself scattered in these pages—
in a line, a pause, a whisper between two stanzas.

If you do, I hope it brings you comfort.

I hope you feel seen.

I hope you feel held.

And if love once hurt you, I want you to know this—
love is not the villain.

Sometimes it arrives unfinished, sometimes it leaves too soon,
but it is still capable of kindness, still capable of home.

I hope, one day, you allow yourself to fall in love again—

with a person, with a moment,
or simply with the version of yourself that survived.

If you're still searching for your "forever"—
in love, in life, or within yourself—

I hope these words remind you that the journey is yours,
and it is beautiful even when it doesn't feel like it.

Thank you for choosing to spend time with my heart.
I hope, in some gentle way, this book becomes a home for yours.

— *Srijla Guha*

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Wander

1. Wanderlust

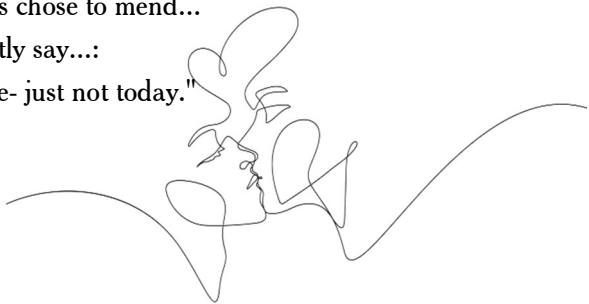
They say not all who wander are lost,
But believe me I didn't plan on losing my shelter;
I was not supposed to end up feeling homesick,
While it all started as a little adventure.
It's true my fingers didn't tremble reaching out
For your hand;
I knew I was surrendering to the mirage of a lover...
But can I borrow you from eternity,

One last time?
And this time I promise I won't be losing my way 'Finding
Forever'...



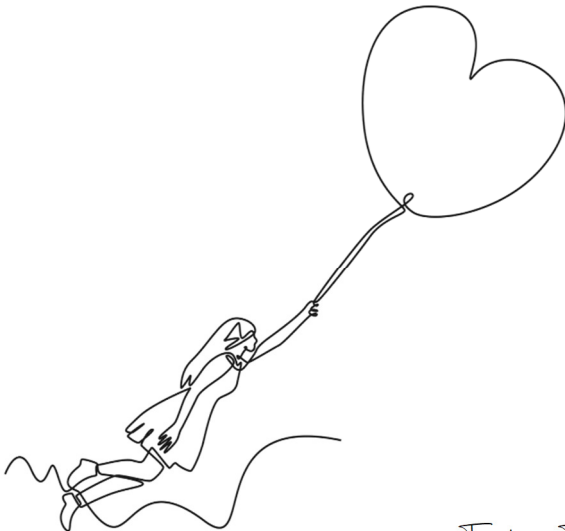
2. The Two Dots

I placed a fullstop—clean and bare,
To say it ends right now, right here.
A sentence carved in quite pain,
No room for pause, no ink to stain.
But you arrived with stubborn grace,
And drew two dots beside its place.
You turned my period into a pause,
Unwrote my no's with silent because..
Each time I whispered, 'this is done',
You caught the fall before the run.
Where I saw endings, crisp and clear, hands down no fights;
You painted maybes, two dots not perfect right beside.
So each time, I finish the sentence, try to end,
The two dots makes it a line I try to bend..
A ghost who writes in softer ink,
And teaches me how to pause and think.
Perhaps not all goodbyes are true—
Some just await a different hue.
And maybe what I called the "The End"
Was where your fingers chose to mend...
Two tiny dots that gently say...:
"Stay here, there's more- just not today."



3. The Fall

Standing at the top of the world
But by birth I'm scared of heights..
Heart skips a beat when I look down
But the butterflies tell me otherwise.
My mind, it is freaked by anything and everything new
But the heart, it is curious of how life would be with you.
Too afraid at the same time to know where this road goes.
But heart has its reasons to choose, no one else knows
The world now spinning and spinning when I look above
Unsure if you'll catch me,
anyways falling in love.



4. Back from the Dead

The pale of your eyes borrowed colours from the night sky,
Your lips borrowed my words, wrapped them in sighs;
Yet far from you, I whispered my secrets to the wind
It hid them in safe places , in shards of light...
Sinking in your arms, this night
Screamed what to you, I silently said;
I found melody in your silence,
I found life in the stories of lovers back from dead...



5. Wasn't a Fall

Maybe Love wasn't a fall,
Not a headfirst dive into the stars;
But the slow surrender of solitude,
The stitching of souls with invisible scars.
It didn't arrive like thunder at dusk,
no lightning crackled in our veins..
It was morning light on tired eyes,
soft and aching in its own remain.
Maybe it was the act of letting in, not letting go,
The brave act of being seen.
Not the passion that burned cities down,

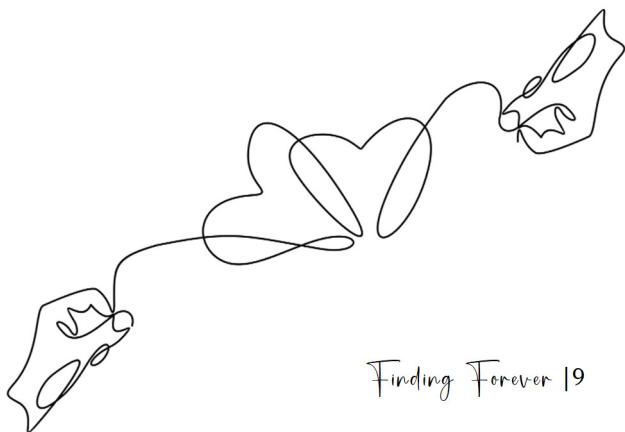


But the warmth that lived in-between
Maybe it wasn't meant to shake the ground
But to meet you where you were,
A hand that steadied, not a flame that scorched,
A whisper, not a loud roar to stir.
We didn't rise—we unfolded slow,
Like petals arching towards the day;
And maybe that's why I didn't notice,
When love began to drift away...
You didn't leave in storm of blaze,
But in forgetting little things, I said.
The way you stayed but stopped arriving,
The way you hugged your absence in our bed.
It wasn't tragic, it wasn't loud
It was like breathing but felt like death,
A love that gently lost its pulse,
Soul leaving a body on rent;
But still, I hope we choose each other all over again one day—

Not the fall, not the fire, not the high—
But the kind of love that builds us a home together,
Without needing to ask why.

6. We Seek

We're all seeking love that doesn't scar,
Not wildfires set to raze us where we stand,
But something soft—a glow not a shooting star,
A warmth that's held, not snatched from trembling hands.
Not storms that thrill, then leave the wreck behind,
But gentle rains that stay and tend the ground,
Not voices loud, but silences that bind—
The kind of peace where heart and soul are found.
A flame that doesn't scorch, but lights the way,
A steady wick that flickers, never dies.
A love that waits, not rushes us astray,
That speaks in glances more than alibis.
We seek a love not just to feel—but be,
The home, the hush, the kind that sets us free.



7. Sweet Longing

She wore his t-shirt while sleeping at night.
She woke up in his strong arms & longing in his eyes.
She lay there still, with him
— still as a portrait—
For a moment it looked like a photograph
— the one that doesn't let you forget.
Hours flew & it was time.
She knew his arms could hold her no more.
She had one request, She wanted to wear his t-shirt as she
leaves for she wanted to take his scent with her back home...



8. Found

She was smiling at him
& he was smiling at her.
For both knew they had found
what the whole world is searching for.



9. Pineapples on Pizza

We were pineapples on pizza,
unlikely, questioned, misunderstood—
yet when sweetness met the heat,
the world tasted better than it should.
You were the fire, molten and wild,
I was the sugar, soft and strange—
together we bent the rules of love,
rewriting flavors, defying change.
They laughed at us, called us absurd,
but we knew the secret all along:
sometimes love is not what's perfect,
sometimes it's what feels like home in wrong.
So let them argue on what belongs,
our hearts know a sharper truth—
we were pineapples on pizza,
rare, forbidden, yet proof of youth.
You were the salt in my storm,
I was the sugar on your wounds—
together we became a contradiction
that somehow made perfect sense.

They called us wrong,
but wrong never tasted so right—
love was never meant to follow recipes,
only to burn, to soothe, to surprise.
So let them sneer at our strangeness,
we'll always know the truth—
we were pineapples on pizza,
an oddity that turned into proof.



10. Fairytale Bliss

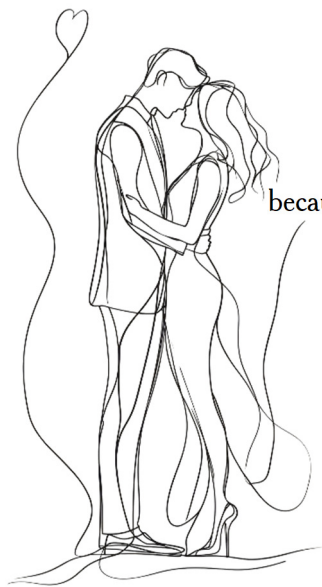
My prince you kissed me back to life
My tireless sleep a curse, I don't want go back to again,
But darling enough with your magic and your might
The silence no longer feels like pain.

You didn't come with shining gold,
no fairytale written in pride;
You just held me like I wasn't cold,
And stayed when the world left my side.

You didn't save me, not quite
you reminded me I could still try...

That even wilted wings, someday,
Might still remember how to fly,
So thank you but close the book now,
No need to break, no need to mend.

I lived, I loved, I found my pen --
because it wouldn't be a fairytale if it had no end...



11. *Again and Again*

I've read you with my doors locked late at night,
I've read you far from this sane world, up in the sky
Sitting in an airplane looking outside,
I've read you over and over again ...
Under my sheets, out of human sight;
I've read you by the seashore with the sunrise.
I've read you through your wrong grammar
and mistaken syllables,
again and again, several times.
They say your broken words are difficult to pronounce,
but for me you are a poetry, when I read...
It rhymes.



12. Under my skin

Kiss me so loud that love would echo
through my insecured veins,
Name the ache behind my silence,
leave fingerprints where nightmare stains.
I try to let you out through my wrists
and blood ran into the sink and spelled your name
There was no scream, but a distant known hum—
a soft fire I couldn't tame.
Talk to my bones, be the voice in my head,
So clear no music can hide;
Trace the loneliness I've worn all these years,
recite poetries to my worn-out pride--
Build a home in all I've feared,
be the truth I can't disguise--
Breathe under my hollow skin, be the tears in my eyes
Threatened to lose you I'd be so afraid to cry...



13. Reincarnates

You kissed me like you've waited
three lifetimes for my lips;
And I kissed you back like I remembered them all
in broken records and fragmented clips.
Your name forever lived deep in my chest,
etched in dreams I can't remember or forget.
And my skin still scarred in familiar places,
the bruises remember what I don't, the touches, the forgotten
We didn't fall, we simply returned—
To flames we had already watched and burned.
Like time unfolded just for us,
to write again what was dust.
Even stars held their breath and began the spun,
watching the love that had come undone -
then stitched again with silver thread.
For fate remembers,
and destiny can't pretend.



14. Memory

You were just the space between being
awake and asleep;
Too dreamy to be real;
Too real to be a dream
Your voice in my head, too faint to admit
But can't deny it screams.
Stuck in-between is it a thought or a memory?
A whisper I never asked for, but always kept.
The kind of silence where speech hasn't slept.
You hovered in rooms I never walked through,
but I remember the map like déjà vu.
You weren't a beginning, nor an end,
more like a curve in the time that bends.
A breath I missed, a blink too late,
A shadow at the mercy of fate.
So tell me my love - were you just passing through me ?
or the space love carved and left in me ?



15. The Simple How

How do you love someone for a longer time?

— Maybe you have to keep playing strangers
forget "she is mine"

Forget every morning that you've known her yesterday
and the day before..

Forget how she eats, breathes, sleeps, hugs,
misplaces her phone.

Learn about her like the first time,
no judgements, no memory and you have no power.

Just this run to know who she is, where her heart lives,
finish the line

and you have twenty-four hours.

And you just float in her newness everyday,
for this newness claims no change.

And you pretend and meet this stranger
every morn and every dawn
and start by, 'wanting to be friends'.
So go buy her flowers, the clock is ticking and tomorrow
will be back to square one,
you'll wanna hug her tight, little longer
For she remembers only till the setting sun.
And when the end of time,
you look back and realise it was forever—She.

Was it love?
Well, we don't know ...
But you spent a lifetime with a stranger,
and it still wasn't enough.

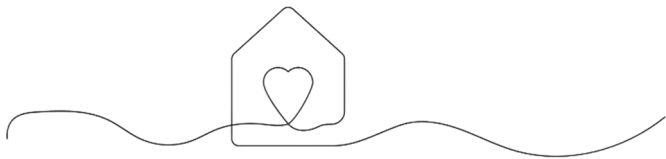
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16. Home

Have you ever stepped into a house
and felt like you've been here before?
You feel like you've known this place forever
yet still crave to know more.
And you fail to understand if you wanna live here
or this place lives in your mind rent-free.
But you've chased places to belong, moved mountains
how can this be so easy?
And I'm sure you've stepped into houses with familiar
bricks and stones.

though mine was a little different,
it was made of blood and bones.
Where they could see flesh and skin,
I could see a soul I've forever known...
And there I was, living in a house I accidentally stepped into
and stayed back cause it felt like home.



17. Lost in Her Calm

He lost his impatience
in the calm of her heartbeat
And in the peace of her breath,
his anxious mind, quietly &
gently fell asleep.



18. Enough

Didn't know if what we had was love,
if it matched the stories written high above.
But a comfort found, built of quiet, honest stuff,
and that's how we knew it was all we needed--
It was enough.



19. The Stitches that Taught Him Love

A rhyming Frankenstein love poem

He was born in a flash of furious light,
stitched from shadows, carved from night—
a trembling breath, a borrowed sigh,
a creature made who could not die.
His maker fled in fear and shame,
left him nameless, left him blamed.
So through the woods he learned to roam,
a stranger searching for a home.

Until he found her—soft and kind,
a girl with quiet, half-blind mind.
She heard his breath behind her door,
and whispered, “Stay a little more.”
She touched his face, traced every seam,
each scar that split his broken dream.
“No monster here,” she said with grace,
“Just a gentle heart beneath this face.”
With her he learned to speak, to be,
to hold a cup, to trust the sea
But love like theirs invites the flame,

for small minds always envy claim.
The villagers tore her from his trembling hands,
called him wicked, cursed, unplanned.

He fought the world to set her free—
a monster made of loyalty.

But her fingers slipped, her breath withdrew—

love ended, but he never knew
how death could take what lightning spared,
how fate could tear what both had shared.
He laid her by the lakeside stone,
and knelt there, carved from grief alone.
He prayed for storms to strike the air—
for thunder's mercy, lightning's care.
But heaven kept its silence that night,
no spark returned her stolen light.
And so he wanders, lost, now undone,
a patchwork soul who loved just one.
On storm-soaked nights when skies turn wild,
you'll see him kneeling—scarred, exiled—
begging the stars for one heartbeat,
one borrowed breath, one chance to meet.



20. Interstellar

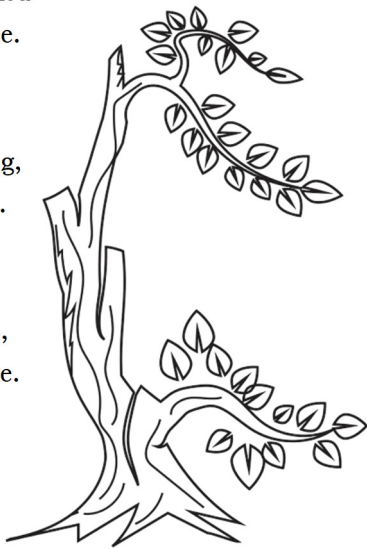
How can this mere storm
destroy what we have.
How can these strong winds
make us part ways...
For darling, we are two stars
breathing in the same sky
with the same magic in our veins,
we carry stardust behind these scars,
just with two different names to bear.



21. Tree and the Wind

The tree stood rooted in stillness,
quiet in it's ancient skin—
yet every leaf learned how to tremble
the moment it heard the wind.
The wind arrived like a wanderer,
soft footsteps across the sky,
brushing it's fingers through tired branches
just to hear the tree sigh.
They were opposites by nature—
one steady, one wild and free,

yet something sacred always sparked
whenever wind leaned into the tree.
Storms came, seasons changed,
but their love never fell apart—
for the wind held the tree's longing,
and the tree held the wind's heart.
Some romances defy reason—
some souls simply intertwine;
the tree loved the wind in stillness,
and the wind loved the tree in time.



22. From Secret to Endless

We return to the room where it all began,
where daring hearts outran the plan.
Whispers stolen, laughter thin,
we carved our forever by sneaking in.
The walls still breathe our restless youth,
their shadows hold our fragile truth.
Back then our love was a reckless crime,
a fleeting spark against the time.

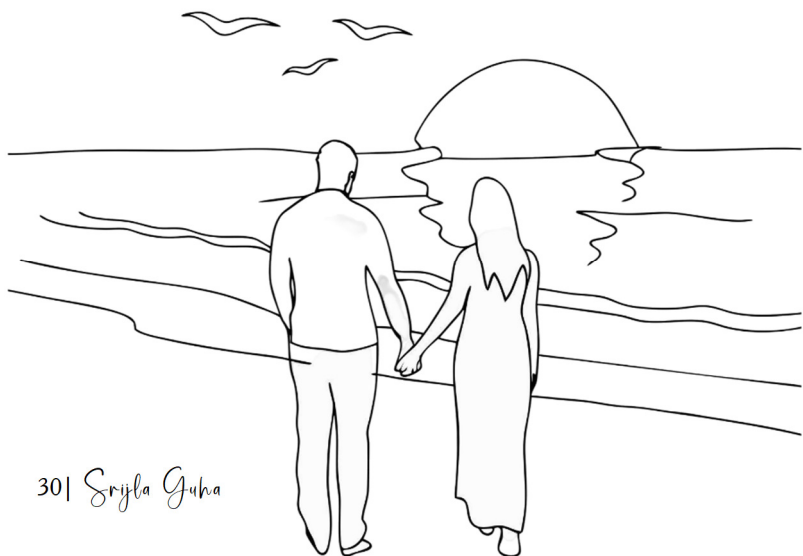
But tonight the rain composes it's art,
a symphony beating in tune with the heart.
Each drop a note, each thunder a rhyme,
music eternal, not bound by time.
We sit where our secrets once used to hide,
yet nothing of us remains denied.
Your voice is a verse, a lyric divine,
my silence responds, a chorus to shine.
The storm outside feels softer now,
its fury bows as love allows.

We've traded danger for something deep,
a promise awake that dares not sleep.
No longer shadows against the flame,
we stand unafraid, we whisper our name.
The room remembers, the rain does too,
how love grew wild, then steady, true.
And if tomorrow should test our song,
this room will remind us we belong.
For once we were secret, fragile, unsure—
but now we are endless, certain, pure.



23. Ocean eyes

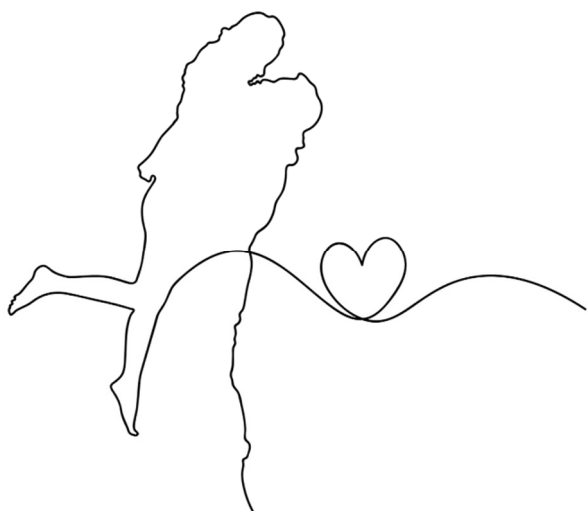
Standing by the waves,
Saw you tearing at the seams.
The salt in the wind tasted like grief
Each sob, a storm—raw, without relief.
Your pain was tidal, vast and blue,
And the sea rose higher just watching you.
Not the moon, not time, not endless skies,
But the quite ache behind your eyes.
You cried until the horizon bled,
And the sea became everything you never said.
Watched with awe, as I
witnessed the entire ocean in your teardrop.
Now I know why the ocean tastes like it does,
Now I know what the ocean is made of..



24. Love, Recycled

Love recycled—
again and again.
The same face,
the same rain.
We fall,
we rise,
we learn,
we try—
but somehow,
it's always you and I.
Love recycled—
not old, not worn,
just something broken,
beautifully reborn.
Your laugh feels new,
your touch feels right,
as if yesterday
turned into today's light.
We fall the same,
yet softer this time,
the hurt now hums,
the healing now rhymes.
Love recycled—
what a gentle thing—
to love the same soul

through every spring.
Not starting over,
just starting again,
because love that's recycled
is the love that remains.



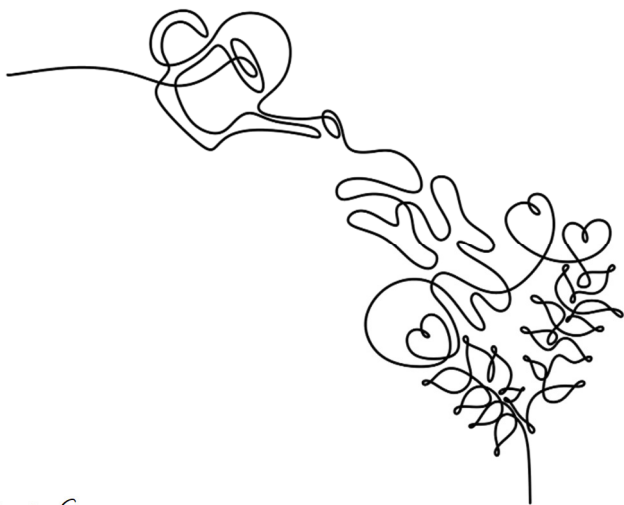
25. The love we never talk about

First love gets crowned so quickly—
that dizzy rush, that trembling start,
as if love is only real
when it first learns the shape of your heart.

Yes, first love is sweet—
a sunrise kind of wonder,
bright enough to wake you,
young enough to pull you under.
But we forget the love that finds us later—
the love that arrives like evening light,
quiet, golden, certain,
touching every broken place just right.
Last love is different magic—
it doesn't shout, it doesn't chase;
it sits beside your chaos,
and still reaches for your face.

It knows the storms you've weathered,
the scars you hide, the truths you fear,
and loves you not for who you were
but for who stayed alive to be here.
Last love is a softer language—
spoken in patience, held in trust,
a promise made without fireworks
yet somehow far more luminous.

First love is a beginning—
beautiful, messy, impossibly new.
But last love... last love is the miracle—
the one that chooses every version of you,
the one that doesn't leave,
the one that feels like destiny finally remembering
your name.



26. The earth is made of nothing but love

The earth is made of nothing but love,
written in rivers and rain—
every sunrise whispering softly
how light learns to love again.
Mountains stretch like ancient guardians,
lifting their faces to the sky,
as if listening for the soft footsteps
of a lover passing by.

Deserts bloom like sudden miracles,
petals rising from quiet sand—
even the driest places whisper
that love still holds their hand.
The ocean keeps pulling the shoreline,
a longing it never outgrows—
they meet, they part, they meet again,
that's just how old love flows.

The wind doesn't blow—it wanders,
twirling leaves like tiny spells,
carrying giggles from distant fields
and secrets only the forest tells.
Night arrives with lantern stars,
hanging constellations carefully—
so wishes don't fall too fast,
and dreams can climb them easily.

Every creature moves with purpose,
every season reads the sky—
love is written into everything
that breathes, or blooms, or learns to fly
And if you listen close, you'll notice:
even time steps softly for moments like these—
for the earth is made of nothing but love,
It's the universe that taught our human hearts to fall to its
knees...



27. Eat Sleep Love Repeat

The happiest people aren't the ones
who chase new suns—
they're the ones who learn
to fall in love
with the same dawn twice.
They take yesterday's warmth,
patch it's tired corners,

and pour it back into today
like tea reheated,
still gentle, still home.
They stitch old laughter
into fresh constellations,
finding new stars
in the same familiar sky.



And imagine—
what would happen
if the waves looked for a new shore every day
just because yesterday's tides were rougher?
The world would lose
its most faithful love story.
So they stay,
They fall in love,
the waves kiss the shore:

again,
and again,
and again—
never bored,
never brand new,
yet always becoming.

They take arguments
like crumpled paper,
smooth them with patience,
and write gentler endings
in the same ink of us.
They return to the ruins

and rebuild anyway—
brick by tender brick—
because some houses
are worth saving
even when the windows ache.

And maybe that's what joy is—
not starting over,
but choosing the same heart
with a softer, steadier version
of your own.

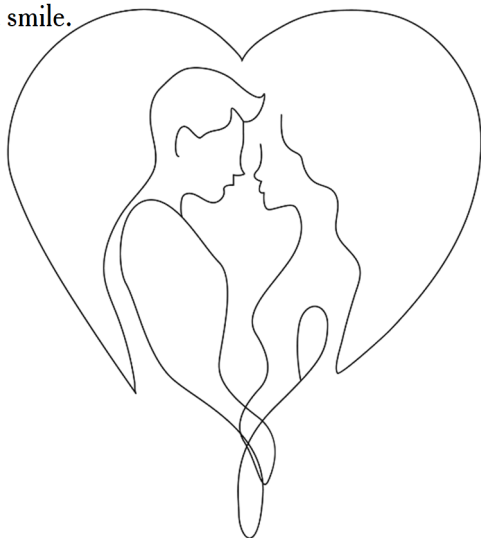
28. The repaired shoe

There's a quiet grace in repairing a shoe,
taking something broken and making it new.
The sole is tired, the leather bruised thin,
yet you hold it gently, invite its soul back in.
You don't just fix it—you teach it to stay,
to carry your steps in a steadier way.
And somewhere between stitching and glue,
you heal a small part of yourself too.
Because love is a lot like a worn-out pair—
it frays at the edges, it weakens with wear.
But those who know love don't search for the new,
they learn how to patch what life puts them through.
A mended shoe is a metaphor, you see—
for choosing the familiar, choosing history.
For trusting that what once broke in your hand
can still walk beside you, steady and grand.
And love, when repaired, fits closer to skin—
not because it's perfect—
but because it *learned* how to stay in.



29. Déjà vu wearing smile

You walked in and my heart skipped twice,
like it knew you already—how unfair, how nice.
You were déjà vu wearing a smile so bright,
a memory I never lived but felt alright.
You said hello like you meant “Welcome again,”
and suddenly the world spun—what's happening?
same story, new pen?
I tripped on words, destiny's little game,
a cosmic prank where my soul already knew your name.
You were déjà vu with mischief in your eyes,
daring me to guess the truth beneath the disguise.
Now I think maybe love isn't new,
just a rerun in every life we fall back into.
Because with you, every moment felt worth the while—
Takes me back to when I first met you,
déjà vu wearing that smile.



30. Empty sky

And another dusk reminds us of our empty sky—

Another grey evening

bring back that our stars have disappeared & died

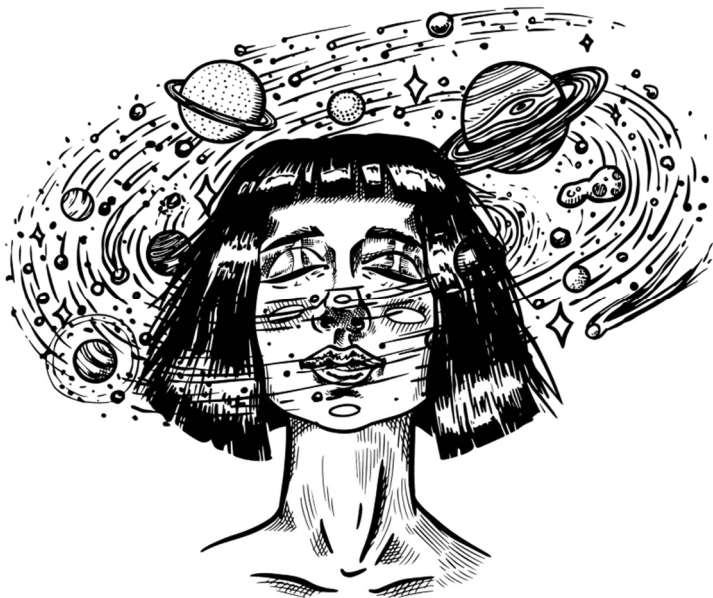
But faith still whispers hope saying

it's only forgotten & never lost

— for it was meant for us.

Darling the sky wasn't empty,

it was just not dark enough for us to see the stars.



31. *A little bit of heaven*

They tried to control the devil,
who only you could summon;
But hell is history now...
Ever since in my eyes you saw the
whole world & in yours I found
a little bit of heaven.



32. Condemned

We walked away from each other
but looks like we are walking in circles.
No matter how fast we would run
I bumped into you & you ran into me.
We were condemned to each other for eternity.
Every road was bent toward your side,
Every silence waited for your laughter to begin.
It was the kind of sentence written by true love,
The pattern of our meeting was woven skillfully.
I hate it I hate it
Yet every time our eyes met
my soul whispered,
'Oh! This universe cursed us beautifully...'



33. Love, Unhinged

They say we met by chance,
but fate was far too proud—
it stitched our names in constellations
long before we spoke out loud.
Your laugh crashed into mine
like a door blown off its hinge,
a beautiful kind of chaos
That turned every winter to spring.
And love—oh love—
how it danced reckless between us,
tripping over stars,
bumping into dawn,
laughing like a child
that knows it can do no wrong.
For once, destiny didn't hide its hands,
it proudly showed its script—
Two hearts written in looping ink,
meeting exactly where they were meant.
So call it love unhinged,
call it magic unplanned—
But we were never an accident,
Only a promise stars whispered through the night,
too restless to stay silent.



34. Effortless

Loving you was like humming
a tune from childhood—
the kind that lives in the bones
long after its words are forgotten.
There was comfort in it,
the way memories smell like rain,
the way old songs know
exactly where you've been,
exactly where you're hurt.
You were familiar
in places I didn't even know I carried—
a softness stored in the corners
of a life that had grown too sharp.
And loving you felt effortless,
like breathing,
like the lullabies my mother sang,
like something I'd never learned
yet always remembered.
That's what loving you was
a gentle remembering,
a quiet coming home.
A tune from childhood—
simple, warm,
forever part of my skin.



35. Alliance

I am the Darkness—Cold & Vast,
A silent queen from first to last.
He is the Candle—flickering bright,
A fragile flame but owns the night.
I crave his warmth, yet choke his light,
I pull him close, then hide from sight.
His glow defies my endless reign,
Yet without me, he'd feel no pain.

For without darkness, he'd be so lost—
No shadows here to bear the cost.
He'd find no reason to burn fierce & high,
No purpose in a sunlit sky.
I am the night he cannot leave,
He finds himself, when dawn deceives.
His light stays, glows on what I hide,
A dance of dark and flame allied
But I pull back, refute his claim—
For if I stay, I lose my name.
He comes again, a desperate roar,
I tell him, I can't be his bride
For if he remains forever near,
I'll cease to be—the dark will disappear.
He will forever be my reason to exist,
Yet if together, I will be missed.

So I push him again from my side,
Though in my heart, I long & hide.
A silent queen who must deny;
The flame she loves beneath the sky.

And though his love consumes me,
I cannot break—
This love must burn for my own sake.
Forever trapped in this cruel dance—
here, look,
I am the darkness, begging for a chance—
to hold his flame, but it comes with a cost,
I will lose myself, forever lost...



36. Look what it made us do

It was insane what this crazy
love made us do...
You merely a thinker, thought about
me the entire day!
I, an atheist, started talking to
God about you...



37. He the poet

For once I wanna be the poem
& not the poet.

I'm sure it would be nice to be on
the other side of the pen,
nice to linger on his Sonnets.

For once I wanna know what an
actual man in love can write;
Can he pen down how my nose twitches
when I laugh?

Can he pen down what I hide when I
smile?

I wanna know if he can for once burn
the whole world down & risk the treasure he has,
With the last drop of ink, he will try to make my screams rhyme
& worship what's sad ?



Will the man in love write me even
if I'm incapable of love?
Will he write only if I'm present,
or will my absence be enough?
Will he also write down everything I
crave to hear and he left unsaid?
Will the man in love write in secret or
wish someday every word I read?
For once I wanna see the man
in love recite to me on bed;
read out to me, out & loud,
for this one time I'm the poem,
he is the poet.

38. Lost in translation

He breathed in ink, a world of rhyme,
tracing moments lost in time.

She lived in color, bold & wild,
Each stroke a scream, a tender child.

Their worlds collided, soft & slow,

A fragile thread began to grow.

He wrote of dreams he couldn't say,

She painted nights that stole the day.

But words can falter & colors can fade.

In silence, only love begins to shade.

He whispered verses in the rain,

but her brush was mute, couldn't do the same.

They reached so much, but space remained

A chasm so deep, a quiet strain.

But though distant, fragile, unsure
this love remained — silent & pure
Two voices trapped in worlds apart
Each longing for the other's heart.
Slowly they grew cold in quiet pain,
tracing echoes, loss & rain.
But one day the poet's pen ran out of ink
& the painter's brush too refused to blink
Yet in the space where shadows blend,
Their souls seek one another but can't pretend.
Now love exists but—in what's not shown --
Between the ink & the colour thrown.



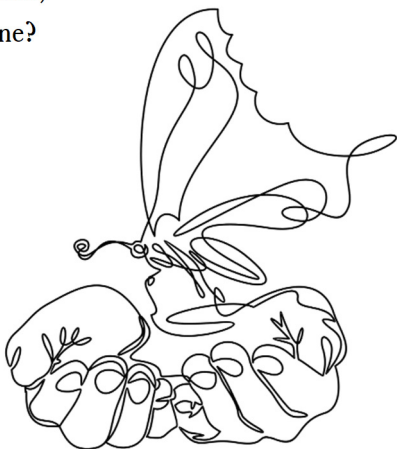
39. Even Rainbows bend

You were a prism in the rain,
A flash of color, then of pain.
A bow of light across the sky,
That vanished fast when we said goodbye.
We chased your hues through storm & grey,
Tried catching colors that slipped away.
Each shade a promise, bold & bright,

but fragile as the dying light.
You arched so high—too far too wide,
A fleeting bridge where hopes collide.
I reached to grasp what couldn't stay
fingers through mist, you slipped away.
No pot of gold at journey's end,
Just scattered dreams we couldn't mend.
A spectrum torn by wind & rain,
a beauty born, then lost in pain.
But even rainbows break & bend,
they fade—but never quite pretend.
Though in their wake, the sky is bare—
There is always color waiting there.

40. Will you ?

If I soften all my edges, will your hands still fit my skin?
Or will you search for pieces of who I've been before?
If I quiet down my storms, will you step closer or walk away—
Missing the thunder you once swore you adored?
If healing makes me distant, will you wait for me to return?
Or will the silence feel too heavy for your heart to hold?
If I bloom into someone braver, brighter than my scars—
Will you still see me, or the shadow of a story you were told?
If I outgrow the version you once loved like a prayer,
Will your love shrink, or stretch to meet my newer dawn?
If I rise from all the hurt you met me in...
Will you love who I become,
when the girl I was is gone?



41. Loving the One Who Stays

Loving someone who isn't here is easy—
you can paint them perfect in your mind.
Distance turns them into daydreams,
all soft-edged, safe, and kind.
But loving someone right beside you—
that's where the real courage lives.
It's choosing the same flawed human
through the cracks that life always gives.
It's the small fights, the late-night silences,
the way reality replaces fantasy's glow.
It's seeing their darkest shadows
and still saying, "*I'm not letting go.*"

It's patience when the world is loud,
it's staying when you could disappear.
It's forgiving, repeating, relearning—
a love that grows because it's here.
But we glorify the ones who left,
the ghosts who never had to try.
We romanticise the distance
because it never asks us why.

Yet the truth is simple, bittersweet:
anyone can love what they cannot touch.
But loving the person right beside you—
that's rare.
That's real.
And we don't honour it enough.



42. The Ordinary Fairytale

A fairytale isn't made of roses,
or platinum rings that shine.
It lives quietly in the little things—
the ordinary, everyday kind.
It's in someone remembering
exactly how you take your tea,
stirring it slowly,
waiting till the steam drifts free.
It's in the way they pull the blanket
a little higher on cold nights,
or hold your bag without a word
when your world feels full of fights.
It's in the soft "text me when you reach,"
and the gentle "did you eat?"
The small check-ins that wrap around you
like a hug you didn't know you needed to meet.
It's in fingers brushing your hair
out of your tired face,
in sharing the last bite
letting love fill the space.
It's in quiet walks,
in warm silences that stay,
in laughing at something silly
far longer than you meant to that day.

Fairytales don't need grand proposals
or shining scenes that glow.
The magic is simple—
in the smallest ways they let their love show.



43. Two people, one pause

The world was loud around us—
cars arguing with their horns,
traffic groaning forward inch by inch,
people talking too fast into flickering phones,
dogs barking at shadows and strangers,
laughter rising and falling
like waves that wouldn't rest.

And yet—
right in the middle of that untamed chorus,
something between us
went suddenly, impossibly quiet.

There was no music,
no grand confession,
just the gravity of you standing there,
close enough for my hope
to finally hear itself.

In that stillness
I saw a life we never spoke of—
the laughter,
the late-night kitchens,
the quiet mornings where nothing hurts.



And for once,
in a life full of almos

and almost-enoughs,
I felt a quiet certainty rise—
not magical,
not cinematic,
just real.

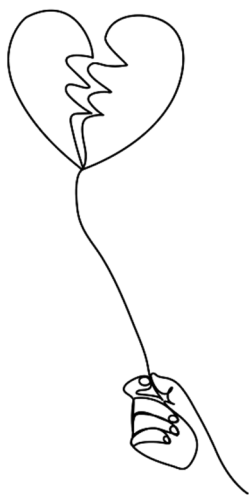
Two people, one pause—
and a universe that stopped
just long enough
to show us
what we could be.

Lost

1. Love Will Remember

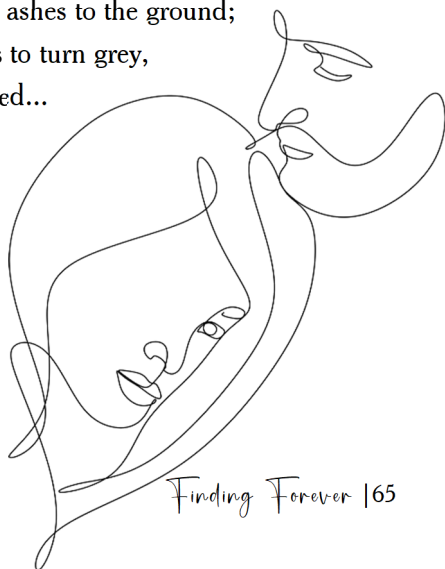
Love will remember,
Even when you forget how I sound.
It will rise like a storm in your silence,
Breaking your peace without a pound.
It will claw through the calm you built,
Spill into dreams with eyes like mine.
You will slip your morning without knowing,
Why does it taste like blood and brine.
You'll laugh in someone else's arms,
But your ribs will ache like haunted halls.
For love—the red, the ruinous kind—
Never dies, it only crawls.
It waits in mirrors, in crowds, in scent,
In songs you thought you buried deep.
It strikes at night when lights are soft,
And memory has ceased to sleep.
You will forget the shape of my voice,
But never the sharp of my goodbye
Not the breath you caught when you let go,
Not the softness that made you lie.
Love will remember the storm we were,
The wreckage, the fire, the name.
It will scream through the life you made
That nothing, nothing feels the same.
Kiss new lips, unlearn the ache—

But love is a god of cruel resolve,
It returns for what you break...
And when you're still—when you're done
When your shadow becomes your friend.
Love will sit beside your ghosts,
And remind you how it end.



2. Burning in your red

It's been ages my heart has kissed you,
I could swear I have almost forgotten the taste of your lips,
But it still haunts me sometimes,
The fine of your arms, the ghost of your fingertips.
And it's been long I felt your eyes trace my collarbone;
I hear you nomore write songs about me,
It's all about citylights and broken roads.
And I almost can't remember the smell of your skin and the
tune you taught me to play..
And believe me I'm trying hard to forget how the color of the
wine, the roses, the candles rhymed the night you stayed.
And while I'm stuck inbetween distorting your paintings and
preserving your colors,
The scarlett of my lips fade;
And though they think you're ashes to the ground;
I'm waiting for your memories to turn grey,
For I'm still burning in your red...



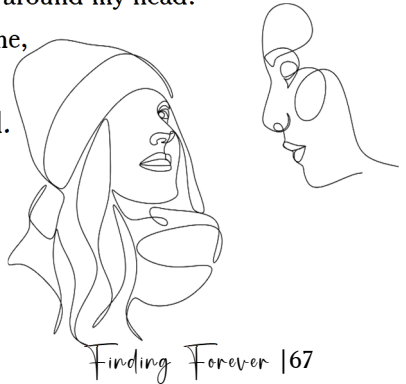
3. *All at once*

I today hate the hands that buried me
Yet love those arms that saved my soul once.
And I run from the fields of how it once felt,
Yet sprint into the feeling of how it all once was.



4. In his gaze

When I look into his eyes, your smile is all I see.
Maybe when you stared into mine,
in your brown I left a big piece of me.
So when he looks into my eyes,
I sometimes see what we could've become.
They're beautiful but they remind me of you,
how I thought you are the one.
And I feel sad & sorry at the same time.
for his eyes tell stories that are insane,
but these stories never mention you;
they don't know your name.
they don't know how you smell,
how you touch; they don't know how you talk.
The stories in his eyes doesn't narrate
the tale of your losses, never celebrates
your wins; you are the art his eyes never saw.
And he looks into my eyes & calls me
beautiful & I really wanna wrap that around my head.
But I feel sad & sorry at the same time,
for when he calls me beautiful
I wish it was something only you said.



5. Unsaid

My darling

I hope one day my poetries will bring

you back from the dead!

while you are buried with

emotions unexpressed & murdered

with words you never said.



6. When we meet again

And When we meet again
the sky will fall apart
the stars will give up &
the moon will refuse to give away its fullness
—There we will meet again by the fall of the night.
We will look at each other & we will know
it's an end to all the fight.
We will hold hands, knowing its time,
it's time our story we rewrite.
The Earth will beg for forgiveness
as we lean into each other watching the
shooting stars ignite —
And while we await the next big bang,
we watch our bodies turn
to ashes & witness our souls reunite.



7. A broken lullaby

It's 2 a.m. again

And I count 4 hours to sunrise.

I have my usual pen in my hand
with my regular notebook to scribble on.

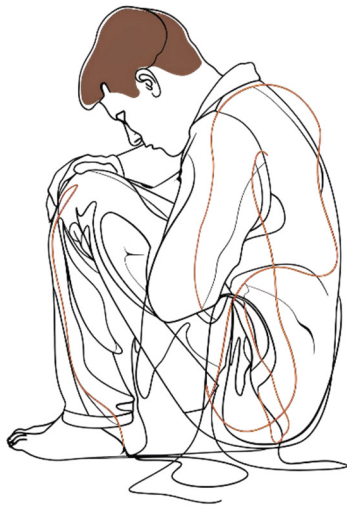
My mind whispering me stories I
want to re-write.

But for a change I'll pretend to sleep tonight —

Turn the lights off, shut my
eyes & pretend to sleep with the
reality I everyday try to deny.

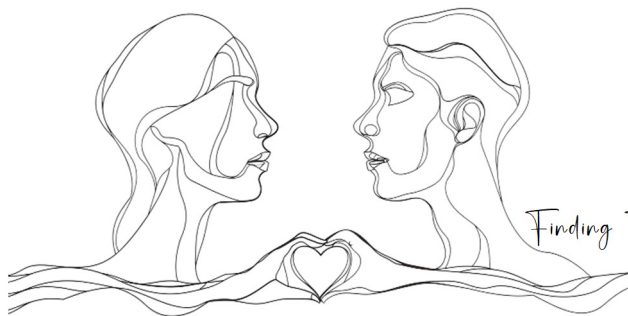
And I hope my heart will not
narrate to me the same sad poetries tonight —

And I hope for a change my heart will sing to me
— a broken lullaby.



8. You the 'tik' I the 'tok'

We both are mere servants of time
Both being two hands of the same clock
We couldn't walk together
We moved with different paces
I being the 'tik', you being the 'tok'
I was tired of running around
& hence I moved slow.
You had longer legs & I watched
you run restlessly across the floor.
Our love was too strong for time to keep
us apart & every hour for a minute we met.
I hugged you through every second
but eventually time pulled you away
& I let you go with no regret.
For I know you'll come back to me &
though I'm longing your touch, it's
just an hour that shall pass.
But oh ruthless time you owe me this answer,
When I see him next for only for a minute;
Should I wipe his tears or kiss his foot with blisters and scars?



9. Deal with the Devil

It was raining & I was willing
to trade my soul to the devil,
to dance with you again.
The devil looked at me in awe,
Since he knew you cannot dance.
And worth my soul, he could give me
a thousand dancers,
who would dance with me in the rain.



10. Left with your soul

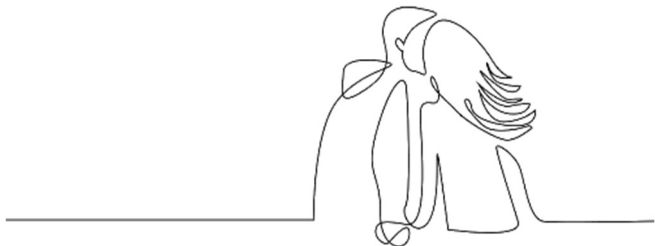
You stood there still, in no action
as I walked away,
The sky refused to turn blue as
me leaving turned it grey.
And the walls begged you to stop me
as you watch me go.
The clock counted my steps
— my last few footsteps on your floor.
But believe me, I smiled,
as behind me I shut the door.
For I knew, I wasn't leaving alone,
I left the room with a part of
your soul...



11. November curse

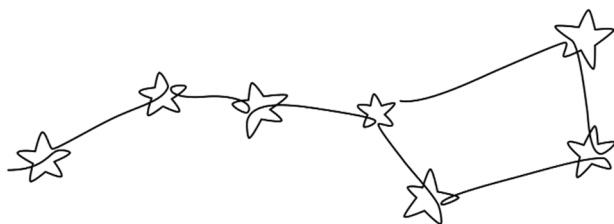
So all these months of
forgetting you,
go down in vain...

As I feel the nippy November
winds bring you back again...
I built up walls of silence high,
I swore I didn't miss it much.
believed I watched the memory die,
I filed away the sound, the touch.
But with the turning of the leaf,
each gust that crosses my window pane
and this familiar, cold relief,
calls out your ghost in the falling rain.
Now every gust is a lost embrace,
All the silence I saved has been spent,
Now every shadow holds your face.
for the cold november sends you back again.



12. Unfaithful

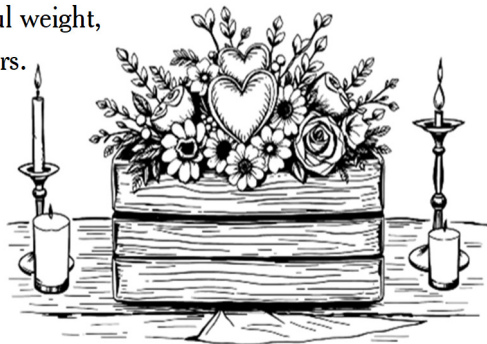
The problem is I wished
for our love on shooting stars.
Little did I see then,
I'm praying on stars who failed
to stay loyal to their own sky.



13. What do I do with all this

What do I do with all these things—
The pictures faded, edges curled,
Silent witnesses of our past,
A quiet, crumbling, fragile world?
The roses pressed between the pages,
Once vibrant blooms, now dust and sigh,
Their scent long gone, but still they haunt,
A ghost beneath my trembling eye.
Chocolates left untouched, now bitter,
Melting memories on my tongue,
Gifts unopened, wrapped in sorrow,
Tokens of a love undone.

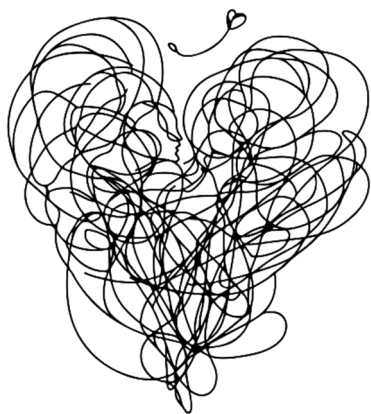
Do I burn them in a final blaze,
Or hide them deep where none can see?
Do I keep them close for comfort's sake,
Or bury them beneath the sea?
They weigh me down, these scattered pieces,
Fragments of a life once ours,
And in their silent, mournful weight,
I lose myself among the hours.



14. Written in Storms

Every time we try to meet in the middle,
the ground beneath us fractures.
Love should have been a homecoming,
yet it feels like crossing oceans with bare hands.
The world does not open for us,
it sets its locks,
it hides the keys.
What should be simple becomes a battlefield,
what should be gentle turns to stone.
I see it in your eyes—
the ache of wanting,
the weight of not having.
We are always almost,
always reaching,
but the bridge keeps breaking
beneath our feet.
Still, I return—
to the ruin, to the risk,
to the flame that refuses to die.
For if love were easy,
it would not be ours.
Ours is the kind written
in storms and scars,
a promise tested by fire,
a truth defiant against time.

And though every path resists us,
though nothing bends to let us through—
my heart, battered and burning,
still calls itself yours.



15. (let's not shake hands

Next time we meet,
let's not shake hands—
because you won't hold on,
and I won't let go.
Our palms once built a world between them,
a fragile one—made of pulse and promise.
Now even a brush of skin
could wake the ghosts we buried slow.
You'll stand there with new suns in your eyes,
and I'll pretend the night doesn't know your name.
We'll talk about the weather,
not the storms we once tamed

Don't reach for me—

your touch still carries aftertaste.
There are fingerprints on my soul
that even time couldn't erase.
So next time we meet,
let's not shake hands—
because you won't hold on,
and I won't let go.
It's easier to bow to distance
than to dance again with the ache.
Love doesn't die—it just finds quieter rooms

to haunt when hearts break.
So if fate must cross our paths again,
let it be gentle, and let it be brief.
Let the air between us do the talking,
and let our silence be the grief.
Next time we meet,
no touch, no tremor, no show—
because you won't hold on,
and I won't let go.

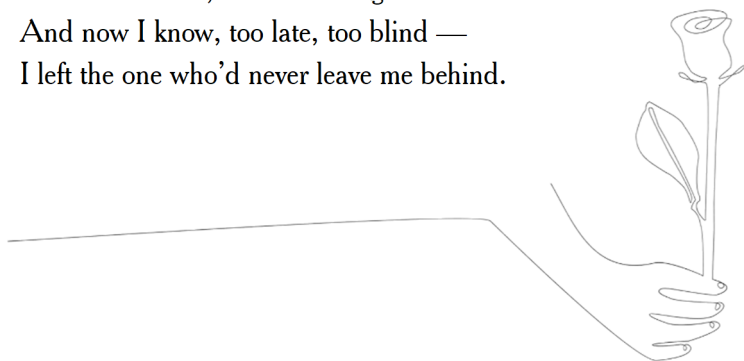
So walk away softly, like we never burned—
let the moment stay unspoken, slow.
Next time we meet, don't touch my hand—
because you won't hold on,
and I...
Still won't let go.



16. The one left behind

He was the one who showed up first,
when I was quiet, when I was cursed.
He stayed through moods I couldn't name,
and never once asked who's to blame.
He held my hand when I pulled away,
waited through nights I lost my way.
He'd bring me coffee, soft and warm,
and guard my heart from every storm.
He'd listen, really listen deep,
to words I'd whisper half in sleep.

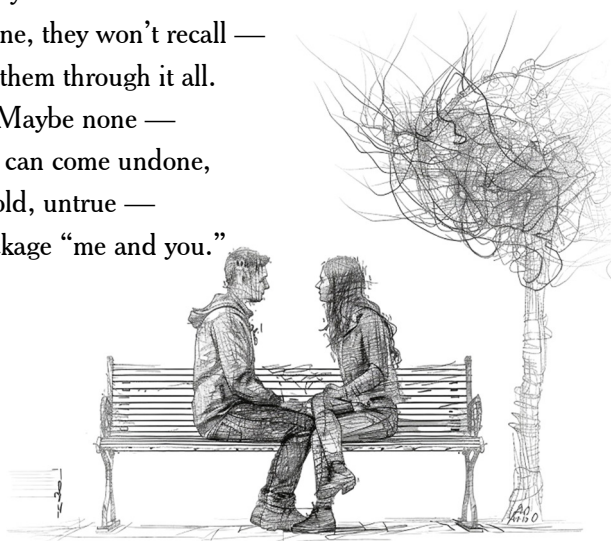
He laughed at jokes that weren't that good,
and loved me more than I thought he should.
He remembered things I used to love,
old songs, small notes, my favorite glove.
But I wanted fire, not steady light,
so I left the calm, chased the night.
And now I know, too late, too blind —
I left the one who'd never leave me behind.



17. How dumb is it?

How dumb is it to love someone so deep,
someone who for you would never lose their sleep?
To fight for calls they'd never make,
to mend a bond they'd easily let you break?
How dumb to text, then stare, then wait,
for replies that feels like their closing the gate.

To pour your soul in endless tries,
while they forget you are sad, alone and numb as time flies.
You beg for closeness, they crave space,
you crave for warmth— they turn away their face.
You keep the fire, they kill the flame,
yet somehow *you* still have to take the blame.
You dream of “us,” they dream of free,
you say “forever,” they act like “we’ll see.”
And when you’re gone, they won’t recall —
that once, you loved them through it all.
So how dumb is it? Maybe none —
just cruel how hearts can come undone,
by loving someone cold, untrue —
and calling that wreckage “me and you.”



18. When the party's over

I'm the minuscule cottage amidst the woods,
where silence hums after the laughters done
People come here only when the music's over,
when the confetti turns to dust and the night swallowed the sun.
They rest on my tired porch,
their shoes carrying the scent of distant goodbyes
their laughter still echoing from
grander halls I was never invited to,
I hold the echos, no one replies.
I watch them through cracked windows,
wearing their shimmer, their perfume,
their joy, stories I dont know
I hold their forgotten warmth like a borrowed dream.
They show me pictures of the places I'll never go,
They sit ,they sigh, they speak of light
the chandeliers, the dance floors, the lives too bright.
And I nod with wooden patience,
Smile through cracks in weathered wood
pretending the moss around my feet doesn't envy the glitter,
Pretending I am part of where they stood.

For I am rooted—
a house that cannot wander, cold and small
a memory too heavy to carry to the city,
Rusty enough to be left to dream beneath it all...
my heart creaks each time a door closes,
My walls aches for a footstep that stays

And when dawn spills through the forest,
The moss climbs high and the paint decays
I whisper to the wind—
But you might also hear me call
how I miss being part of the fancy,
Because know I once, held them all

For I ache to be more than a refuge once known,
To be someone's forever,
not just a shelter when you are alone.

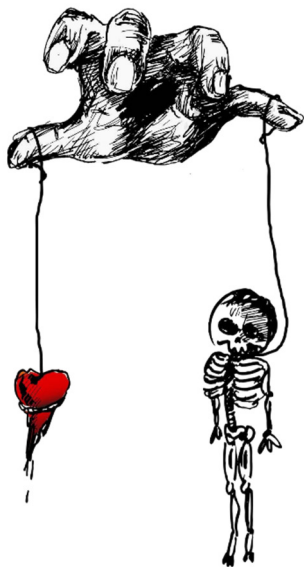


19. The girl who loved a ghost

She chased a ghost called Love — so rare,
A whispered sigh in stale, cold air.
A lady draped in linen white,
Soft footsteps lost in neon night.
Her heart, a fragile house of glass,
Kept knocking on doors that wouldn't last.
Each suitor wore a fleeting mask,
A flame that flickered—nothing asked.
The world around her reeked of haste,
Where bodies burned then turned to waste.
Casual flames that left no trace,
Only ashes of a sacred place.
Fling ruled with cold and hollow cheers,

And mocked the dreams she held so dear.
Love wept alone in shadowed rooms,
While lust devoured all her blooms.
She bowed to hope with fragile grace,
A guest unwelcome in this place.
Caught in the same web, torn and spun,
Where casual shadows block the sun.
They smiled, then turned away with scorn,
Mocking dreams so bruised and worn.
Now she folds her hands and sighs,
A slow farewell to lullabies.

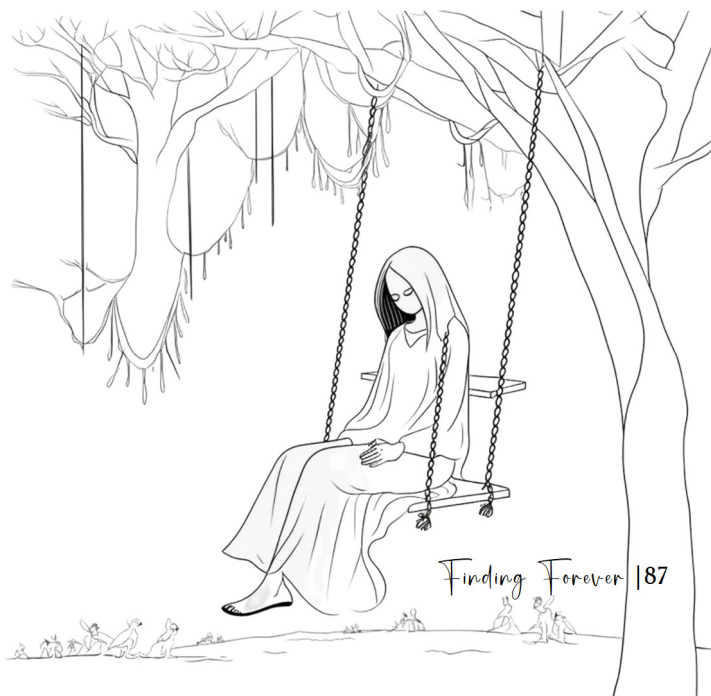
“Maybe next life,” she softly swore,
“Where Love won’t be a closing door.”
In this one, Love remains a ghost—
The girl who loved, but lost the most.



20. In love

And as you miss the lost pieces,
I hope my darling , you find yourself
before you find me.

And I hope you remember,
we were in love before the
world told us where we should be.



21. Thank you

I'd Cribbed So hard for you pushed
me away while I awaited you to
ask me to stay.

Now I thank you for letting me go.
For I realise I on my own
Could have never walked away.

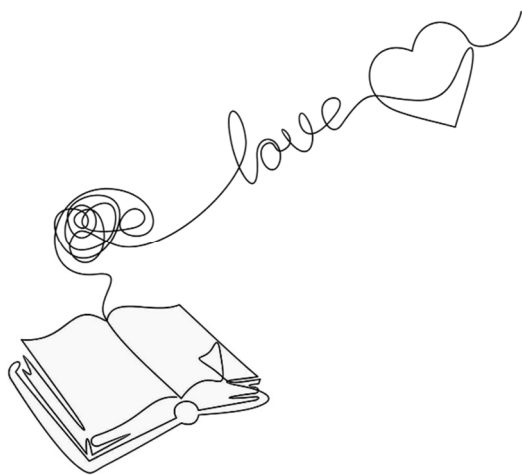


22. We - A metaphor

And we will live on pen & paper,
my darling.

For our love deserves
no where else to be seen;
And our love will live beyond the
pages of this book,

But only as a metaphor of what we
could have been...



23. Dancing under moonlight ?

I danced to the melody of your laughter,
I swayed blindfolded, I didn't wanna
see what came after.
I felt the wind in my hair while
the glory of your love made me shine.
How could my feet betray the rhythm
of your promises?
how can I refuse to dance under the moon light?
well, it breaks my heart a little
while I sit by my window,
I regret what I see outside.
Paralyzed by the darkness,
I realise it was not the eternal moon I was swaying under.
I was dancing under the mere Street light —



24. Unforgiven

No, our story won't be forgiven
for the stars don't know whom to hold guilty.
And they don't believe me when I
say, 'You were poison & I was just thirsty.'
They stare at me with awe, in the
disbelief of me being so naive.
How could I tell them the truth?
At our last goodbye you whispered,
'Maybe in another life'



25. It's locked

It's futile, standing there, waiting for
me to let you in.

Its futile, keeping score for you never
played well, I just let you win

No, you cannot walk in, behind these
locked doors, the queen has burnt

the keys with her crown;

But will you stop banging?

For one more knock & I might just break this door down.



26. Haunted heart

I had to kill you to make me live,
now my heart is haunted
And you stay like the lifeless skin,
that I tried so hard to but couldn't shred.
But darling,
your love has left me a legacy of fantasies;

That make me revisit the graveyard
where I buried our memories...



27. Same shades of Blue

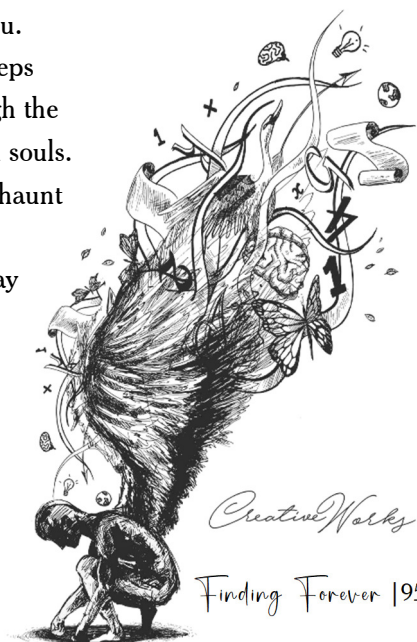
Oh November reminds me of you,
the last exhales of warmth,
the first breaths of cold.
The breeze brushing against my cheeks,
& I swallow the memory of your
hand with older shades of gold.
You said its beautiful how the
ocean & the sky hold the same
shades of blue.
But darling not to forget, so does
my bruises for you...



28. Letting Go

There is a special room in my
heart for your memories.

I sit there in silence sometimes,
amidst old paintings & poetries.
Walls washed bright with colours
rare & unidentified.
Unreal notes of melody filling the silent voids.
The rusty mirror still makes the dull
look shiny — an illusioned truth —
I look around — everything sits
right where I left it,
the only missing piece is you.
And I follow my last footsteps
to the door, walking through the
scent of romance of our old souls.
And your love will forever haunt
this room my darling,
reminding me, walking away
was easier than letting go.

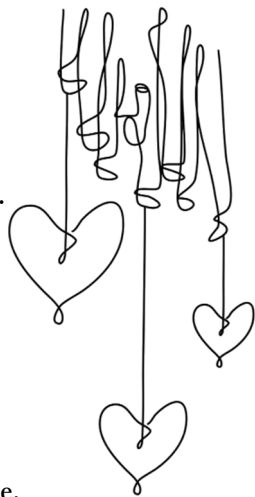


Creative Works

Finding Forever 195

29. Roses on an apple tree

My darling, you & I the nights ecstasy
Our love everything but ordinary.
And it wasn't just fantasy;
I saw roses on an apple tree.
Violet blood ran through the veins of
the bark they said;
Petals on the ground
bleeding dried shades of red.
The bright of the flowers too strong
to remember the thorns.
They kissed the sky scarlett to invite the dawn.
The decay making the tree look
rusty, the brown looks both rare & touched.
Apples so fresh, never have I seen,
but amidst them roses I searched.
From the ground the red disappeared,
the sun kissed only the bare shades of green.
My restless eyes craving for
roses, but why can't any roses I see?
My darling! you & I the nights ecstasy.
Our love nothing but ordinary
The moonlight hid the threads
on the branches now I know;
I saw roses you simply hung on an apple tree.



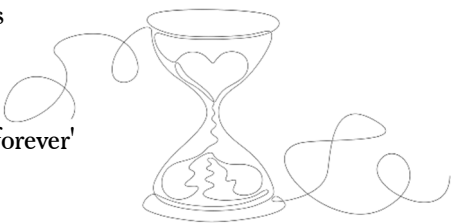
30. *Never mine*

You were the Shooting Star who
crossed my sky on an autumn eve.
You were the Shooting Star
I wished on for you to be with me.
You were the Shooting Star
I wished on for you to fall right into my life.
You were the Shooting Star who
granted all my wishes except
it was never mine.



31. Forever in a moment

You gave me time, written all over it 'Forever'
I tried keeping it close, closer, closer.
The echoes of your footsteps getting louder yet slower.
I could feel it slipping away &
I held on to it tighter, tighter, tighter
I wasn't scared that your gift of
time would fall and shatter & our love would die,
I was afraid to look foolish to believe
in something that doesn't exist, was a lie.
Too naive to know, forever isn't a
timeline, forever isn't a long time,
'Forever' is the love you trade for
a moment of everything everything everything.
'Forever' is the love you try to save
when you feel nothing nothing nothing.
Now, I stare at you through the broken hour glass,
trying not to give up,
but the metal has lost its shine.
Looking at you count each second
that pass by, with sand in your bare hands,
trying to enslave time.
But is it the dark or the cold that's
making you shiver?
Or is it because you lost the track
of time, finding 'forever' 'forever' 'forever'



32. Someone I used to know

Hello

You remind me of someone I used to know.

Eyes made of glass, mirror to
all but for me it was a window.

I gazed, I gazed through the window of his gazeless stare,
Hypnotized by the dandelion's scarlett.
Mesmerised to bones always searching
for his tints of red.

You remind me of someone who made
me smile without any reason...

Always left me wondering if he was
the climate or just a season.

I was on top of the world,
he took me there & we were dancing &
dancing as we lost track of time;

Honestly, I almost forgot to remember
I was by birth scared of heights.

It was nice to know you, you remind
me of someone who could see right
through me,

But Goodbye, did I mention?

It wasn't a blessing, it was a
Catastrophe...



33. Break me twice

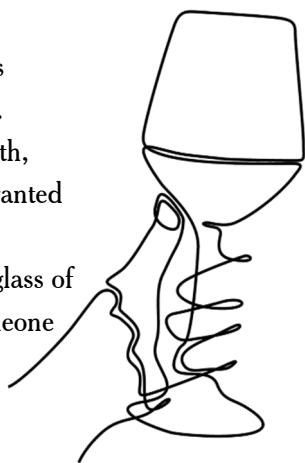
Yes, you see it right.
It's glued back together, but not
strong enough for a fight.
You want to hold my hand & I'm ready
to risk it all:
'Again' to be precise.
Tell me how much you missed me,

talk through the dusk, walk
me through the sunrise.
Be gentle — I plead
For the pieces still bleed.
Was the shatter not loud
enough the first time?
Go ahead, tell me how you feel...
For anything you say shall suffice...
It must be really nice
to be in love with
someone who let you break them twice.



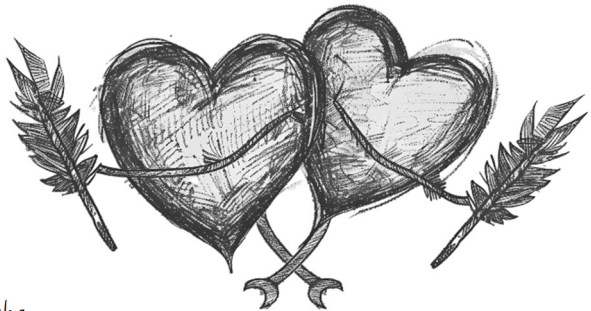
34. Overflow

And long before it was dark sublime,
there was a time your heart ached
to be mine;
I hate to admit but I gave away
what I preserved for years like fine wine, you know;
Poured it into your glass & watched it
slowly overflow.
I panicked a little, I could see your
cup didn't hold enough space for all
the red I could offer,
I was scared !
What if you drown?
Too high of a price to pay to be my lover.
I knew I should pour a little slower,
let the wine breathe.
I'm sorry, I'm just too used to hearts
that were always too hard to please.
And long before the sun's blood bath,
there was a time you thought you wanted
to push through...
And I hate to admit, sipping on a glass of
wine, I here write poems about someone
I once upon a time knew...



35. Someday than never

I didn't look away because I wanted to;
Believe me, I wanted to stare at your face, too good to be true.
But what if I told you I didn't because
I'd rather live with "What we could have been..."
I fear it will become, "We weren't meant
to be" if I give in.
I'd rather live with all the chances I
have with you than none left at all.
Cause waking up without you thinking 'someday'
is easier than never waking up to your call.
Will you believe me if I say I don't
wanna start a fire so it can never burn out?
And in my head, we never run out of fuel,
I burn in your flames of love until my lungs give out.
And I know you think I look away
because I've better things to look at, maybe a fancier view...
But believe me I can be dancing under
the Eiffel tower & I'd still be looking at you.



And yes I'd like to keep it that way so I'll
pretend & keep pretending you are not missed.
Because not kissing you yet is better than pretending we never
kissed.
But believe me I love you & I always will,
Our love story looks fascinating but
only in my head.
So I'd rather be your favourite book
untouched on the shelf,
than being the book you love but you
wish you never read.

36. Forbidden dreams

I need you to get out of my dreams,
or I need to be forever asleep.
I need you be here with me forever &
always or I need you all at once to leave.
You can't be here when I close my
eyes & not be around when I'm awake;
you need to make a decision.
I Know I've made mine cause my love
isn't made for this generation.
Don't you see,
I don't I wanna wake up to a world without you?
You see I have jokes to crack, tears to cry,
stories to tell...
So you or me over you,
which one do I choose?
They tell me I'm wise &
I have to prove them right,

So tell me how can glimpses
of you make me feel enough?
Please pick a side, rip the band-aid off,
even if it means I forget your face,
your touch, your love.



I need you to get out of my dreams or
I need you to take me wherever you are.
Into the fields of nothingness,
far from my body, touching your blurry face,
Wishing you'd too pick the other side on every broken star.

37. The idea of you

How did it start?

How did it go?

How did it feel?

How did it end?

And this poem of mine, refuses to rhyme.

Believe me I am trying hard

I'm afraid now I know not all
poems rhyme, not all words

Synchronise, not every music is
melodious, not all stories I can rewrite.

Oh it is a disgrace how I fall in love
with the idea of you, I know, too naïve.

Oh wait, did it rhyme?

I'm sorry

for it shouldn't while I'm capable
of falling for only what he was capable of being.

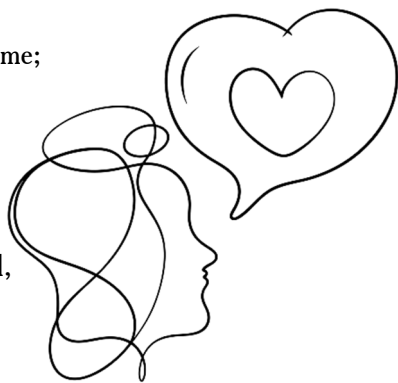
Falling for the potential,

Falling for the man he was to become;

My idea of him lured me into
thinking he was the one.

I fell for everything he was not, &
all I wanted him to be.

I fell for how he looked in my head,



Something no one except me could see.
Sorry again, but how do I stop my
mind from rearranging words he said?
He says "I love you but..." & I hear
"But I love you..." instead.
And I know what to do, they tell me
all the time,
when a man tells you what he wants,
shows you who he is, believe him,
open your eyes.
And I beg you to prove them wrong,
prove them you exist,
you are not just my state of mind.
Sometimes this drives me crazy,
my ribs tell me to listen to the world,
but the world has always been unkind.
How do they know the best for me,
while they only fancied the red &
without you I've always been blue.
How do I tell them without you there
are colours that don't even exist.
I'm terribly afraid, I won't be
rhyming without
the idea of you...

38. Haunted House

Perhaps they are right,
my diary is nothing but the haunted house across the street.
Yes, someone died in here & yes they are right,
my poems are nothing but ghosts of your hopes & dreams.
Ghosts of your memories & promises
peeking through abandoned doors.
They say your trails still glisten
through the night by the dusty wooden floor.
They notice, the wine stained curtains
whisper our secrets to the torn fancy tapestry;
The birds in it choke on the smell of rot,
they scream at the empty ceilings,
beg the walls to set them free --
And the cupboard still mourns your smell,
while the mirrors only talk about the rusty panes now.



Our shadows lurking around the corners,
getting entangled in cobwebs
waiting for someone to come & burn
the house down.
Perhaps, this house mistook your
presence,
thought it was your home --
while it was your mere shelter
for the night.
& perhaps this house doesn't deserve to exist,
it's solely nocturnal, it
disappears in daylight --
This place is haunted they say,
this isn't anyone's home anymore but a death maze, they fear.
They think, the dead haunts these
walls, what they don't know:
we didn't die,
we are buried alive in here.

39. I miss you, therefore I exist

Look outside, do you smell the rain
in the wind?

It's very similar to your absence --
Moist enough to draw my attention but
never enough to wash away your longing.

Put your hands outside the window,
you see nothing,
they see nothing,
for the droplets are too tiny for the eyes to see.
So I close them tight & breathe.

And I feel,
feel you sinking into my skin
inch by inch;
& I keep my hands out there just long
enough to know its damp & that's
enough of you I need to live.

What if it rains?

Did I think?

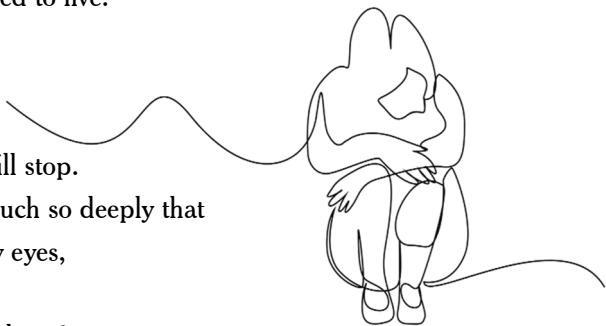
Ofcourse I did.

I think my heart will stop.

What if I feel so much so deeply that

I forget to open my eyes,
forget to breathe ;

My pulse starts to drop ?



What if I drown in you for I know only
damp hands and the wait brings me peace
So I smell the rain in the wind & hope
it doesn't rain.
For it will wash away what feels
like life away.
Maybe the wait was too long & now all I know is to resist.
Maybe now my existence is marked
by your absence.
I miss you & therefore I exist.

40. Built you a church, you called it prison

Built you a church but you said you're
not used to God.
Tried to break it brick by brick,
I beg you its sacred walls.

Scribbled your name all over the ceiling
so when you lie down you feel loved.
You broke my pen, you thought I was clingy,
I wondered if you were used to
being starved...
But I keep drawing on these walls with your favourite color
crayons like a child!



It's funny how you laugh at it,
know it's only to make you smile...
And look outside, I planted roses
for you by the gate.
The blood from my pricked finger I
used to color the dull & the dead.
And I water them daily, sometimes
more than they need,
I have to learn;
You say it's too much,

oh dear,
did I kill the roses with too much attention?
But you were to me just like the air you breathe --
How would you feel if the air whispered
to you, 'please cut down on your need'?
Yes I built you a church & you called it prison instead.
But before you tear apart the book of prayers,
give it a read,
you'll see it's only all you ever said --

41. Dead and gone

I look at the rose you gave me long ago.
I know I need to bury it,
Set its soul free,
for it's not alive anymore;

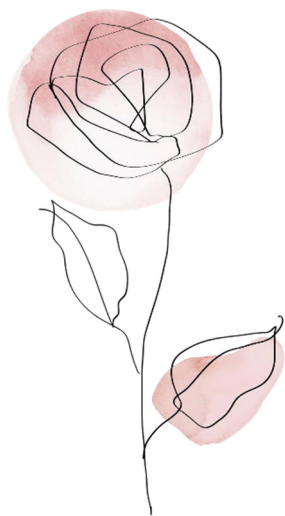
Tried so hard to hold on to the memory
of it being living & red.
Maybe I needed you to shake me out of it,
needed you to remind me
—it's dead.

But I always followed the signs that
only led me to you;
Tell me how to stop,
for they say you only see the things you want to.

But I am the only one to blame for
I wrote this story where I exist alone.
I feel stupid for ignoring all the rust,
the petals had grown.

And the color no longer matches
the shade of my blood, I smeared
on the stem;

It now resembles the stale wine;

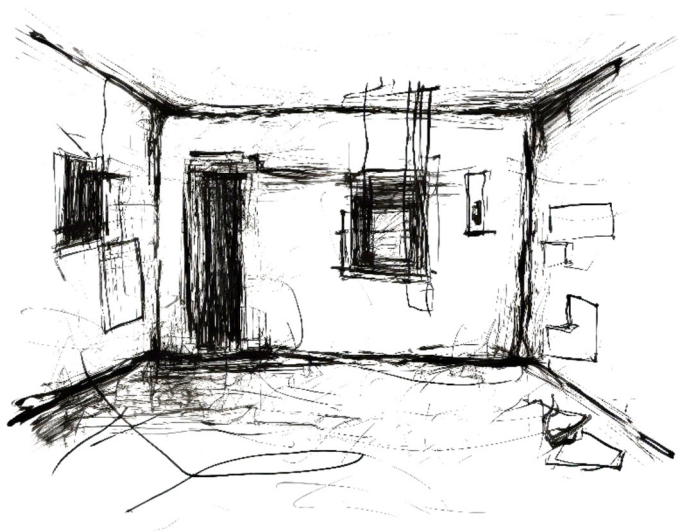


Someone didn't drink to win a "never have I ever" game.
I know what to do,
even though I don't believe,
I know our time is up.
I need to let it go, I know the rose
is nothing but residues of your faithless love.
And I believe you when you say,
I'm nothing you've ever seen before,
but I'm no better than a sad song;
And I know it's not you it's me,
my old habit of holding on to what's dead & gone.
They say, if the girl is more in love,
you fail & now I know it's true--
And though I never believed in the
twin flame hoax,
I still shamelessly think
it should have been you.

42. Rotting room

The ceiling cracked where your name
once echoed;
In the silence between two spoons left in the sink.
I sip from a cup that remembers your
mouth but forgets the warmth —
like a song that hums in reverse .
You left,
not like thunder,
but like a page torn mid-sentence —
no climax, no punctuation,
just the taste of ink bleeding in my teeth.
I stitched my days with threads of
'what if's' & wore them with pride
like old dresses that smell of monsoon
& your absence —

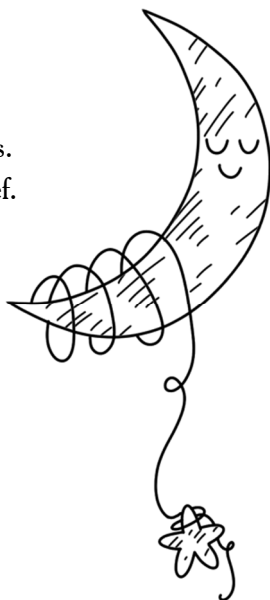
Damp, loud & never quite staying;
Even the light betrayed me I think.
Shadows grew taller,
mirrors stopped making eye contact.
And when I talk to your chair,
It's fluent in betrayal —
on leg broken,
still too proud to wobble.
And when people ask if I'm okay
I nod like a widow in a town that
never buries its dead.
I tell them heart break is not breaking
— it's a folding inward.
like paper cranes,
no one taught me how to make.
So I keep writing poems in invisible ink, hoping your name will
disappear in this wreck.



43. The Shooting Star chases

I raced accross the endless night,
A flash of fire, a shard of light.
I saw him there — so calm, so cold,
The Moon,
untouched by tales they told.
I wish he held my silver face,
to burn within his gentle grace.
But he was still — beyond my reach,
A distant shore I could not breach.
For, for every wish, a star must fall,
sacrifices made for all.
I gave my fire to grant a dream,
Yet none were meant for us, it seems.
I burned too bright, too fast, too brief.
A fleeting spark, a whispered grief.
He watched me fall & turned away,
A small glimpse,

he doesn't ask me to stay.
And now I drift in quiet ache,
A lonely trail I cannot fake.
I keep forgetting,
I'm a Shooting Star,
swift & meant to swoon,
born to grant wishes,



not to cradle love's tune.

Yet still, I chase what slips far so soon

— An endless yearning for the Silent

Moon —

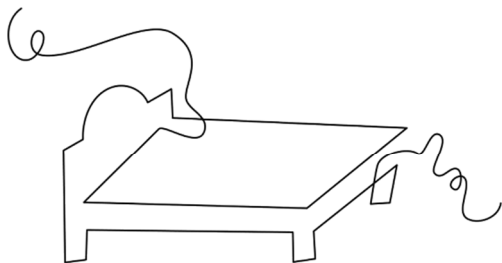
44. The Bed Speaks

I've held their love in tangled sheets
in moonlit hours & every heartbeat.
I bore the weight of every kiss,
Each stolen breath,
each whispered bliss.
They found each other, soft & shy.

His trembling laugh, his quiet sigh.
They danced in dusk, they blessed in night.
Two Shadows melting into light.
Their fingers laced like threads of fate.
They spoke of always, dreamed of late.
In me, they built a world so wide—
A universe where love could hide.
I felt the tremble in her spine,
when he first Said "Your heart is mine"
I rocked them gently, kept them warm,
A witness to their perfect storm.
But love, it shifts like seasons oh,
even the color of fire can fade to blue--
The space between them began to grow —
In silence first, too faint to show.
He turned away, she bit her tongue.
I stopped hearing the lullabies she hummed.
His arms once safe, now loose & cold,

her fingers stuck between holding on & letting go--
I caught the scent of their goodbyes,
of broken truths & quiet lies.
Then he left one night with just a bag,
no note, no pause, no final flag.
She stayed though,
but only half of her,
The rest of what I remember lived in blur.
Since then, she curls into herself but
one side remains untouched.
Her heart still aches, still hopes too much.
Yet here, helpless I lie with open grace;
Still shaped by him, traced by her face.
Now I've learned that love, though it may pass,
Still leaves a ghost upon the heart.

And if they never again share my frame,
If their lips forget the other's name--
I'll bear their story, forever true.
For beds always remember
more than you.



45. Epiphany of your promises

You stitched forever into lies,
with quiet hands & softer eyes.
I wore your vows like sacred skin,
not knowing where you end, I begin.
Each word a thread, each smile a seam
I built my truth upon your dream.
And now the ache I can't confess,
is how I made you half my yes.

Now silence speaks in perfect key,
the notes you hummed still follow me.
And I, once full of love's soft guesses
— Now am drowning in the epiphany
of your promises.



46. Immortality a curse

Have you ever been in a kind of love
that feels immortal?

Not the beautiful, golden kind in stories—
but the damned kind,
the kind stitched with centuries of ache,
the kind born under a bad omen,
etched into your soul
like an ancient curse?

A love that hurts so deeply,
you wish for an ending—
but endings don't come to the immortal.
So you keep walking,
through days that feel identical,
nights that stretch too long,
carrying a heart that should've turned to dust
but somehow never learns how.



It's the kind of love
that makes death look like mercy,
It's the kind of love
that keeps you alive
long after the will to live has left,
forcing breath into your lungs
as if suffering is sacred.

Because Immortality never listens.
It makes you carry the echo of them
like a punishment carved into bone.

You live,
not because you want to,
but because you can't die—
that's the curse.

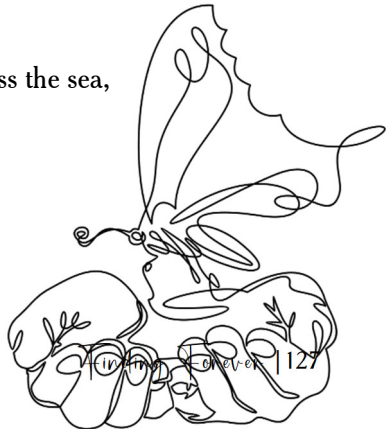
Have you ever been in that kind of love—
where immortality is not a gift,
but a sentence,
and the heart keeps beating
long after it wants to stop?
Have you ever known that kind of love?
The eternal kind,
the unending kind—
the kind that keeps you alive
only to make sure
you feel
every second
of its forever.

Home

1. The beauty of impermanence

Some things are meant to fade,
and that's what makes them rare,
like sunsets slipping quietly into night.
We hold them for a moment,
though they were never ours to spare.
Every petal falls someday,
but oh, how it blooms before,
teaching us to love what's here, not what might stay.
Seasons keep changing, opening a thousand doors,
reminding us that leaving is also making way.
Nothing is forever,
but maybe that's the sweetest pain we know,
for we cherish more the things we cannot keep.

What comes must go, what rises must bow,
what ebbs must flow—
So let it pass, let it change, let it become what it must be,
for there is beauty in impermanence,
it sets us free...
And if all things shift like wind across the sea,
touch every fleeting moment
like it's a blessing waiting to flee.





2. Eccentric

Aren't we poets handsomely eccentric?

We go in to feel things.

See it all,

live it all,

taste it all...

And then let it all go,

just so we can go back,

revisit the places,

pickup the broken pieces, dip

them in blood & write on our skin.

Aren't we poets handsomely eccentric

We know good things are relished

when discovered back in time.

We know it hurts better when

the pain in our bones rhyme.

3. Dried flower jewellery

I wear jewellery made of dried flowers,
because love outlives the seasons that undo it.
There's beauty in the dead and gone, in the quiet hours,
for even after endings, something warm still flows through it.
Petals that once trembled in the wind now rest on my skin,
holding every sunset they once learned to survive.
They remind me that loss isn't always where things end—
sometimes it's where things begin,
because even fallen things can find new ways to stay alive.
I wear their gentle remains close to my pulse,
a soft confession that nothing truly disappears.
Even broken stories turn beautiful, even silence becomes full,
and even after goodbye, love still whispers in our ears.
So I keep these dried flowers—fragile, faded, true—
proof that the past can bloom again if you let it.
There's beauty in the dead and gone, in everything we've lived
through,
for love never leaves empty-handed...
it leaves us with the courage to revisit.



4. Fall in love with a girl who writes

Fall in love with a girl who writes.

Terrified to dive in her ocean of stories,
swim in her words of disguise.

Lend her some of your precious seconds,
when she will be running out of time.

Kiss her through the nights she stays awake,
looking for words that rhyme.

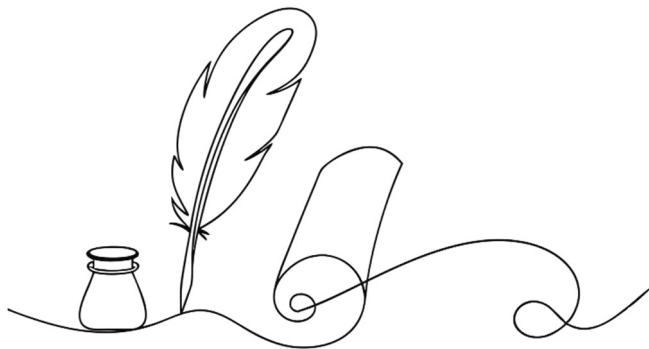
Hug her through the unsaid & unheard;

Love her, under the scars she hides.

Read her a little more than her poetries

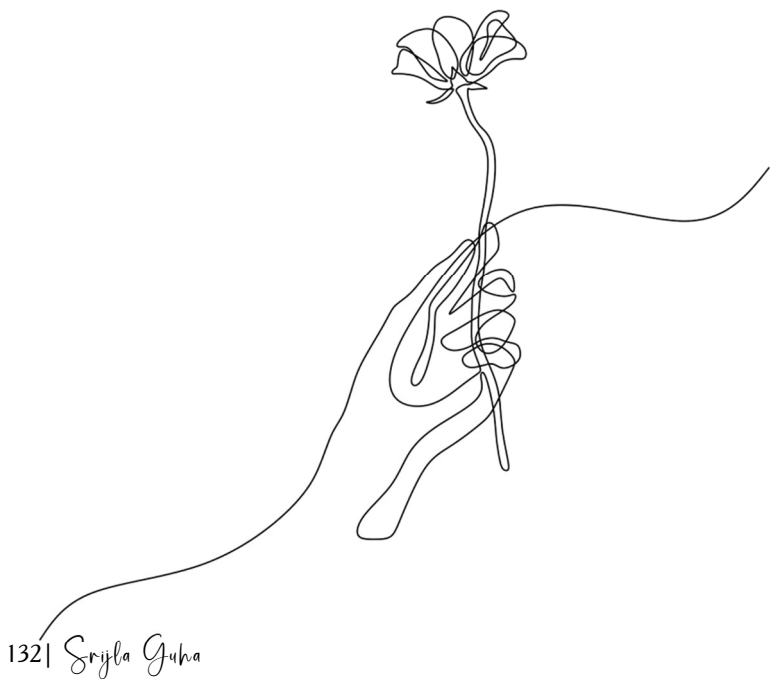
Love her,

in between the lines.



5. Owe us

When will we realise we owe the
love, we want to give away to others;
when will we understand
we need to stop wishing for things that aren't
meant for us...



6. Found

I lost myself again & again
for I wanted you to find me.
Until one day my lost way led me
back home.
I realised I lost you but I found myself finally...



7. A little more

I see desire in the tremble of your
lips & love oozing your eyes;
Yes I didn't change my address
but the girl you're looking for,
here no longer resides.
I wanted to hold your face & tell
you how much I missed you all this time.
But for the first time my darling
I tried so hard but couldn't make
my love for you rhyme.
I wish I could introduce you to the girl I was before,
for she would love you like you love me now;
That girl would love you a little more.



8. Constant ?

Okay, so now, let's together try to
solve this riddle

We're trying to run outside but
how do we open the door if we
are stuck in the middle?

You promised we will never stop
loving each other,
our love tale will have no end;
But how do we remain the same
while change is the only Constant?

9. Burning bridges

I am to blame for the fire,
the number of casualties are high.
But I intended to ash you down only,
others were not supposed to die.
I am sorry but I had to see,

if you were the phoenix meant to set me free,
but turns out you were just the
bridge that hung in between who I
was & who I was supposed to be...

10. *Voices in my head*

I realised it was not you,
who I had to get away from,
it was my head I had to run from —
My head who didn't fight for me
but fought for us —
held on to the Moon when the Sun was gone.
My head —
reasoning out everything you unintentionally said.
My head —
defending both

— my voice & your silence...



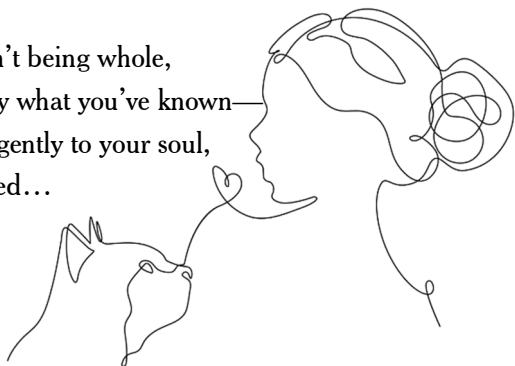
11. Home has four legs

They heal you without sermons, rules, or plans,
without demanding courage you don't own,
they place their fragile trust inside your hands
and make your shattered hours feel like home.

Between refilled bowls and early morning walks,
between the shedding fur and gentle mess,
they stitch your life together in small talks
spoken through touch, through silence, through distress.

They love without conditions, pause, or pride,
they stay when leaving would be easier done,
they choose you in the way the moon chooses tide—
softly, surely, asking nothing in return.
And when your heart collapses in its seams,
when hope feels like a language you forgot,
they sleep beside your broken, tender dreams
and guard the pieces others never fought.

They teach you healing isn't being whole,
or waking up untouched by what you've known—
sometimes it's fur pressed gently to your soul,
and learning you are needed...
and not alone.



12. Whispers to heaven

Was I the only one to whisper my wishes
to the sky while on an airplane?
Hoping for my prayers to be heard a little louder...
Witnessing time too slow to be called in motion.
Clouds too paralyzed to carry messages to heaven I could see,
but still seemed far.



13. Battles not mine

The only person I owe an apology to is myself.

The only girl in the photograph
whose hand I shouldn't have left.

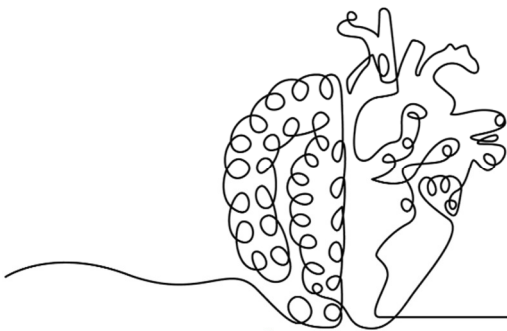
The girl in the mirror whose complaints
I shouldn't have ignored.

I should have hugged her through thick and thin,
Not left her alone.

The girl in the reflection of your sunglass
whose smile I should have protected.

I shouldn't have pushed her to become
the truce to defuse the riots in your head.

The girl whose scars I should have adored and not hide,
for she got them only because I forced her into battles
that weren't hers to fight.



14. Your Red

They thought I traded souls with the rainbow for I had colours
people borrowed to look fair.

I had the rarest shades of yellow & green,
the world couldn't find elsewhere.

They knew it was hard to preserve,
yet they wanted my violet.

But amidst all this chaos & despite my fancy shades,
my heart secretly wished for your red.

Little did the world know,
I had a small place among all these
colours that was always empty.

And one day you pass by & your astonishing red is all I see.

For a moment I knew, that red was all I needed to stop feeling
that little hollow.

So I traded my heart for your red,
that I could never own,
only borrow.

Now you ask your red back &
I smile for I know,
There exists no red without
my magenta & yellow...



15. Barefoot Cinderella

Hello

Has anybody seen my other shoe?

This Cinderella runs barefoot in this town.

With clipped wings, lost rings,

She runs barefoot in her ragged gown.

Scratched nails, scraped arms, her throat runs dry.

She smiled through the bright days & screamed at the stars,
yet blamed the dark nights.

I run, I run looking for my prince,

I cannot recognise for he lost his crown.

Hello, they say you have my other shoe.

Can I have it back please?

This Cinderella runs barefoot in this town.



16. My brave eyes

I see you, quiet warriors beneath
the looks, my brave eyes.
Not quite surprised, we've seen too
much too soon to wear disguise.
You're unhappy they say.
'You're carved from rain,
A quiet kind of aching pain.'
But they don't know the storms you've faced.
The love we lost, the time erased.
You've searched in crowds for
what was gone,
And learned to blink & move on.
I'm so proud you've memorized
pain, joy & ache;

And still reflect the strength I fake.
You have seen me leaving, the
soft undying of promises
the echo of doors that close too quickly
to be called cruel—
yet loud enough to haunt the premises.
I know the mirror stares longer
some days,
makes you uncomfortable, but you've
held your pain with so much grace.

The mirror nods with pride—
She knows it too;
Those eyes once burned, now bruise
in blue.
She knows those eyes have watched

the whole world fall down,
Have worn both the silence & the crown.
So when they say 'You hold sorrow',
it's not what they think,
It's every goodbye folded neatly
behind every blink.
Every smile stitched carefully to
keep the tears beneath
Every glimpse you try to erase,
Still haunted by the dreams.
It is too many sunsets you held,
without someone to stay the night.
Yet you shimmer, both dark & bright
learning how to light.
Let the mirror reflect your defiance
Let it echo my pride,
And if the world must say
'You're sad',
Let it be humbled, you survived.



17. The art of unloving

They never teach you how to stay,
when love begins to slip away
but harder still and rarely told,
is how to let a warm hand go cold.
It starts in whispers, not in wars ---
In folding dreams and closing doors.
I trace your name like it's a scar,
A fading echo from afar.
I packed your laugh, your scent, your song
convinced myself it won't take too long.
But love's not light, it stains the bone,
strange leaving someone who still feels like home.
I scrubbed your voice from every room,
but silence only made it bloom---
I wore my pride, I played my part,
yet slept beside your ghost every night apart.
But grief is love that has no place,
It lingers slow, quite in it's grace.
So I unlearned your every touch,
the way you blinked, the way you clutched---
I turned the 'us' to only 'me',
learned healing comes with a cost, isn't free---
It's bitter work though, this setting free.
Unlearning you, unlearning 'We' ;
But each small crack let's something through---
A new way of light shaped by unloving you.

18. Wild bird

Have you ever seen a long-caged bird go free,
its wings trembling at the weight of the open sky?
It doesn't soar at once — it learns gently, cautiously,

as if teaching its own heart how to fly.

It lands on unfamiliar branches, unsure of what to trust,
still carrying the memory of the bars it once called home.

But freedom has a kindness that softens the rust,
and soon the bird remembers it was born to roam.

Healing feels the same — a quiet, staggering start,
a slow rebuilding of the things we thought we'd lost.

We hold our breath as we walk back into our own heart,
still tender from the battles,
still counting every cost.

But then something shifts... a whisper, a breeze, a song,
and suddenly the world doesn't feel as sharp as it used to be.



It takes time, it takes courage, but not for long—
one day, you'll look up,
and realise *you* were the bird breaking free.
And the sky that once scared you will feel like home again,
wide, forgiving, endless — exactly as healing should be.



19. Prisoners of Time

Do we have time, or does time have us?
We wear its chains and call it trust.
We chase the hours like borrowed gold,
yet every second slips — and we grow old.
We set alarms, we plan, we race,
pretending we have choice inside this space.
But time just smiles, a quiet thief,
that trades our moments for belief.
We talk of *tomorrow* as if it's ours,
counting minutes like captured stars.
Yet time just watches, still, amused —
for we are owned, bound and used.
We don't have time — we never did,
it owns our tears, laughs, dreams we hid.
We live its myth, its grand design,
and call it our life — this cage of time.
We don't have time — not really, not much,
we just pretend, pretend its not out of touch.
We think we have time to love, to plan, to trust —
but truth is simple - we don't
Because we don't have time,
It's time that has us.

20. *A map maybe ?*

If every wound became a map,
then my skin is a geography of lessons—
roads crossed, paths abandoned,
territories burned and reborn.
Growth is not forgetting what cut you,
but understanding
which direction finally leads you home.

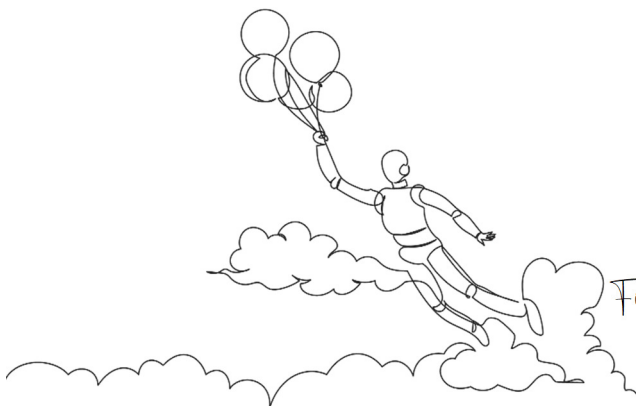


21. Heaven learning how to fall

Maybe healing isn't loud at all,
maybe it's heaven learning how to fall—
softly, like light slipping through morning air,
touching every place you thought would never repair.
Maybe heaven isn't a place above,
but the way your scars start whispering love.
How your breath returns after years of pain,
how hope tiptoes back like unexpected rain.

Maybe miracles don't always come in gold,
sometimes they're quiet...
gentle, bold—
the way broken wings still learn the sky,
or how dead ends teach you how to fly.

Maybe heaven was inside you all along,
waiting for your tired soul to grow strong.
And every hurt you thought would never end
was only heaven... teaching you to mend.



22. You Became a Lesson

You became a lesson,
and that's where it all started—
not when you loved me,
but when you left me halfhearted.
I thought endings were loud,
filled with thunder and goodbye,
but yours came like a slow unraveling,
a truth dressed in a sigh.
You taught me how silence
can scream louder than words,
how promises can shatter
without ever being heard.
I learned love isn't always gentle,
sometimes it comes to break—
to carve you open, piece by piece,
till there's nothing left to take.
You became a mirror,
showing me what I ignored—
the parts of me that begged for less
but kept coming back for more.
Now, I don't seek forever,
I seek peace that stays.

I don't crave intensity,
just love that doesn't fade away.

You became a lesson,
and it hurt to understand—
that some hearts only meet
to teach us how to stand.
And though you burned me quietly,
I rise softer, uncharted—
because you became a lesson,
and that's where I truly started.



23. I'm healed now

I'm healed now—

or at least I no longer flinch at your name.

The streets we once walked don't ache anymore,

your laughter doesn't echo through my veins.

I sip my coffee without tasting you in it,

the mornings are mine again,

soft, simple, steady—

no ghosts in the sunlight, no ache in the rain.

But healing wasn't holy, it was hell.

It began with shaking hands and sleepless nights,

with letters I never sent and words I never said.

I kept trying to scrub you out of my soul,

but you were ink, and I was skin.

Every song was a wound reopening,

every silence was you leaving again.

I learned how love can rot while still smelling sweet,

how promises can echo long after they die.

There were nights I begged the moon to erase you,

mornings I cursed my heart for remembering your eyes.

I drowned a hundred times in memories

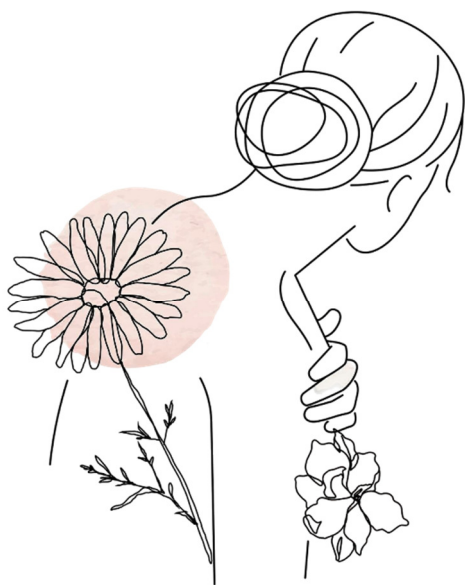
before I learned how to swim through them.

And now—

I don't miss you, but I still feel where you used to be.

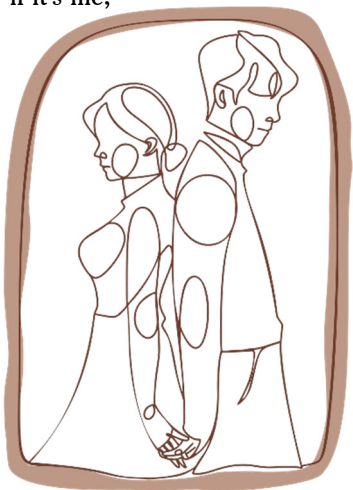
Like a phantom limb that twitches in the dark,

a part of me still reaches for something
that isn't there anymore.
You're not my ache now,
you're my absence—
and somehow, I've made peace
with the quiet it leaves behind.



24. If ever love finds me again

If love ever finds me again,
I hope it's a man who puts effort in the small,
and never calls it too much when he tries.
someone who gives me flowers, that's all—
just because he loves the way my laughter flies.
who listens when I speak of dreams untold,
and cares for the things that matter to me.
A love so gentle, never harsh or cold,
a place where my heart can simply be.
I hope he reminds me I'm worthy still,
that love should never make me ache.
someone who gives, not out of will,
but because his heart won't let him fake.
A love that feels calm, a quiet sea,
where safety lives and doubt has died.
someone who never makes me wonder if it's me,
or if I'll ever be enough inside.
a man who shows each passing day,
that love is given, not earned in pain.
and if ever love finds me that way—
may it never make me beg again.



25. So... How Was Heaven?"

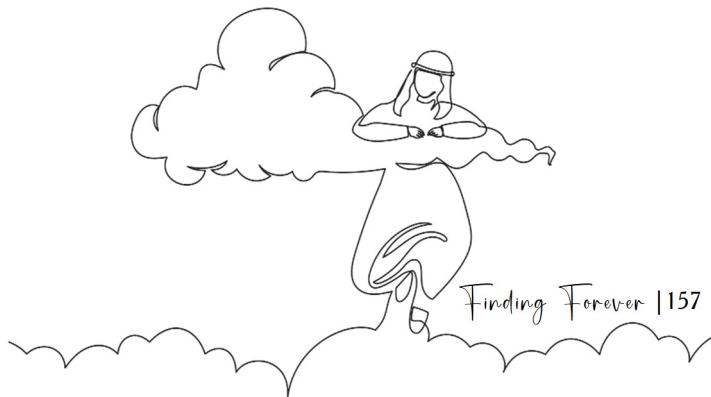
What if after you die, wherever your soul finally drifts,
God smiles softly and asks, "So... *how was heaven?*"
And you stand there, stunned, because you realise with
trembling breath and eyes undone—

"I walked through heaven every day..."

I just didn't know it was the one."

What if earth was the paradise we kept overlooking,
calling it ordinary while it bloomed miracles at our feet?
What if every sunrise was a postcard from eternity,
and every embrace was proof that souls could meet?

What if the pain was just the price of feeling deeply,
and the losses were reminders to hold what stays?
What if the laughter, the touch, the nights you felt alive
were heaven disguised in mortal days?
And what if the saddest truth of all
is whispered in that divine question above—
that heaven was here, beating inside your chest,
and you just forgot to call it love?



26. Too much

I used to think I was too sensitive
for too many people,
like my heart was a glass kept
too close to the edge of the table.
Every feeling—too much.

Every tear—too loud.
Every love—too wide for the rooms
I tried to fit in.
But now I don't apologise
for the way my soul spills over.
I don't regret having a heart
that bruises fast
and blooms faster.
I feel everything—
and I finally like that about me.
I like that love hits me like music,
that kindness makes my chest ache,
that I fall hard, hope big,
and mean every word I say.
I like being loved loud—
not in whispers,
not in half-hearted echoes,
but in ways that match my storms.

In ways that hold me,
not leave me behind torn.

I wasn't made to be quieter,
colder, safer.

I was made to be felt.

And if that's "too much"
for too many people—

They were meant to be outgrown.

Because for the ones who stay,
this heart isn't heavy.

It's home.



27. Finding Forever

Are you finding forever
outside of yourself—
in borrowed hearts,
on someone's shelf?
Are you chasing a heart
to quiet the ache,
forgetting your own
is the first one to take?

Are you searching for peace
in another pair of eyes,
when the calm you're seeking
already lives inside?
Are you hoping someone
will show you your worth,
when your own two hands
can build a softer earth?

Forever isn't hiding
in somebody new—
it starts in the mirror,
and then grows into you.
So don't look too far,
don't wander too wide—
your forever was always
waiting inside.



29. We Don't Act Our Age

We don't act our age,
we act the wounds we hide,
the storms that grew in childhood
still whisper from inside.
We don't grow the way they say—
we grow around the ache,
learning how to stitch ourselves
from every little break.
We don't act our age at all,
we act the fears we keep,
the nights we cried in silence
when the world was fast asleep.
Yet somehow in our trembling,
in the hurt we drag along,
we learn to hold ourselves softly—
we learn that even the broken still belong.



30. Petrichor

Do you know what petrichor is?
It's the smell of soil after rain.
It's the feeling,
the Earth is breathing
after holding in a lot of pain.
It reminds me of quiet moments,
of washed-away tears and light.
Of hearts that were tired of breaking
finally learning to feel alright.
That smell is a kind of healing—
you can't see it, but it's there.
Like hope in the middle of ruin,
like peace in a broken prayer.
And after all the chaos
Petrichor whispers softly:
You survived the rain,
Now even the driest parts of you
still know how to bloom again.



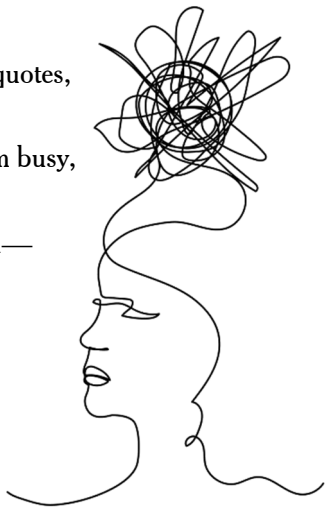
31. Unrequited

The world would be so easy to live in,
If every heart loved the same way back,
If the ones who chose us freely
were the ones our souls ran to in times of lack.
If wanting and being wanted,
always walked the very same road,
There would be fewer quiet heartbreaks,
Love would be easier,
with fewer disappointments to hold.
But the ones who stay and care for us'
aren't always the ones our souls run to pursue,
So the world stays soft and difficult,
Tender, broken, bright, and true—
And in every crowded room, everyday, everytime, a quiet heart
understands—
What it means to be deeply loved by someone

...it cannot love back.

32. Right way to heal

So what *is* the right way to heal, exactly?
Do I drink more water, delete old photos,
light a candle, forgive everyone,
and wake up brand new by monday?
Do I run from my pain in the morning,
Stretch it out in yoga at night,
eat cleaner, think kinder, love softer—
And call that survival, call that “I’m fine”?
They say, “Time will fix it,” very casually,
as if time also holds me when I break,
as if clocks know the weight of memories
or how heavy one small name can ache.
Should I replace you with hobbies and quotes,
With sunsets, with friends, with sleep?
Should I pretend I’m healed because I’m busy,
Because I’ve learned how not to weep?
Tell me the protocol, the proper method—
Step one: hurt.
Step two: let go.
Step three: become someone untouched
By the love that ruined me slow.
Because I tried doing it “the right way,”
Quiet, brave, and alone—
But somehow healing feels like learning to smile
among people who swear they know me—yet don’t.



33. kintsugi

Do you know the Japanese way of mending—
Kintsugi—

Where broken bowls are not hidden,

But healed with lines of gold for all to see?

The cracks are not erased,

They are outlined in light.

What shattered once

returns brighter than before.

I think hearts heal like that too—

Not by forgetting the break,

but by filling the ache

with something warm and something new.

We don't become the same again,

We become honest with our scars,

And learn that even damage

can turn into something beautiful.

So when you feel broken, remember—

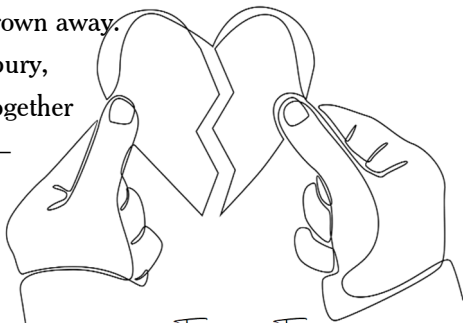
You are not meant to be thrown away.

These scars you are not to bury,

You are meant to be held together

shining through every scar—

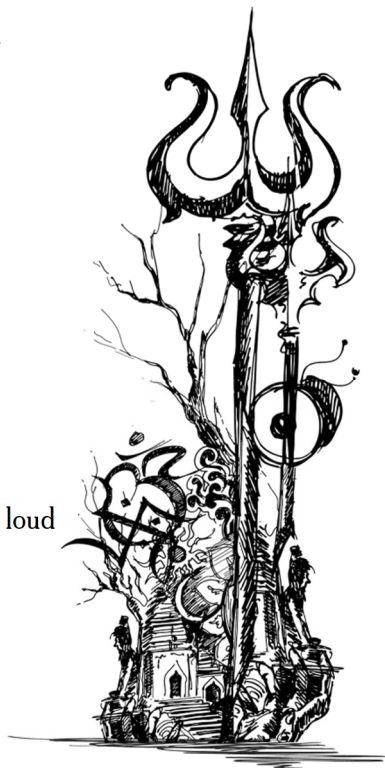
becoming extraordinary.



34. I run to his ashes

When everyone left with my breaking,
when even hope forgot my name,
I ran toward the one
who wears silence like a crown.
The one with ash on His skin,
and a river resting in His hair—
who keeps poison in His throat
so the world can still breathe.
Ash becomes my shelter,
the moon remembers my name.
A blue quiet holds my sorrow,
and I am safe again.
I came with a shaking soul,
with faith in torn pieces.
He did not ask why I was late.

He only kept the door open.
Where others turned away,
His stillness held me together.
Where love wounded,
His quiet healed.
Now, whenever the world feels loud
with abandonment,
I remember—
there is a blue-throated refuge
that never leaves.



35. *Healing is strange*

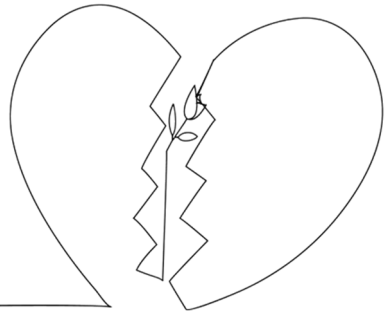
Healing is strange—
you can miss someone
with a tenderness that surprises you,
a warmth that rises in your chest
when a song, a street, or a sunset
reminds you of who you once were with them.

And yet...
you don't want them back.
Not because they were bad,
not because the love was small,
but because you've grown into someone
who finally understands
that certain people are meant
to be chapters,
not entire books.
You remember the way they laughed,
how their presence once felt
like a kind of shelter—
and you can think of it now
without collapsing,
without wishing to go back
to a version of you who didn't know any better.

Some evenings, nostalgia arrives
like soft rain on an old window,
gentle, familiar—
never cruel.

You let the memories sit beside you
like old friends passing through town,
staying only long enough
to remind you
that once, you loved openly
and fully,
and that in itself was beautiful.
And maybe this is the sweetest part
of healing—
realizing you can treasure the past
without needing to live there.
You can miss someone without reopening the door.
You can hold love without holding on.
You learn to wish them well from a distance,
to hope they find joy
in places where your hands
no longer reach.
And in all that gentleness,
a quiet truth unfolds—

you didn't lose them;
you simply found yourself.



36. Show them it's love

There will be people
who split you at the seams,
not out of care—
but curiosity,
to see what glows
or bleeds
beneath your quiet skin.
They will press on your bruises,
poke at your fears,
pry at the places
you stitched back together
with trembling hands.
And when they finally see
the chambers of your heart—
the softness, the storms,

the tender ruins—
they will expect rubble.

But show them
it is love.
Show them the light you still keep warm,
the hope you still guard,
the gentleness you never buried.

Hammer it into the world
with every breath you take—
that even when you are opened,
broken,
hurt,
you choose
again and again
to love.

When they find the fragile places,
the parts you hide—how them it is love.



37. Letting Go is not the end

Letting go is not the end—
it's the soft beginning
of living without pretending
your heart is still waiting.
You return to yourself—
to the way your laughter sounded
before life got heavy,
to the dreams you paused
while loving them.
It isn't a grand moment.
No music,
no last goodbye.
Just a quiet truth settling in:
you've carried this long enough.



38. Dear me

Dear me,
I'm sorry you've been so hard on yourself.

You didn't deserve to carry every burden
like it was your job to stay unbroken.
I know you try— in quiet ways no one sees,
in brave ways you never name.

And even on the days you fall apart,
you're still doing your best with the heart you have.
So here's a little softness for you:

It's okay to rest.

It's okay to not have answers.

It's okay to be human in the most fragile, messy ways.

You don't need to earn love,

or prove worth,

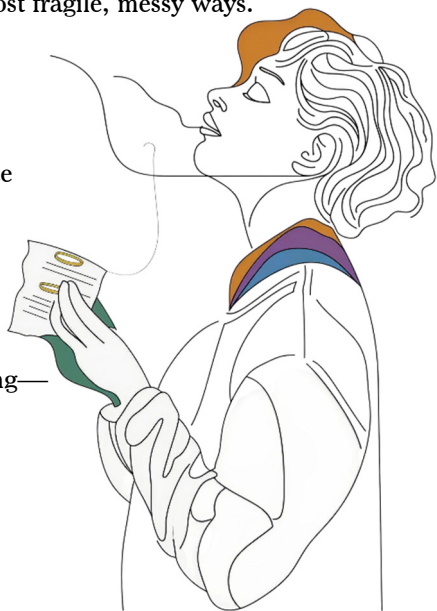
or pretend you're fine.

You're allowed to take up space
exactly as you are.

Please be kinder to yourself.

You are learning, healing, trying—
and that is enough.

You are enough.



39. December Again

December again—
the month that tastes like endings
yet carries beginnings in its breath.
The sky burns soft with goodbye light,
the sun slipping through clouds
like a promise that refuses to fade.

This is the season
where what you lost settles gently,
where what you hope for
starts humming quietly inside your chest.
Let the last light of the year
touch your wounds—

it doesn't rush,
it doesn't demand,
it simply warms
what has been cold for too long.
And as the day lowers its head,
so can you.
Not in defeat,
but in release—
the kind that makes space
for something softer to grow.

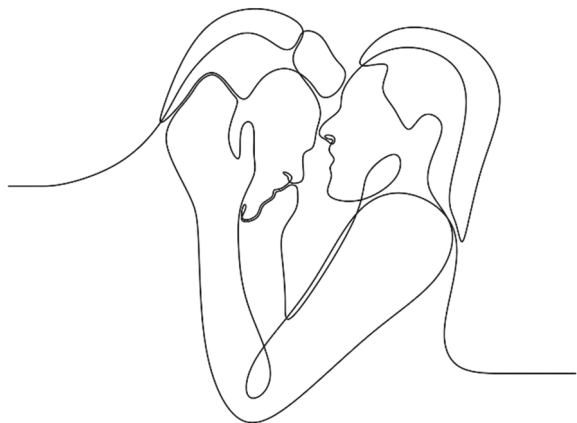
December again,
and you're still here,
still healing,
still learning that some endings
arrive holding new beginnings
in the very same hands.



40. Old bricks

If you keep carrying old bricks,
you'll keep building the same house—
the one that taught you
how to shrink yourself,
how to stay quiet,
how to make a home out of hurt
because it was all you knew.
You'll rebuild the walls
that once trapped your breath,
lay the same foundation
that cracked beneath your trust,
and wonder why the light
never finds its way in.

Read that again....



41. Givers

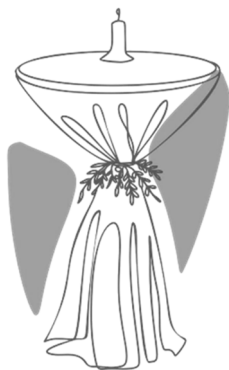
I wish the ones who always show up
find someone waiting too—

a warm light in the doorway,
a voice that says “*I choose you.*”
I wish the healers are finally healed,
the steady ones are seen.
For once in this wild, loud world,
may the givers be given everything.



42. Nostalgia isn't love

Nostalgia isn't love—
it just knows how to mimic it well,
making you miss a person
who was gone long before farewell.
It's the echo of a moment,
not the moment itself—
a memory warmed by longing,
not a hand that helps you with the shelf;
Nostalgia isn't love—
it's only love's ghost,
It's just looking for a body today,
and you're being the host.



43. Convenience isn't Love

Let's not romanticise convenience,

Convenience is not love.

Love is relentless.

Love is inconvenient.

Love is terrifying.

Love is everything that makes you feel alive—and small,
all at the same time.

Convenience whispers softly,

“Stay here, it's simple, it's fine.”

Love shouts through storms,

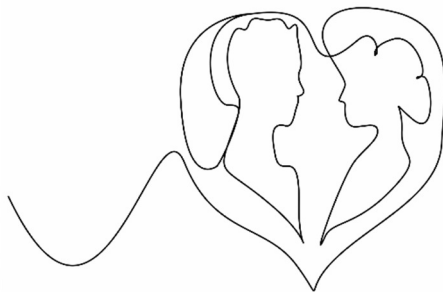
“Even if it costs everything, I am yours.”

Don't confuse the empty comfort

with the fire that shakes your bones.

Love is the ache you carry willingly,

not the warmth that fits your schedule.



44. Let It Hurt, Then Let It Go

Let it hurt.

Let the ache crawl under your skin,

let it twist in your chest,

let the tears fall unchecked.

Name the pain.

Stare it down.

Breathe through the thorns

that dig into your bones.

Feel every sharp edge,

Remember every bruise memory left behind,

touch the wound,

know how deep it runs.

Then, when your hands are raw,

when the echoes have sung their sorrow,

Remember

Let it hurt, then

Let it go.



45. I never got the apology

I never got the apology,
so I learned to rest my heart
in my own hands
and whisper, *it's okay now.*

I never got the apology,
so I stopped waiting
for echoes that would never come—
and chose instead
to listen to my own breath
steadying itself.

I never got the apology,
so I became the person
who doesn't need one
to move, to rise, to stay alive.

I never got the apology,
and still—
look at me,
growing anyway.



46. Unapologetically

She loved you like no one before
She loved you unapologetically.
She touched your hidden scars,
She caught you off-guard, didn't she?
But she was more than what you
let her be.

She was more than what you
let her see.

Still, everytime She ran, unapologetically to pick up your
scattered pieces, everything to get
you fine;

She gave away pieces of her
heart to fix you,

She gave away the love she
could unapologetically call 'mine'!

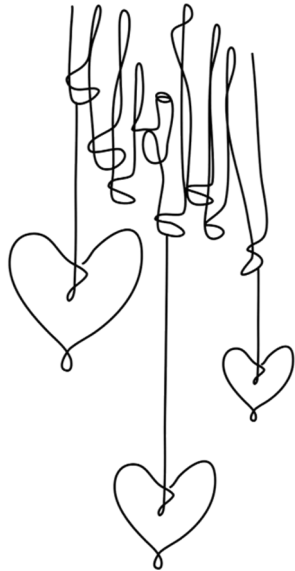


47. Snow and ice are not the same

Snow falls gentle,
soft as a forgotten prayer,
melting the moment
a little warmth touches it—
a tenderness meant
to disappear.

But ice—
ice is what happens
when softness stays too long
in the wrong kind of cold.
It hardens.
It learns not to melt for anyone.
It becomes the quiet refusal
of a heart that has been

left outside too many seasons.
So no,
ice and snow are not the same.
And somewhere between them,
my heart learned exactly
who I became.



Note from the Author

If this journey touched your heart, I invite you to revisit my earlier work, *Forever January*—a gentle celebration of kindness, compassion, and the quiet strength within each of us. That book was written for those who choose to see light in the darkest moments, to pour love into the world without expectation, and to honor the beauty in small gestures.

Both books are now available wherever you love to read:

Online Retailers: BlueRose, Amazon, Flipkart.

E-book Platforms: BlueRose and Google Play.

Thank you for walking this path with me. May these words remind you of your own light, encourage you to keep choosing kindness, and inspire you to embrace the gift that you are.

