

Forever
not
Always
Letters Never Sent

ANANYA BHAGRIA



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To you

PREFACE

It's not something I ever imagined I'd do - write poetry. I've always been the intellectual kind, but literature holds a special place in my heart. I was only 13 when I started writing these poems. To me, they are much more than just poetry. This book represents a small part of who I am- my thoughts, my perspectives, and my observations of life. I hope that you can relate to the complex feelings of daily life that I've tried to encapsulate on paper - the problems, joy, sadness, love, ridicule, loathe, envy and so much more. I understand that ink and paper cannot fully define a person; but, *this* is me. Through these words, I am pouring my heart out to you, hoping that you will cherish it, because that's all we poets can do - *hope*.

Yours truly,

A.B.

Forever not always

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To you, me, and everyone who's ever been there. Everyone who has ever supported me, moreover, *believed* in me. I can't take names here, because there isn't a specific muse for every artist, it could be pain; that I've tried to capture in words. But, there's happiness, fear and love too, After all, it's just faith, the faith I have in you. Pain is not always sad; or worse, *useless*, pain is a beautiful feeling, that everyone has a different perception of. Pain is how you see it, how it's *shown* to you, most of us haven't even experienced pain, but we fear it so much. It is so inhumane, how can we not empathize with something so beautiful?

I admire pain; all poets do

Me & you too

I believe everything happens for a reason, I'm not sure if it happens for good or not, but I'm sure there's always a *reason*. Something me and you, cannot neglect. This book, maybe, is *your* reason.

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BLOOD ON MY HAND

Do you understand?
It's not my fault; I have blood on my hand
Can I start explaining?
Only if you'd stop complaining
I know, I am a beast in gloom
It feels like I am trapped in my own room
I ask myself, Am I humane?
For answer, I get silence
That silence, hits hard inside,
Where all my dark thoughts reside
I may say, I don't feel,
But on the inside, I am the one who really needs to heal,
So, for the blood on my hand,
I shall say,
'You won't understand'

MAYBE

I am not complicated
I am just suffocated,
With, my thoughts, my feelings, my depression,
When they ask,
Why do I show aggression?
Why am I so complicated?
I say, I am not complicated,
Just suffocated,
I am dying, just so fed up of trying,
I am burning alive, but no one can see the fire,
I am being stabbed every second, but no one can see the knife,
Maybe, my thoughts are the problem
Or Maybe, I am the problem,
Maybe, maybe, maybe
My whole life has become a 'maybe'
Am I alive? Maybe
Am I dead? Maybe
Am I happy? Maybe
Am I sad? Maybe
And when they shall ask again,
I shall say,
Maybe, I am a little complicated

*And when I wanted us to be more than a 'maybe',
I remembered, I was destined to be a 'maybe'
- Uncertainty*

*Everything is connected, in one way or another;
You just realize it later*

- The Creator

LOOKING AT ME

I see you, looking at me,
But I can't judge your urge, to keep looking at me
I am in complete gloom,
but all you see is flowers that bloom
While, you lit up my dark skies,
All I could do was, look at those brown eyes
My desire grows,
My desire, to keep looking at you,
All your hues of *blue*
What does that Blue mean?
Is it love?
Or is it the pain, that you have gained,
By looking at me,
So peacefully,
In your gaze, is a strange mystery,
Could you and I, ever be a '*we*'?

LOOKING AT ME PT. II

The way I loved you,
I swear it was true,
The way I loved you, and all your hues of blue
No wonder, why I never understood,
How much harm you could do,
Soul mates are for life, but all you left was a knife
Oh, I loved you so much,
It was more than just your touch,
The way I loved you,
I'd still swear it was true

LOOKING AT ME PT. III

Everyday, I see you and wonder,
If you see me too,
I believe, when you look at me,
You see shame,
Because, I did lose the game,
But, when I look at you,
I see grace, because
You did win the race,
I wonder, if you look at me,
The same way I do,
And then epiphany strikes,
You don't even look at me,
Do you?
Are you disgusted by the thought of me?
Please be true,
Because, if I were you
I'd be too

*I don't hate people,
I persuade them into hating themselves
Because, no one can hate a man
More than, the man himself
- Self doubt*

WHY DO I CRY?

Why do I cry?
Why god, Why?
I need to stop,
But I cannot,
I want to, really
I do,
I ask myself, why do I cry?
For answer, I have regret
Regret of speaking,
Regret of screaming,
Regret of being so naïve,
Simply, the regret of being alive,
I want to die,
But, I am too afraid to try,
So, all I do is cry

WRITING TO YOU

I want to tell it to you,
But, I have no clue, how to,
I want you to know,
That it's too early to go,
I want to tell you, how I am feeling,
But, I guess, that this is the 'healing'
Is this the end?
Oh dear friend
I still miss you,
When you and I weren't so blue,
I miss the old you,
The not so cold you,
I miss the grateful you,
The not so hateful you,
Just leave the glory,
This is the end of the story,
At last, I shall say,
I still want to tell it to you,
But all I can do, is write it to
you

*My feelings are now scattered,
Because deep down,
I know
It all once mattered
-Denial*

BROKEN MESS

Please don't leave me,
The gloom, It doesn't matter to me,
What does, is you,
I'll be happy to be sad,
If only, it's with you,
Eventually, you'll go, find someone better,
And I would still be wishing, we were together,
I frown, but not because I'm angry,
I frown, because I always let you down,
I am a true mess, with feelings that I just can't express,
I wish you knew,
That I really am a broken mess

THE PLATONIC *LOVE* SONG

I love you like a love song,
Because you're never really wrong,
It's literally the same,
But this time,
It's more than just a game,
I'd never make you cry,
Never will I lie,
You get me so high,
My sweet apple pie,
I just can't express my love for you,
Never will I make you blue,
I would still love you like a love song,
Even if I have to do it
For an eternity long

MOVING TO MARS

Look at the stars,
I just want to move to mars,
This is just not my place,
I'd be better off in space,
It would be so fun,
Because, I would not have to run,
From the feelings, I'm feeling,
And the scars, that aren't healing,
Maybe, I'm just not meant for this earth,
Or maybe for even taking birth,
I still feel that this isn't my place,
I'd be better off in space

*I built our home with blood and bone,
But all you saw was brick and stone
- Appreciation*

SORRY FOR...

I am sorry about the way I make you feel,
I know, it is a big deal,
I don't want to make you weep,
But the cuts I make are too deep,
I can't look at the scars,
Without being reminded of the scars,
The scars, that I gave you,
I guess, I do make you blue,
At the end, all I can say is sorry,
Sorry, for not getting you flowers,
Sorry, I don't talk to you for hours,
Sorry, for being so mean,
Sorry, for the problems left unseen,
Sorry, for never appreciating you enough,
Sorry, for you had to be so tough,
Sorry for the way I make you feel,
You don't make it, but I know,
It is really, a big deal

OH, DEAR ROSE

I hate the way you look at me,
It's like you want me so desperately,
But, I guess it isn't true,
It just doesn't feel like you,
You are *the rose*,
I was never the one you chose,
You never will,
In your eyes
love's absent
A bitter pill

Oh, dear rose
I wish I was the one you chose,
But all I can do is wish,
Because, in your thorns,
My heart finds its abyss,
I do say, I have stopped caring,
But when you pass by,
I still can't stop staring,
Yet, amidst the pain,
my love for you still grows,
But in my heart eternally,
only for you it flows

IS THIS NORMAL?

Do you think it's normal?
Never mind, you think a-lot,
I don't think we should continue this,
Because, all it will cause is damage,
I am happy to say, I am no longer broken,
It was just an emotion,
To begin,
I wish I never saw you again,
I did destroy myself
Just to get you to help
But all you did was walk away,
Now, I am glad you didn't want to stay
What a view seeing you, betray me
So gracefully,
Never mind, that's how you've always been,
I still can't believe, you could be this mean,
I wish I would have known,
Is this just the envy you've grown?
Is it killing you? Or
Making you blue?
But, why would I care,
You still think it is normal,
Don't you?

*It is better to be the villain of your story,
Than being the victim of my own
-Perspective*

CONFUSIONS

This confusion,
It makes my head hurt,
Where it is chaos
There was silence first
This is not where I belong
I hope I don't stay here for long
I don't want this,
Just want to return to my silent bliss,
I recall, I was so peaceful
Now, I can't help but be weepful
I can't even sleep now,
I am reminded of the confusions,
They still make my head hurt,
My mind, a void desert

FED UP OF YOU

I am so fed up you,
Just get out of my view,
I am fed up of hating you,
I want to stop debating you,
I gave you the chance,
But you didn't want to dance,
I wished you were my friend,
But now, I am glad this is the end
I am so done with you,
Done with being so blue,
You hurt me
Yet, I say sorry,
Now, I don't want you to be my friend
Or live in my heart, free from rent,
Still, I say sorry it's my fault,
I still wish, I never called,
Some days, you want me
Others, you haunt me
I wish you had been *true*,
But, that's not something you'd do,
Oh, I am still so fed up of you

I DIDN'T WANT TO WRITE ABOUT YOU

I didn't want to write about you
All the ways you were untrue,
I haven't even talked to you,
Dear, how unbothered are you?
But, I do look at you,
You don't
and I know you won't,
Why would you?
You don't like people who are true,
You like slaves,
with whom you play your nasty little games,
How could you leave me so easily,
And still manage to do it so gracefully?
Don't get me wrong,
'*with you*' isn't where I belong,
And I know, this is just the pride,
that you are unable to hide,
And I promise
I really, did not want to write about you,
But oh my dear, I really had to

A NEW FRIEND AT EVERY END

It's fascinating, what you'd do for a friend
And wish, it would never end,
I don't know
If it's better for us to be together,
But what I know is,
If I go, you'll be the only one I miss,
And I know this will end,
But every end is a start,
Oh, I wish we were a little smart,
I wish we could handle it that way,
Wish I wasn't another one you betray
But still I'll say,
It's fascinating what you'd do for a friend,
Knowing, very well, that they will go away,
And all of this will end

THE MAN I CALL MINE

I ran, while being chased by a man,
The man I call, my fears, my anxiety and my tears,
 This chase isn't ending,
It's been going on for years,
 My heart isn't mending,
It has cried so many tears,
 I still ran,
As I didn't have control,
On the one I call *my man*
But, now I have learnt to live with him,
Because, at last, he's all I have,
 My everything

INSTANT AGONY

It's aching and I'm breaking,
I know you didn't mean to break me,
But, you did take away all the glee,
Now, I'm submerged in silence,
I think it's better if you break my alliance,
And you may,
You may go away,
Why aren't you gone?
Please, don't you mourn,
I am not dead, yet
Your clothes,
How'd they get so wet?
Well, I think you shouldn't have gone out
It was raining,
I bet the pain is still not waning,
It's still aching,
And I'm breaking

WHY I HATE THE RAIN?

I used to love the rain,
I guess, because of you,
But now, sadly, it just makes me blue,
I don't even like the color anymore,
I guess, because of you,
Because, anything you like,
I should like too,
You don't even text me anymore
No more calls while you're crossing the road,
Not much love, lately, you've showed
And I can hate the rain,
But, oh my darling,
I can never hate you,
Even though, you make me wait too,
But, my dear, I will keep waiting for you,
Even though, sometimes,
It does make me blue,
Even though, I hate the rain,
It can never make me hate you

A POET'S ART-BLOCK

I think I have an art block,
But the writer's kind,
I can't face my feelings,
It feels like I'm blind,
I wish I could write like the olden times,
When we weren't so selfish,
And each line, didn't contain the word *I*,
I wish the world was less blue,
Filled with glee, instead of gloom
I wish I was a little brave,
Brave enough, to dig your grave
It isn't regret,
It's more like grief,
What I've dealt with,
Is what you'd call, *the last leaf*

TIME

I wish I had some time
Some time to study
Some to game
Some to listen to music
Some to even go in vain
Time won't wait for you
It would go away soon,
Like wind, phew,
But this necessarily isn't true
If I couldn't sit back and enjoy the view,
I'd say that too
But we are young and free
Let's make use of this time
So someday,
You don't hear your children say,
I wish I had some time

WHEN I SEE YOU, I SEE STARS

When I look at you, I see stars
I see beauty and it's not just your face,
Your eyes, or your mind so wise,
No,
It's *you*
It's you, inside out,
So beautiful, that the word beautiful is less,
You may think you're no more than a silly mess,
But whenever your silly heart dares to think that,
Just remember,
that there is someone,
Someone, out there,
Who looks at you and sees stars

SOMEONE MORE THAN MERE WORDS

Darling, you are someone more than mere words,
 You are a piece of poetry,
And I think, poetry is beautiful,
 Best way to express emotions,
Especially, fragile ones like love
But I think you're more than that,
 So much more, my little dove
You are something worth believing,
 Something that's true,
Because I really don't know
 Who *I* would be,
 If you weren't *you*

NIGHTS LIKE THIS

There are some nights,
When I think it would be better,
To end things,
End every matter,
Tonight is *that* night,
When I see no light,
To see, or to feel, there's nothing bright,
But, all I want to see, is me
All I want to be is *free*
Because, for once,
I thought you were mine,
But now, when I think of you,
The only solution is to whine,
I think, ending life is better,
I know, it's not easy
But, it surely is better,
Than pretending to be alive,
When all I can do is *survive*

WHAT IF I DIED LAST NIGHT?

What if I died last night?
Would you even care?
Would you even care to ask, when or where?
Would you try to make things alright?
Would you take me to places, bright?
Love, you know it's too late
I am already tired of the wait
The wait for your eyes, agate
Tired of waiting for you
When you ask, 'how late is too late?'
You'd already have the answer,
I'd already be gone,
Leaving no time to mourn

I HOPE FOR LOVE, STILL

I've always thought,
That love would be black or white
That it would be dark or bright,
That it isn't more,
Than a wrong or right,
But, now, I've understood,
In our case,
It is not black or white,
Love, can never be black or white,
It is a special kind of grey,
For the first time, I think I'm wrong,
Because, for the first time, I'm so certain,
With you, is where I belong,
Your eyes, most adorned,
I believe, I should've been warned,
That I would fall,
Harder than rain,
And it wouldn't cause much pain,
I still hope, my efforts don't go to vain,
Because, a hopeless romantic,
Still resides in my brain

PAPER CREATURE

I think I've found it,
I think I've found, the light of love,
For which I had been looking around,
It's a pleasure to look at you,
What I call, a wonderful view,
But, when you look at me,
A glance is enough,
To give birth to thousands of butterflies,
But when you look away,
Each one cries,
I think you have mastered,
The art of making me fall,
When you're not on my mind,
A time I can't recall
In your gaze is a spell so sweet,
Our bond, a tune complete

I USED TO WRITE IN MY DIARY

I used to write in my diary
Now, I write on my phone
I loved writing in my diary
Now, that feeling is unknown
I miss writing in it
Pouring my heart out,
Every single bit
Now, I just type and type
Ironically, feeling less than before
I guess, this phone cannot feel;
What my diary could
If I could still write in my diary
Believe me, I would
Ironically, I am still typing
And maybe,
Just maybe,
I've stopped longing, for that feeling unknown

THE POET IN ME

Inspiration never strikes
Makes me wait day and night
It feels like a mystery
Discovering the secret history
Life feels difficult
Without something to rely on
I wonder,
Why no one warned me,
About the difficulty
Of having a poet in me

THAT WORD

I am so upset
I just wish I were dead
I know dead is a strong word, but it's just how I feel
These are the words,
I've been trying to conceal
Rumi told us to welcome each emotion with grace
But now it just feels like an old maze
I know it's sad,
But it's true
I wish I were dead
And I wish no one knew

OH, HOW I FEEL

Oh, how do I feel?
I ask myself
But- 'nothing'
is all, as an answer I get
You make me mad
sad and depressed
Anxiety takes hold of me
Breathing, no more easy
You are difficult
You make it hard to love
My love turns into rage
Life feels like a cage
And foolishly, I go
Because I love you
I go back, because
I love you
At least that's what I say to myself
A fool in love,
is what I've become
'Loving you'
A feeling I cannot overcome

JUST LIKE ME

Find someone else to sing for you
Find someone else who'll tell you every single detail about
their day

Find someone who makes you smile
Find someone who makes you feel loved
like I do

Find someone who takes care of you
like I do

Find someone who is as pretty as I am
to you

Find someone who knows you
like I do

Find someone else,
not me,
But *Just Like Me*

AMBITIONLESS

I've lost all ambition for worldly acclaim
Life feels demolished and
Destiny screams my name
I've been robbed of my dreams
All ambition
All intent
I think, for this only, I was meant
I don't even dream about dreaming anymore
A failure, evermore

COMPLETELY UNNECESSARY.

I feel unwanted
My phone feels haunted
Everything seems so terrible
My feelings, too perishable
I feel ruined
I try and try
But it seems no one gets it
It feels like my heart's split
Shattered into pieces
Two pieces, more precisely
And none of them belongs to me
My heart isn't mine anymore
It's a ruin
Your name scratched on the walls
Why is it such a haunting place?
Yet, it's all that is in your gaze
It feels humbling how inhuman I am
How cruel, how heartless
I hate myself
And it doesn't even surprise me anymore
that you hate me too
I am meant to be hated
Cruel hearts like mine
They don't deserve love
Hatred is what I am made for
I am a wreck.
Completely unnecessary.

CAMUS

I have been looked at
But I have never been seen
I burn in flames
But no one intervenes
All I do is
Scream my silent screams

ALMOST ALWAYS

Sometimes, I stop
I know, I am confused almost always
But sometimes I feel like stopping
Gazing at what's forward or forgotten
Waving at old friends or nemeses
Then, instead of moving forward
I let the train go,
and the boat
and the car
And then I simply wait,
well not that simple too
waiting and waiting
for someone who never stops
could make me or you, blue too
But sometimes waiting is the only answer
What scares me is,
that if I do keep waiting
My heart would become a void desert
I don't want that,
That is what stops me from stopping;
Almost always

THE FEAR OF MISSING OUT

I fear missing out,
I've feared it since I was young,
Now, this fear often turns into tears,
And I miss the songs unsung,
Lost in the echo of what might have been,
I chase the shadows of moments unseen,
I try to forget about it,
Say 'it's no big deal'
When, I can't help but be the third wheel,
Things would never be the same
as they were when I was sane,
I fear missing out, still
Even when I don't want to,
I'm afraid, I always will

I AM NOT A POET

I am not a poet,
But when I think of you,
words flow like a river
my hands forget to shiver,
when my mind fills up with you,
I can't help but be blue,
I love you too much,
to let you be you and me be me
because
I don't want you to be free,
free of me
I won't let you be,
because I love You
And that's *all* I'll ever do

I DIED YESTERDAY

I died yesterday,
I am so sad
I won't even ask why,
Where were you?
I don't mean to pry,
But, it would be good to know why,
Why me?
Am I not deserving of glee?
Even after I die,
I know
No one would want to stop by

FOREVER NOT ALWAYS

I talked to him today,
Made me feel a little gay,
His eyes, have told too many lies
But still they shine bright like stars in the sky
Wasn't I one of the fools,
That fell for him like water falls from heavenly pools?
I love him, but it's more like envy
The envy I feel when he looks at me,
I'd love him forever
But I won't love him always,
And I miss him,
Even though he isn't gone,
There are many things
I wish he would have known
No matter what he thinks,
He'll always know
I care
Always, I'll care

THE END

{maybe}

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Ananya Bhagria is 16, but don't let the number fool you; her mind often wanders centuries ahead or behind, lost somewhere between the verses of Wordsworth, the paradoxes of philosophy, and the ever-confusing labyrinth of human nature. A self-declared over thinker with a flair for the dramatic, she finds solace in poetry, books with cracked spines, and conversations that spiral into existential debates.

When not pondering the meaning of life, she's likely preparing for her next Model UN conference, where she diplomatically roasts delegates with both charm and solid policy. Ananya also thrives on socializing, and documents her poetic chaos on Instagram under the handle [@konbhagria](#) and on Youtube under [@Anesia Poetry](#).

“Good writing is like a windowpane”
George Orwell