

Unfinished Sentences

*A Collection of Incomplete Thoughts
and Quiet Endings*

Sanvie Verma



BlueRoseONE^{.com}
S t o r i e s M a t t e r

New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

Copyright © Sanvie Verma 2026

All rights reserved by author. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the author. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the publisher assumes no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

BlueRose Publishers takes no responsibility for any damages, losses, or liabilities that may arise from the use or misuse of the information, products, or services provided in this publication.



BlueRoseONE[®]
Stories Matter
New Delhi • London

For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

ISBN: 978-93-7825-709-4

Cover design: Anuj

Typesetting: Tanya Raj Upadhyay

First Edition: July 2026

Dedication

For the people
who stayed in small ways.

And for the versions of me
that learned how to live
with unfinished things.

Table of Contents

Fathers Daughter	1
A silly, stupid line	3
Forgotten	5
Understood like this	7
At thirteen.....	9
Learning to hold	11
The Other Room	13
What stays.....	15
Constant.....	17
Rules I Learned.....	18
Seventeen Birthdays	20
An incomplete list of things equivalent to saying 'I'm scared you'll leave'	24
The Drawer	25
An incomplete list of things equivalent to saying 'I love you'	27
An incomplete list of things that feel like a warm hug	29

An incomplete list of things that mean more than they sound.....	30
Objects	31
Unsent	33
Acknowledgements	35
About the author	36

Fathers Daughter

They say I am my fathers daughter.
Maybe theyre right—
For I am built with his chinai,
the slow, patient laying of love like bricks beneath my feet.

He shaped me without blueprint or noise,
only with small, steady gestures—
the way he showed up,
the way he stayed,
the way he carried silence as if it were strength.

He never carved rules into me,
only rhythms—
kindness in one layer,
patience in another,
and a deep love for family
woven like cement through it all.

I see traces of his craft everywhere:
in how I frown when I read,
how I walk with quiet assurance,
how I am soft with the world
but open with those I love.

I am the house his hands built,
not with stone,
but with moments—
each one a brick he didn't know he was laying.

If I stand tall today,
its because he measured every inch with care,
never rushing the work,
never doubting the strength beneath.
He is my chinai—
the builder, the ground, the quiet art of becoming.

A silly, stupid line

I said a silly stupid line
not because I meant it,
but because I was afraid you might.

I thought if I ended it first
I could protect myself—
like stepping off a cliff
before someone pushes you.

I didn't want distance.
I wanted safety.
I wanted proof that you'd stay
even when I flinched.

The line wasn't honest.
It was armor—
thin, trembling,
made of fear and pride.

Words don't know intentions.
They only know how to land.

It landed on you,
then turned around
and cut me deeper.

If I could take it back,
I'd trade the line
for the truth I couldn't say:

Please don't leave.
I was only trying
to stay.

Forgotten

You were never just a place.

You were a routine.

Iced tea sweating on a small table,
two straws,
our knees touching under it
like an accident we didn't correct.

You watched us leave cafés slowly,
as if the streets were waiting.
We always walked the same way,
past shops that closed too early,
past laughter that wasn't ours,
until we reached the street
we decided belonged to us.

You let us believe that.

How generous of you.

Hands tangled,
silence doing the work,
time folding in on itself
between parked cars and dim lights.
We laughed like nothing could interrupt us.
Not the night.
Not the future.

You saw it all
and still let him buy me roses.
Every time.

Nine months later,
I found their petals
pressed thin in a forgotten box,
still red,
still trying.

I wonder if you remember us
the way I do
every time I walk past you
and slow down
without meaning to.

Understood like this

She is the one who knows
before I finish the sentence.

The fair one,
not in color
but in clarity.

She reads my pauses
like they're written somewhere,
understands my silences
without trying to fix them.

With her,
nothing needs defending.

There is no version of me
I have to soften.
No truth I have to dress up.
We sit with things as they are
and somehow
that's enough.

People call her my best friend,
but that word feels small.

She feels like family
I found late
and kept anyway.
A sister chosen,
not inherited.

She shows up
without announcement,
stays without questions,
and never asks me
to be anything
other than honest.

If I regret anything,
it's not the time we've had,
but the years before it,
when I didn't know
I was allowed
to be understood like this.

At thirteen

At thirteen,
you felt everything
too quickly
and didn't know
where to place it.

Your emotions arrived
without warning.
Tears came first,
words later.
You hadn't learned yet
how to hold a feeling
without letting it spill.

The only thing
that made sense
was her.

She waited by your door,
listened without interrupting,
let you cry into her fur
until the world felt quieter again.
You loved her
because she never asked you
to explain yourself.

Back then,
your heart needed somewhere safe
to land.
So you gave it to her.

Now,
I am closer to twenty
than I am to you.
And emotions don't scare me
the way they used to.

I know how to sit with them.
How to breathe through them.
How to carry more than one
at a time.

I can even hold my sisters' feelings
alongside my own,
steady,
without losing myself.

That didn't come from nowhere.
It came from you.
From feeling deeply
before you knew how to manage it.

You weren't weak.
You were learning.
And somehow,
that was enough.

Learning to hold

I feel things
much before I understand them.

Joy settles quickly,
like it knows where to go.

Sadness lingers,
not asking permission.

Anger passes through,
brief but honest.

Hurt stays longer,
waiting to be noticed.

I've learned to move carefully
with all of it,
to carry emotion
without letting it spill.

But who am I
without my sensitive heart?

It is how I notice small shifts,
how I listen closely,
how I stay open
even when it would be easier
not to.

Who knows,
maybe feeling too deeply
is a blessing,
one I'm still learning
how to hold.

The Other Room

There was a room
I couldn't stay in.

Nothing about it
asked for attention.
The bed was made.
The window worked.
The light fell where it always had.

Still,
my body resisted it.
I sat down
and felt like I was intruding
on something already there.

Silence felt crowded.
Even my breathing
had to find its place.

I told myself
it was the change,
the unfamiliar ceiling,
the weight of arriving somewhere new
with too much time at night.

So I moved.
Carried my sadness carefully

into another room
that didn't remember me yet.

Only later
did I understand.

That first room
had learned the sound of my voice
after dark.

How conversations stretch
when no one is ready
to sleep.

It wasn't the room
that made me ache.

It was the memory
still living there,
unaware that it had ended,
waiting
for me to continue.

What stays

When someone leaves,
they don't take their words with them.

They go quietly,
as if nothing happened,
as if language isn't something
they rearranged inside you.

Their phrases stay.
The small ones.
The careless ones.
The way they named ordinary things
until they weren't ordinary anymore.

You catch yourself using them
in empty rooms,
in conversations where no one knows
where that sentence came from.

That's the part that stings.
Not the leaving,
but the evidence that they were here
long enough
to change how you speak.

Over time,
new voices arrive.

New rhythms.
New ways of saying the same feelings.

Their words settle in slowly,
layer by layer,
until the old ones soften,
until you forget who taught you
that particular sentence.

It's a cycle.
Losing people,
keeping fragments,
making room again.

I think stealing vocabulary
is the most intimate thing we do.
Letting someone live in our language
without asking.

But I'm learning
to be careful with it.
To hold my words closer.
To remember
that people leave
more easily than their sentences do.

Constant

You're not a passing feeling,
Not a moment that fades when the day ends.
You're my calm in the noise,
My stillness in the rush.

I choose you now,
When everything feels too much.
I'll choose you again
When the world shifts,
When life changes its colours
And people drift away.

I'll choose you on the good days,
And the ones that ache a little.
And if we got another life,
I'll find you there too,
Just to love you again,
The same way,
Maybe even better.

You're my constant,
You always will be.

Rules I Learned

I have never known
the rules of this game.

I couldn't tell you
what matters,
who serves first,
or why the crowd holds its breath
when it does.

Still, I learned one thing:
how to sit very still.

I learned that moving
might change the score.

That writing
might interfere.

That speaking
could cost something.

Someone once said
if he wins,
things might soften.

Might bend.
Might open again.

So I stayed where I was.
Watched the numbers change
as if they were listening to me.

When I spoke,
the momentum shifted.

When I went quiet,
it returned.

I began to believe
my absence was useful.

That my stillness
was doing work
I didn't know how to do otherwise.

I don't care about the match.
I never did.

I care about how easily
hope trains the body
to obey.

How quickly I learned
to stop writing,
stop moving,
stop reaching—

just to keep
the possibility alive
a little longer.

Seventeen Birthdays

On my first birthday
I was too young
to remember anything at all.

On my second birthday
I got a dog—
a puppy my mom still says
was impossibly naughty.

On my third birthday
I learned how to blow out candles
at a party where she
made every decoration herself.

On my fourth birthday
she dressed me in a kimono
for a rainbow-themed party.

On my fifth birthday
my wish was simple:
that my dog's eyesight
would come back.

After my sixth birthday
I learned he was gone.
I still look at the bite mark
he left on my hand

and kiss it sometimes.
On my seventh birthday
I wanted a disco party.
My mom made that happen too.

On my tenth birthday
I was obsessed with unicorns.
She made my best friend
wear a unicorn onesie
so we could match.

On my eleventh birthday
she gave me a Hogwarts letter
and turned the house
into something magical
while I quietly realized
I was losing touch
with my friends.

On my twelfth birthday
the world stopped.
My only wish
was another dog.
My parents and grandparents
made that happen.

On my thirteenth birthday
my mom took us all
on a road trip—
the same friends I thought
I was drifting from
surprised me anyway.

On my fourteenth birthday
I didn't eat my cake
because I wanted to look
like the girls in magazines.
My mom never once
made me feel like
I didn't already.

On my fifteenth birthday
it rained
and I threw a tantrum.
She still turned it
into the best picnic party.

On my sixteenth birthday
I was buried in exam stress.
She made sure
I still felt celebrated.

On my seventeenth birthday
she flew to the city
where I live now
and threw me two parties—
one with my girls
and one a little bigger.

At three in the morning
I had a panic attack.
She didn't sleep
until she knew
I was okay.

Seventeen birthdays later

I think I understand
what my real gift
has always been.

My mom.

And if I grow up
to be even half
the woman she is,
I'll consider that
a life well celebrated.

*An incomplete list of things
equivalent to saying 'I'm
scared you'll leave'*

"I don't mind, we can do whatever you want."
(please choose me)

"It's fine."
(I don't want to fight)

"Tell me what to do."
(I don't want to lose this)

"I'll watch it."
(maybe this will fix something)

"I'll stay still."
(maybe this will help you stay too)

The Drawer

There is a drawer in my room
that doesn't close properly anymore.

It's filled with things
that shouldn't matter by now—
small notes,
stickers I never used,
old receipts,
empty boxes
from gifts that once felt important.

Every now and then
I try to organize it.
I stack the paper,
flatten the envelopes,
tell myself
I should make space.

The drawer is too full.
I need it to close again.

But every time
I start sorting through it,
I remember
where everything came from.

The apology letter
I couldn't throw away.
The receipt
from a night I wanted to last longer.
The folded note
written in someone else's handwriting.

None of it is valuable.
Most of it is paper.

Still, the drawer feels heavy.

Because if I've ever loved someone,
a small piece of them
is probably still in there.
And I'm not ready
to throw people away
just to make space.

An incomplete list of things equivalent to saying 'I love you'

"I sent you a picture of the sunset."

(I wanted you inside the moment.)

"Text me when you wake up."

(I want to start my day with you.)

"I saved this for you."

(I was thinking of you when you weren't here.)

"Drive safe."

(I am afraid of losing you in small ways.)

"Call me when you reach."

(I need to know the world still has you in it.)

"I made it the way you like."

(I pay attention.)

"Take my jacket."

(I'd rather be cold.)

"You don't have to pretend."

(I accept all versions of you.)

“Stay a little longer.”
(I am not done loving you yet.)

“I’ll wait.”
(I choose you, even in silence.)

An incomplete list of things that feel like a warm hug

“I noticed.”

(you matter.)

“I remembered.”

(you stay with me.)

“I’m here.”

(I’m not going anywhere.)

“You can go first.”

(your comfort is important to me.)

“Tell me again.”

(I like listening to you.)

*An incomplete list of things
that mean more than they
sound*

“Did you eat?”

“I was worried.”

“I thought of you.”

“Call me.”

“Stay.”

Objects

a folded receipt
dated in a month
I don't visit anymore

a hair tie
stretched loose
kept anyway

two movie tickets
creased through the middle

a paper cup
with a name
spelled almost right

a note
torn unevenly
along the edge

a pen
that stopped working
mid-sentence

a small box
with nothing in it

a sticker
I never used
a shirt
with ink signatures
fading into each other

a dried petal
pressed between pages
I don't open often

a drawer
that doesn't close
all the way

Unsent

I open our chat
and scroll for a bit—
memes, voice notes,
half-finished conversations
that never needed endings.

I type
hi,
then pause.

It feels strange
starting again
with someone
who already knows
everything.

I try—

I was thinking about you.

I leave it there
for a moment,
reading it
like it belongs
to someone else.

I don't know
if this is normal—
to check in
after so much time
like nothing changed.

Or if it would feel
out of place now.

So I delete it.

Not because I don't want to talk,
but because I'm not sure
how it would land.

The chat goes quiet again,
just the way it's been.

I tell myself
I'll message her
when it feels natural.

I'm just not sure
when that is anymore.

Acknowledgements

This book was written in pieces— between late nights, changing rooms, long calls, old memories, and moments I thought would pass quicker than they did.

Thank you to my family, for loving me in ways so steady that I only fully understood them once I grew older. To my friends, for making softness feel safe. To the people who unknowingly left behind lines, habits, places, and words that found their way into these pages.

And finally, to the reader— thank you for sitting with these unfinished sentences long enough to make meaning out of them.

About the author



Sanvie Verma is a student, writer, and aspiring lawyer whose work often revolves around memory, growing up, human connection, and the quiet ways people leave traces of themselves behind. Her writing is deeply rooted in observation—of rooms, conversations, habits, objects, and the emotions that exist beneath ordinary moments.

She began writing *unfinished sentences* at sixteen, during a year marked by change: moving cities, navigating distance, learning how relationships evolve, and understanding what it means to grow older without fully feeling grown. What began as scattered late-night thoughts slowly turned into a collection centered around nostalgia, family, friendship, almost-love, and the soft ache of becoming.

Before this poetry collection, she published her first book, '7 days a week', a novel written during her early teenage years, marking the beginning of her journey as an author. Alongside writing, Sanvie is interested in psychology and law, particularly the emotional and social dynamics that shape people and relationships. She is also involved in academic research and hopes to continue exploring both creative and analytical writing in the future.

Her work is less interested in conclusions and more interested in what lingers—the unsaid things, the remembered phrases, the rooms that hold memory longer than people do.