

STILL AWAKE

A SERIES OF INTERNAL
MONOLOGUES



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Stories Matter er

New Delhi • London

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Still Awake

*"I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry;"*

John Donne

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First and foremost, I thank God, whose guidance and grace carried me through this journey, since writing this book took almost three years (two years and 7-8 months). It is through God's guidance that I even gained the skill to write something, and in addition to His blessings, He gave me friends and family who supported and encouraged me throughout the making of this book.

Secondly, I would like to thank my family members for supporting me, especially my parents (F. Lalhriatpuia and Lalnunsangi) and my sister (F. Lalduhzuali). They were surprised and sceptical at first, as even they couldn't believe that their son/brother—who barely does anything related to writing—would publish a book. But despite that, they still supported me and even lent money to make this simple dream of mine come true.

Thirdly, I would like to thank my friends who encouraged and supported me during the making of this book. I am genuinely grateful to all of them. Especially Samuel Lalpekhlua—I cannot help but highlight his name, as he willingly lent me his laptop, on which i did my editing and he also lend his skills in the editing too. Another significant name is Benjamin Remruatfela who help me with the cover art! There is also a group contribution from a group of friends called “ZNA.” This group consists of 9 members who also funded me by selling their own food products. (Such amazing friends I have!)

This book was not done by one person, but by a series of people. Many artists (my friends) whom I commissioned willingly gave their fabulous creations for me to put alongside my verses, which I cannot thank them enough for. Here are their names: Mercy Ruth Dang, H. Lalruatfela, Marillyn R Gachuiwung Shimray, Catherine Wakambam Daimari, Emmanuel B Phiapi, T. Lalruatkimi, Lalrinkimi Chawngthu, Chine Mena, Rosangzuali Kawlni, Rosangkimi Kawlni, F. Lalrinzuali, Pc Lalhminghlui, Lalremsangi Hniarcheng, Pc Lalhmingmawii, Jen Kenonish Marak and one anonymous artist. These people made my words come alive, and I cannot thank them enough.

PREFACE

Truth be told, I never planned to publish this book. It was meant to be nothing more than a collection of my poetry, arranged in an orderly manner — poems I wrote during my studies at North East Adventist University (ATS). The idea of publishing it came to me on a spur of the moment, and even that was a collaborative thought shared with one of my friends from the university. Even now, it is still hard to fathom that an unexpected fantasy of mine. One that only came to me last year(2025) — is actually becoming a reality. It is amazing how God's plan can take us to levels we never even dared to dream of.

Without further ado, I humbly invite you to this book of poetry, written imperfectly, but sincerely.

(A small note to the reader: the latter semesters are better.)

PROLOGUE

Not the Hero's Tale

I bear no strength of Hercules,
Nor Hephaestus' gifted flame;
I lack Achilles' fearless knees,
Lost in the routes Odysseus claimed-
Who sailed beyond the edge of sight,
Across the seas, through trail and pain.

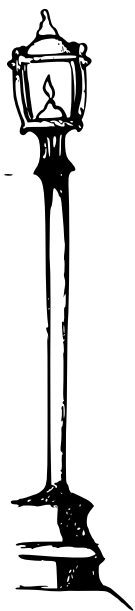
Nor Perseus, bold and battle-blessed,
Who felled Medusa, stone and stare;
Nor David, scorned yet un-distressed,
Defying Goliath's brutal glare.
Against the beasts, the odds were grim,
A gruesome fate was all but sealed,
Yet still they rose, their triumph hymn-
Unbroken, undefeated, steeled.

History keeps such champions' names,
Myths exalt their glorious deeds;
But this book shuns the banners and flames,
Not written for conquering leads.
Just a bard with no muse to call,
Who sings and wanders town to town-
A preacher-poet, frail and small,
Not the tale... nor the poem's crown.



Still Awake

1ST SEMESTER

12 AM

Multiple sleepless nights,
Empty thoughts hold me tight.
Listening to the music played by the
bugs,
Deep, dark thoughts that gave me a
hug.

I gaze through the window,
A streetlight next to the willow,
Stars shine through my window,
A breeze that blows while I lay on my
pillow.

Scrolling through my phone,
Staring at the neon light, all alone.
Howling in the distance,
And lightning in a glance.

It's 12AM, the middle of the night:
Even if I'm alone, there is no fright.
Just me and my thoughts,
A heart with an empty slot

Meghalayan Maiden

Enchanted by your beauty,
Enslaved by your charm.
Lady of the misty valleys,
I don't mean no harm.

Spare this poor soul,
Engulf completely, whole.
Set me free from this
Imprisonment-
Constrained, detained,
And resentment.

How I wish to be your man:
I will fight for you in every way I can.
Your eyes, your smile, your lips-
Just a touch from
your fingertips

Is enough for a
simpleton like me
To be enslaved by
thee.

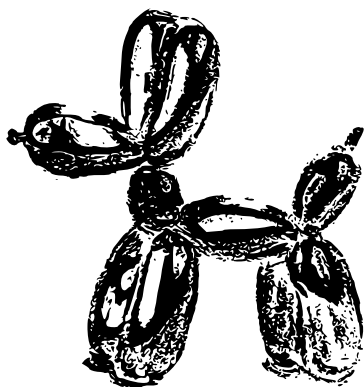


One is Enough

One text is enough to make me smile,
Fills me with joy, makes me worthwhile.
One laugh is enough to make me crazy, Fills my
stomach with butterflies and daisies.

One look is enough to make me weak-
Frail, feeble, and meek.
One minute is all it takes
For me to fall in love with you, with no brakes.

One hour for me to wait,
For you to dress up for our date.



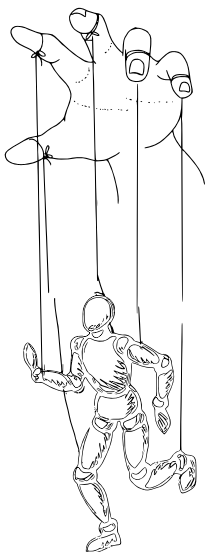
A stylized signature or mark, possibly reading "Riff". It is written in a cursive, handwritten style with a horizontal line extending to the right.

Mask

A mask of lies that speaks for the
owner,
Only if he dared to be bolder.
The mask uses words when he cannot
talk,
Just like a human being that walks.

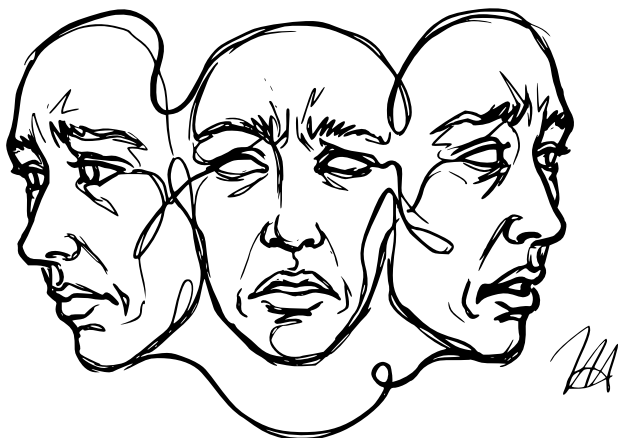
A mask that hides the owner's identity,
Holds its secret in wooden disguise.
It lies about his personality,
Conceals his true nature, the truth he
denies.

The truth that he constantly
defies
Is later revealed as clear as
the skies.
A persona, distant from his
true self,
Hidden from others, places
on a shelf.



Different faces like pages in books,
Stored away where no one looks.
Stuck in a dilemma-torn between
three,
Which of these faces will he be?

A master puppeteer hides his
profile,
Deceives others for his own
benefits.
A mask of lies that he wore for a
while
Changes his nature in a flick.



Heartbeat

The beat of my heart goes-
One, two: one, two: one and two,
Beating in a rhythm,
Beating just for you.

Love flowing out of my pen,
Scrambling across the paper,
A love poem written by a man,
One for now, another for later.

Words perfectly arranged
for my love,
Pockets of letters sent like a
dove,

A bouquet of flowers,
offered with love-
She is a beauty, sent from
above.



The Wind

The wind blows gently, sneaking
Through the gap,
Rippling through my skin,
Giving me a gentle tap.
The cold breeze cools the hot temper,
A monsoon drifting between
May and September.



Just a Random Thought

When you are no longer needed,
When change comes easily,
When your presence goes unnoticed,
And living feels like a choice,
The world softens its focus.

You step into a stillness,
A space left unoccupied.
No urgency to be saved,
No expectation of comfort.
You sit with the quiet,
And allow the dark to
settle.

There is little left to do,
Little worth revisiting,
Little left unsaid,
Little left to hold.
Only a silence remains
Where the heart once
lingered.

Why am
I so
BLUE?



Proff

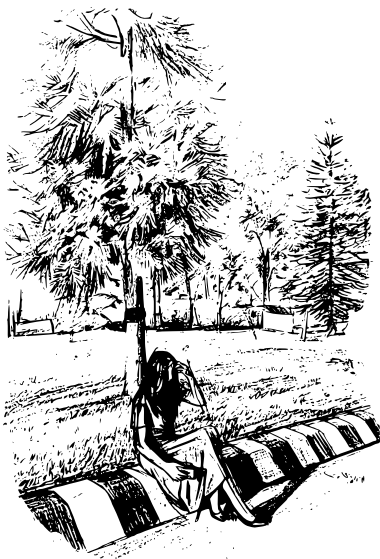
Another

Another-there will always be another,
So why should I bother?
While others begin to bloom,
Mine starts to wither.
It's the truth-this is life.
I'll change.
I'll change for the better.



Export from Heaven

Your innocent smile, your scarlet lips,
Your endless eyes, your playful quips.
Your angelic voice, a note from heaven's choir,
Her skin, smooth as the finest silk,
As if exported from a land of
honey and milk.
Desire rising, craving more,
Forever wanting, never poor.

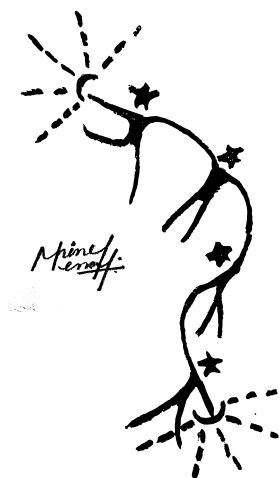


Fantasy

A new world I've created, yet-
Still trapped in the past, long faded.
Lost in my mind, wandering through
imagination,
I cherish those moments, living beyond
expectation.

I enter a place far from reality,
Unbothered by sin or profanity.
Eyes closed, I drift into the world
of my dreams,
A realm so beautiful,
Filled with comedy and tender
themes.

I wish to never leave this place,
Where joy and comfort embrace
me,
Where I taste the sweet nectar of
love,
And loneliness has no space to
dwell.



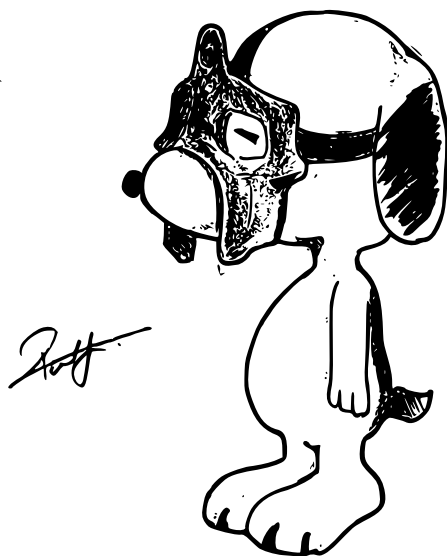
A Sweet Melody

I hear a sweet melody
That reaches straight to my heart.
An angel's voice, so pure,
A beautiful sound,
A true piece of art.



After the Rain

Tranquil after the rain,
Solemn in its silence.
Love within oneself,
Happy when alone.



Maybe When and Maybe Then

Maybe when the sun stops rising from the
east

And begins its climb from the west,
When the moon shines brighter than the
sun;

Maybe when sunflowers bow toward the
ground

And bloom at the start of winter;

Maybe when rivers flow upward

Instead of following their course;

When birds begin to bark instead of chirp,

When oceans dry up

And clouds rain fire from the sky.

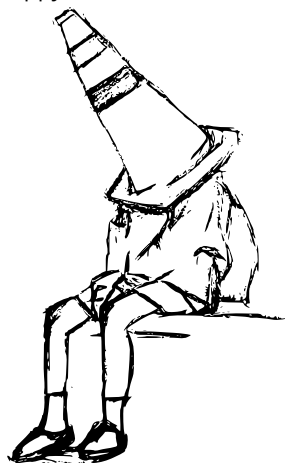
Maybe then, it'll be okay.

Maybe then, I'll be able to tell you how I feel.

Maybe then, I'll have the courage to stand
beside you.

Maybe then, you'll love me

Maybe then, I'll finally be happy.





When Can I

Ah- when can I?
When will I?

Lying beneath the star-strewn night,
I gaze into the sky,
And there-your face aligns with the
constellations,
Perfectly placed, beautifully arranged.

The window is my closest friend,
The wind my faithful wingman.
The sun, my brother;
The land, my quiet companion.
Each helps steady my aim,
Guiding me toward a holy grail-
My name etched somewhere in your
heart.

That warmth along my nerves,
The soft, electric trembling in my chest,
Butterflies stirring in my belly,
My legs weak beneath the weight of
feeling.

I've dreamed of us,
But dreams are all I've ever held.
Still, I'm grateful-for even this.
I am content with what we are.

*Mine
Meroff*



*Mindy
Kernoff*

Perhaps this is our fate:
Lovers misplaced in time.
Perhaps now is not our moment,
And our hour waits in another life.

I am grateful for what I have,
And for who I am becoming.
Someday, I will be another's lover.
We'll cross paths again,
Laughing gently at who we once were.

I'm glad I met you in this brief life-
You were one hell of an experience,
One hell of a soul,
One hell of a love.

Thank you-for everything, up until now.
For now, I walk forward,
Meeting another horizon,
Choosing happiness-
For now,
And for all that comes after.



Late-night Company

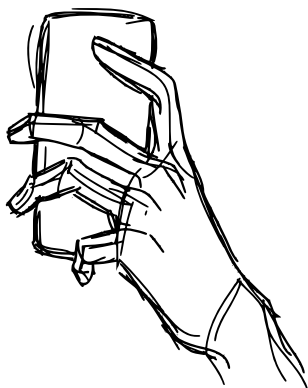
I write my poems late at night,
On a screen that glows, too sharp, too bright.
My fingers move past twelve o'clock,
Typing while a ghost still stalks.

I write where phantoms choose to stay,
While others sleep the hours away.
Soft snores surround me, hushed and deep,
No other sound disturbs the sleep.

Yet instead of fear, it comforts me,
A quiet, shared serenity.
It looks straight through my fragile soul,
And weeps upon seeing the hole.

Our difference lies in how we are:
One bound to earth, one gone too far.
An empty heart, yet still I live,
Still breathing, still with more to give.

One trapped within, one on his phone,
Two broken hearts-yet not alone.



A Song for Lovers

A song that sings straight into your heart;
Its melody wraps around you like a cozy blanket.
Warm, heartfelt lyrics-written with a pen,
Yet the ink itself is love.

The best of the drums mirrors his heart,
Each rhythm pulsing for the other he loves.
Soothing, emotional, and mesmerizing,
A beautiful song
Perfectly made for every lover to relate to.

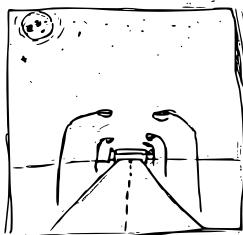
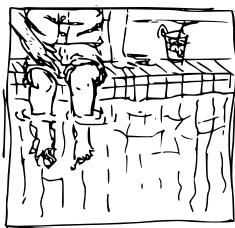


I'm Fine

This fear won't let me be,
A quiet, constant tragedy.
If only I could overcome,
My mind resists, but my heart longs on.

This fear sends shivers down my spine,
I tell the world that I'm fine.
But deep within, I yearn for something-
Someone to care, someone to sing,

Someone gentle, kind, and fair,
A soul so rare, beyond compare.



Push

Quiet Admiration

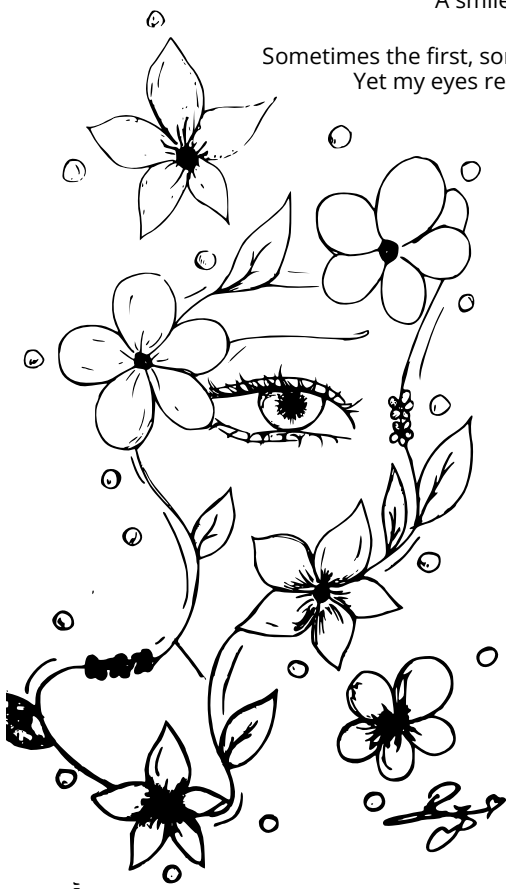
A smile worth more than a million,
Carried by chuckles soft and sweet.

Her hair, a gentle curl at the end,
Tan skin glowing, true to her origin.

A knitted sweater at winter's edge
Only adds to her quiet charm.
The bag she carries, the book she holds,
An umbrella resting on her wrist,
A smile still playing on her cheek.

Sometimes the first, sometimes the last to arrive,
Yet my eyes remain fixed on her motion,

Waiting, wondering
What she will do next.



I Dedicate these Lines to Thee

Upon my arrival, I never thought I'd meet you;
You caught my eyes on our very first day,
Thawed my heart once painted blue.
You guided me when I was left to stray,
Now my heart is set-my heart will stay.

You healed and mended my broken heart,
You moulded it gently, like a lump of clay.
My Lady Slipper Orchid, my new start,
You complete me-my missing shard.

Her wit and charm held me captive.
Her voice and hair, her smile and laugh-
Everything about her left me enchanted,
Moments I wish to capture in a
photograph.
My missing rib, my other half.

You pique my curiosity,
Leaving me wanting to know more.
An arranged set of words, a poem I've craft'd-
You are the world I long to explore,
Claiming my new home, my earth's core.



Minecroft

In Search of Purpose

Not a word upon my mind,
Nor a sentence to describe this pian.
Searching for a purpose, hoping I'll find,
Searching on, until I go insane.

Serving for others, living for another,
Thinking, "Maybe I'll find my purpose on the
way."

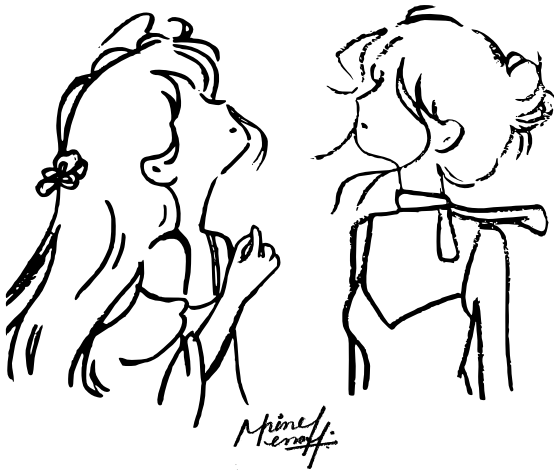
Then I realized my existence felt like a blunder,
Living only to delay my stay.



A stylized signature or logo, possibly reading "Raf" or "Rafael".

Music

She is more than a song,
She is the perfect symphony.
She is my lullaby,
She is my melody.



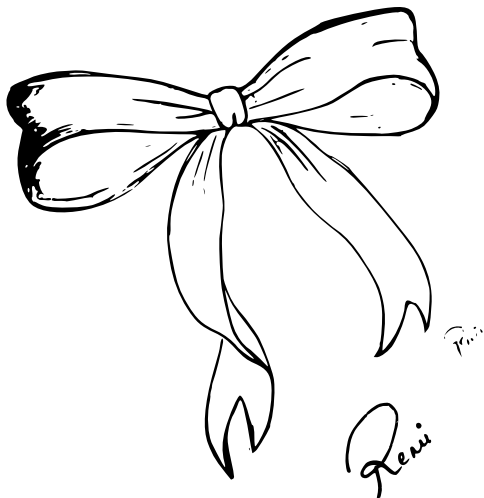
Black Ribbon

Tis nothing more than a little gift,
Bought quietly from a humble thrift.

May it be hope in moments of despair,
A gentle reminder, clipped I your hair.

Even when you rest on another's arm,
May it remain your lucky charm.

Bear this in mind-
You are a perfect symphony,
A sympathetic harmony,
And a lovely melody.



Poetic and Ferocious



The words she utters are poetic,
Every song of hers - romantic.
The way she swayed, the way she moves,
The aura she carries, the way she
grooves.

She completes each task
with excellence,
Yet even her flaws feel
elegant.

The poems she
composes rhyme with
delight,
But beware-her rage
arrives with fright.

The puff of her cheeks when
she's upset,
Her petite frame, a tiny
silhouette,

That makes one pause and call it
cute-
A palm-fit tigress, a name she disputes.

Still Awake

2ND SEMESTER

(This incompetent fool has no prowess to woo his beloved nor
the features to please her eyes, yet, despite all his inabilities,
the lover holds on to his unrequited emotions, admiring her
from afar)

Pink Umbrella

She stood waiting under the bell,
That's when I knew-I fell.
For her, though she already is
Betrothed to another. 'Tis
A poem written by a lover,
Destined only as a brother.

Under the bell, she patiently stayed,
Maybe waiting for him-her date.
With a heavy sigh, I turned my back,
"He have all the things I lack".

Knowing I'm not the chosen one,
I left, whispering, "It must be fun
To be loved by her.
(These thoughts followed as I went
further.)



Her gentle smile will be my breakfast,
Her soft voice the final cast-
The last thing I'll hear before I sleep;
I'll listen, instead of counting sheep.

All these fantasies, all these dreams,
Unique visions, tender scenes.
Why? Because they're crafted with love,
And art born of love holds a charm.

The gift was given by the One above,
Yet all it did was cause me harm-
To an unrequited lover,
Whose life is fated as a brother.



A Prayer for Two

Two worn-out lovers met to form anew,
One from the hills, and one from the plains.
An unexpected meeting, yet true,
A quiet miracle love ordains.

A spark ignited within their eyes,
First in the boy, then in the girl,
Under the watch of the divine,
As youthful hearts began to unfurl.

May their tender love
bloom to its fullest grace.



I pray to you Lord-guide them through:
Teach them to cherish each other's
flaws,
To love their differences as virtues too.
May their bond grew stronger with
every fight,
For their dissimilarity makes them
whole-
Perfect companions in Your sight,
Meant for each other, in heart and soul.



Maybe it's not so Bad

Roses are red
Your smile is true.
Your presence drives me mad-
"You know I like you."

Just the sight of you leaves me weak,
Makes me tremble, makes me meek.
You looked so stunning in that dress,
"I wish you were my mistress"

You made worship feel worthwhile,
Because I get to see your smile.
You may not notice me, nor my love,
Yet I pray each night to the God above.

I stumbled first, now I'm falling hard,
You stand far beyond my standard.
I've embraced your vices and virtues,
Because-simply -"I love you."



Secret Confession

If I tell you my secret,
How would you react?
If I pour out my heart,
Would you admire the art?

What would you do
If I'm left broken and blue?
If I were to confess...



Tempest

She came like a storm, unannounced,
Twisted my heart, left it unattended;
Lifted me off the ground, sent me spinning-

Swirling, whirling, endlessly
twirling,
Robbed me of all direction,
"Made me crave for you
attention"

Another suitor bested me, stood
ahead of me,
Tamed the tempest, softened the
rage;
A young fellow, born of
northeastern mage.
Yet still, the boy dared not to stop
Loving the storm now tamed.

For she stood higher than all the rest.
And though his every attempt may flop,
He dares not break-
Not until he drops.



For Ages

Her selfless act won me over;
Though I'm seen as nothing more
than a brother,
I know I will love her forever.

Words fall short when I try to express
The beauty of my mistress,
Who freed me from pain and distress
The day she wore that red-rose dress.

My thoughts turned gently into
words
As I scribbled across these pages,
Writing verses for my love:
"I will love you for ages"



Just a Glance

Of all the troubles I've encountered,
You're the hardest I've faced.
Though your heart belongs to another,
I still struggle not to gaze.

The highest mountain I have climbed,
The longest river I have swum-
Just for a single glance from you,
That alone was all I dreamed of.



The Longing Road

The sky wept for the lonely boy,
And clouds released their quiet tears.
In search of his own woman of Troy,
His heart quivered, haunted by fears.

He longed for one to call his "dear,"
Through trails that tested soul and mind.
Through he lost his beloved, he persevered,
On crooked roads, rough paths he'd find.
Still yearning, hiding,
veiling the bluff,
He journeyed on, though
the world was tough.



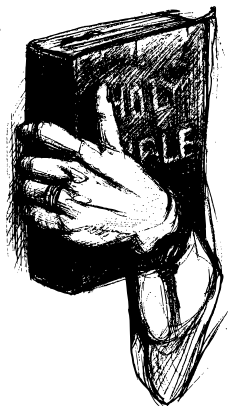
Between Despair and Faith

Living in a no man's land,
Where you're no different from a corpse;
Lying on the barren sand,
Wasted, like a worn-out thorp.

Your abilities outdone by others,
Outshone, perfected, pushed much further;
Leaving you to question your worth,
As if you're spared no role but service on this earth.

Manipulated through night and day,
Forgotten, as though I were snapped away.
Ignored-like messages left on read,
Depressed, as I lie awake in bed.

So, I turned to the holy scriptures,
Whispered, "I am one of the believers."
I read the verses just to cope,
Hoping-something-I'd still find hope.

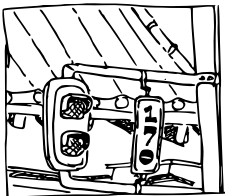


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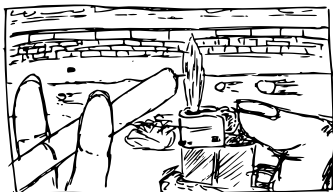
Fragile Hope

The human heart clings to that tiniest trifle of hope.
Such a pathetic creature we are,
Straining to defy the odds.

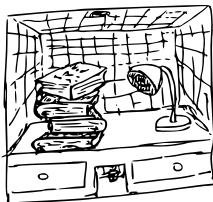
The numbers speak for themselves,
All calculations laid bare.
Yet this fool dares to believe,
Dares to cradle that unrequited emotion.



And in the end-it tore itself
apart:
Destruction, pain, suffering,
chaos, all at once.
All because of that one fragile,
fleeting hope
He dared to hold



Push



Still Awake

3RD SEMESTER

(My emotions won, and I was at fault,
I did everything not like how I was told.)

My 1st Sonnet - Treasure of my Heart

I whispered prayers and mentioned your dear name,
I asked the Maker kindly to ease my pain.
Through weary nights of longing, there you came,
And freed my soul from custody and chain.
Your voice resounds and travels through my veins,
It slips unseen and settles in my heart.
I cannot name the change your touch ordains-

You've shaped my soul, a living work of art.
The smile you wear each time our
pathways meet,
The warmth of hands whenever we align;
Each fragile piece makes broken spaces
complete,
You are the X that marks this heart of
mine.
I wish for days, for chances yet to start-
To hold you close, and dance, heart paired
with heart.



A Storm for the Boy

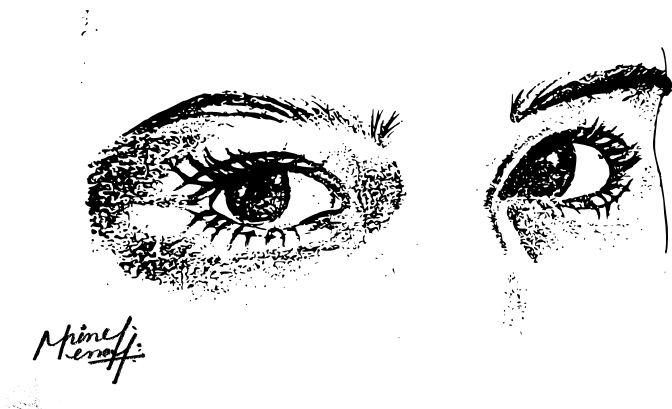
The sky mourned for the boy and wept for days,
Its tears flooding valleys and fields of hay.
The mist concealed the smile he falsely wore,
Where lightning cried and
thunder roared.
The wind tried hard to chase the
gloom away,
But every effort failed, in vain it
stayed.
For none could mend his shattered
heart,
Broken by whom he thought his
missing part.



When did it go Wrong

From a seraphic carol to a screeching cry,
From a morning chirp to a howl at night,
From a gentle approach to a tiger's growl,
From a tender hug to a knife through the
heart.

I sensed your grief and your quiet pain,
Yet held no power to break the chain.
I offered my hand-you struck it away,
I knocked on your door; you barred the
way.



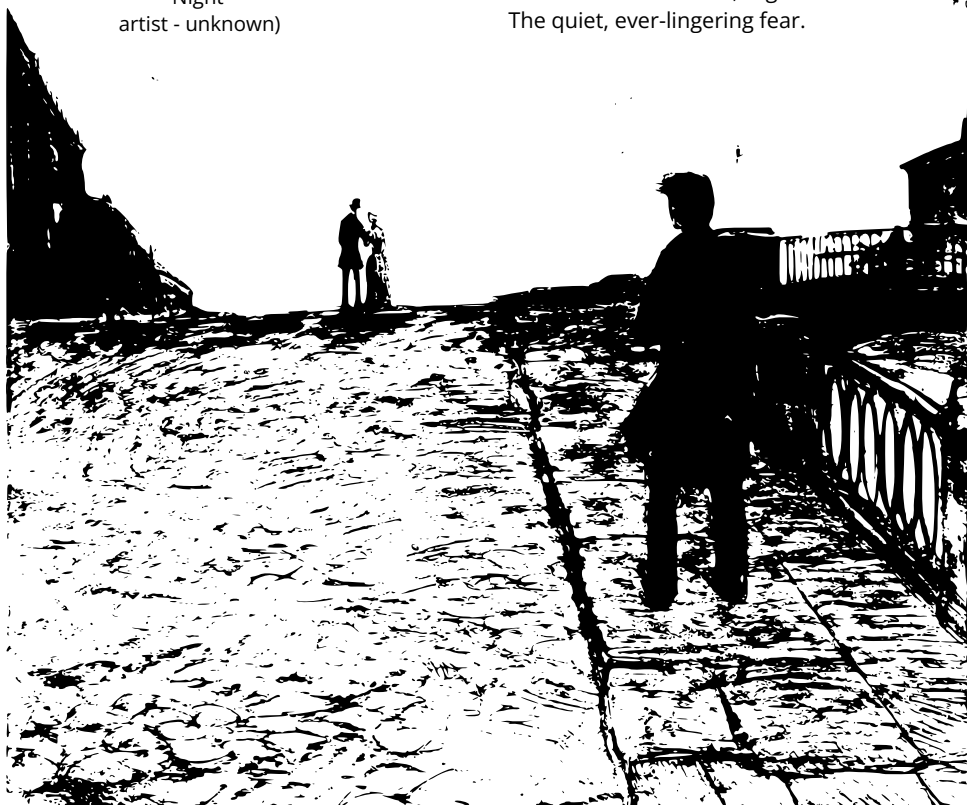
A Poet without a Song

A hopeless poet with no song,
A poet starved of muse and spark.
He yearned for warmth, for springtime's dawn,
Yet swayed alone with sorrow's mark.

Swaying to the melody of blues,
Dancing softly to the sound of silence,
Holding deep and scared reverence
For the one his heart had chosen.

(An illustration of
the the book 'White
Night'
artist - unknown)

Yet terror followed-horror, fright-
The quiet, ever-lingering fear.



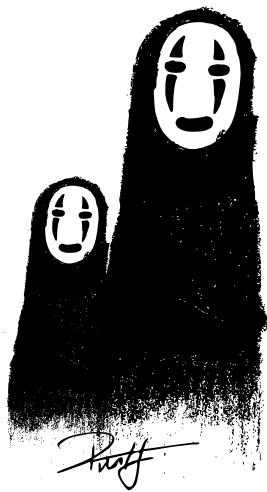
Two Lives, Same Shade

A duo-one tall, the other short,
My friend who excels in sport;
And me, who drifts through countless games,
Two introverts, unbothered by fame.

Born of humble roots, we struggled through life,
Each bearing our own quiet strife.
We both fell for love, dove just as deep,
Into promises we hoped to keep.

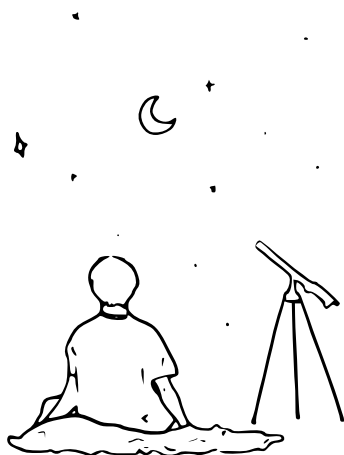
One was left for someone new,
While one remained confused and blue.
One became a solitary lover,
Whilst the other stumbled and fumbled further.

We tasted love in different ways,
Yet both were painted blue and gray.
In the end, the duo bowed to fate,
Accepted the meals set on their plate



I Wish upon the Stars

I wish upon the stars
To heal these silent scars.
I wish upon the stars-
Don't let me fall apart.



Favored by the gods

She was favoured by the gods,
While he-a spawn of hell.
Her beauty and her charm alone
Were stories he'd longed to tell.

He'd boast on every corner street,
But only if she were his.
A thousand words were born from her
smile-
A fleeting, heavenly bliss.



Words the Wind Delivered

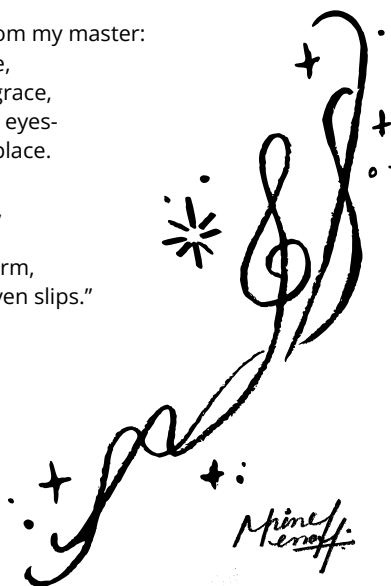
I whispered to the wind
And sent it far away.
It travelled through the valleys,
Across the mountain in its way.

It carried forth my message,
With loyalty and truth,
Until it found its passage
And delivered it to you.

"Here's a message from my master:
A word for your smile,
A sentence for your grace,
A paragraph for your eyes-
Your gaze, a thief in place.

A prose for your hair,
A novel for your lips,
A library for your charm,
Your kiss-where heaven slips."

Yours sincerely
Me



Then there's Me

Friends who sing the highest notes,
And others who crack the funniest jokes;
Buddies gifted in athletics,
And others blessed with pure aesthetic.

Those of towering height and pride,
And those with fearless hearts inside;
Those with the fairest, glowing skin,
And those with sharply chiselled chins.

Those with eyes of striking grace,
And dreams that stretch to distant space;
Those who speak like seasoned orators,
With minds that think as philosophers.

And then there's me-
A nobody.



Talking to myself

4TH SEMESTER

("How long he waited, how far he went,
Nights of weary and days of torment.")

The Seed that didn't Fly

This loneliness is the price of my ugliness.
A deformed figure and a lack of talent
Gave birth to this condition.

The last seed of a dandelion,
The one that failed to fly-
Still clinging to the bud,
Unable to touch the sky.

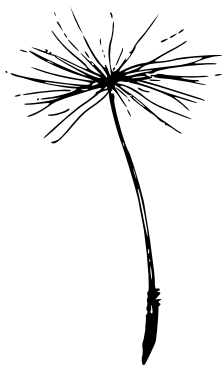
A flower eclipsed by taller blooms,
Striving to grow with a tiger's gaze.
A fig upon the branch-the unlucky one,
Preyed upon, invaded by wasps,
Struck down by stones,
Left where it lay.



The last to be chosen in dodgeball,
The one who slips while hiking,
The one who always falls.

A novel bought only for its cover,
Picked by whims of a teenager,
Yet falling to entertain-
Now left unread, left on seen.

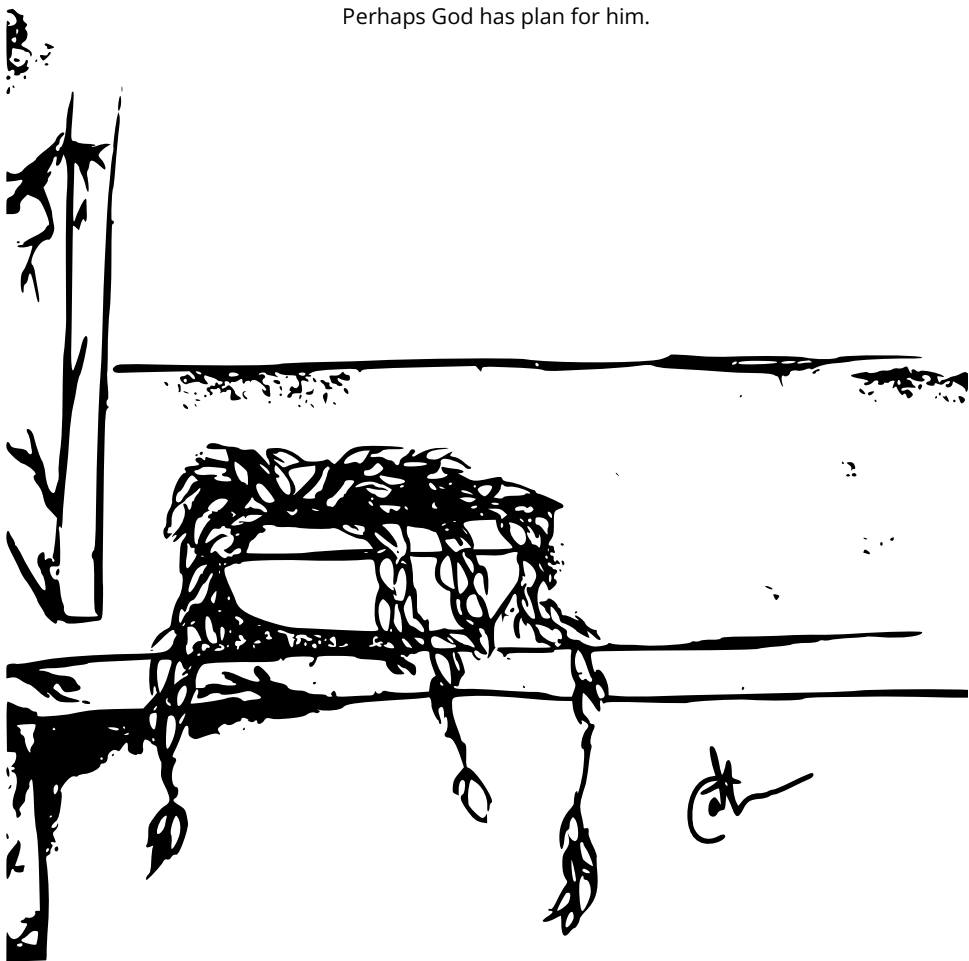
He's the Google password you always forget,
The fool you argued with online.
The cold side of the bed when you wake,
The most hated "English-dubbed" voice,
The teammate you dismissed as "noob."



Plan for Him

To him, love is out of reach.
He longs for it, craves it,
Begs for it, yearns for it-
Yet still, it never comes.

Perhaps God has plan for him.



Drunken Grumble

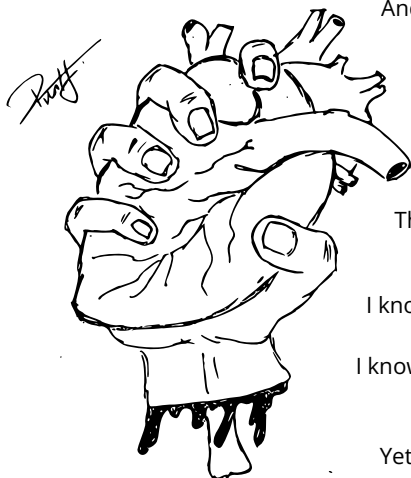
"Thoughts of probabilities are everywhere,
Right there in the fields even near the bell;
Across the valleys and even up in the stair
Where it's dark and gloomy, it hurts like hell.

I've blown every dandelion, dropped coins in every
well,
Wished upon the stars and every ladybug.
I tired seizing every moment that fell,
Yet there's no sign of any luck nor anyone to hug."
(A quick shrug and a chug and a slam with the mug)



The Path I Chose

This is the path I chose for myself,
And I won't turn back.
I've washed my mind clean
And will work through every grain.



A curse I brought upon myself,
A road I willingly chose.
A decision already made,
A pain I'll learn to bear.
If this is destiny, if this is fate,
Then it's my duty to learn how to
live with it.

I know what's wrong, but not what's
right.
I know when to bark, I know when to
bite.

I did what I believed was right-
Yet life still refuses to shine bright.

Windows for a Little Me

I would oftentimes despise this face,
And often hate these flimsy hands.
Envious of others and their aces,
I struggle to keep up with fleeting trends.

Insecure about this height of mine,
I detest the way I speak at times.
My eyes are uneven, though I slept at
eleven,
Their hinges loose-yet I didn't binge.

Both pupils deep and darkly brown,
But cursed to sit upon a clown.
Still, they're the windows of a smaller me,
An opening for Tiny-just to see.



A Joy (Almost) Forever

You're beautiful-that is true.
You're cute; that's also true.
Your beauty feels like it will last forever,
In Keats' own words, "a joy forever."

The thought of us is only a dream,
A fragile hope, like a morning gleam.
But truth be told, I'm quite pathetic
To use it over and over again,
But rhymes are easier to maintain.

• I don't know why I argue with myself,
Me, Myself, and I-till midnight strikes
twelve.

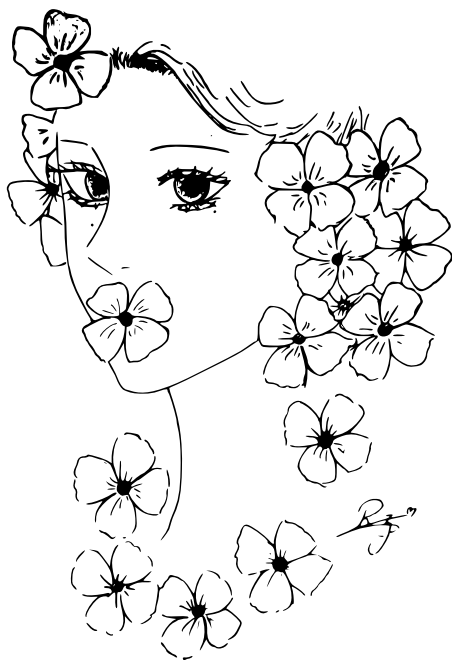
I have an exam waiting tomorrow,
Which promises nothing but sorrow.

Back to your beauty-what I'll
dream about,
And you being with me.... Which I
highly doubt.
Good night, I'll see you tomorrow,
My soft and squishy
marshmallow



The Joy You Bring

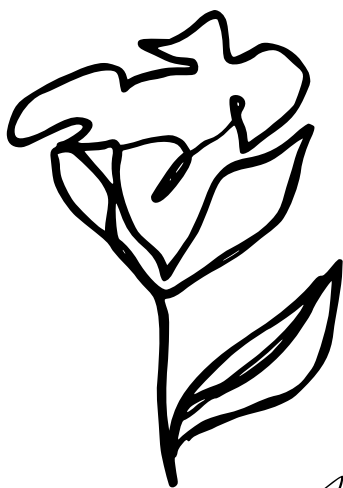
The joy you bring, the happiness you
share,
I'll shout, I'll sing, your beauty
everywhere.
The radiant glow of morning's rising
sun,
The glistening beams, the laughter and
the fun;
Immortalize the light
you freely hold,
And guard it safe within
this ark of gold.



Withering

Stranded on this parched, barren land,
Alone I stand where deserts expand.
The scorching sun left this flower to wilt,
Its petals withered, drenched in guilt.
The bloom has lost its nature to rise,
Fading beneath unforgiving skies.
The leaf turned pale, drained of its green,
Languished and lonely, lost in between.

Purple hyacinth, clutching the rope of life,
Waiting in silence, yearning to thrive.
Hoping to be carried to a distant land,
Where it'll be nurtured, vibrant and
grand;
No cries for rain, no sorrow, no pain,
Where it may flourish, free from bane.
Fed with care, in garden fair and bright,
In Eden's embrace, bathed in light.



2014

The Rhyme Kid

A kid who loves to rhyme,
A kid who writes in lines,
Scribbling thoughts from time to
time,
A kid consumed by little crimes.



("The colour of the sky-a pigment so rare,
Scarce in nature; a colour of kindness and care.
A precious gemstone, the colour pf sapphire,
Opposite to the blazing redness of a fire.

The title of Yung Kai's song,
A song where my heart belongs.
My number one and not two,
My favorite colour is Blue")



Diamond in the Rubble

Beauty blooming in the rubble,
A diamond cut from the rough;
Before you, still I stumble,
Yet hope it won't be tough.



The Bard and The Piper

The bard's song sings of thy charm
and grace,
In golden ink, with rosemary's trace.
The piper's tune pipes spell of longing,
Enchantments born of endless
yearning.



The Mask I Wear

Support is all that I can offer,
My love is all that I can give;
I lack the gifts of many others,
Yet service is my way to live.

I'd rather smile to kindle joy,
I'd rather laugh to ease their pain;
I'll wear the mask they can enjoy,
And brave my fear to help them gain.



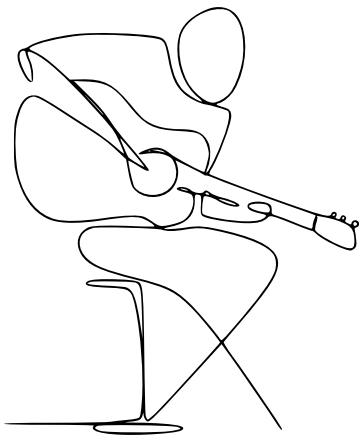
Beyond Death

Death will never pull us apart,
For your soul abides in me;
You shall live on within my heart,
For you and I are meant to be.



In Gratitude

The beat of my heart has never rung
so loud,
The guitar has never sounded so
beautiful;
Never before have I wanted to cry
aloud,
Yet never have I felt this truly
thankful.



("Please, grab my hand and don't let
go,
Pull me out and let me grow.")



Still Awake

5TH SEMESTER

“I’m afraid to start a conversation – I’d only get myself in trouble, because I can’t find the words when your eyes distract me.”

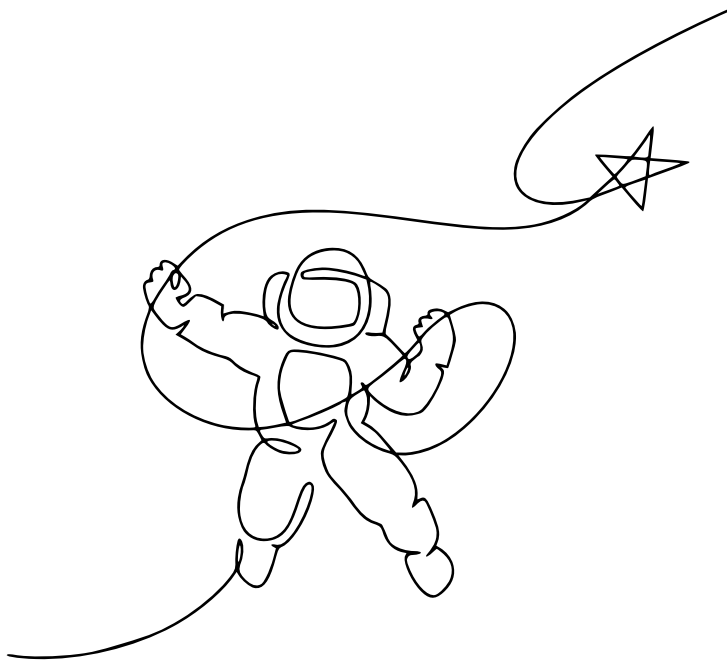
One in a Million

May our fates collide,
May our pathways align;
A one in a million-
Forever one of a kind.



I'll Shoot for the Stars

I'll shoot for the stars, and lasso the
moon,
I'll dim the sun and sail across the space.
I'll leave this planet and will be back soon;
To find your love and earn your loving
grace



The Last Dancer

The vintage lock of my mistress
Curls to compliment the dress.
Her Lippe in shades of red,
Different hues for each event;
Baby blue with pastel red,
My heart is in content.

I've yet to meet you,
Yet to fall for you.
Though my words had been
dancing
And adorning the ballad floors;
The last dancer is still missing,
Waiting to open these doors.



Roses are Red (I am too)

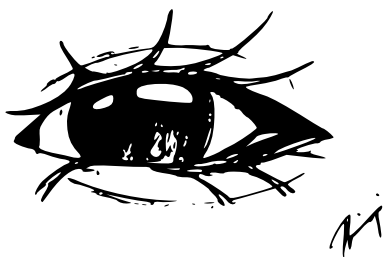
Roses are red, and I am too,
Not from the heat, but it's from you.

My words cannot stay in one place,
They do not know how to behave.

I am no different from them,
My mind is in a complete mayhem.

In order to conceal my shame,
I kept my mouth completely shut,

Keeping my cool when I hear your name,
I will still keep my mouth tightly shut.

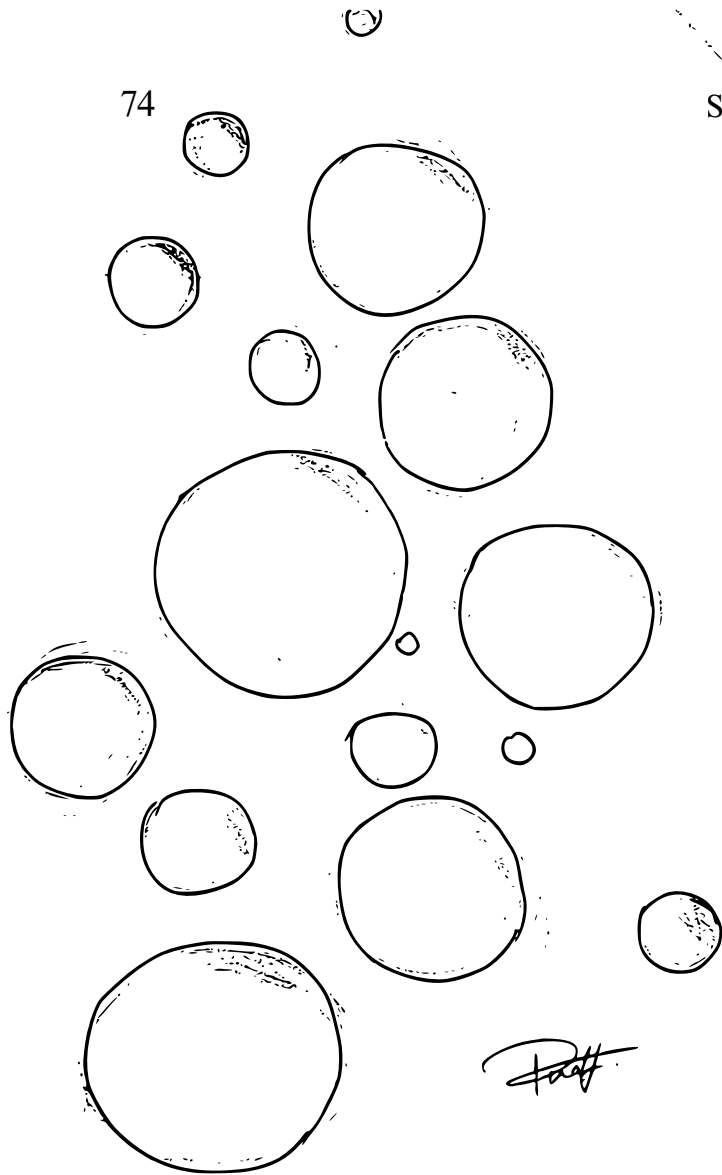


Living Poetry

I cannot help but admire and watch in awe-
A living form of poetry is what I saw.
"She walks in beauty," "A Good-Morrow" too,
The words of Byron...Oh, Donne also knew.

I sit and take my time to truly
appreciate,
For being in your presence is the
best to date.
I wonder, "Shall I compare thee
to a summer's day?"
Or write another poem... or
thank God - and pray.





(Interlude:
"I stand in awe of thy beauty.")

Stunned by the Sight

Time slowed down, and the rain cease to fall.
"She Walked in Beauty," and stood tall.
The sun fell asleep, but it was bright-
Her smile and presence illuminated the night.

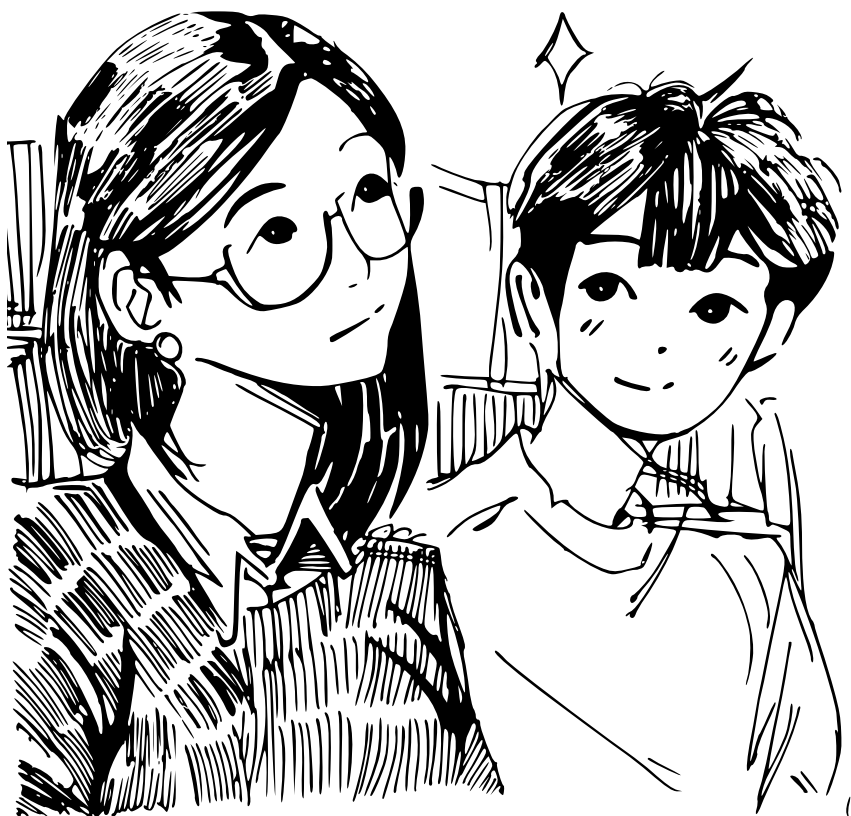
That nervous smile you had after the delay,
I was certain-I saw an angel along the way.
For a second, my body refused to co-operate;
I dared not to move, and I struggle to this date.

I was stunned by the sight of a
heavenly being,
For I cannot comprehend
what I was feeling.



I Hide my Gaze

I hide my gaze when you tilt your head;
In secret did I gaze upon your lips so red.
My eyes are caught in the snares of your sight,
Yet my body protests to move or fight.



May the Choir Sing

May the choir sing of thy
beauty,
May heaven resounds with
thy name.
Through verse shall I render
thee glory,
And frame thy charm in art's
flame.



Her

The soul's own bark was
carved in ivory,
A grace unmatched in
purity and quality.
Her crown, a tangle of
midnight curls,
Veiled in twilight, spun
from silk and pearls.



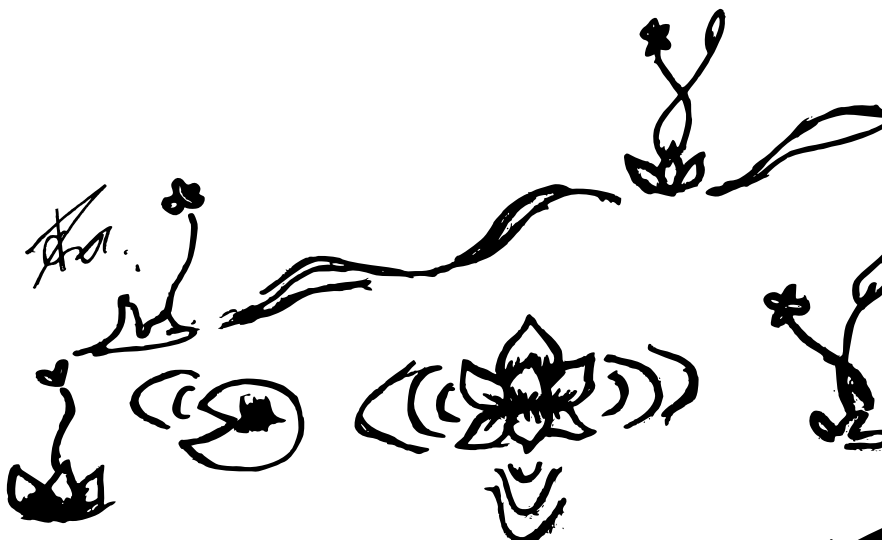
A Shield

I have a shield to
protect you,
But not a crown to
win your heart.
I can fight a nation or
two,
But the kingdom had
fallen apart.



After Rain

No sun shall shine
brighter than you,
No moon possesses such
peerless grace;
You glow in every radiant
hue—
A rainbow after rain's
embrace



Hope

A dash of hope kept the
flame alive,
Fuelling the passion
behind the scenes.
The hope pushed the
warrior to survive,
Reaching for the
sunlight's beam.



In Secret

In secret did I stare,
At skin so bright and fair.
In secret did I stare,
A gem so fine and rare.

In secret did I dare to stare,
At a damsel not from here nor there.
In secret did I dare to stare,
The one I'll love with tender care.



Immortalized

Thy fate shall thrive within my
dairy's page,
Each drop of ink immortalizes thy
grace.
No gaps shall linger, no space left
unwritten;
Each room made whole, every
corner of this linen.



Here in Heaven

I need no summons from
the skies,
Nor heed such scared
invitation;
My paradise is here on
earth-
For being with you is
heaven itself.



To Flee

The night is weary, and so is
the sky.

My eyes grow heavy; Oh, that I
could fly-

To flee like Philomela from the
grasp of Tereus,

And soar above, far from the
sorrow of Orpheus.



A Twist, Just Fine

So, I suppose our stars refused to align,
And my restless thoughts now fade into mist.
Yet somehow, it all turned out just fine-
Our tale, it seems, end with a twist.

A fleeting dream it was, though born in my head,
The thrill and the spark from the words on my bed
Were treasures enough, as they danced in my book,
Filling the silence, each corner, each nook.

So here are my thanks in this tangled refrain,
From a clumsy bard with a heart full of rain-
For you were the muse, the song in my story,
That coloured the verses I write so poorly.

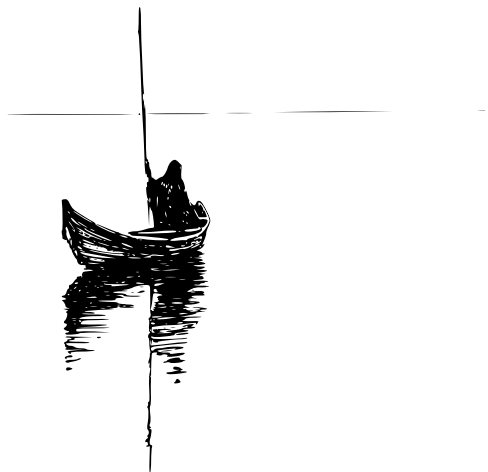


Adrift

Like a sailor who has lost his way,
I drifted, stranded in the sea,
Struck by storms and tidal sway,
Yet fought the waves relentlessly.

Days turned into months, months into years,
The roaring surf rang in my ears;
The ocean stretched as far as sight,
The ship now bare-myself, my plight.

A glimmering ray of fragile open
Once pierced my weary, drowning soul;
An illusion dressed as means to cope,
Conjured by a crueller role.



Foolish of Me

Foolish of me to try to change the
weather,
Daring of me to dream like a
winner;
Careless of me to let my guard
down,
Only to hear how foolish I sound.



Faded Gray

The flowers lost their
colours,
The sky has faded gray;
The sun and moon are no
lovers no more-
"Times heals," so people say.



Borrowed Glory

Would I dare defy the odds
In a war already surrendered?
would I fly straight toward the sun,
Knowing it would scorch my only
wings?

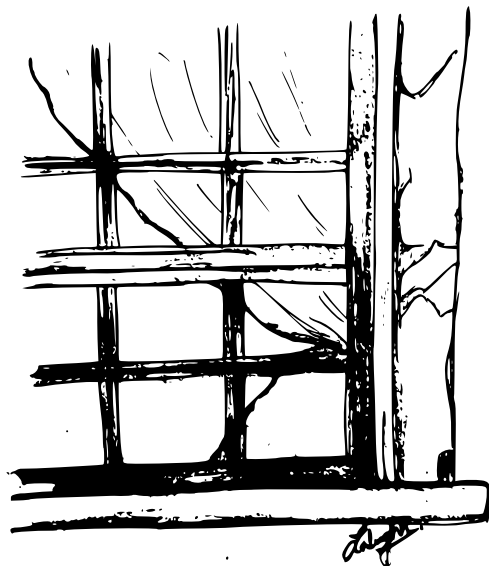
Should I chase a heroic death,
Romanticized by borrowed
norms-
A fate like Achilles, Leonidas,
Heracles,
Glorified in blood and storms?



Waiting

I've waved goodbye to passing ships
And watched the busses roll away;
I've seen the dawn begins its rise
And fade again at close of day.

How long must this waiting be?
How long till it comes for me?
All I know is how to cope
By learning to live with denial.



Bits

"For the third time, my eyes have once
again searched for you."

"I sat and pondered on what fills your
day. Will I ever come to mind?"

"Falling for you was the easiest thing
I've ever done."

"The joy I had to even get a glimpse of
your nape in the sea of people."



Bits

"How happy I was when I get to sit five
bench behind."

"Heaven is annoyed by my prayers at
night,
The same as every night as I pray in
delight."

"I jot down the lyrical thoughts quickly
before time erase, I wrote it swiftly."

"May the beat set a rhythm to your
heart
And create a new harmony with me."



Pain is not a Foe

Pain to a poet is never a foe;
Pain to a poet is a trusted
friend.

A poet does not drown in
thrives of woe,
But swims through the
struggle until the end.

Grief and despair, sorrow and
gloom,
And thoughts that others flee or
fight-

These are not enemies a poet
assumes,
But kin and family, bound in ink
and night.



I've seen a Broken Man

The light was dim, and all was silent.
The glass bottle echoed throughout
The room, and all happened in that moment.
He had a mouth, but he couldn't shout.
His eyes were blurry; his lips were dry.
The room was gloomy; so was the sky.
His mind spoke of violence,
But his heart chose silence.

He stared at the corner and whispered to
the ghost,
"Why must she leave when I need her the
most?"

A shot to ease the pain, another to forget,
And an ignition to light the cigarette.

I've seen a broken man; I've
seen it all.
I've seen a man who had his
tragic fall.



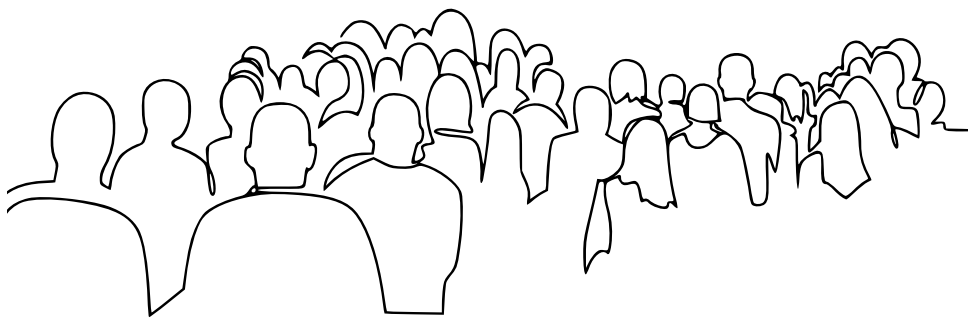
Cold Blue

The night no longer frightens me,
The wind is not as cold as I once
knew;
The dark I feared has grown on
me,
Ever since this body turned cold
blue.

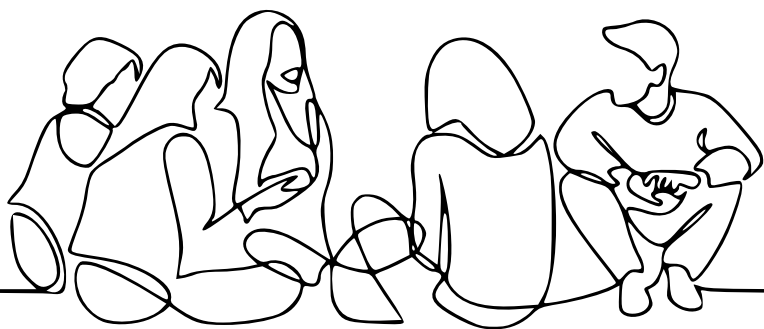


A Visit to Neigrihms

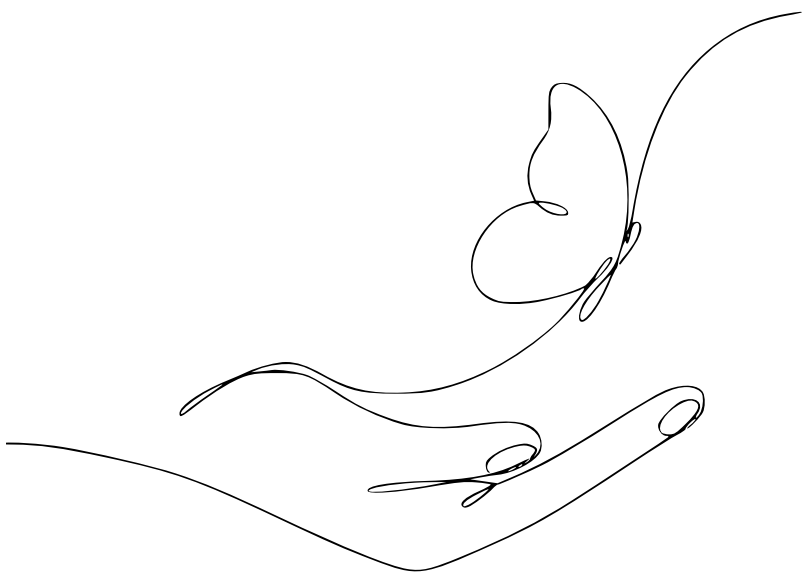
Drifting through the sea of faces,
Each one carrying their own heavy cases.
There I stand, waiting in the queue,
Among the mass of 'no one I knew.'
Some sit in silence, some stand with
folded arms,
While I clutch my notebook, lost in the
swarm.
Some bring a smile, some wear distress,
Some came in t-shirts, some in formal
dress.
Everyone seems to be juggling too many
balls,
Talking to someone through hurried calls-
Probably a voice on the other side of the
line,
Asking for answers, advice or a sign.



"What does he think? What work does he do?"
Countless questions race through my mind as I
stand with the crew.
"Why so many people? Why does he smell like
fish?
Why is the line so long? When will I finish?
Why is the ceiling so low? How long must I wait?
Oh look-Modi on the wall... I could use a
milkshake.
What comes after R? What does the fox say?
Feels like I'll be stuck here the rest of the day.
The sign says 'Ground Floor'- why's the light so
dim?
that guy is huge.... Oh wait, he dropped his SIM."



My anxious thoughts that come and go
Are nothing beside his heavy woe.
This place reminds me, sharp and clear,
How fragile we are, how fleeting, how dear.
I sleep beneath the roof of my father,
While others seek comfort, struggling harder.
I should be grateful for what I hold,
Count my blessings as they unfold,
Be thankful for every laugh and day,
And always begin and end with a prayer.



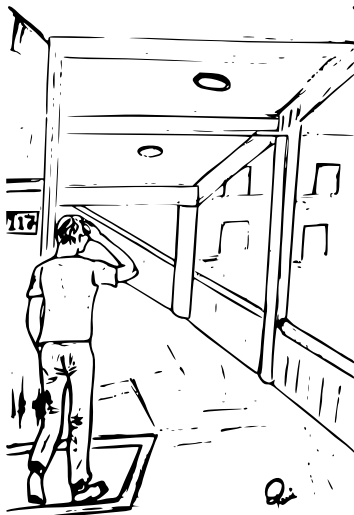
12:46

Exactly 12:46 – the clock strikes,
With sleepless eyes, I set out for a hike.
The streets were hushed, the lamps were glowing,
Through corridors of silence, I kept going.

The sky was dim, the air was still,
Yet the lights adorned each gentle hill.
At first, it felt so calm, so still –
But with each step, a rising thrill.

Emotions surged and intertwined,
The most alive I've felt in time.
No rendezvous, no place to find –
Just me, myself, and my own mind.

Through streets of silence, on I trot,
Unburdening dreams the night
forgot.

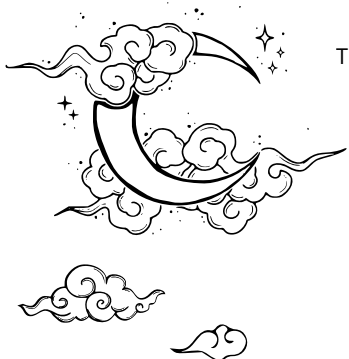


The Breeze

A melody of the Radiohead played under the misty
night,
Where no twinkling stars nor luna shone too bright.
There I lay upon the ground, against the endless
void;
The melody harmonized with me and made me
overjoyed.

The cold breeze caressed the outer shell,
And softly entered through the nasal passages.
It flowed and filtered the inner section well,
Like angels bearing good messages.

The breeze knocked upon the
doors of the heart,
And the soul, delighted, let it in.
They talked for hours – of romance
and art –
Then closed their conversation with
“fin.”



The breeze left in a comforted sigh,
And flew out into the open air.
The solace it gave, the joy it brought,
Left the soul at ease –
Merely, it sang.

I Wished to Write Poems

I wished to write poems of quality,
Lines filled with rhythm and blues,
Verses of peace, not enmity,
Words painted in vibrant hues.

A kind for a renaissance,
A revival in the spring –
Then, with fresh croissants,
Beneath the warmth the summer brings.

A cup of coffee strong,
Amid the falling leaves of autumn,
Then ends with dying song,
Of winter's quiet, solemn anthem.

Words for the season, lines for the sun,
Verses for sorrow, and for the fun.
Rhymes for you, in a tone of glee –
A poem of encouragement,
For you, and for me.



I'd Love To-

How I'd love to hold you dear,
 Brush your hair behind your ear.
 My fingers gliding to your cheeks,
 Two or four tracing words I cannot speak.
 Your eyes forever locked with mine,
 Your reflection in them soft and fine.

How I'd love to make you weak,
 As you have made my own heart meek.
 How I wish that you'd be mine –
 Love and affection your daily dine.
 I'll cherish every little thing,
 And love will be the song we sing.

How stunning you'd be in
 a dress –
 A beauty carved for
 tenderness.
 I'd wrap you in red or
 something bright,
 Yet you'd still glow in the
 softest white.
 With an oath, we'll seal
 the deal –
 Love will be the only
 thing you feel.

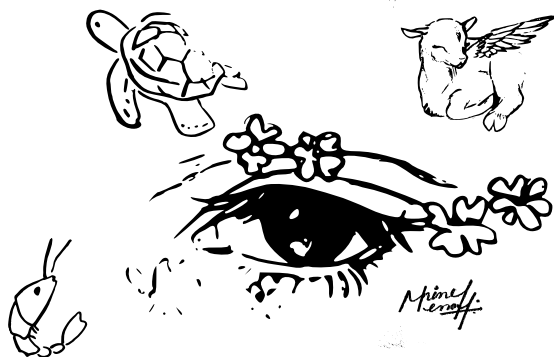


Why must Fate Interfere

Oh, how I wished that you were mine,
How deeply I miss you, all the time.
I longed to hold you, soft and near,
To wrap you in an embrace sincere.

Why must fate step in between,
And shatter the path we might have seen?
All I ever asked was you beside—
For you were all my heart supplied.

I miss my beloved, I ache for her presence;
Life feels hollow without her existence.
My soul finds no peace since losing her sight,
My eyes still seek her, hoping she's in light.



A Question

A question I dare to ask of thee,
For it has piqued my curiosity;
I beg you kindly answer me,
For I have asked you humbly.

Tell me, which colour do you favour –
A heart-shaped apple, or a lemon's
tinted flavour?
The boundless horizon or nature's
sweet ardour –
Which do you prefer, which do you
favour?



("A hopeless bard once
again sang for his muse,
but his melodies rhymed
with 'bruise'.")

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Can you?

Can you fill my pages with words
And give rhythm to my poetry?
A melody woven through every record,
A voice that lives in every harmony.

Can you be the muse I call upon
For every poem that I write,
The one I call for every invocation,
The name I whispered every night.



Brown Topaz

Those eyes – deep drown, born of earth,
One glance, an invitation to my end.
They turn me still, unmoving, fixed,
A statue shaped by warmth, not stone.

I know the cost of meeting them,
I have the will to turn away;
Yet still I fall, against my sense,
Into their natural embrace.

Eyes of soil and amber light,
Pigments of comfort, calm, and fire –
How could I not succumb to them,
Those Brown Topaz may undo me entire?

Is it truly her fault, I ask,
That beauty wields such quiet power?



Two Sides of a Coin

You have left me helpless –
Yet am I truly satisfied?
Two faces of a single coin,
Both demanding that I decode.

One promises eternal bliss,
The other, a slow and tragic demise.
I stand in perfect balance,
Poised on the edge of a knife.

A coin rests heavy in my palm,
It weights louder than any sound.
Each face bears my fate and destiny,
Awaiting the flick of my trembling finger.



And then I did

And then I did – I flipped it, cast it into the air.
The coin slipped from my fingers,
Twirling through the atmosphere,
Spinning with reckless velocity,
Wondering which face it would wear.

Each rotation pulsed with the beat of my heart
– loud, frantic,
catching flashes of the LED glow.
Even as it descended, I still wondered:
Would I be helpless or would I be satisfied?

The coin landed in my palm.
I slapped my hand shut,
Covering it as if fate could still be delayed.
I peeked once – just enough
To gather the courage to know.

My heart refused to slow,
Sweet traced its way down my skin.
And when I finally lifted my hand,
The answer lay exposed.

I wasn't surprised.
My destiny was already sealed.



Nothing More

"All I want is nothing more"
Then hearing you knock upon my door,
To ask if I was doing okay,
Or how I spent my quiet day.

Through text or call, it matters not,
As long as your concern is caught;
If I can hear or see your care,
There's nothing else I need from there.

I wish no wealth, no
fleeting fame,
All I want is just your
name.



Night of 24th

It was a night when I finally understood the
romantics.
For days and nights, I struggled, wondering
How they found such beauty in nature –
Was there a form to follow?
Or did it simply arrive, unannounced?
Then it struck me,
On the night of the twenty-fourth of December.

As I sat beneath the sparkling lights,
Beside my brother's fishpond still and clear,
The Christmas spirit filled the night,
And the romantic soul at last appeared.
Cold air drifted through the valley wide,
Carols echoed, pure and loud;
No alley missed the Holy Spirit's stride,
Its songs unbroken through the crowd.



The spirit of Christmas Eve reached every home,
Each hill, each dome, each quiet street.
Parents, children – families roam,
Wishing every soul, they meet a heartfelt shalom.
Cheers of joy, songs of Christ, light that gleam and glow –
How lovely it is to live in a time when all souls gather so.
Families reunited, friends by fireside drawn,
The warmth of flame holding them close,
Resting beneath God's grace till dawn.

This, I think, is what romance truly means:
The hidden beauty poets always see.
What wondrous sights their eyes have known,
How rich the moments they have been.
If this is the wealth the poets claim,
Then let my eyes be frozen in time –
Never stained by the world's cruelty,
For I have seen the gentler side.
Never again shall they be blurred or blind,
For now, these eyes have found their guide.



I Wish that Hug was personal

A genuine hug, a loving embrace,
A heartfelt solace, a tender grace.
Not merely a fleeting interaction
Between a woman and a man,
But something deeper – true attraction,
Born of God's deliberate plan.

I starved not for flowers or colours bright,
But nectar rich with living hue;
For truth revealed in culture's light,
For what is rare, untouched, and true.

I wish that hug was personal,
Not drawn to form or fleeting
beauty,
But as a sign of something
whole –
A warmth reserved for only me.



Still Awake

6TH SEMESTER

“At this point, I’m starting to question whether my choices are made out of fear or me being rational and reasonable.”

I Wish (To be Yours)

I wish to be yours, your one and only,
The missing word that perfects your verse;
To be the love you cherish wholly,
The one you choose, for better or worse.

To be your sip of early morning coffee,
Your quiet snack before the noon-day light;
A pretzel shared, both sweet and salty,
A simple bite that makes the moment right.

I wished on stars that burned across
skies,
Blew dandelions, watched their
wishes stray;
Dropped coins in wells, let seashell
patterns rise,
Hoping the tides would hear what
words can't say.

I wish to be yours—no one else
above –
Hand in hand, beneath the
bells of love.



Shelter

I may have become the shelter,
But not the home where you rest;
Not the place you settled down,
But a roof you stood under on a rainy day.

Just a shed in raging weather,
A braided straw wall at best;
An emergency call when you frown,
But never – never – the place you'd like to stay.

I'd love to be there for you,
But I can't.
I cannot – unless the sun burns out,
Or you actually love me back.



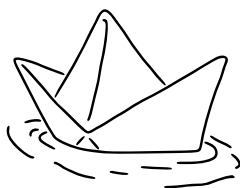
From my Quiet Boat

All ages alike beneath the Christmas evening,
Cheering and squeaking around the court,
While elders, wrinkled and grey, sat chatting,
Trading their stories by the fire's fort.

As the sun grew dim, the chatter grew louder;
Some left early, some lingered closer.

The smiles they wore, the warmth they carried—
Memories shared that will soon be buried.
Yet they lived in the moment, and I was there too,
Not among them, but watching under the blue.

Keeping it safe in the lines that I wrote,
Archiving laughter from my quiet boat.



Exception in Your Flaws

I find exception in your flaws-
Beauty in your crooked smile.
With focus I stared and took a pause
To admire the work of your style.

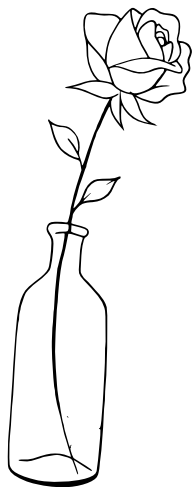
In tender I wish to hold
you dearly,
And feed you thousands
of sweet words.
It is you I have longed
for- profoundly,
And your requital will be
my reward.



Mineff

Roses

A mere second to admire her portrait,
To catch a glimpse of glistening roses.
A peck from those would cost me a carat,
A touch would feel like a thousand dozes.
I am drunk and enthralled by those roses,
And I find no reason to sober up.
Though my mind lectures and opposes,
The ticker of this body won't shut up.



A Minute More

Here I remain between despair and glee,
For none can ever escape destiny.
All I ask is but another minute,
Or to retreat the ever-moving arm.
It is the past I long to revisit—
I pray that wish will bring no harm.

O Greater One, now hear my final plea:
Grant me release at last, and let me be.



The Weight of Waking

Heaven knows how I longed to stay,
How I wish to close my eyes forever -
And never again to live another day-
To sleep for eternity, to be a dreamer.

How I wished to spend my last breath,
And leave this tormented state.
How I wished to end in a happy death -
Tragic how that was not my fate.

To have your brow, rested on my shoulder,
The thought of you clinging on me.
That is the state I wish to live forever -
To be and stay beside you endlessly.

Why do I have to open my eyes,
To live another day in purgatory.
Now, my head is filled with "whys"
Thoughts to haunt me for eternity.

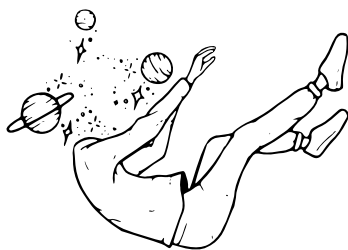
Make me sleep once more,
Let me have another slumber -
Let me feel her love like before,
Allow me to live there forever.



I Ought to Dream Again

Farewell to this unfortunate reality,
I find no reason left to stay awake.
I long to dwell in dreams eternally,
Where no cruel conflict stirs or hearts can
break.
So let me rest now—let my weary eyes close
tight,
And never wake again, but fade into the night.

Let me stay with you, forever by your side,
I have no wish to greet the waking day.
To live, to laugh, to sing with you—my guide,
For in your presence, all my pain gives way.
Let me dream once more, then never wake
again—
For only there can I be truly a happy man.

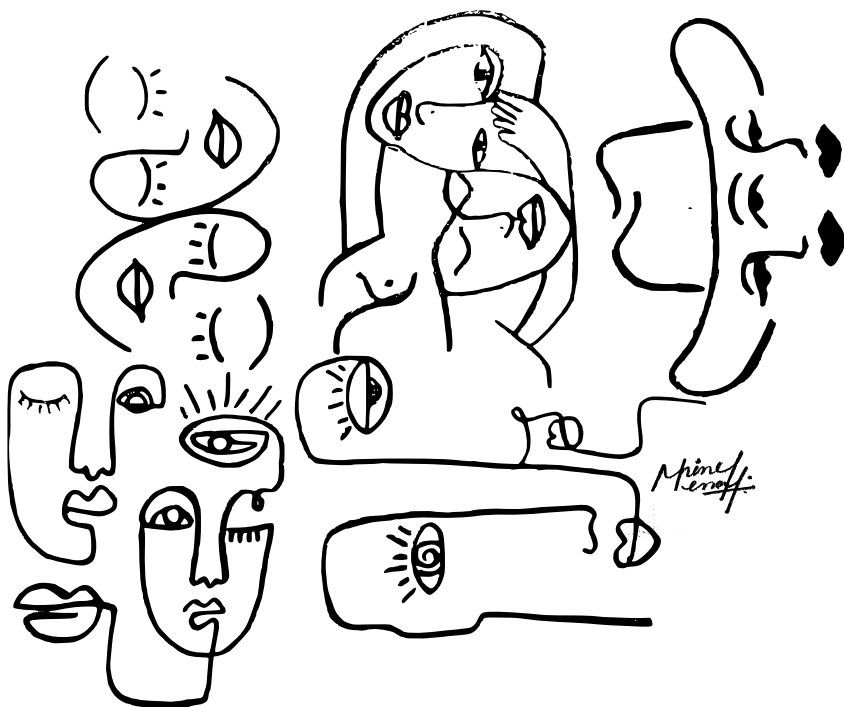


Into the Abyss of You

I will write, I will write of your brow,
Even if I know not yet how.
I will dream of your tender, scarlet lips,
An instrument of heaven—and hell's eclipse.

I will write of your eyes, like paradise doors,
A work of art my soul explores.
I will sing of your charm, for I am enchanted,
Bound in a spell, as if heaven granted.

I ought to know and dive deeper in your eyes -
Into the abyss I will go and bid this world goodbye.
I'll hold no remorse, though death be near,
If lost in the void where you appear.

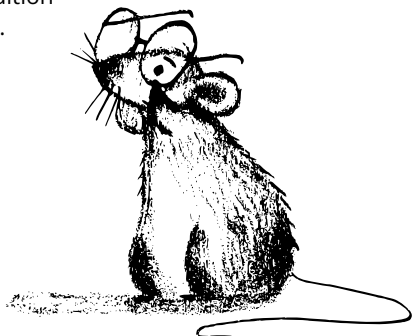


(My Attempt with Epic)

Dreaming of an uncharted land,
And before thee, here I stand.
O great Muse of Homer,
Grant me your power of wonder;
Allow me to write for my muse,
And paint this page in honest hues.

O great ruler of glorious heavens,
Usher me on my journey to the unknown;
I pray for your heavenly guidance-
Be my foundation and my stepping stone.
I would not wander without your light;
Your love makes distant paths feel right.

As dawn awakens and meets the sea,
The captain calls to set the sails free;
The anchor lifts - the voyage has begun,
An expedition on a route undone.
I see before me a new horizon,
And dare not stop in any condition-
This is the path I have chosen.



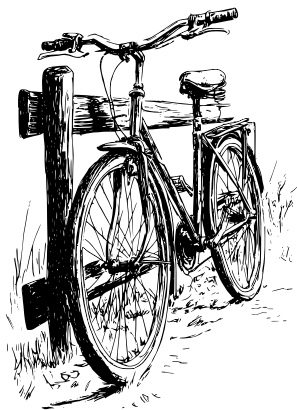
From Steel Ponies to Poetry

I've always hated studying;
I despised those thick textbooks.
I was never fond of reading;
I was irritated by the time it took.

While I could just run around
And climb the highest tree,
Above the horizon, off the ground,
Where freedom is all I see.

I liked to sport under the summer sun,
And venture through the city's sewers;
That adventure was what we called fun,
And we, in triumph, were pursuers.

Riding steel ponies all day,
And resting early when the sun sets.
"Holiday well spent," we would say,
With lives of no worries and debts.



Time—

We never had to worry about time;

Time never bothered our lives.

Why should we care when we could climb

The mountains with no thought of wives?

Much like that, romance was never a thing;

Converse attraction was rarely sighted.

And I was ignorant of love and flings

That romance now has brought and cited.

Or maybe I was just oblivious

To what was going on around me.

Before, I was never this serious;

All we cared for was fun and ecstasy.

The chapter then was something else,

Different from what I'm living now.

Now life is covered with many shells—

Shells of defense, questions of "How?"

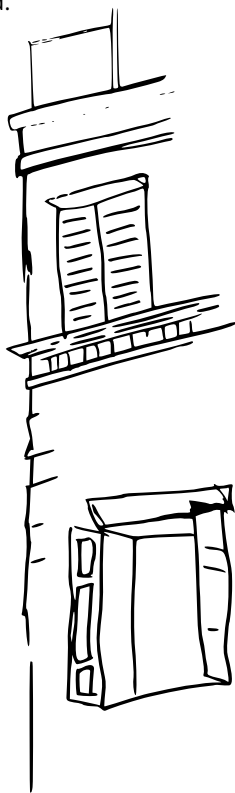
"How can he do this?"—all
with "hows and whys."

"Why would he do that?"

"Why would you?"

More isolation and
frequent goodbyes;

Living grew dim; it turned
cold blue.

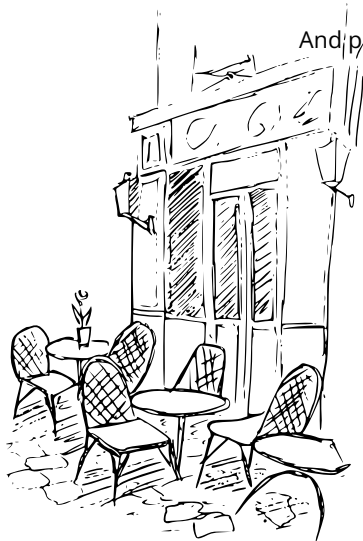


But all is not bad, all is not lost;
We learned to adapt and allowed to change.
Though living comes with an expensive cost,
We all must make that dear exchange.

Slowly but surely, we learned to adjust,
And make a living out of this hellhole.
Curiousness, dreams, and art are a must;
They fuel the fire that lives in our soul.

Every now and then we find lessons
From both our lives and others' strife.
We gain knowledge not only from diction,
But from our daily task of nine to five.

And for me, I no longer hate
studying;
I rarely climb trees, nor hate
those textbooks.
Oddly, I now love writing
and reading,
And pay more attention to
my looks



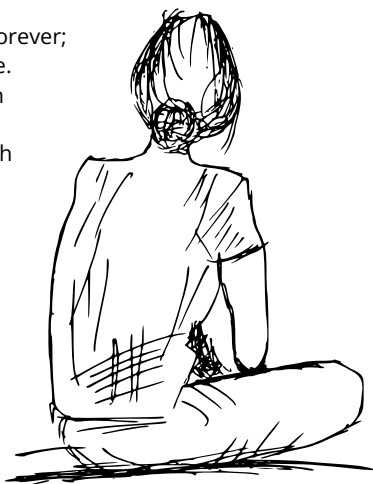
I no longer ride those steel ponies,
Nor venture through the city's valleys.
Instead, I jot down my testimonies
In what I like to call "my gallery."

I became an observer who sits and sees,
The one who sleeps and rests on holidays;
The one secluded, lacking intimacy—
Now writing poetry—and sometimes essays.

This slow transition occurred like seasons:
Four seasons passing through the year.
After Summer - comes Fall, with its reasons,
Its arrival whispering Winter is near.

Winter comes with death and beauty;
Hope lies buried beneath the snow.
Yet that is Winter's silent duty—
A duty dark and raw below.

But Winter never lasts forever;
It lingers only for a while.
Soon Spring arrives with
warming weather,
And wakes the dead with
golden smile



To the Book that I'll Never Read

Though I have never read the book,
The cover always has my eyes.
The contents have kept me on hook,
But I have to wave my goodbyes.



*Mine
Merrill*

Time

Time doesn't heal -
it teaches.

It taught me to be better,
to carry weight on failing legs,
to move while paralyzed,
to create at dead ends.

Not a cure, but a teacher -
patient, indifferent.
Its passing waits for no one,
and in that, it taught me this:

healing is not given.
Only this -
the will to breathe
while suffocating,
the discipline
to stand inside uncertainty.



My Desire for Knowledge and Art

A wish that stands above all wishes
Is my desire for knowledge;
A longing deeper than fleeting kisses,
To gain wisdom none can tarnish.

I wish for knowledge that bridges each gap
Across my interests in fields of study;
To know every detail and speak like a rap—
Fluent, unbroken, precise and steady.

The structure of melody and harmony,
My love for poesy, its nature and art;
Metaphors and innovation call to me—
This love for art lives deep in my heart



2nd Letter

8/04/2026

Dearest

Despite my selfish “proposition” between us,
there are times I let my walls come down.
Even after making it clear,
I still feel the urge to cross the boundary—
the very line I drew between us.

Literature lets me cross that fence,
like a blanket thrown over steel wires,
so I can lean over the walls I built
so high, so wide,
just to catch a glimpse of you
from this incomplete state.



3rd Letter

8/04/2026
Dearest

I tried writing a poem about your looks-
the outer layer of your magnificent mind.
But every attempt fell apart.

So I turned this into a letter,
because words and verse keep failing me.
And maybe that's expected-
who wouldn't be lost
standing before your portrait?

Your eyes leave me suspended,
your lips—something I can't quite name-
and still, no word feels enough.

The softness of your
cheeks,
your spectacles resting on
your nose-
I lose myself there,
without trying.

Rhythm, rhyme, and
reason-
all of it abandons me
whenever it comes to
you.



The 4th Letter

12/04/2026

Dearest

I've been having this urge to write about the topic of love. Though I still lack the knowledge and experience in knowing and being in love, I am always fascinated by this peculiar emotion/feeling.

I've tried my best to understand about love and its meaning, as well as the reasons why we Love. In Plato's Symposium, he marked that 'love makes us whole again'. Which explains why people often refer to why we love is to find meaning in life and love is the answer, which I don't know why but I find it stupid. Another thought on why we love, by Arthur Schopenhauer is that 'love tricks us into having babies' which is a thought that I find fascinating because it will trigger those who think love is everything. (I'm a douchebag)

'Love' is weird and complex while also being wonderful and majestic. Some say that the best definition for love is the word 'love' itself, while one of my favourite artists, K Hminga says that 'love is the little things put together'. To add more, 'Love' is so powerful and majestic that it is even the characteristic of God. But to be clear, the 'love' characteristic that is presented in God is nowhere near the mortal love that we humans have. 'Love' in God is far greater than the love we feel and the love that we humans have is just an essence of God's love.

I know that my thoughts contradict each other, but the more I write and think, love is such a great feeling, even though I hated those who keep on saying that love is everything. To add to my disagreement and hatred, I can't help but draw to the conclusion that at some point, love plays a part in being everything.

If love is pure, it does change people and make people do stupid stuff. If love is the motive of an action, a real love, pure, unfiltered feeling, then I believe that love can be everything. But this needs further studies and better evidence so I will end it right there.

But you know, I've seen a man who lost it all. I've seen a man who clings to his imagination. I've seen a man who fought against time and a man who fought the world. I've seen myself fighting and wanting for love, but I've never seen myself in love. "In love" as in-never been in a loving requited relationship with the one that I went to war for.

Yours Sincerely,
Me

The 5th Letter

13/04/2026

Dearest

Have you ever wondered why we, as human beings, love to romanticise pain—melancholy, unrequited love, our failures, loneliness, burnout?

Despite my so-called ethical and moral values, I often act in contrast to my own words. But aren't we all like that, to some extent? I know I'm not the only one. Still, I can't help but respect those who go out of their way to break their own rules, to "seize the moment."

I could never do that. I am bound by reason, and I lack the courage to go against it. Perhaps that is exactly why those "reasons" exist in the first place—because I was always left to resolve things on my own, to sit with them, to romanticise the melancholy.

But back to the question. I think we romanticise these emotions because, at times, they are all we have left. And in trying to make sense of them, we give them meaning. Maybe it comes from our tendency to search for purpose in everything.

So, we repaint what was once dull or painful, giving it a new form—something that can be understood, even appreciated. Something that can be shared, or at least endured.

Or maybe it's just us, trying to enjoy what's left... because we've lost it all.

Yours Sincerely,
Me

EPILOGUE

I was the Loser

He laid his sword upon the ground,
And set his shield next to him.
He sat on the broken trunk he found,
And watched as the sun grew dim.

He took his heavy helmet off to rest
He slipped his broken chest plate too.
He left his pouch aside with the rest,
And breathed in deep, counting one, then two.

The setting sun was beautiful,
The wind rippled through his clothes.
The knight was ever dutiful,
True to his honourable oaths.

The peace that the soft wind brings,
The rest the old trunk gave-
He loved to cherish simple things,
The gifts that nature gave.



In this quiet rest, he was interrupted
By a gentle hug that came from the back.
He showed no struggle, but gladly accepted,
For he knew at once-it was no attack.

The ghost of his love, from the afterlife,
But the phantom bore no harm.
It was the beloved, his cherished wife,
Who held him close in a loving arm.

Her voice, as soft as the evening brook,
Entered his ears like a whispering breeze.
Her words, like music, his sorrow shook,
And at last, the knight knew peace.

"You can finally rest, the
battle is over."
said she,
"The war is won... and I
was the loser."
said he.



Extra

Since when did I become so bitter?
When did I lose it all?
Since when laughter turned to silence –
Was this my tragic fall?

Why am I so cold and distant?
Why can't I smile like before?
Where is the joy that once lived in me –
Have my heart and cheeks grown sore?

Did truth itself transform me to this –
A being of anger and disdain?
A slow disease, a quiet cancer,
Feeding gently on my pain.
It thrives within, unseen, unkind,
Devouring soul and peace of mind.



How long have I been living this way?
How long have I let it remain unchecked?
Has life's great weight dulled my senses,
Till even the hurt went undetected?
This bitterness clings like a shadowed breath
—
A constant pain in the neck.



Still Awake

Still Awake

"I'm a dreamer; I have so little real life that I regard such moments as this one, now, to be so rare that I can't help repeating these moments in my dreams. I will dream of you all night, for an entire week, all year long."

White nights, Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Still Awake

*"And I, which was two fools, do so grow
three;
Who are a little wise, the best fools be."*

John Donne

Still Awake