

HERE LIES
DAHLIA

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Denial

Denial is the door she slams in her own face, trapping her in this lonely comfort zone. It keeps her from facing what hurts.

Judith Sills

I can read you in my sonnets,
I can write you on my pages blank.
You may hide under the sun,
but I can see you when it's pitch black.

If you are ever so tongue-tied,
I am fluent in reading your face.
If you ever want to play,
I'll let you run while I chase.

I'll catch you on the surface,
I'll reach out for you in depth.
I'll kiss you when you are mad,
even when I am out of my breath.

I know you didn't leave,
you are simply out of sight.
You're only quiet for a moment,
you return to me every night.

But if you are gone, love,
I'll set the world ablaze.
And when all is said and done,
I'll sing your song of praise.

You will never be alone,
for I am with you in sickness and in health,
Don't worry, darling—
I would embrace you even in death.

~The Subtle Art of Denial

Let the sound of heartbreak be my music,
and watch me dance to its every beat.

Let your words torment my soul,
and I'll still love you—
bleeding, yet complete.

Watch me rise from the dead
every time my name swirls around your tongue.

I will love you in death,
and I know you would do the same...
if I am eternally beautiful and forever young.

~Worthiness

I love you like a ravenous wolf loves its prey,
I love you like dead flesh loves to rot away.

I love you like the desert loves to drift astray,
I love you like the shoreline loves to wash away.

I love you in shadows, even when you betray,
I love you like sinking iron loves to rust away.

Hate me, for all I care—but
I love being in love with you.
Because, my love,
the very best of me is still you.

~Filth Teaches Filth

My life is a river;
I watch it as a passerby.
You have been missing from it for years,
and more years go by.

There's a raven I can see
where once we used to sit.
I see it devouring a dead heart
slow and grim—bit by bit.

I am in the quiet now,
in acquainted stillness.
A reunion long anticipated,
and the sun joining as a witness.

As the bird flies into the sky above,
lonely and lost like a mourning dove,
I wait for the return, through every season,
of a man I dearly love.

~**Nevermore**

I wonder if your heart fluttered
when you heard my name in the silence,
as mine did.

I wonder if you felt the ache
creeping in your bones,
as I did.

I wonder if you wondered
if I ever wondered about you,
as I did.

I wonder if there was a day, an hour, a moment,
when all you did was miss me—
as I did.

As I still do.

I miss you.

~The Weight of Remembering

Someone once told me...
perfume is the haunting shape of memory,
emotion distilled into something that clings to our minds.

Maybe that is why she fled—
from sea and roses, from fire and rain,
from every echo of herself.

For what scent, what ache, what memory
could remind her more of him
than the one she carries
in her own skin?

~Haunted

I desire heartbreak more than love.

I trust the sorrow that comes with it
is warmer than joy ever was.

As tragedy writes my name more gently
than tenderness ever did.

And every time, this strong inclination
destroys me in the end.

~A Symphony of Ruin

Stay,
as I still want you.

Stay,
as my ribs are a cathedral built around you.

Stay,
as I need you more and more.

Stay,
as I remain where you left me before.

Stay,
as I rest my head on your chest.

Stay,
as there's still some love left.

~Yearning

I hate him.

I will never see him again.

I don't want to see him again.

If I see him again...

Will I see him again?

What if I never see him again!

Can I see him again?

I shouldn't see him again.

I want to see him again.

I love him.

Shit.

~Hamster Wheel

Recalling your chivalry, I sang a hymn.
Your fingers brushed along my veins,
and drew out a longing's brim.

I am the muse, and you, my creator,
so will you hold me in your hands
and keep me in your prayers?

I carved your name into every wound
and wore your mercy like a traitor,
for I have always been your lover
and always been your hater.

Your shadow lingers on my skin
though it doesn't stay.
My shattered heart still kneels to you
in ways I dare not say.

I know I've long outgrown your touch,
yet I tremble anyway,
for every lie I swallow
wears the tender parts of me away.

~Devotion Turns Corrosive

He is hidden
behind the sky of midnight's prime—
An angel stripped of grace
by his own insatiable lust.

A wicked phantom,
an architect of my undoing,
a cruel reminder that I remain his,
even in pain.

It's true, what the world says:
She committed a crime of passion

Though I try to deny
since loving him was my choice—
if he is a monster,
so am I.

~His Bride, His Devotee

If I see a boy in a Christmas hat,
I'll think of you.

When fallen leaves drift away in a storm,
I'll think of you.

I'll recall the desolate hill
that once echoed your laughter.

Is it safe to say I miss you still...
even an eternity after.

~Resignation

My heart is an instrument placed in your hand,
tuned to your every careless whim.

You play with it,
You toss it around,
You leave it withered and forsaken.

But every time you come back,
my broken chords still beat for you.

~Strings of the Damned



Anger

Bitterness is like cancer. It eats upon the host.
But anger is like fire. It burns it all clean.

Maya Angelou

You are in every page I have never written.
You are in shadows; you are in secrets.
You are in my scars, forever hidden.

You are in every tear I never weep.
You are in every night I never sleep.
You are in prayers, you are worshipped.
You are in every promise you never keep.

You were my peace,
but you soon turned violent.
You left me unshackled,
but you were always a tyrant.

You are in my letters.
You are in my veins.
You are in every word I want to scream,
yet I remain silent.

~Between The Lines

I became heavenly bliss
when I reddened my cheeks and honeyed lips.
I lowered my guard and let my hair down,
all sleek and chestnut-brown.

I wore my black dress
and was all ready to confess,
but you never showed up,
you never arrived.

I wailed, I whimpered, I lamented,
I mourned the ideal you that I invented.
I fell, I broke, I cried,
It took me ages, but I finally revived.

You left me all daunted and blue,
I hated you long enough to realize...
I have finally become *you*.

~Reflections

Do not tell me loving you is easy.
Do not tell me it's comforting.

Loving you is a nasty habit,
and old habits die hard.
Loving you is worship to God,
a blind prayer you disregard.

Loving you is an art
where all my colors are gone.
Loving you is a performance all day,
where one day I am a queen and another a pawn.

Loving you is like holding a rose
while thorns prickle my palms.
Loving you is screaming in a storm
that never settles, never calms.

Loving you is a fall from grace,
where you act as a victim and make me feel small.
Loving you is eternal because
I don't see a world where I don't love you at all.

Loving you is an act
of turning water into wine.
I love you, my love,
but you are everyone else's but mine.

Do not tell me loving you is easy.
It is, by far, my worst crime.

~I Went to War

I'll meet you in hell, where your fate twists with mine.
I'll walk with your ghost past the edge of the divine.

I'll know the sins you committed
and how I survived that worst time.

You'll ask me why I'm here,
and I'll tell you about my treasured crime.

I'll meet you in hell, in a waltz serpentine.
I'll meet you in hell, at the end of the line.

~Your Premature Burial

Should I keep quiet, or should I be fair,
should I tell your damsel about your scandalous affair,
should I stay in the dark, or should I be aware,
I wonder how many poems I'll write
about my fingers in your entangled hair.

I wonder if she wonders how mediocre you are.
I wonder if she knows how you left me with a scar.
Remember when I told you,
You could ignite any fire...
I wonder if you know I am a compulsive liar.

I will tell you of the dreams in which I cried.
Will you sit beside me with your
fake tears and boundless pride?

I will tell you how I mended myself, and God knows I tried.
We will meet once again—
and if not, my darling,
I will see you on the other side.

~Decaying Devotion

My heart starts racing whenever you are near.
Have I mentioned I can't stand your laugh
and that dreadful little sneer?

Your very sight steals my breath away,
as though you whisper death.
Can you tell how deeply you repulse me
as I choke on my every breath?

A chill crawls down my spine,
whenever you say I've blushed.
God! I hope I hide well
my utter and absolute disgust.

I told you
you were charming, brave, and everything I desire.
But I wish you knew
I am nothing more than a chronic, compelling liar.

~A Willful Perversion of Facts

Would you still love me
if I am not your little bird anymore?
Would you still touch me
if I am no longer your version of pure?

Would you still kiss me
when I don't agree with everything you say?
Would you still hold me close
when you command, and I no longer obey?

Would I still be your darling
if I outsmart your every move?
Would you still caress my skin
if I become the flame you don't approve?

What if I tell you I am not your pretty little thing?
Would you believe me if I said
You are my puppet on a string.

~**Mystique**

“You resemble the sun”
He told me gently, as though adoring me.

Brassy, garish, and just another star.

“You remind me of the moon,”
I whispered lovingly.

Cold, grey, close enough to see, yet impossibly far.

~Celestial lies

I wish I'd told you the last time we met
this would be the last mistake you'd ever make.

How I loved every corner of you, wide awake.
You shattered me whole and watched me break.

A part of me screamed, a part of me laughed,
seeing your deceit as a well-articulated craft.

Your touch made me bitter, a cruel twist of fate.
I looked into your eyes, and mine filled with hate.

A part of me faded, a part of me withered inside.
I mourned you as though you had finally died.

I watched you leave while you looked the other way.
Everything I meant to say quietly slipped away.

A part of me wanted to ask why,
A part of me wanted to justify.
While pride held my tongue, I let the tears run dry.

I wish I'd told you the last time we met
this would be the last mistake you'd ever make.

~The Collapse

It's 3 a.m., and you are turning blue.
I am painting your portrait, half untrue.

Your city is changing colors, and so are you,
you were popular for your indiscretions—
and you thought I had no clue?

I wish you could see me right now,
but luckily, you bid me adieu.

My palette is missing the crimson red.
Would you mind if I take some
that is dripping from your neck?

You called me crazy,
You called me a witch.
Now look—you're choking on your lies
and rotting in a ditch.

~The Blue and The Blood

There's merlot on my lips and roses in my hair.
Am I your dream come true, or a sweet nightmare?

Your whiskey breath, your hands tangled in my curls—
tears in your ocean eyes always outshine my pearls.

I am the winter of your life, cold and cruel.
Your kisses on my neck were my favorite sort of jewel.

Perhaps it was the best day of your life,
seeing me beg for your love.

Or did you enjoy it just as much
when I walked away,
since you weren't enough.

Tell me how you like yourself now,
being the victim of my wrath.

You mistook me for a dove, darling.
I am no woman of mercy.
I am no empath.

~Reckoning

If there's a word to define what we had,
It would be *almost*.
It should be *almost*.

How you almost charmed me by being too brave,
How I always fooled you by pretending to be naïve.

I was forever spellbound by the blue in your eyes,
How I almost escaped from your insidious, bitter lies.

How you loved it when I cried in the backseat of your jeep,
I almost regret not killing you sooner in your sleep.

How I begged you to see my love was profound,
but now I am glad you're almost nowhere to be found.

~Backseat Confessions

You made me laugh;
You made me cry.
My wounds re-emerged with every tear
I once buried beneath a lie.

You shattered me into pieces,
long before mending your way.
You offered the utmost respect
after humiliating me in every way.

Your words were razor-sharp;
They always cut me deep.
Blood flowed between my legs each night
while you drifted into oblivious sleep.

One day I woke up,
with a bruised eye and bones turned fragile.
Bathed in red that was coursing from your head,
I put you in a coffin and buried you with a smile.

~ **Deliverance**

What differs anger from rage?

Anger is a tiger,
rage is a viper.
Anger fades into regret,
rage bleeds forever red.

Anger is a witless blunder,
rage is echoing thunder.
Anger is a notorious bloodbath,
rage is a menacing, silent path.

Why are both bound in a term so common?
Anger is toxic waste, while rage is bottled venom.

~Distant Relatives



Bargaining

Every broken heart has screamed at one time or another:
“Why can’t you see who I truly am?”

Shannon L. Alder

It's been too long since
I have written anything.

My heart yearns for another heartbreak.

~**Incentive**

He is my church, my altar, my religion.
He is the sky, the sea, my sense, my vision.

I see him in the shadows,
I hear him in the silence.
Do I love him as a poet does,
or is it another act of defiance.

I find him in every song I sing—
or is it just an illusion...
Is he the god I'd commit every sin for,
or another glorious delusion.

I know I will love him again in another lifetime,
and if my prayers are answered now,
I hope he is my *right place at the right time*.

~Ode to a Stranger

Don't be my chaos;
My mind is full of it.

Be my tranquility,
for my longing for it never ends.

Don't leave me in twilight,
where the sun fades into the night,
where your name lingers half-spoken,
and my faith loses its light.

Be my haven,
for my love for you is all that remains.

~In Search of You

Hurt me gently
Curse me softly
Hate me quietly
My heart is still a bit broken.

Hold me tightly
Love me fiercely
Heal me kindly
There are still some things left unspoken.

~**Petition**

It is mesmerizing to behold
the moon half-veiled by the clouds,
clouds roaming freely through the sky,
the sky that cradles stars,
and stars that sway around the moon.

I gaze upon the distant horizon,
and think of our end.

My love, my precious,
Can I see you soon?

~The Last Waiting

Come back with the heartbreak
when my heart is restored.
Come back for a battle
if I am kneeling for my sword.

Come back as a shadow or even as a scar.
If I can't see you, reach for me anyway.
Be the air I breathe,
or the fumes of my cigar.

Come back and stay.
Keep me captive for ages.

Be my grief.
Be my poetry.
Be the words I write,
and let me bleed on the pages.

~Sacrament

Let's celebrate the day we first met.

It feels as if it were yesterday—
you were stealing glances
while I kept my eyes away.

Let me tell you, since you've been long gone,
I loved you every second, all along.

My life is a graveyard of unfinished stories,
and I'm a madwoman reaching for faint memories.

Would you remember the time
when you were briefly mine?
Would you ever read the letters
that now guard your shrine?

Come back, my love.
It's been a while since we last reminisced.
I guess I can say
you are still being missed.

~**Tacenda**

In the afterlife, I wish to be the moon,
as for once, I want to be longed for
the way a grave yearns for the body it was promised.

In the afterlife, can I be the moon?
as for once, in all the darkness I leave behind,
my absence would be felt.

In the afterlife, will I be the moon?
as for once, I want to be envied
by the great wonders of the earth.

In the afterlife, let me be the moon,
as for once, I want to be loved as I am...

Enchanting in my glow.
Annihilating in my grasp.

~Bargaining

I want to weep...

Foolish of me—I wanted to dig deeper,
only to find my sweet memories
have turned bitter.

The lump in my throat keeps getting bigger,
my tears fall down my cheeks,
and nothing tastes sweeter.

I want to cry...

The world is a cruel place in which I can't exist.
Oblivion—the prince I should have kissed.

My grave wouldn't be light
if I were buried in it with my grief.
My heart wanders through lonely streets
like the last fallen leaf.

I want to scream...

I want to sob.

I want to smile.

~**Dirge**

I wish to sit by the ocean,
close enough to touch the water.
I don't want to drown.

I wish to see the moon, its distorted reflection.
It wavers the way I do.
I don't want to fade.

I wish to watch the fireflies gather.
They make the shadows feel like home.
I don't want to leave.

I wish to stay here as long as the night lasts.
Here, I feel content.
Here, I feel alive.

I don't want to die.

~**Desires**



Depression

If you desire healing
Let yourself fall ill, let yourself fall ill.

Rumi

There was a time
when you said you loved me.
There was a time
when I believed it to be true.

What a glamorous lie.
What a grave mistake.

~Well Played

It was a sweltering evening
beneath a blood-red sky.
I was sitting in my armchair
with a view set high.

As I sat there long enough
to watch the sun disappear,
I couldn't help but compare our love.

If mine was a waterfall,
yours was an unshed tear.

~Uneven Damage

Our hearts feed on lies
when they are deprived of what they want,
so they go through every turmoil to get a taste of it.

It learns to pretend that crumbs are feasts,
to mistake echoes for answers,
to call survival hope.

And in my defense,
mine was starving for love
for a long time.

~Breadcrumbs

I told hollow truths when I was alone.
I heard profound lies when I was lonely.

Some days, my mind was in touch with reality.
Other days, my heart wanted to be fed properly.

~Deception

Lingering glances, held breaths, trembling hands—and
us.

Abrupt kisses, swollen lips, dreamy eyes—and
us.

Midnight confessions, shared secrets, stolen moments—and
us.

Crude facts, blunt judgements, vague thoughts—and
us.

Empty pages, abandoned poetry, broken sentences—and
us.

Partial truth, faded memories, misread silence—and
us.

Borrowed time, bitten words, soft goodbyes—and
us.

Unsent letters, unheard music, unfinished story—and
us.

~The Graveyard of Us

Stay strong;
I pleaded to the clouds.

You might fill the empty oceans
I am trying to write about.

~A Tear Per Word

I accepted I was more myself
when I was desolate.

I am drawn to a place where the sun doesn't beam,
birds don't sing,
and the only sound I hear is a window
creaking in the hollow wind.

Happiness feels like a foreign city
in which I don't want to roam.
I want to go where I hear nothing but the sea.

This isn't me.
I want to go home.

~ **Ambered Silence**

My loneliness crept in.

When doors were bolted
and windows were sealed shut,
the silence swallowed me whole,
leaving my breath clenched and cut.

The drizzle outside grew louder,
and a gush of wind felt like thunder.
My sweet home became haunted,
I sobbed and screamed till shadows dragged me under.

When loneliness crept in.

~The House of Grief

I, too, have fallen in love
with the subdued crying of my silence.

It stays by me when my words grow tired.
It hums softly through the cracks.
It settles in my chest as if it were part of me.

It doesn't heal.
It doesn't hurt.
It simply exists—
like I do.

~**Beloved**

Once a full moon pondered:

“Is there someone out there
who belongs with me?”

“Is there someone lonelier than
my reflection in the sea?”

“Does my brimming light capture
someone aching to be free?”

Far away, a wolf howled,
and the moon grew somber.

~Selene's Solitude

When the night held its breath,
you whispered in my ear.
Admiring the act,
I smiled a little.

When distance grew shorter,
you drenched me in your warmth.
Recalling this affinity,
I unraveled a little.

When absence thickened with doubt,
you withdrew without warning.
Omitting this fallacy,
I missed you a little.

When desire circled back to itself,
I returned to you every time.
Detesting this insolence,
I ached a little.

~**Summer Nights**

A dream began.

It was delicate, alluring, and a tender surprise—
that's how you entered my life.

You were the love I craved
and a devil in disguise.
It reminded me of you.

The dream unfolded.

I was intrigued, wishful, and gently tethered
when, for the first time, I felt I mattered.
It reminded me of you.

The dream ended.

It was scary, abrupt, and punishing.
You were my future that once seemed promising,
that's when my hope went quiet.
It reminded me of you.

~**Echo**

I long for the season
when leaves turn red.
I long for the grief
when my skin burned and bled.

I long for the rain
that hid my endless tears.
I long for the music
that soaked my misery for years.

I long for the agony
that made my ink stain paper.
I long for the sweet silence
that soon turned bitter.

I long for my very existence
when I desire nothing at all.
I feel numb, I feel cold,
I feel frightened, I feel small.

If people are seasons that change with time,
I would be the winter that comes after fall.

~Lygophilia

I asked God
why the spice of happiness left me untouched.

He answered,
“You fed on grief for so long,
joy has become an acquired taste.”

~On Happiness

I saw a bird from my window drinking from a pot.
My curious eyes examined her, but she dared not.

I wished for a moment that
I was her and she was me, so
I could swim in the sky—an unbounded sea.

She darted her eyes at me
as if she'd heard this thought.
I wonder if she was thinking the same:

You are content, and I am not.

~Penny For Your Thoughts?

I am not myself anymore.

My laugh

My tears

My strength

My fears...

They are not mine; I am still at war.

I am an imposter, I am obscure.

This is not me.

I am no more.

~Unknown

The river in my eyes travels all night
to dampen the barren ground
of my thoughts,
where unwritten words are flourishing.

~What Goes Unsaid

The presence of grief made me write a few words.
So did the absence of it.

Either way, I was content,
if not necessarily euphoric.

~Equilibrium

My thoughts tangled into knots,
my words caught fast within them.

They rambled on for hours,
circling endlessly,

until all that was left
was a craving for stillness.

~**Static**

I am not happy
I am not sad
There is everything,
and there is nothing else.

In this void,
my brain is deceased
but alive is my heart.

I descend deep into the dark,
and from there I begin
what the world calls art.

~In-Between

When do you write?

Before licking the misery.

While touching the madness.

When drowning in melancholy.

After dying a little.

How often?

Every day.

~Requiem

I felt too much
I wept so much
I tried to express it
I tried to suppress it

I say I don't feel anymore
I say it while laughing to the core
I say I don't know how to express
I say there's nothing to suppress

I say it often, like a "rule of thumb."
One night I wondered:

Am I really at peace, or just numb?

~Paralysis

From constant giggling to a forced smile,
from nonstop chattering to formalities once in a while.

From running into each other's arms,
now meeting by accident.
From laughing at all bad jokes—
today, why so hesitant?

Once watching *Friends* and arguing,
“Were Ross and Rachel really on a break?”
Once there were unexpected hugs,
now there's an occasional handshake.

~Ode to a Lost Friend

I was staring at a blank page
waiting for words to appear,
wondering what I should write about...
my half-smile or a single tear.

When I fell into the void
I barely hoped for a new dawn,

I understood this much...
it is crucial for me to die so
my words can live on.

~Posthumously Yours

Can you remember your death
Can you recall your final breath

Do you realize you're already dead
Do the blood-stained memories fill your head

Would you do it again if given another life
Would you live this time or
Would you pick another knife

~The Question Remains

The pain has stopped, yet still hurts my core.
My tears have run dry, but eyes are still sore.

I am slowly slipping away,
envisioning the great things
kind strangers might say.

Here I am, waving a final goodbye,
savoring my seven minutes
as I close my eyes with
exasperated sigh.

~Destination

There's someone who waits for me,
someone who sleeps next to me,
someone I think about,
someone I can't live without.

A devil who stole my throne,
for there are sins I've yet to atone.
I call him out so he can take me away,
I invite him in the dark, knowing he won't delay.

All the cigars I smoked—
now my table is full of ashtrays.
What should I do to make him listen?
Tell me, and I'll obey.

I look for him in the night.
Just like the moon, I am dressed in white.
I saw his carriage and held my breath.

My love has come to me, and
his name is Death.

~Scandalous Affair

Death keeps knocking on my window,
and he is so handsome.

Whenever I take a peek,
he smiles at me.

I wish for him to stay,
or take me far, far away—
a place where barbed hearts loosen their rope,

“Shhh,” I whisper to myself.
Everyone is happy; you can't elope

But he is so kind, he is so patient.
Whenever I take a peek,
he smiles at me.

I am holding my pulse now, calling him out.
The baggage I carry is too heavy now.
I look at the horizon—the sun is about to shine.
I grab him impatiently and make him mine.

He is my love, and he is so caring.
When I take one final peek,
he smiles at me.

~Courting Death

A famous saying goes:

“Whenever an artist dies,
God lets them paint the sky.”

Perhaps that’s why it was red
when she said her final goodbye.

~**Evanesence**

There's a graveyard behind my house;
it's calling me out,
where the dead lie silent, but
their anguish is too loud.

The wind whispers their secrets
through the fallen leaves,
yet their spirits cast long shadows
that conquer my screams.

Amid the stones, their stories come to life—
of broken hearts, shattered dreams,
and countless strife.

As I lie there in peace,
I hear their cries fading.

As I lie there beneath my headstone,
I hear my mother weeping.

As I lie there, wondering...
Is it the weight of stone,
or is my dead heart still aching?

There once was a graveyard behind my house.
It called me out—
and I went.

~As I Lay There Dying



Acceptance

Every woman that finally figured out her worth, has picked up her suitcases of pride and boarded a flight to freedom, which landed in the valley of change.

Shannon L. Alder

Don't look for me in the raindrops,
while I am in your tears.
Don't look for me in heaven,
though you are in my prayers.

Don't look for me in the clouds—
I take no form.
Don't look for me in the fire,
I am in every storm.

Don't look for me in your canvas,
after I stained your sheets.
Don't look for me in the pictures,
or those memories bittersweet.

Don't look for me in the sun,
after I retreated into the shadows.
Don't look for me in my letters,
or my sly, bitter innuendoes.

If you truly want to see me,
look no further than yourself.
I am engraved in your memory,
like a classic on a bookshelf.

Look for me in your blessings and blues,
my beloved, if you dare...
Don't look for me in the ashes,
after I am gone.

I am not there.

~Letter From Stella

One day I will write
about my cold fingers
which no fire could warm.

About restless birds
who sing after every storm.

About hidden pearls
I found deep in the sea.

About a haunted soul
who merely wants to be free.

One day I will write
about those eyes
brighter than the sky.

About a lonesome moon
and her loyal wolf's cry.

About my loyal enemy
and treacherous friend.

About my painful beginning
and glorious end.

~Revival: A Memoir

There's another world out there for us...

Where you adore my scarred skin,
where I loathe your outrageous sin,
where you love me with all your heart,
where without you, I don't fall apart.

There's another world out there for you...

Where I endure your nefarious lies,
where I have faith in your treacherous eyes,
where we can meet even after death,
where I chant your name with every breath.

There's another world out there for me...

Where I stop waiting at weathered doors,
where I lay aside my unresolved wars,
where without you, I thrive and glow,
where I finally choose to let you go.

~Alternate Universe

I am searching for happiness,
and I find little fragments of it every day—
just like a bird finds breadcrumbs
in a concrete but welcoming way.

I am searching for happiness,
and it appears in flickers, lighting within—
like seeds caught between pavements
where no garden could have been.

I am searching for happiness,
and it arrives in ordinary places—
like warmth settling briefly
in forgotten, abandoned spaces.

~The Visitor

In the end,
we are all searching for someone
who will take our hand and introduce us
to what we refuse to see—

The parts we are too blind to notice
too proud to accept
and too afraid to love.

Parts equally beautiful, scarred,
and undeniably tragic.

~I am out with lanterns, looking for myself

You want so much to stay alive,
you need so little to live.

Some faith, some warmth,
and some shared silence.

I want so much to stay alive,
I need so little to live.

Some love, some laughter,
and a little bit of heartache.

We want so much to stay alive,
we need so little to live.

Some hope, some compassion,
and a reason to stay.

~Emotional Economy

Cherish it while it lasts.
Release it when it's past.
There's something sad about it—
memories always fade.

Grieve because it won't come back.
Stitch a rainbow through the black.
There's something tragic about it—
memories always fade.

Smile when it's gone,
because every night brings a new dawn.
There's something peaceful about it—
memories always fade.

~What Fades, What Stays

It's time you let him go.
It's time you let yourself glow.
It's time you escape his spell.
It's time you raise your own hell.

It's time you reclaim your power.
It's time you stop shrinking by the hour.
It's time you trust your own mind.
It's time you leave his voice behind.

It's time you rage.
It's time you rise.
It's time you choose yourself.
without compromise.

~Beyond the Ghost

You're fading away.

Your memories, your laugh, your deception—
I couldn't hold on anymore,
yet I wore the lie anyway.

You're fading away.

The affection I offered, the scars you returned,
the labor I endured with the joy I hard-earned,
yet I clung to the ghost anyway.

You're fading away.

Your promises to me, my devotion to you—
my peace is in pieces; my acceptance is long overdue.
I can barely remember you now;
now I can't let the truth rot away.

You faded away.

~Nothing Remains of You

I was the dark sky, you, my moon;
we were the calmest night
until one afternoon.

I was the artist, you, my muse;
we were a masterpiece
yet you fell for the ruse.

Now I am the water, I am the life,
I am the color blue.
You drowned in the sea
when I became an ocean for you.

I am *Selene*, I am *Salacia*
with infinity ahead of me.
I am the muse I know best;
I am the masterpiece you could never see.

While I have the chance, can I just say—
I couldn't be more at peace,
and you couldn't be more wrong for me.

And that's okay, because
It's not you, my love, it's me.

~Dear, You

My wrath and your pride—
you erred, I denied.

My love and your lust—
a distant memory, my broken trust.

My virtue and your sin—
Your calculated apology with a rotten grin.

My bitter truth and your sugar-dip lie—
your sudden epiphany,
my final goodbye.

~**Severance**

He slowly waned from my memory,
like a nightmare dissolving into a reverie.
In his absence, my love for myself bloomed,
the way skin heals itself from a nasty wound.

At first, the void learned my name.
Later, the skin no longer bore the shame.
I carried mornings without his burden,
and evenings softened, slow and certain.

Now, I walk with both my feet on the ground,
no echo trailing his bitter sound.
He claimed to love me, yet left me alone—
it was a dream, it was a lie,

I woke up and he was gone.

~The Last Place He Lived

Many tales to tell, but where do I start?

Perhaps from the beginning,
When you bartered art for verses worn thin.

Maybe from the middle,
When our careful words lost their discipline.

Or from the end,
When I let you go and learned to live within.

~Once Upon a Time

I have nothing that holds your name.
No echo follows me now.

You left no indelible damage;
the wound has closed now.

I have nothing to remember you by.
My scars are gone now.

You left no trace behind.
Oblivion is yours now.

~What Time Buried

I feel, therefore I write;
I exist in experience.

I crave no contentment;
I fear no pain.

Euphoria is mine,
so is tragedy.

I desire no ease;
I deny no ache.

Rapture is mine,
so is ruin.

I demand no mercy;
I refuse no wound.

Comfort is mine,
so is catastrophe.

~**Stoic**

Somewhere between loving you and losing you,
I found myself and brought her back to life.

She was hiding in the pauses, in unanswered calls.
I met her in mirrors again, less apologetic this time.

When I looked back at her,
it wasn't grief that met my eyes.
It was a woman standing upright,
finally introduced to herself.

~Acceptance

Falling leaves—
or a tree sighing under its weight?
Can you tell?

Shooting stars—
or a sky learning to let go?
Can you tell?

A waterfall—
or a mountain confessing at last?
Can you tell?

Not everything that falls is a loss.

Leaves promise return,
Stars refuse permanence,
Water teaches that surrender isn't collapse.

I changed the way I see, and
falling has never felt so appealing.

~Why Do We Fall?

I no longer want to fall in love with people—
they hurt, they heal, they love, they leave.

I want to fall in love with poetry instead,
or a sentence sleeping in an old book, still waiting.

I want to fall in love with the rhythm of my pulse,
or a thumping heart of a hummingbird, still beating.

I want to fall in love with the sand beneath my feet,
or with the stones of an ancient monument, still standing.

I want to fall in love with the silver chime of my anklets,
or with the thunder before rain, still promising.

I want to fall in love once more,
and this time I'll live.

~Love, Translated

I belong more and more to myself
each time I write.

It's I who slips out of my existence and
travels on tattered paper.
It's I who bleeds,
pouring ink-stained memories for my spectator.

It's I who lingers in purgatory
and what's left of decaying nature.
It's I, caught between
my holy creation and my ominous creator.

~I Am What I Write

When my laughter echoed through the hall,
I heard the music that was never written,
I tasted the fruit that was half-bitten,
I looked at Apollo, and he was smitten.

When my laughter echoed through the hall,
The chandeliers trembled, bright and magnified,
salt-lit tears mirrored the ocean's tide.
I danced, I bowed, and Diana smiled.

It seems like ages
since my laughter echoed through the hall.
Remembering that sound,
I laughed once again.

~When Memory Unravels

My mother told me many tales—

Tales of Athena...

The worthy, the warrior, the wise goddess.

Tales of Artemis...

The moon, the wolf, the wild goddess.

Tales of Aphrodite...

The beauty, the love, the desired goddess.

Tales of Medusa...

The serpent, the mystery, the vicious goddess.

She would later tell me
about the scars each goddesses bore.

The battle scars Athena endured—
The scars of expectations, of how a lady should be,
and how Artemis ignored them all.

How Aphrodite bore scars from
wandering eyes and incessant lust,
and the scars of heinous crimes
that Medusa suffered.

With each tale, I loved my scars all the more.

I looked at my mother,
who was watching me with glee.
I am a goddess, like every woman,
and my scars belong to me.

~**Inheritance**

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