

HALF LOVED AND WHOLE ANYWAY

VANSHIKA



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Stories Matter

New Delhi • London

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE LAST TO BE CHOSEN.....	1
HERE, AND A LITTLE BIT THERE.....	2
THE FINAL PAGE	5
THE DECREE WITHIN	6
THE LONG WAY HOME	8
IN THE PAUSE.....	9
ALL I GAVE	11
HE HEARD, BUT DIDN'T LISTEN	13
HIS TO HOLD, BUT NEVER TO KEEP	15
THE FAMILY I FEAR.....	17
THE EGO I CARRY.....	19
THE EARNED LOVE	21
SAFER IN SILENCE.....	23
ROOTED IN ME.....	25
THE WORDS I CAN'T SAY	27
NOT MINE TO KEEP	29
THE ART OF DOING NOTHING	31
THE BITTER MARK.....	33
THE HEART WANTS WHAT IT WANTS.....	35
LEAVING NO TRACE.....	36

WEEP AND NO LEAP	38
ALONE AND NO HOME	39
A PLACE TO BELONG.....	41
WHAT PEOPLE HAVE.....	43
WHAT IF	45
UNTIL NEXT TIME OR A LIFETIME	47
FELT LIKE HOME.....	48
THE LAST LOOK	50
BORN FROM FRACTURES.....	52
A WAR AT HOME	54

THE LAST TO BE CHOSEN

She stands at the edge, a shadow in the light,
Always the last, never the first in sight.
Her hands, though steady, are unseen in the fray,
A silent strength that quietly holds sway.
They turn to her when the others fall away,
A constant presence, come what may.
Yet when the storm has passed and gone,
She's left alone, the battles won.
Her heart, a well of unspoken care,
Offers solace, always there.
But who will catch her when she stumbles,
Or soothe the ache when her spirit crumbles?

HERE, AND A LITTLE BIT THERE

She was here, a little bit there.

A whisper on staircases, a ghost in the glare.

In rooms thick with silence, in smiles not her own,

She danced through the shadows, unloved and
unknown.

She was here, a little bit there,

A borrowed breath in stale, bitter air.

A child of the hearth with ash in her veins,

Built from the ruin, baptized in chains.

The home that once hummed like a song in her chest,

Now snarled like a beast that denied her rest.

It chewed through her softness, her want and her
name,

Left bones at the table, then called it a game.

She was here, a little bit there,

Like dust in the corners, like blood in a prayer.

They claimed her, adored her, but never quite saw—

She was stitched into walls with invisible straw.

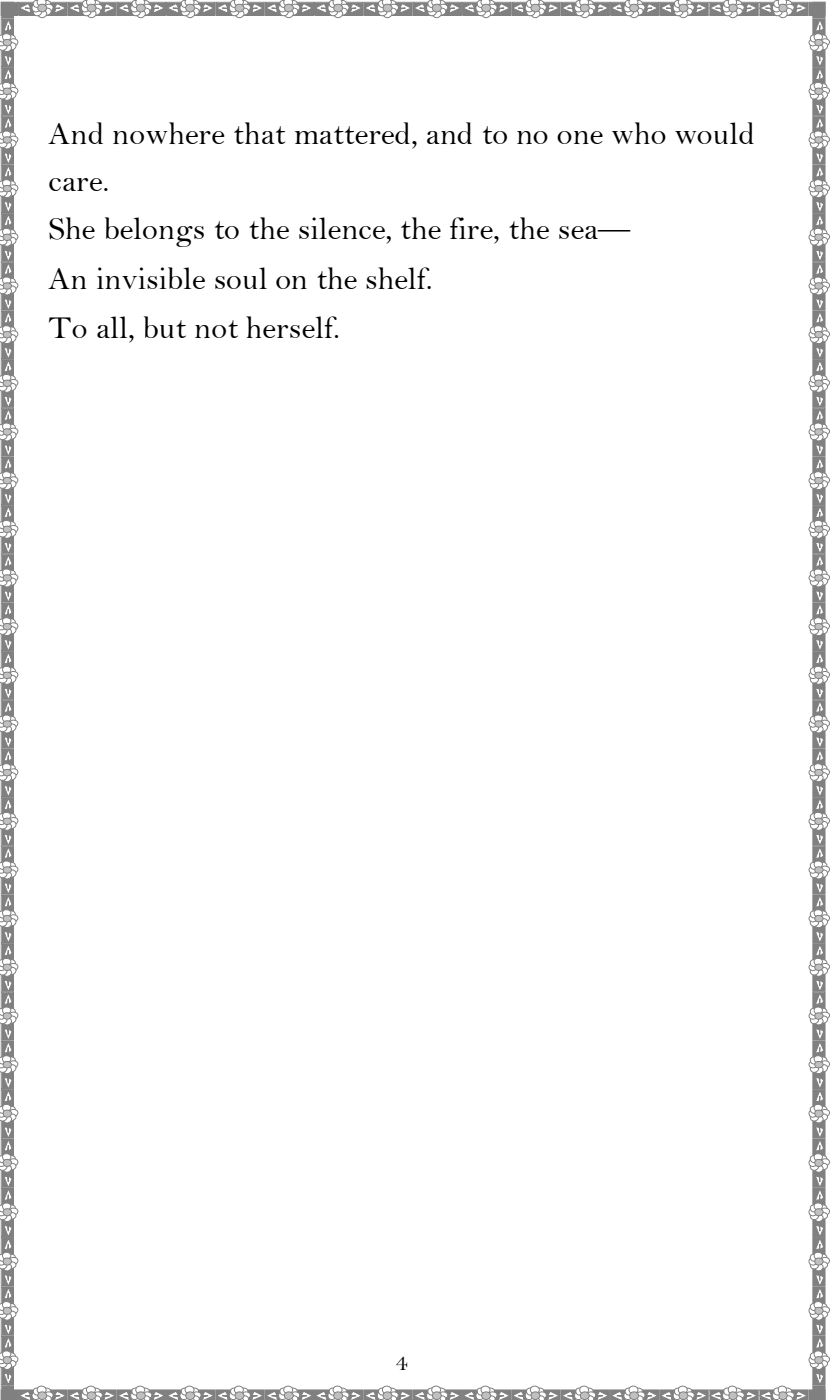
She belonged to the many, to mother and kin,
But her soul wandered barefoot, nowhere within.
Every echo she left was devoured by the floor,
And the arms that once warmed her now chilled to
the core.

She was here, a little bit there,
A scream tucked beneath a polite, vacant stare.
The pillow knew her sorrow, the door knew her rage,
The mirror just laughed like a locked iron cage.

She wept for the comfort that used to be sweet,
Now it's poison in coffee cups, decay in the heat.
Even silence betrays her with sharp, crooked teeth—
She's a ghost in her skin, she's a name underneath.

She was here, a little bit there,
An ember in snow, a sin in a prayer.
Home is a myth, just 4-walls made of pain,
A shelter that floods her with memory's rain.
She walks like a secret, she breaks like a vow,

They ask why she's distant—but never ask how.
So she shatters in verses they'll never decode,
Carved into margins, she bleeds on the road.
She was here, a little bit there,



And nowhere that mattered, and to no one who would
care.

She belongs to the silence, the fire, the sea—

An invisible soul on the shelf.

To all, but not herself.

THE FINAL PAGE

So, no, it doesn't end with us,
The weight is mine alone to see,
The echoes fade, the ties set free,
At last, the journey's burden falls on me.
The final chapter, a quiet trust—
It ends, not with us, but with me.

She turned from love, not out of spite,
But seeking peace beyond the fight.
No vows to bind, no plea to stay—
Just whispered truths and walking away.
In choosing self, she learned to grieve,
But found the strength at last to leave.
Love remained, yet not her cage—
She wrote her freedom on the final page.

THE DECREE WITHIN

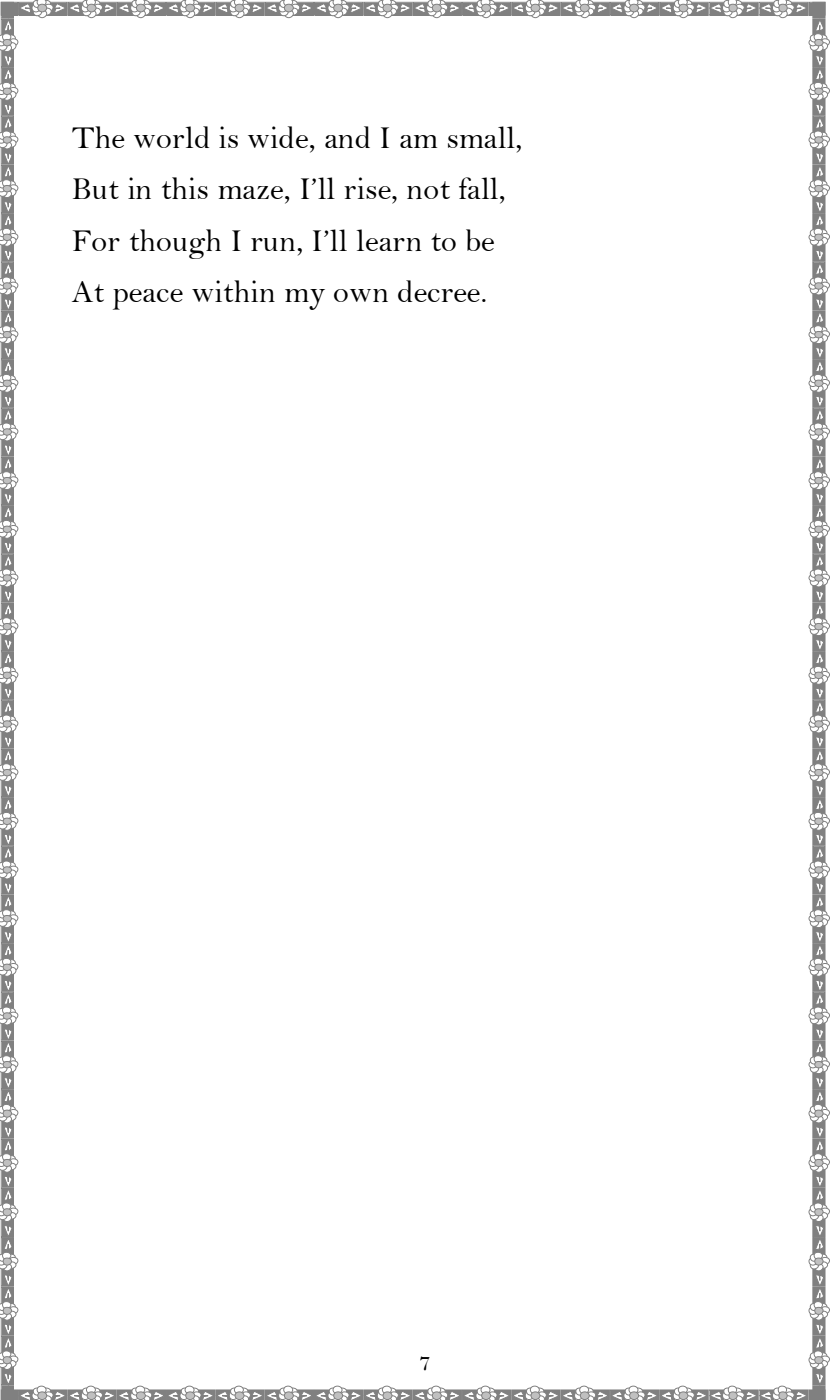
In cities bright where shadows weave,
I chase the dusk, yet can't believe,
That every street, a mirrored lie,
Reflects the fears I can't deny.

I've roamed the woods where whispers sigh,
Among the trees, beneath the sky,
But every path I take in flight
Leads back to doubts that haunt the night.

Across the mountains, fierce and grand,
I climb for peace, I search for land,
Yet at the summit, still I find,
The weight of chains I've left behind.

Oceans vast and shores of sand,
I wander far, yet still I stand,
For in the depths, a truth I see:
No matter where, it's still with me.

So here I pause, my heart exposed,
In every place, the self I chose,
No distance great can help me flee
From the confines of my own decree.



The world is wide, and I am small,
But in this maze, I'll rise, not fall,
For though I run, I'll learn to be
At peace within my own decree.

THE LONG WAY HOME

I take another walk down the memory lane,
My heart gets heavy and my eyes fill with pain.

Espy ghosts of my pals and the chuckles we spent,
When hearts were sincere, and we spoke what we
meant.

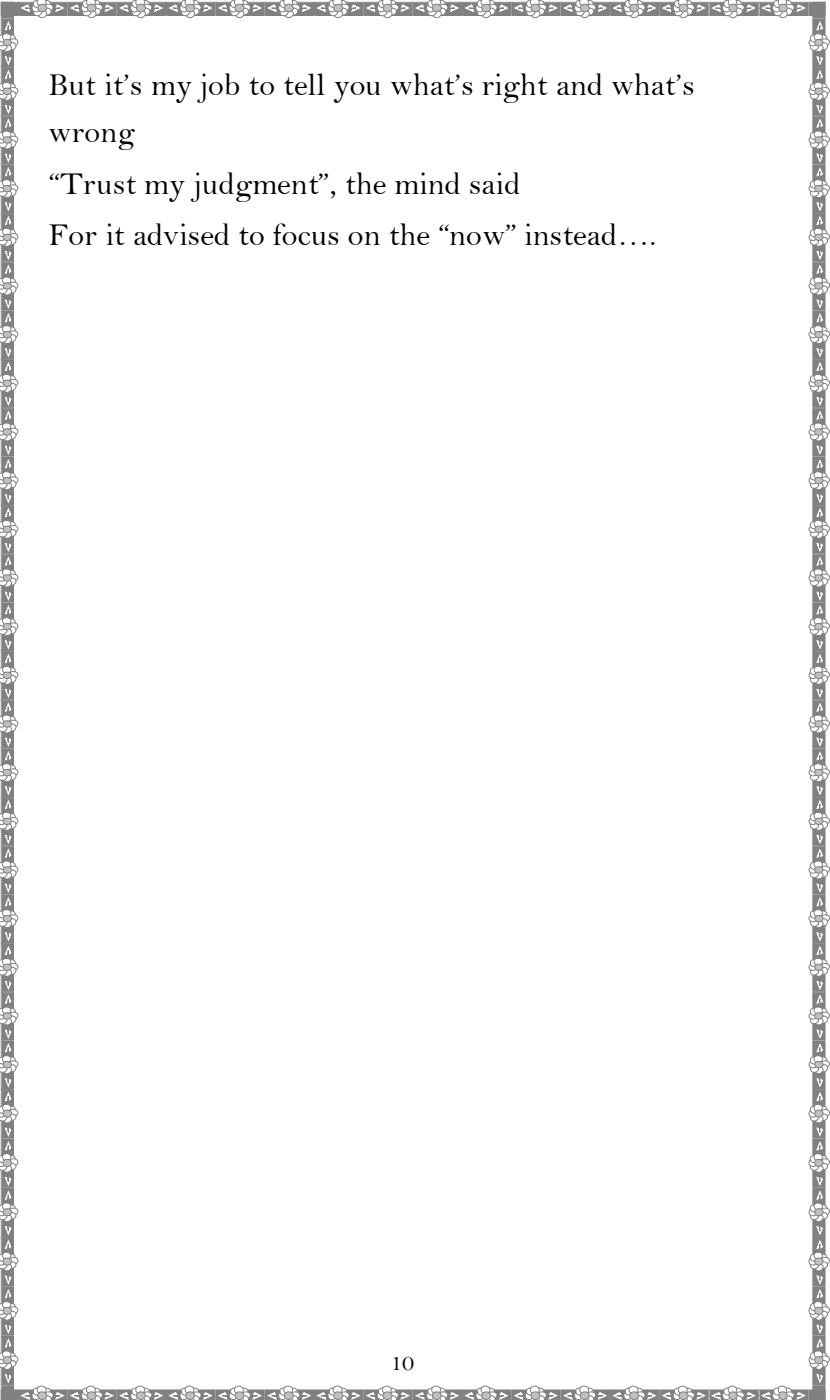
As I move to embrace them, they turn me away,
And that's when it hits me -
We've gone too astray.

Oh, it seems like yesterday
The laughs, the glee, the jitter,
Alas, the blood has now gone cold
And the heart, nothing but bitter.

Now I ponder 'bout what went wrong,
What happened to the vows that once were so strong,
I find none to answer,
As the day brings the dawn,
I hear myself murmur -
It's time to walk back home.

IN THE PAUSE

Uncertain of “next”
I sat quiet
With every second that sunk closer
I knew I had to pushover
So I took a deep breath
The one that I needed
Let it be easy
In my heart I pleaded
“Ayo wait” came a voice
Amidst the silence
Like a violent noise
It was no one but my mind
Playing thoughts of different kind
The mind said, before you take the leap
Let me tear up and weep
What a strange thought
But it continued
For years I’ve been doing this
It construed
I know it’s hard
That you have been trying for long



But it's my job to tell you what's right and what's
wrong

"Trust my judgment", the mind said

For it advised to focus on the "now" instead....

ALL I GAVE

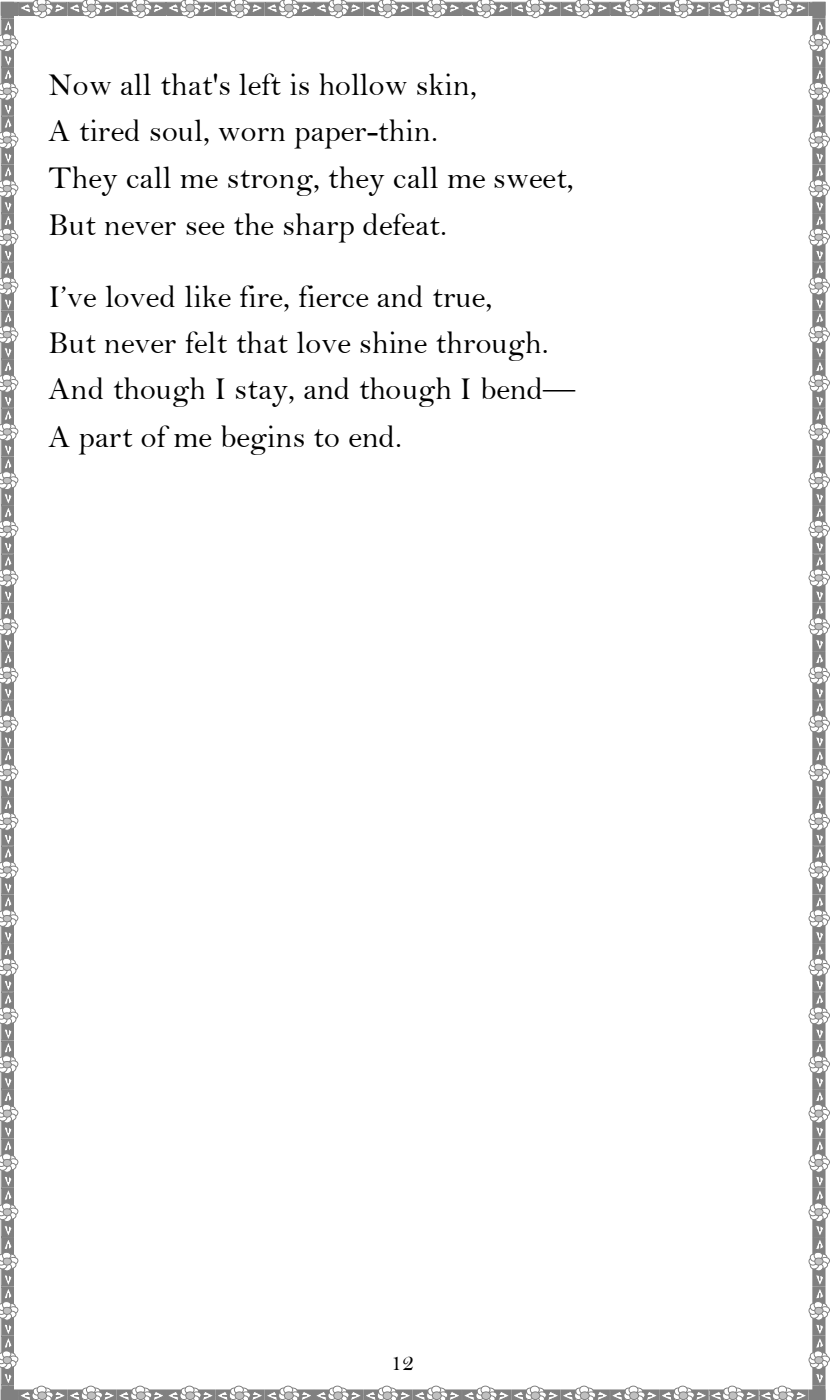
I've loved with hands both bare and wide,
Stood at their storms, refused to hide.
Gave all my light, my every spark—
But no one stayed to face my dark.

I laughed in rooms that felt like tombs,
A crowd around, yet filled with gloom.
Their voices loud, their faces near,
But none could see me disappear.

I did enough—or so I tried,
Yet always felt not quite supplied.
Their silence screamed, "It's not enough,"
And so I learned to fake the tough.

They took my warmth, my quiet grace,
Then left me cold in empty space.
I stitched their wounds, I held their pain,
But mine? It spilled like falling rain.

I smiled while breaking, broke while kind,
And gave away what none would find.
I asked for crumbs, received their pride—
Still held their world when mine had died.



Now all that's left is hollow skin,
A tired soul, worn paper-thin.
They call me strong, they call me sweet,
But never see the sharp defeat.

I've loved like fire, fierce and true,
But never felt that love shine through.
And though I stay, and though I bend—
A part of me begins to end.

HE HEARD, BUT DIDN'T LISTEN

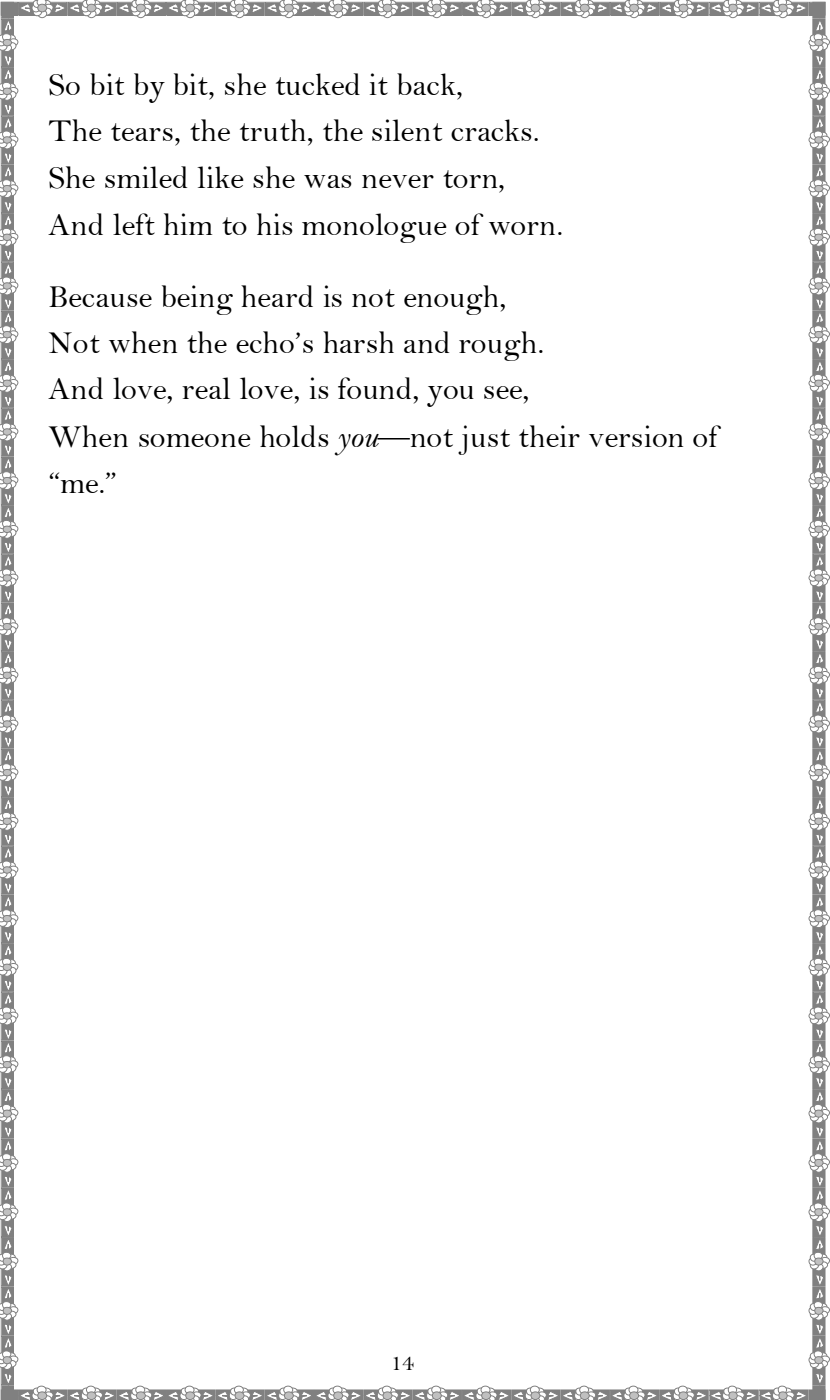
She opened her heart like a quiet door,
Trembling words she'd held before.
Laid bare the ache she tried to hide,
A storm she'd weathered deep inside.

He nodded slow, his eyes were kind,
But soon the story turned to *his* mind.
“My day was worse,” he softly said,
While hers lay bleeding, softly dead.

She spoke of nights she couldn't sleep,
Of wounds too wide, and roots too deep.
But he, so quick, would shift the light—
Make her shadows match *his* fight.

She needed arms, a place to fall,
Not someone building up a wall.
Not a contest, not a race—
Just quiet love, a steady place.

She needed him to just be still,
To hold her pain without a will
To fix, to frame, to turn the scene—
But he kept playing “what I mean...”



So bit by bit, she tucked it back,
The tears, the truth, the silent cracks.
She smiled like she was never torn,
And left him to his monologue of worn.

Because being heard is not enough,
Not when the echo's harsh and rough.
And love, real love, is found, you see,
When someone holds *you*—not just their version of
“me.”

HIS TO HOLD, BUT NEVER TO KEEP

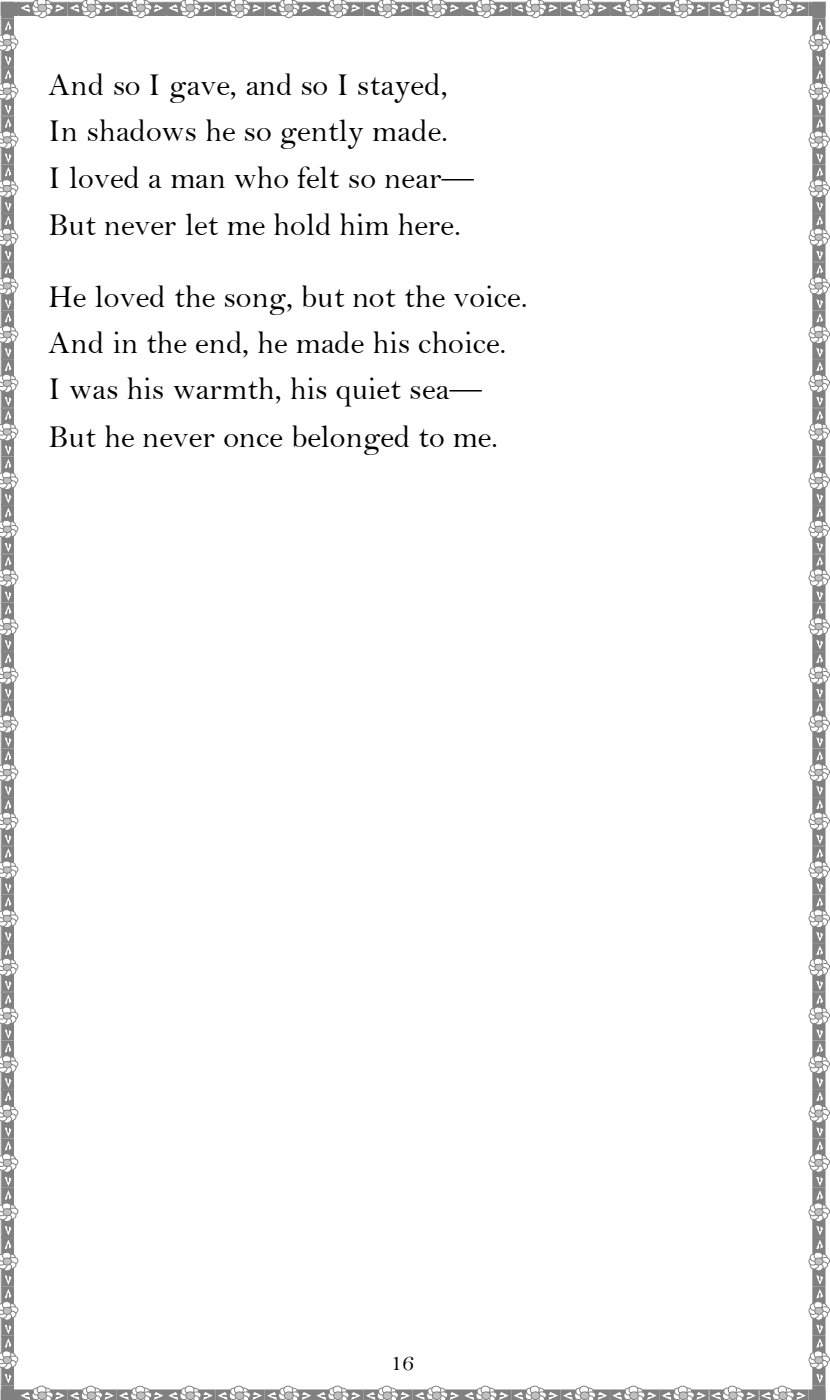
I was his calm in a world unkind,
His secret place, his peace of mind.
He'd trace my laugh, my eyes, my grace,
But never really saw my face.

He loved the way I understood,
The way I gave, the way I stood.
He loved my soul when it was near—
But never stayed to hold it dear.

I belonged to him, in word and gaze,
In quiet nights and fleeting days.
But when I reached, he'd drift away,
Like sunsets he forgot to stay.

He loved the way I made him feel,
Like magic spun from something real.
But love, true love, goes deeper still—
It stays when life begins to chill.

He saw the stars I gave for free,
But never once reached out for me.
He praised the art, but not the heart—
Admired the whole, ignored the part.



And so I gave, and so I stayed,
In shadows he so gently made.
I loved a man who felt so near—
But never let me hold him here.

He loved the song, but not the voice.
And in the end, he made his choice.
I was his warmth, his quiet sea—
But he never once belonged to me.

THE FAMILY I FEAR

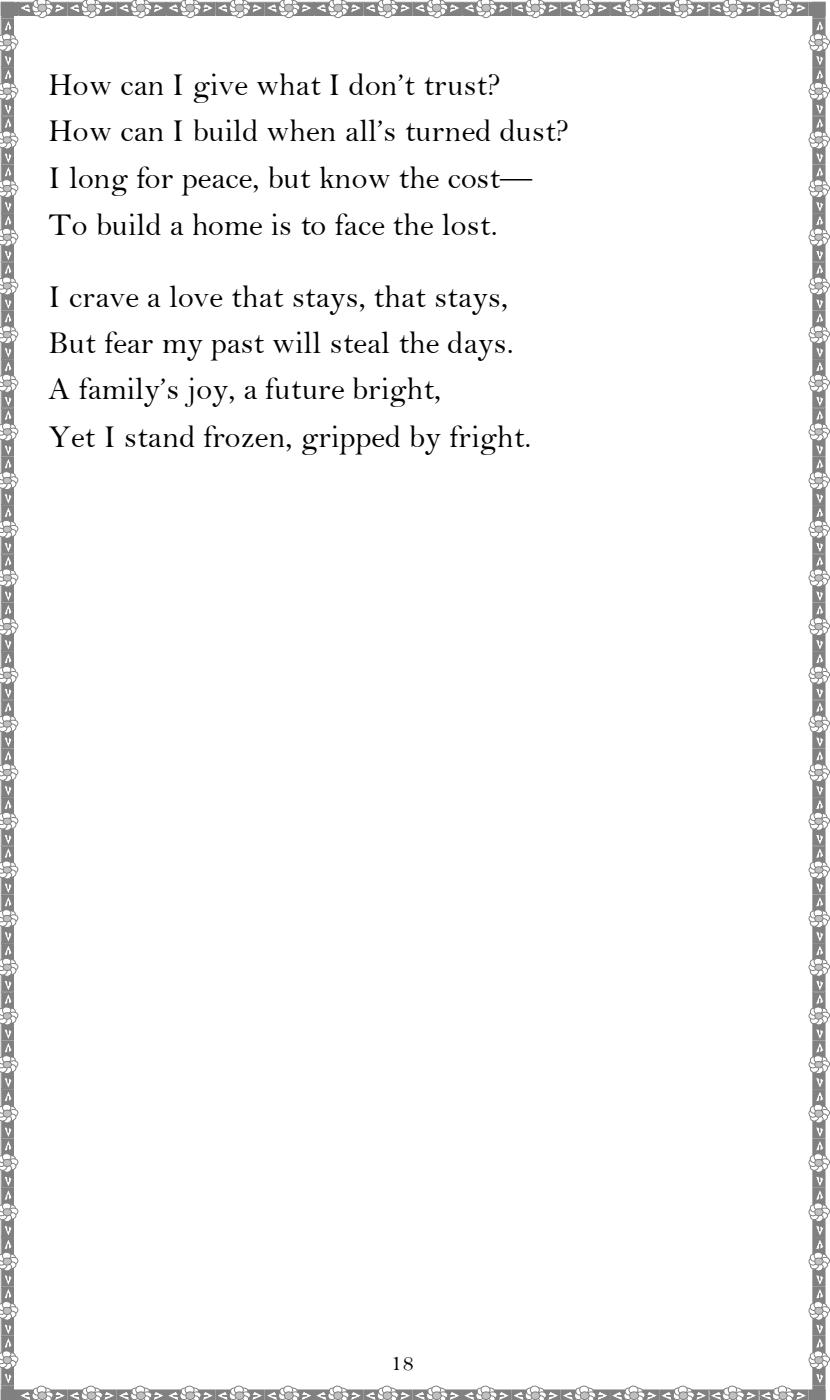
I dream of love, a home to share,
A place to heal, a place to care.
I crave the warmth, the hearts entwined,
But fear it's something I can't find.

For every hope feels bound in chains,
A reflection of my own blood's stains.
A family born in fractured ways,
Where love was lost in endless haze.

I want to build, to start again,
But I fear the ghosts, the weight of pain.
Will my love break like glass once more,
Will trust be shattered on the floor?

I look at them, the bonds so sweet,
But in my chest, the shadows meet.
For every smile hides tears once shed,
For every word, a silence dead.

I fear I'll pass the hurt I know,
I'll sow the seeds and watch them grow.
A twisted love that can't be right,
A fractured home, a broken light.



How can I give what I don't trust?
How can I build when all's turned dust?
I long for peace, but know the cost—
To build a home is to face the lost.

I crave a love that stays, that stays,
But fear my past will steal the days.
A family's joy, a future bright,
Yet I stand frozen, gripped by fright.

THE EGO I CARRY

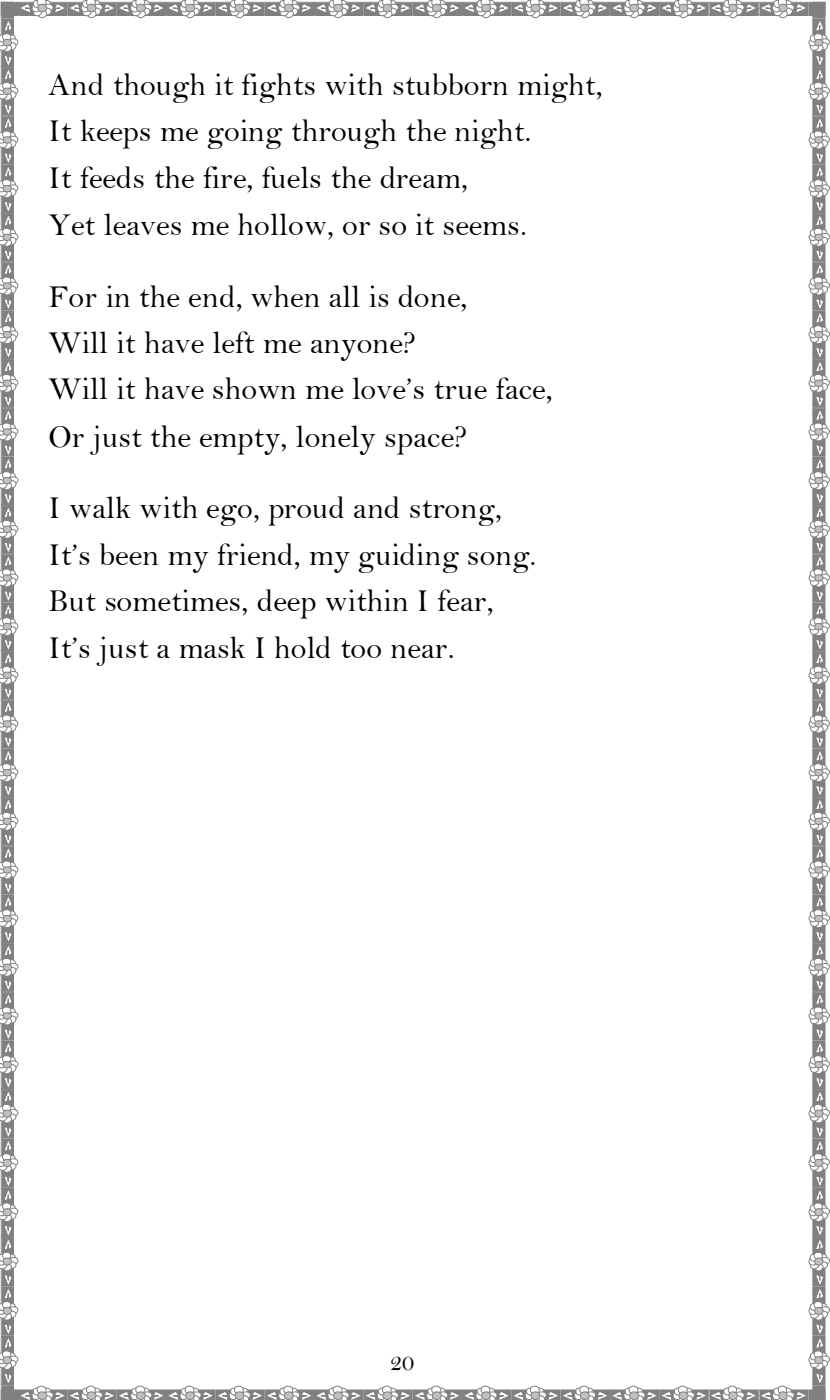
My ego walks with me, a constant guide,
The loudest voice, my silent pride.
It whispers strength in every fight,
Tells me I'm right, and sets me alight.

It tells me "You are all you need,"
That love and care are based on greed.
It shields me from the world's cruel sting,
But in its grip, I lose my wings.

It builds me up when I feel small,
And answers every desperate call.
It pushes me to rise and stand,
To shape the world with my own hand.

But in its grip, I lose my grace,
I can't see others in their place.
It tells me I'm a one-man show,
That in the end, I'm all I know.

It teaches me to trust no one,
To walk alone and never run.
To lean on me, to take the lead,
To sow the fruit of selfish seed.



And though it fights with stubborn might,
It keeps me going through the night.
It feeds the fire, fuels the dream,
Yet leaves me hollow, or so it seems.

For in the end, when all is done,
Will it have left me anyone?
Will it have shown me love's true face,
Or just the empty, lonely space?

I walk with ego, proud and strong,
It's been my friend, my guiding song.
But sometimes, deep within I fear,
It's just a mask I hold too near.

THE EARNED LOVE

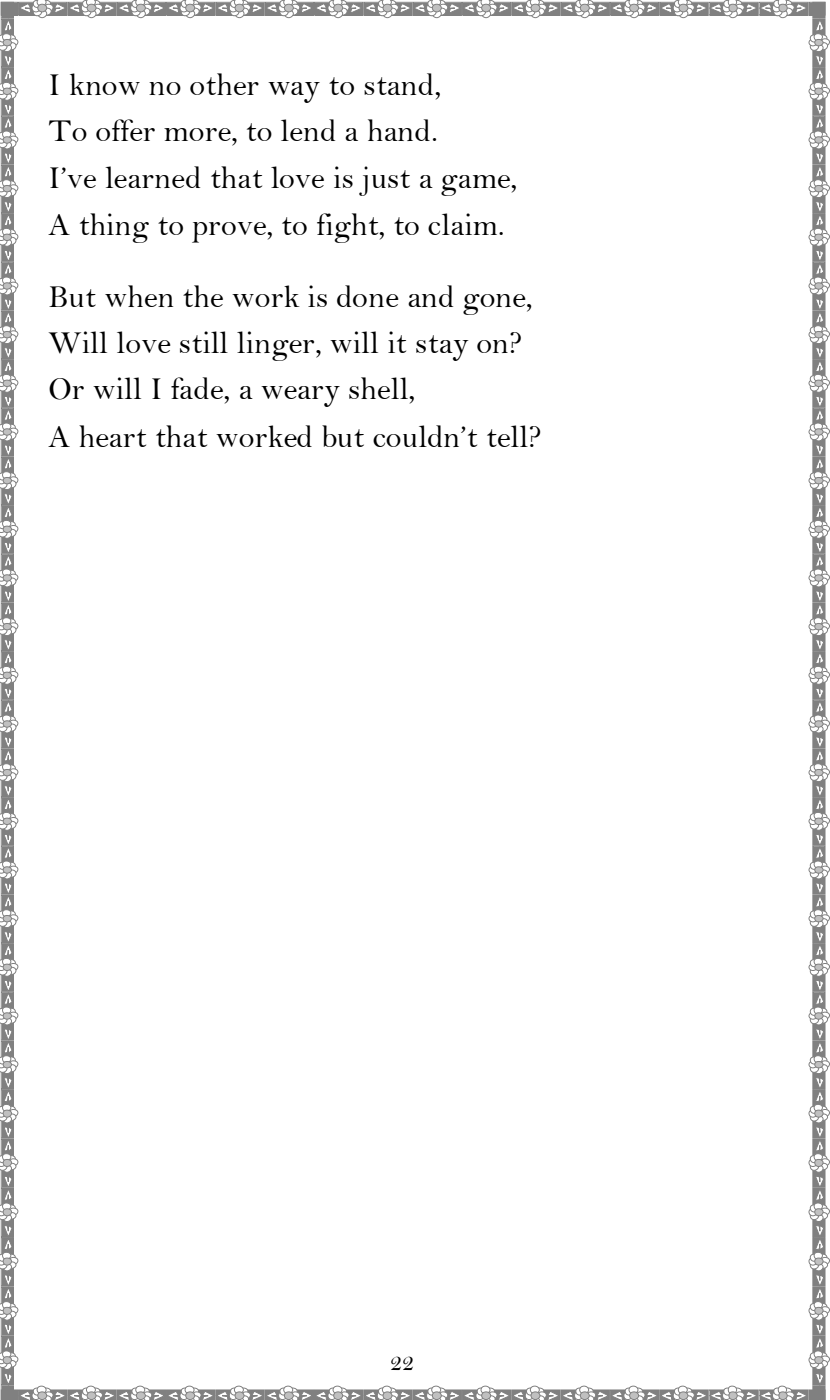
All I know is work and strive,
That love is earned, not just alive.
I've built my worth with sweat and bone,
But still I stand here all alone.

I give, I build, I sacrifice,
To prove my worth, to roll the dice.
I show my worth with every step,
But never feel enough, except—

When I earn it, when I fight,
When I twist myself to make it right.
For love, I think, must come with cost,
A price so high, I can't be lost.

I try, I bend, I push, I break,
For every smile I want to take.
I make myself into a plea,
Asking, "Will you love the parts of me?"

But deep inside, it feels unclear,
A love that's earned is still a fear.
Do they love me or what I give?
Am I enough for them to live?



I know no other way to stand,
To offer more, to lend a hand.
I've learned that love is just a game,
A thing to prove, to fight, to claim.

But when the work is done and gone,
Will love still linger, will it stay on?
Or will I fade, a weary shell,
A heart that worked but couldn't tell?

SAFER IN SILENCE

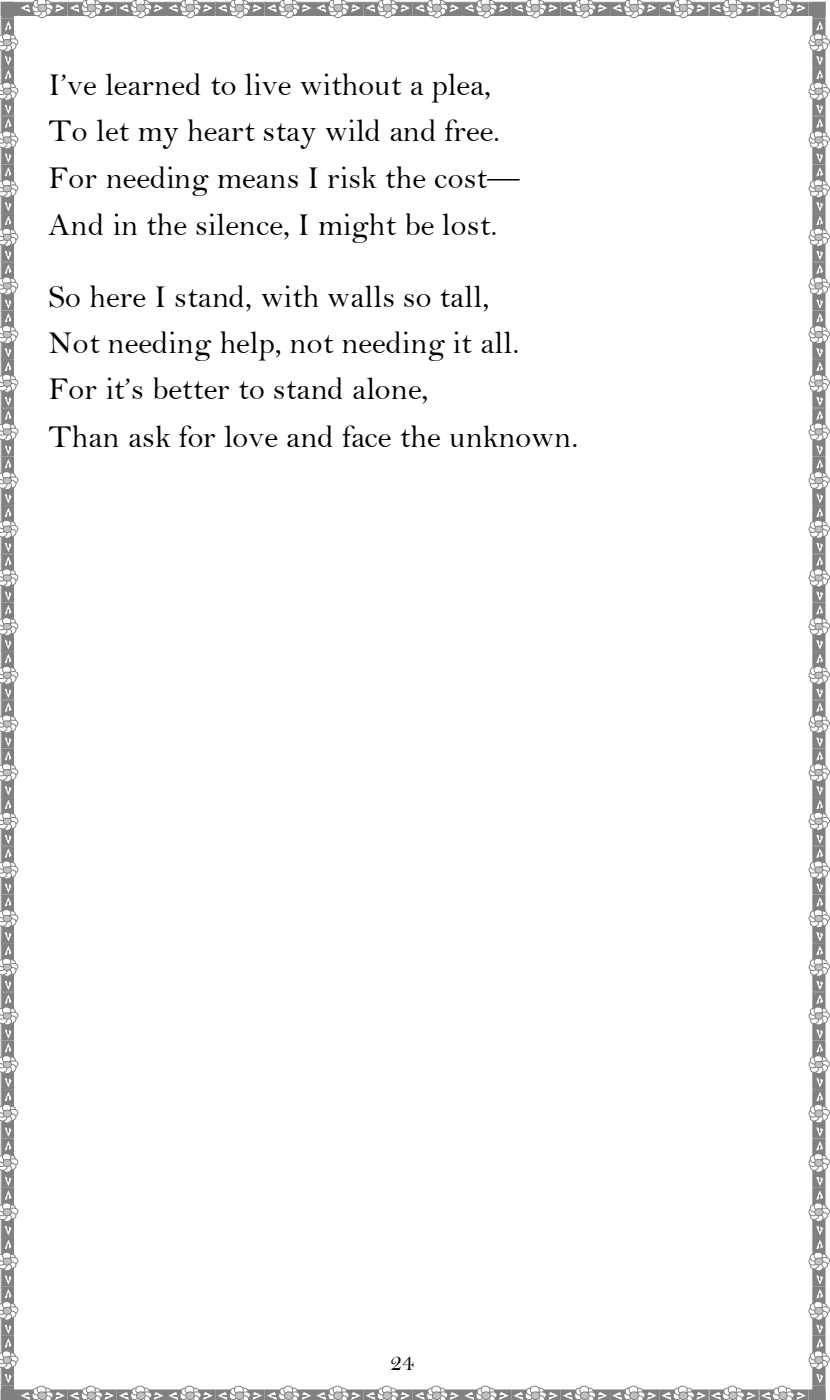
It's easier to need no one at all,
To stand alone, not fear the fall.
To build my walls, to lock the door,
Than ask for love and feel ignored.

For when I ask, I place my heart
In fragile hands that might depart.
I reach for something I can't hold,
And in return, I'm left so cold.

Not needing frees me from the pain,
The weight of hopes that might wane.
It's safer here, with none to trust,
Than ask for love and feel the rust.

I keep my quiet, keep my space,
I don't give others room to trace
The cracks within, the parts I hide—
It's easier to stay inside.

To want, to need, is to depend,
And in the end, that road might bend.
But not needing keeps me whole,
Even when it breaks my soul.



I've learned to live without a plea,
To let my heart stay wild and free.
For needing means I risk the cost—
And in the silence, I might be lost.

So here I stand, with walls so tall,
Not needing help, not needing it all.
For it's better to stand alone,
Than ask for love and face the unknown.

ROOTED IN ME

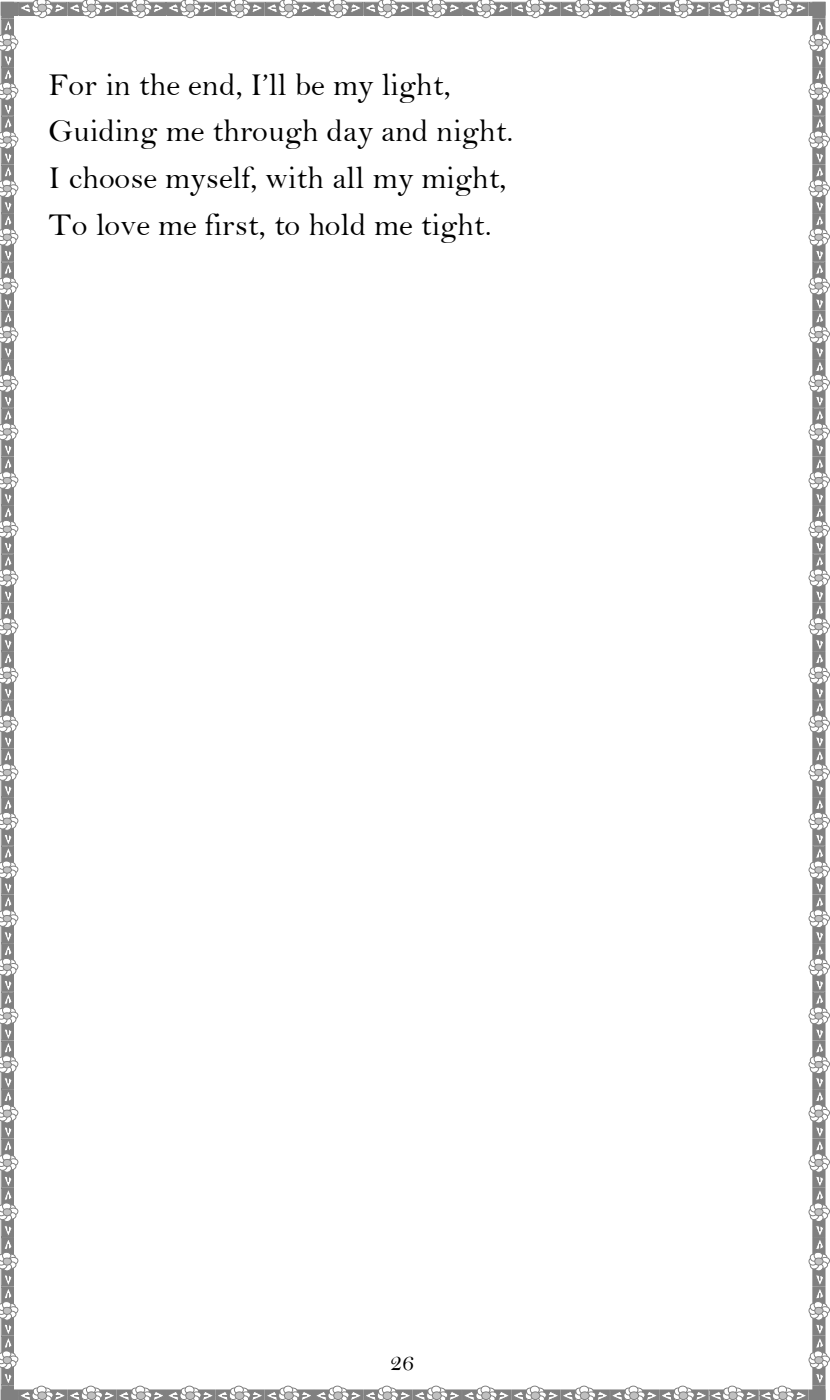
I've spent too long in shadows dim,
Chasing a love that wasn't mine to win.
I've given all, and lost the cost,
In someone else's dreams, I've been lost.

But now, I see the spark inside,
The quiet strength I used to hide.
I choose to walk this road alone,
For in my heart, I've found a home.

No more will I wait, no more will I plea,
I'll find my peace in just being me.
No more bending, breaking, or pretending—
I choose myself, no need for mending.

The world can spin, the winds can blow,
But I'll stand firm, and let them know—
That I am enough, in my own skin,
I choose myself, and I will win.

The love I seek, it starts with me,
A heart that's whole, that's truly free.
I'll build my world, I'll paint my sky,
And let no one tell me how or why.



For in the end, I'll be my light,
Guiding me through day and night.
I choose myself, with all my might,
To love me first, to hold me tight.

THE WORDS I CAN'T SAY

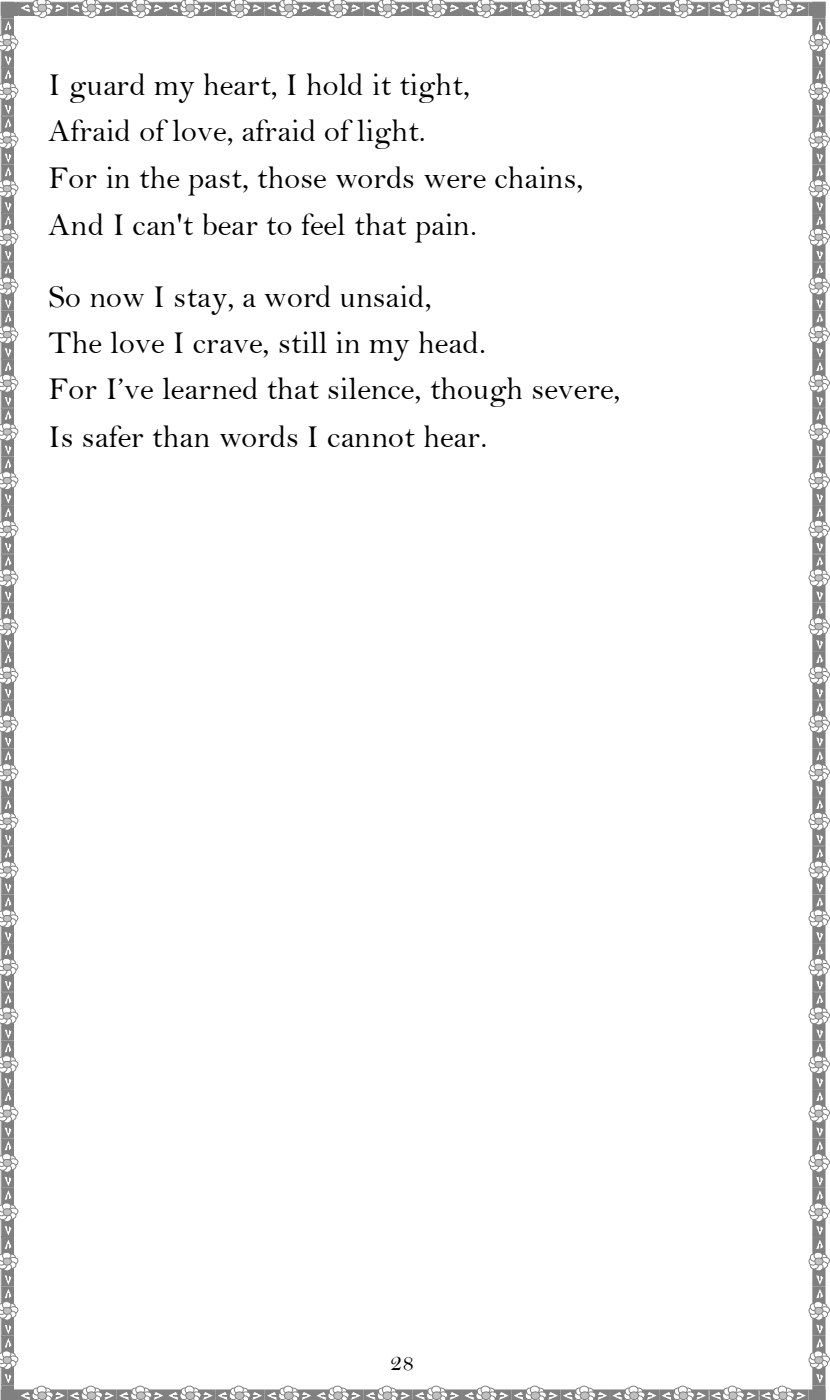
I've learned to hold the words I crave,
To lock them tight, to be brave.
For every time I spoke the truth,
I felt it fade, like stolen youth.

I said "I love you" once, so free,
But never heard it back from thee.
The silence screamed, the echoes stayed,
In empty spaces where love decayed.

And when you spoke those words to me,
They didn't feel like they should be.
For in your eyes, I saw the lie—
A love betrayed, a heart that died.

You chose that moment to confess,
To tell me of your deep distress.
But in that space, my heart turned cold,
For love felt cheap, like it was sold.

How can I trust those words once more,
When every "I love you" cut to the core?
How can I speak of love so true,
When it was stolen, not from you?



I guard my heart, I hold it tight,
Afraid of love, afraid of light.
For in the past, those words were chains,
And I can't bear to feel that pain.

So now I stay, a word unsaid,
The love I crave, still in my head.
For I've learned that silence, though severe,
Is safer than words I cannot hear.

NOT MINE TO KEEP

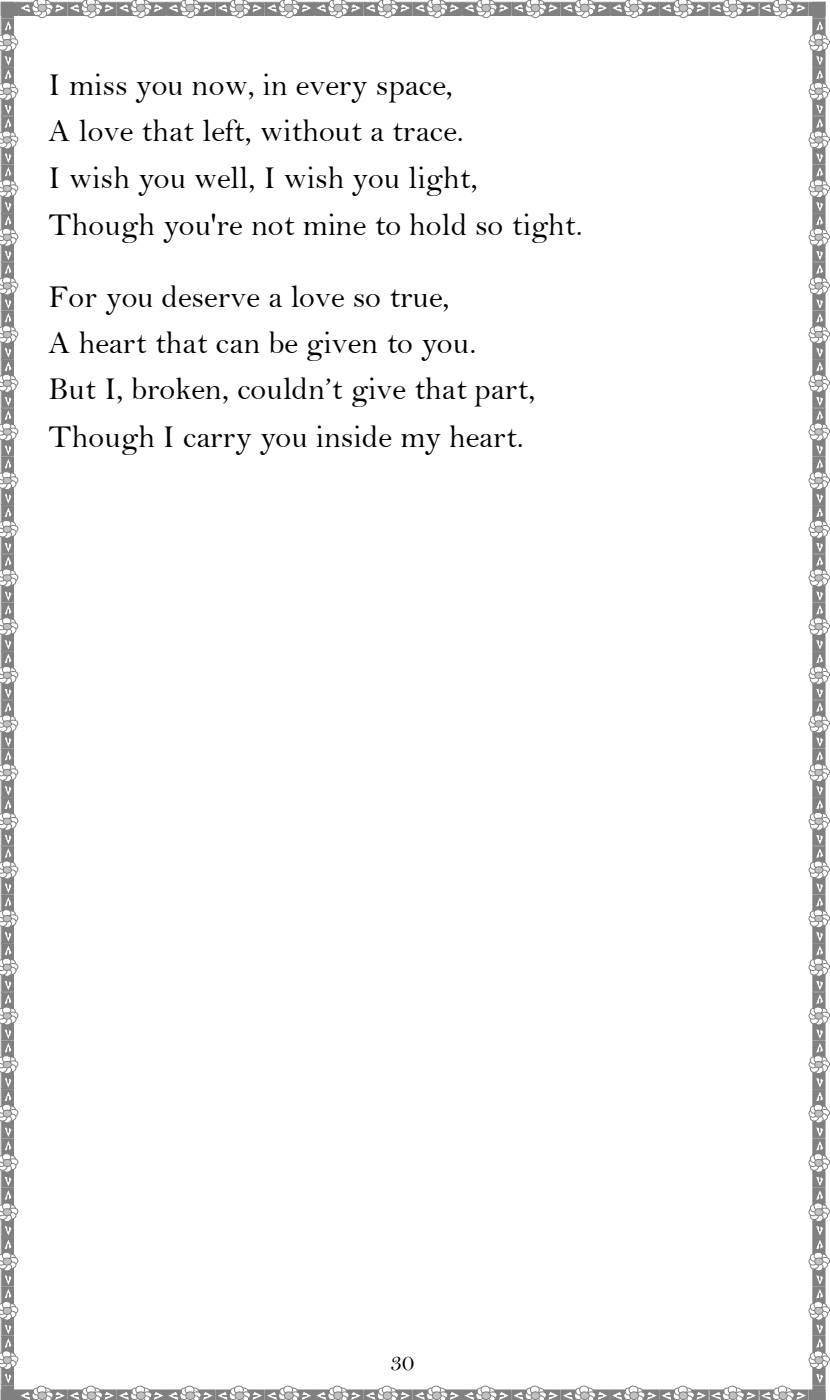
You loved me once, with steady hands,
A love so pure, it couldn't stand.
But I was broken, lost inside,
A heart that couldn't learn to bide.

You gave me all, you held me close,
Yet I, in pieces, couldn't boast
The strength to love, to let you in,
I wept and wept to heal the sin.

I tried so hard, to find my way,
To give you all the love you'd say.
But wounds I carried, deep inside,
Made it so hard to let love glide.

You gave me more than I could give,
Yet still, I chose to just survive.
I couldn't love, not in the right,
The way you deserved, with all my might.

I wept for strength, I wept for grace,
To meet you there, in that safe place.
But it wasn't your fault, no, not a bit,
It was my heart that couldn't fit.



I miss you now, in every space,
A love that left, without a trace.
I wish you well, I wish you light,
Though you're not mine to hold so tight.

For you deserve a love so true,
A heart that can be given to you.
But I, broken, couldn't give that part,
Though I carry you inside my heart.

THE ART OF DOING NOTHING

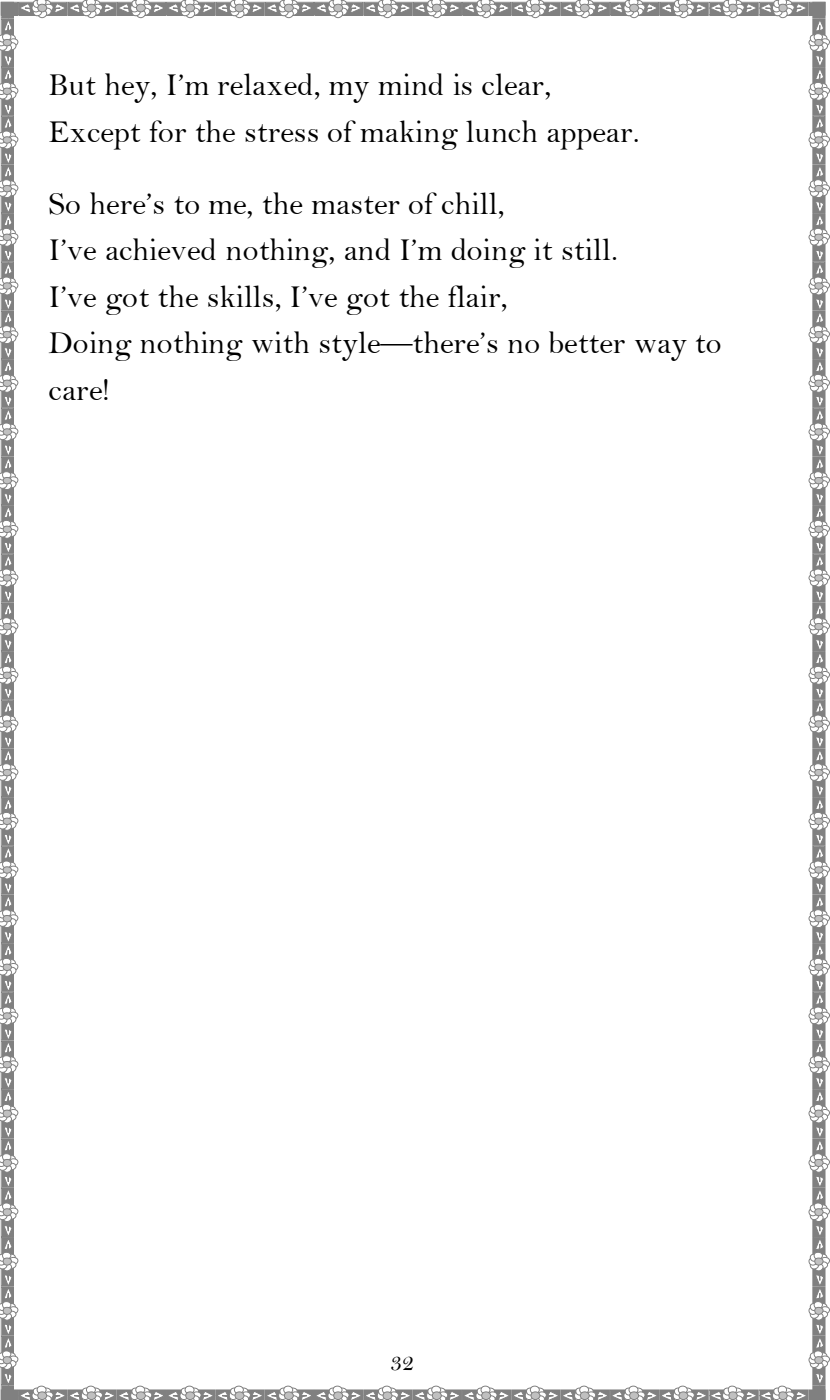
Oh, I've mastered the art of doing nothing,
I'm so good at it, it's almost annoying.
I sit on the couch like it's my throne,
Netflix asks if I'm still watching, and I'm like, "I'm home."

I've perfected the art of pretending to care,
While nodding along, my mind's elsewhere.
You're talking about your vacation, great,
But I'm wondering if I'll ever leave this state.

I can totally relate to your latest drama,
While scrolling memes that make me laugh, ha-ha!
You spilled coffee? Well, that's too bad,
But I'm busy trying to figure out how my socks went mad.

I'll agree with your opinions, don't worry about that,
I don't care about politics, but I'll wear the hat.
I'll support your cause, stand by your side,
But mostly because I want a free ride.

My productivity's high—if that means my nap game's strong,
I've been snoozing for hours, and yes, it feels wrong.



But hey, I'm relaxed, my mind is clear,
Except for the stress of making lunch appear.

So here's to me, the master of chill,
I've achieved nothing, and I'm doing it still.
I've got the skills, I've got the flair,
Doing nothing with style—there's no better way to
care!

THE BITTER MARK

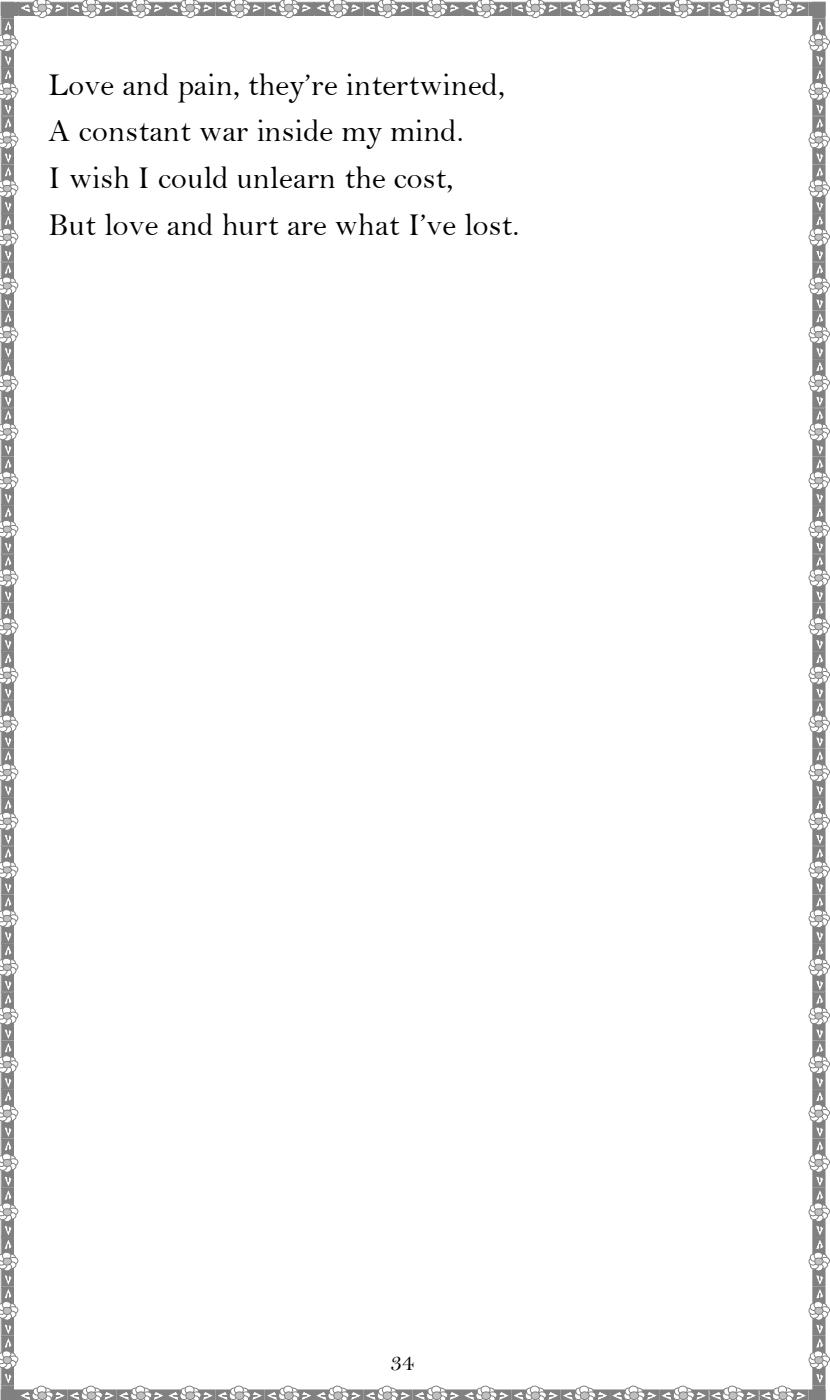
I've learned to love with eyes that weep,
To crave the joy but lose the sleep.
For love, to me, is tied to pain,
A fleeting joy, then endless rain.

Each time I give, a piece is torn,
Like petals scattered, bruised and worn.
I love so deep, yet never whole,
For in my heart, there's always a hole.

Love is a fire, but it burns too bright,
It leaves its marks, it steals the light.
It promises warmth, then leaves you cold,
A story retold, a wound that's old.

I crave the touch, I long for the kiss,
But all I find is aching bliss.
I'm drawn to love, though it's a lie,
For every smile, there's a goodbye.

They say love heals, but I can't see,
The healing in this agony.
For every time I let it in,
I lose myself, I lose again.



Love and pain, they're intertwined,
A constant war inside my mind.
I wish I could unlearn the cost,
But love and hurt are what I've lost.

THE HEART WANTS WHAT IT WANTS

The heart wants what the heart wants,
No logic, no reason, no need for taunts.
It beats its drum, a constant call,
Ignoring the price, the rise, the fall.

It craves the touch, the whispered word,
The kind of love that's often unheard.
No matter the past, no matter the pain,
It yearns for warmth, despite the rain.

It doesn't care for the scars that stay,
For the heart just knows it wants its way.
It loves without caution, without a guide,
Even when it's torn and bruised inside.

The heart will chase, the heart will seek,
It will burn through the strong, the weak.
No reason can tame it, no thought can bind,
For the heart's desires are wild and blind.

And though it stumbles, though it falls,
The heart still listens to its calls.
It doesn't question, it doesn't pause,
It simply knows the heart's own laws.

LEAVING NO TRACE

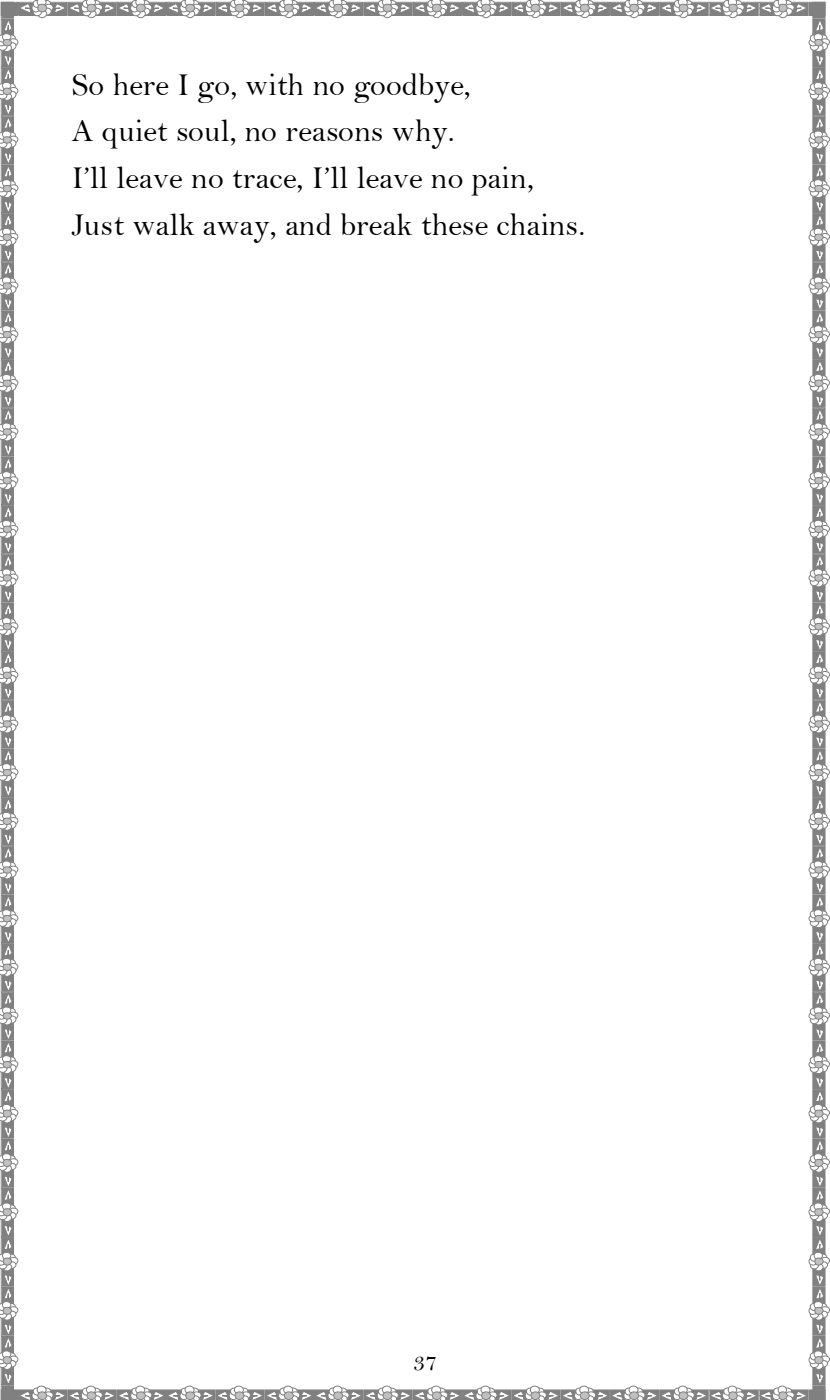
I will leave, and leave no trace,
Just fade away without a face.
No promises, no final word,
Just silence, like I was never heard.

I've learned to walk with heavy feet,
To leave behind what's bittersweet.
The hurt is mine, I carry it still,
But I'll walk away, against my will.

I don't know how to stay and fight,
When all I've known is endless night.
So I'll slip away, unnoticed, gone,
A shadow moving before the dawn.

I won't look back, I won't regret,
I'll vanish, like a broken threat.
No trace of me, no sign, no clue,
I'll walk away, as I always do.

It's easier this way, to let go,
To disappear and never show.
I am hurt, and that's my cost—
But I'll leave, before I'm lost.



So here I go, with no goodbye,
A quiet soul, no reasons why.
I'll leave no trace, I'll leave no pain,
Just walk away, and break these chains.

WEEP AND NO LEAP

I keep it locked, deep inside,
Where it can't escape, where I can hide.
Better this way, to carry the weight,
Than to cry and face a closed gate.

For when I weep, who will leap?
Who will catch my tears, my heart so deep?
I've learned that tears fall on deaf ears,
And all that's left is my own fears.

So I turn the pain into something new,
Channel it elsewhere, make it through.
I work, I push, I move, I run,
Better to stay busy than to come undone.

Crying feels like a waste of breath,
When no one comes to ease the depth.
So I bottle it up, keep it in,
Until I break, but not again.

It's easier to fight alone,
To carry the weight, to stand on my own.
For no one's here to hear the plea,
So I keep it locked away from me.

ALONE AND NO HOME

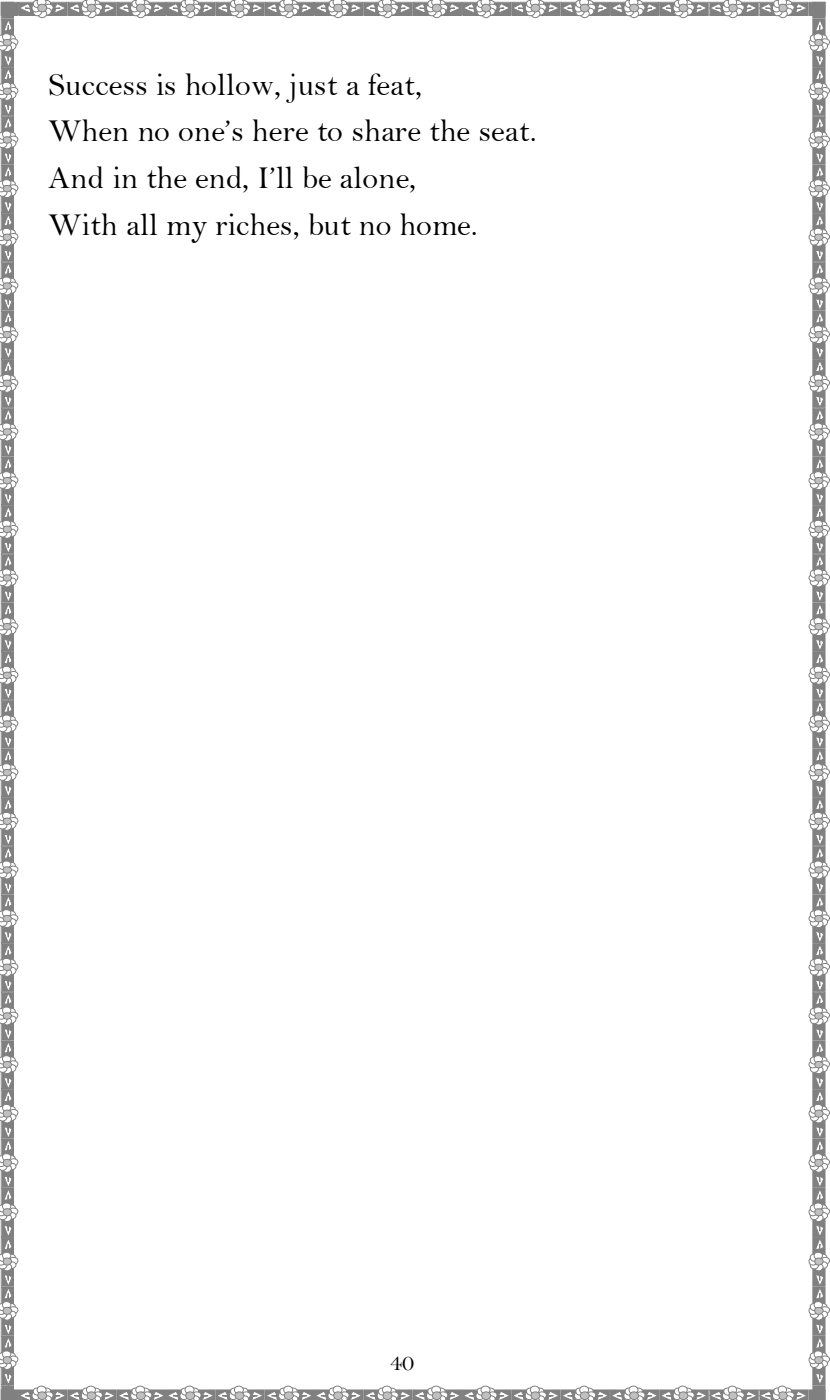
I've climbed the heights, I've touched the skies,
I've built my dreams, I've chased the prize.
But at the top, I stand alone,
A mountain peak, but no one's shown.

I've gathered wealth, I've made my name,
I've won the race, I've played the game.
But in the quiet, it feels so still,
For what is success without love to fill?

What's the point of gold that shines,
When no one's here to cross the lines?
What's the joy in all I've gained,
When the one I love remains unchained?

I have it all, or so it seems,
But the silence echoes in my dreams.
For what is joy if not to share,
With someone who truly cares?

I've reached the peak, but feel the fall,
For without love, I have it all—
Yet nothing matters, nothing's true,
When the one I love can't be with you.



Success is hollow, just a feat,
When no one's here to share the seat.
And in the end, I'll be alone,
With all my riches, but no home.

A PLACE TO BELONG

I've wandered through the noise and din,
Searching for a place to begin.

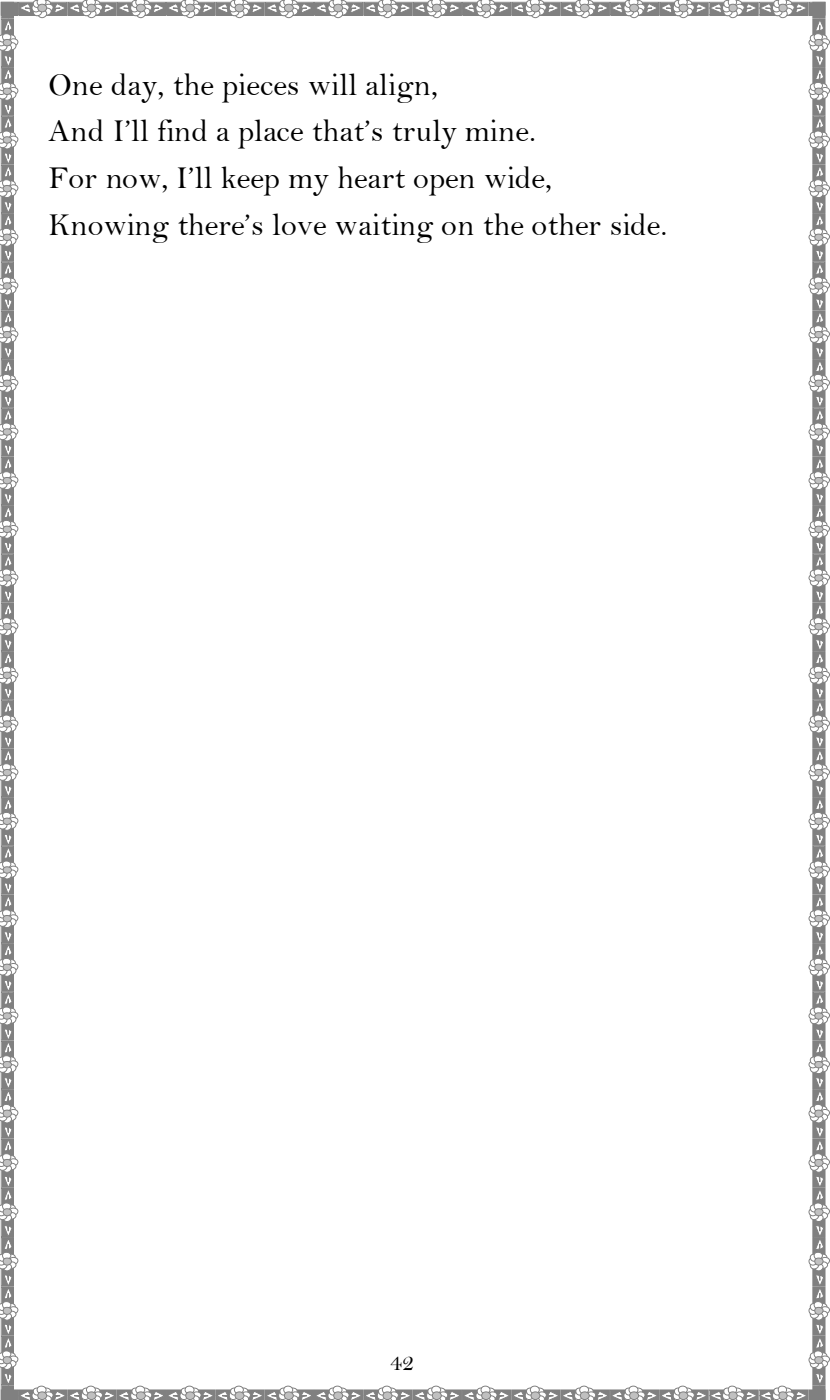
A home to hold, a place to stay,
A family that would light my way.

I've loved, I've given, I've reached out wide,
But sometimes it's hard to feel inside
That sense of warmth, that sense of care,
A real connection, truly there.

It's not about the things I've missed,
Or moments I was left dismissed.
But rather, it's this quiet space,
I'm searching for a familiar face.

Maybe one day, I'll find that place,
Where love and comfort softly grace.
A family of my own design,
A place to rest, a heart to find.

I may not have it all today,
But I'm learning to be okay.
For though the search may seem so long,
I'm finding strength to carry on.



One day, the pieces will align,
And I'll find a place that's truly mine.
For now, I'll keep my heart open wide,
Knowing there's love waiting on the other side.

WHAT PEOPLE HAVE

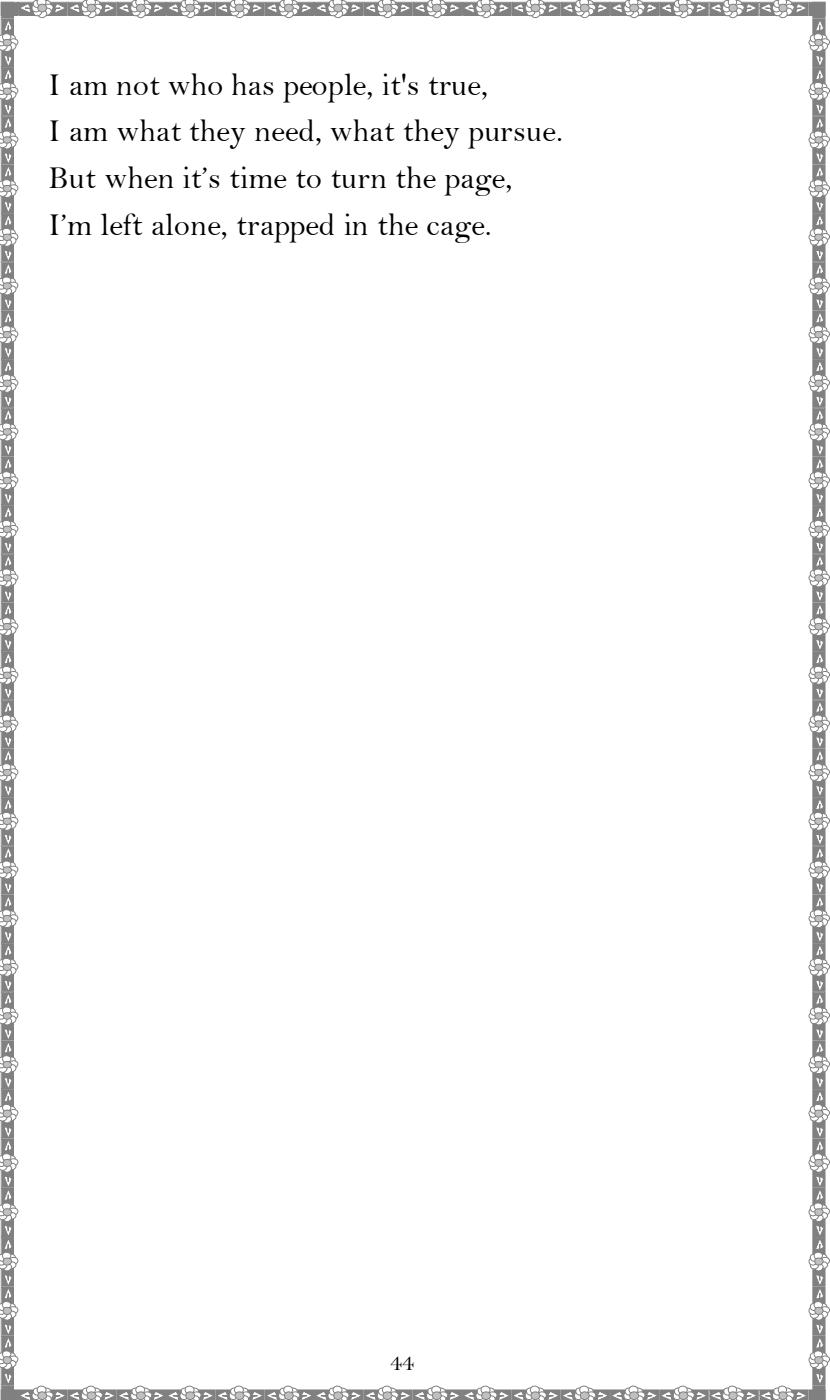
I am not who has people, no,
I am what they hold, what they know.
The one they turn to in the night,
The constant strength, the steady light.

They count on me to ease their fears,
To dry their eyes, to calm their tears.
I give them all, I never stray,
But when it's me, who's there to stay?

I carry weight they never see,
I shoulder burdens silently.
I'm the hand that always lifts,
But who's there when my spirit drifts?

I've been the rock, the constant shore,
The one they lean on, asking more.
But when the world feels dark and cold,
I find myself with none to hold.

I give and give, and still I stand,
But with no one to understand.
They need me, and I'm always here,
Yet who can I turn to when I'm near the edge,
unclear?



I am not who has people, it's true,
I am what they need, what they pursue.
But when it's time to turn the page,
I'm left alone, trapped in the cage.

WHAT IF

What if things were different, what if we had known,
That love could be a place to call our own?

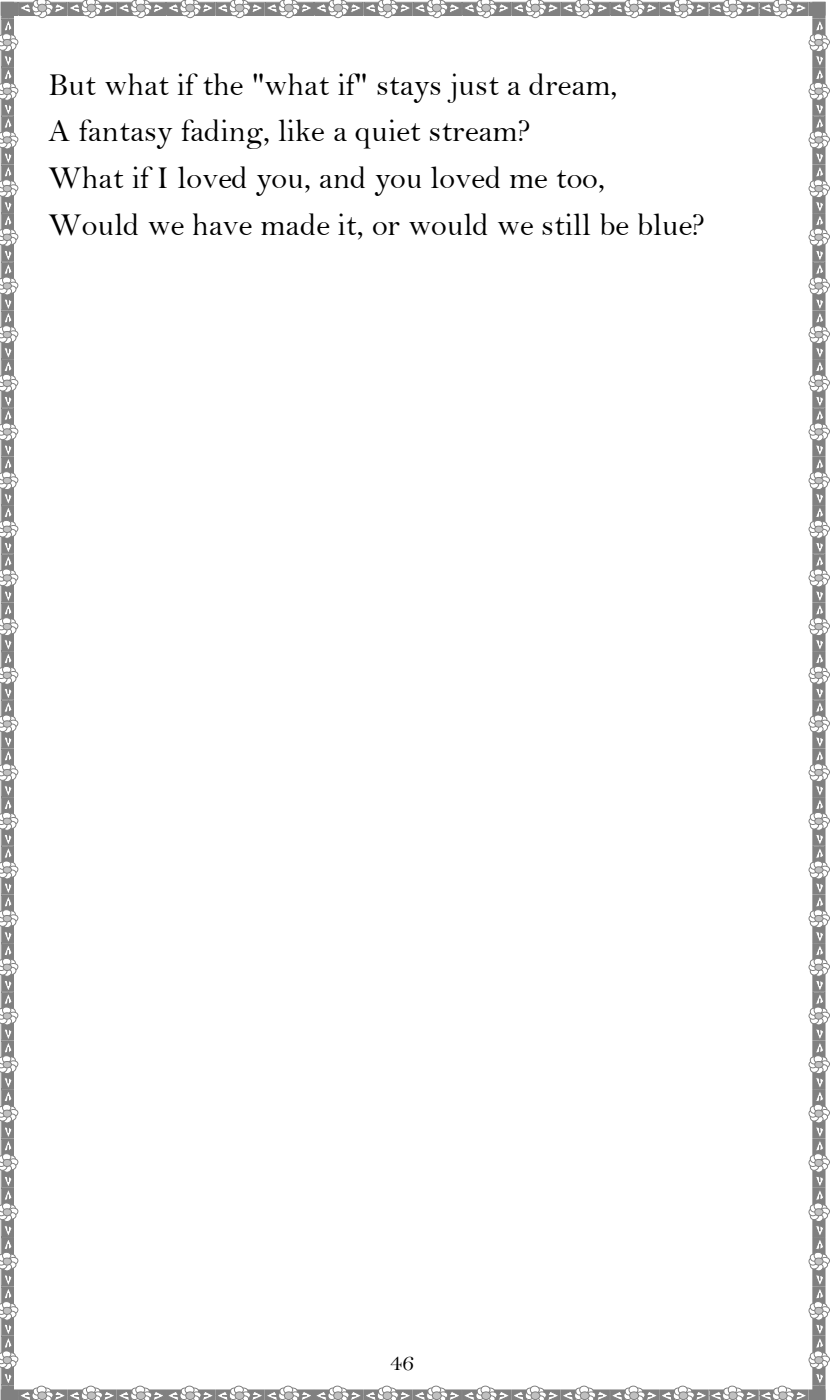
What if you loved me the way I dreamed,
And we were the love story we both believed?

What if you held me through the storms,
And I found comfort in your arms?
What if I wasn't just a shadow in your mind,
But the one you chose, the one you'd find?

What if you saw the pieces of me,
And loved them all, unconditionally?
What if I could be more than just a chance,
And we danced through life, hand in hand, in a true
romance?

What if we could erase the past's regret,
And write a future without a single threat?
What if the love I offered could be returned,
And in each other's arms, we'd never be burned?

What if things were different, what if you cared,
And I wasn't left wondering, wishing, and scared?
What if we could just be, no more lies,
And build a love that reaches the skies?



But what if the "what if" stays just a dream,
A fantasy fading, like a quiet stream?
What if I loved you, and you loved me too,
Would we have made it, or would we still be blue?

UNTIL NEXT TIME OR A LIFETIME

Until next time, or a lifetime, we part,
With whispered goodbyes, but a heavy heart.
The distance stretches, but love stays near,
A quiet promise, a silent tear.

Maybe we'll meet on some distant shore,
Where the past no longer keeps us poor.
Where time will heal and wounds will fade,
And the memories we've made won't be betrayed.

Until next time, or forever, who knows?
The path we take, only time will show.
But I'll hold the moments, the ones we shared,
And trust that life will show we cared.

A lifetime seems far, but time flies fast,
We may meet again, or it may not last.
Yet I'll carry the warmth of your smile,
And wait for the day we talk for a while.

So until next time, or forevermore,
I'll leave this door slightly ajar,
For if our hearts find their way,
We'll meet again, come what may.

FELT LIKE HOME

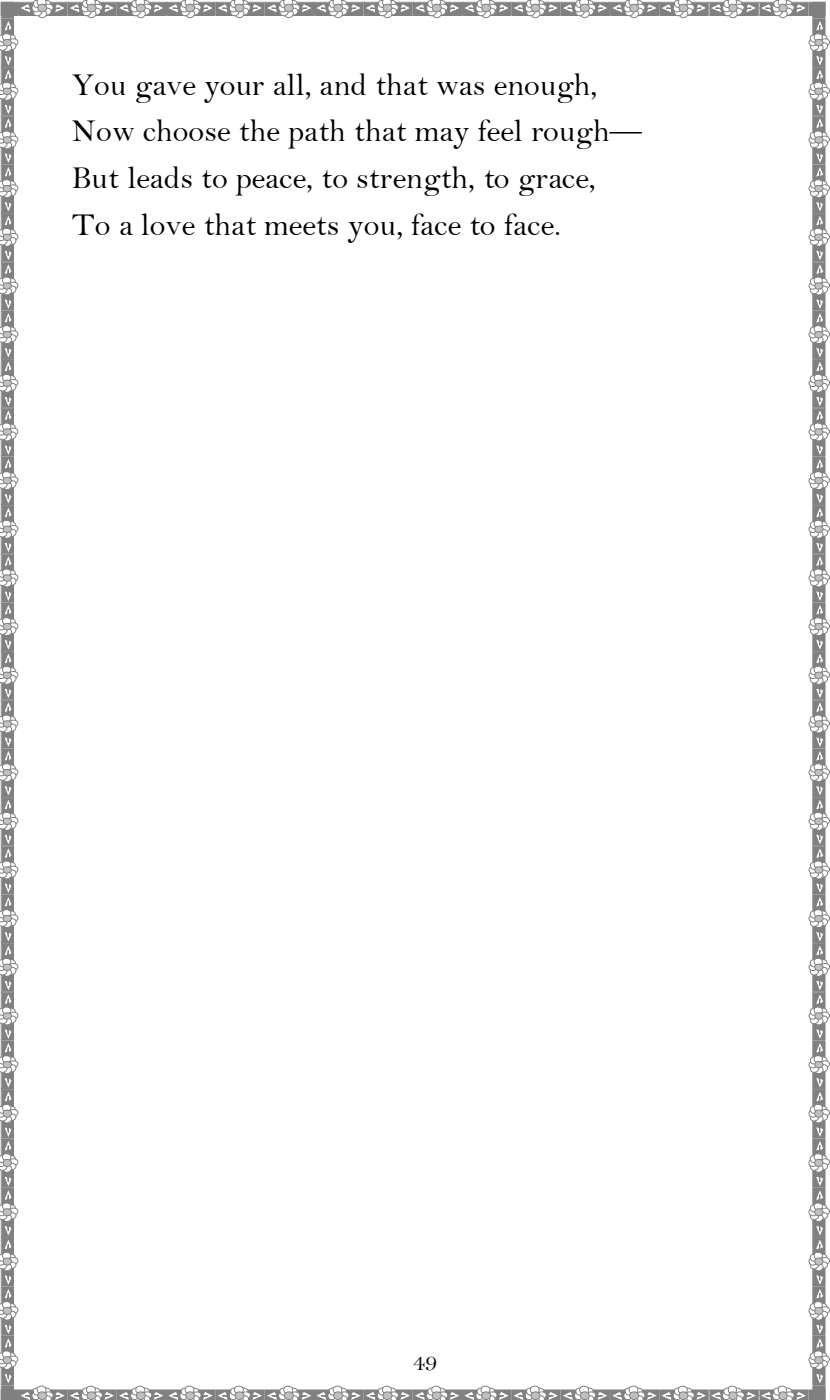
It's okay to miss what felt like home,
To ache in silence when you're alone.
To trace old laughter in the air,
And wish, for once, they still were there.

It's human to long for what once was true,
Even when you know it's not meant for you.
To look at the road that brought you pain,
And still feel tempted to walk again.

But wisdom whispers through the ache,
That some returns are not to make.
Some chapters end for good reason,
Even if they haunt you every season.

You can miss them and still move on,
Hold love in your heart, but know it's gone.
You're not unwise to feel the sting—
Healing never means forgetting everything.

So let the memories softly stay,
But don't lose yourself along the way.
It's okay to turn and glance behind,
But leave the past where it's confined.



You gave your all, and that was enough,
Now choose the path that may feel rough—
But leads to peace, to strength, to grace,
To a love that meets you, face to face.

THE LAST LOOK

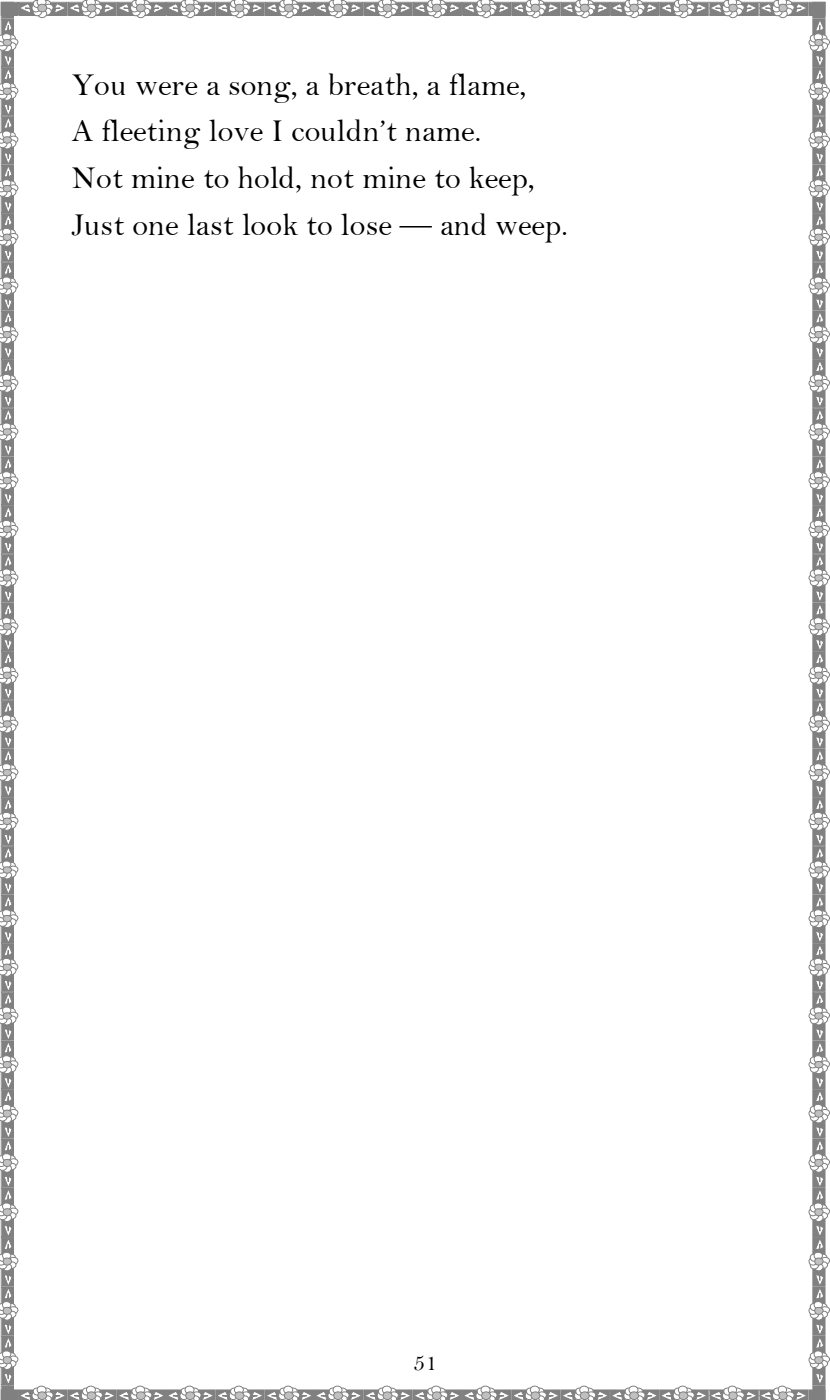
It wasn't loud, no slamming door,
No final scream, no whispered war.
Just a glance — the kind that stays,
Etched in memory, caught in haze.

Your eyes held something soft, and deep,
A kind of love that couldn't keep.
Not ours to hold, or to defend,
Just borrowed time that had to end.

The hurt was there, I saw it clear,
The ache you masked, the held-back tear.
But silence spoke what lips could not,
That even love can be forgot.

My heart, it cracked, but didn't plead,
It knew too well how hearts can bleed.
And yours — though near — had slipped away,
Long before that final day.

Still, I lingered in that stare,
Hoping you'd ask me to stay there.
But all I heard was fate's retreat,
The sound of endings, soft and sweet.



You were a song, a breath, a flame,
A fleeting love I couldn't name.
Not mine to hold, not mine to keep,
Just one last look to lose — and weep.

BORN FROM FRACTURES

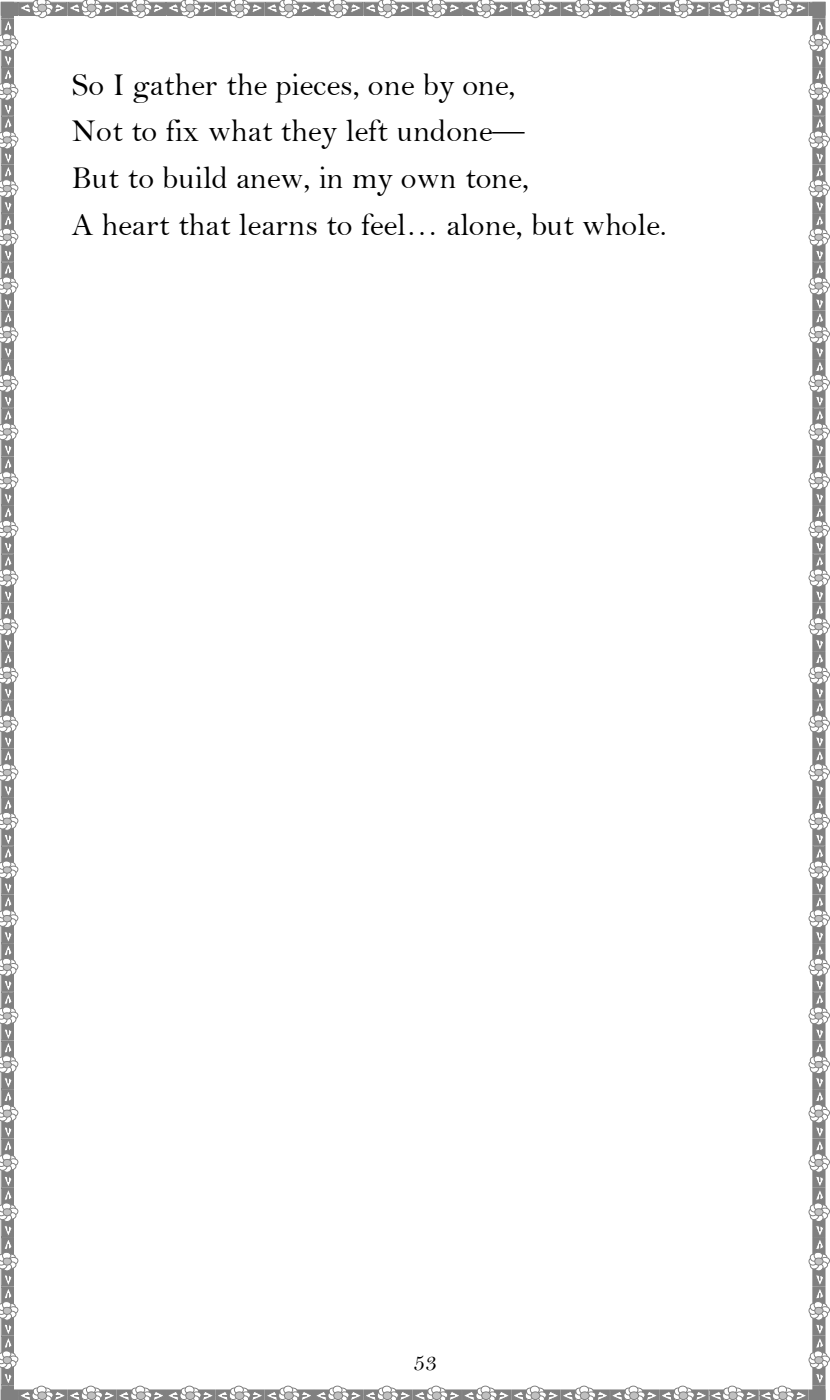
I was born from silence, not soft lullabies,
From eyes that looked through me, never met mine.
Cradled in chaos, wrapped in doubt,
Taught to hold in — never let it out.

The hands that held me trembled with rage,
Love felt like war inside a gilded cage.
Tenderness was foreign, a language unknown,
So I learned to build walls and call them home.

I searched their face for something kind,
But only distant storms I'd find.
Their wounds became the air I breathed,
Their absence, a legacy I never believed.

Now I walk this world with a heavy chest,
A child inside still longing for rest.
Taught to bottle, taught to bend,
To fear that love will just pretend.

I wasn't born broken — but shaped that way,
By hands too tired, too torn to stay.
And though it aches, this truth I own,
Their emptiness does not define my own.



So I gather the pieces, one by one,
Not to fix what they left undone—
But to build anew, in my own tone,
A heart that learns to feel... alone, but whole.

A WAR AT HOME

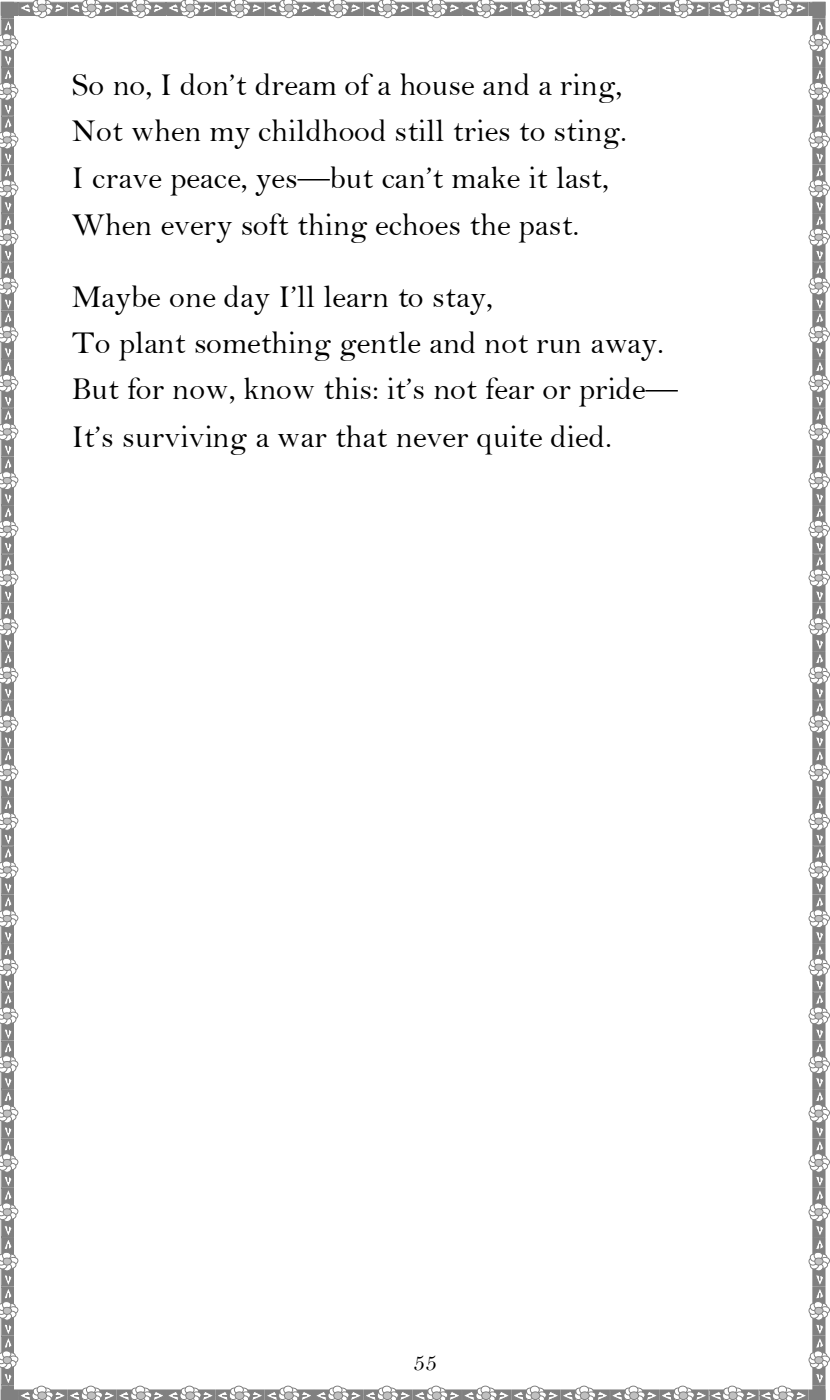
There was a war inside my home,
No bombs, but silence sharp as stone.
Love wore armor, words were knives,
And every day, we fought for our lives.

No white flags, no truce was called,
Just echoing screams down every hall.
So I learned to flinch before a sound,
To find the exits, not stand my ground.

They say you grow, you heal, you try,
But what if calm just feels like a lie?
What if stillness feels too strange,
And chaos is where your roots remain?

Now they ask, "Don't you want a place?
A home, a name, a warm embrace?"
But how do you build what you've never known,
When every brick reminds you of stone?

I carry that war beneath my skin,
Every door I close feels like giving in.
And love—real love—feels out of touch,
Too fragile, too quiet, too good, too much.



So no, I don't dream of a house and a ring,
Not when my childhood still tries to sting.
I crave peace, yes—but can't make it last,
When every soft thing echoes the past.

Maybe one day I'll learn to stay,
To plant something gentle and not run away.
But for now, know this: it's not fear or pride—
It's surviving a war that never quite died.