

Y A S H I G A R G

HONEY *and* HAVOC

TANGLE OF SWEET AND STORM

a poetry book

WALKING THE LINE BETWEEN
CALM AND CHAOS.



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*To the stars and the seas,
where time stands still in celestial peace.*



Bucket List

(for me, for you, for us)

Watch the northern lights with no camera

Attend a music festival with people I love

Pull an all-nighter just to watch the sunrise somewhere
beautiful

Book a one-way ticket — decide later

Watch fireworks while standing on a beach

Go to a lantern festival and wish on a lantern

Cover my room walls in memories — photos, lyrics, tickets

Build a blanket fort and spend the day inside it

Watch a movie outdoors under the stars

Be lost, but wonderfully so

To You, Again

The heart has spoken once before, in ink and ache, in hope and despair. But time turns, and with it, my voice evolves.

This book is not a map, but a compass. Its verses do not promise answers, but they offer direction. Because I believe we only ever move two ways: North, toward our triumphs, or West, toward our learnings. We never truly go East, where illusions linger, or South, where failure pretends to define us.

We don't go backwards. We grow, we rise, we rewrite.

Some of these poems are moments I've lived: unfiltered, unfinished, and trying, just like the rest of us. May they stir something in you. May they remind you that movement, in any direction, is still forward.

Once more, take what speaks to you; leave behind what no longer serves. And always, always walk with your eyes open to the stars.

Yours

Contents

A Never-ending Hourglass	1
A Silent Caution.....	2
A Story About Love	3
A Work of Art	4
Aligned Stars.....	5
Amidst The Waves of Darkness.....	6
An Observer	7
An Open Cage	8
Approach To Singularity	9
Battles Within.....	10
Between Dreams	11
Blue?.....	12
Brown Eyes.....	13
Chaos With a Smile.....	14
Chased by the Good Energies.....	15
Connect the Dots.....	16
Daydreams at 3AM	17
Decay and Sway	18
Doodles in the Margins.....	19
Draft No. 11	20
Dreams, Not Deadlines	21

Emojis Can't Explain This	22
Fate's Decree	23
Fireflies.....	24
Flew Away, The Butterfly.....	25
For My Best Friend.....	26
From the Future Me	27
Frozen Between Dreams	28
Genocide	29
Harmonizing With the Starlight	30
Heartbeats at 300 KPH.....	31
Hearts and Flowers.....	32
Home.....	33
How to Hug a Cloud	34
I Love You.....	35
If the Moon Had a Diary	36
In My Notes App, Forever	37
Incomprehensible Thoughts.....	38
Infinity.....	39
Ink of Imagination	40
Ink-bound	41
It's Raining.....	42
Just A Few People	43
Just A Funny Thought.....	44

Krishna Resides in My Heart.....	45
Last Light of a Dying Star	46
Layers of Light	47
Little Reminders.....	48
Map of Memories	49
Missed Chances.....	50
No Regrets	51
Northern Lights	52
Nothingness	53
Overcoming Peer Pressure	54
Paper Boats in the Puddle.....	55
Paper Planes and Lost Tomorrows	56
Reader, Please Imagine Thunder	57
Rebel in Ribbons.....	58
Record, Click, Save	59
Redline Rush.....	60
Running Back Home to Myself.....	61
Saturn's Leftover Rings	62
Sea of North-West.....	63
Seashell's Life	64
See You Again	65
Snowfall on the Beach.....	66
Staircase Leading to the Sky.....	67

Staring at the Flickering Candle	68
Street Graffiti Art	69
The Beauty and The Beast.....	70
The Concealed Power	71
The Flight Back Home	72
The Last Bell Rings.....	73
The Lighthouse.....	74
The Moment Seizes Us	75
The Other Side.....	76
The Power of Words	77
The Street Lamp's Lament.....	78
The Sun is a Liar too	79
The Time Forgotten.....	80
The Unwritten Diary.....	81
The Villain Who Succeeded	82
The Wind Whispers	83
The World Winks Back	84
Today Feels Like Confetti.....	85
Transformation.....	86
Two-Faced, Too-Faced.....	87
Unseen Shade	88
Unwritten Endings	89
Velvet Nights and City Lights.....	90

Voices of the Voiceless	91
Wander to Become	92
Waning Slowly Away	93
We Are All Just Stories	94
We'll Find a Way	95
When Stars Write Poetry	96
Where Balloons Go When They Leave	97
Where Magic Still Believes in Me	98
Where Time Took Us	99
Wherever You Are.....	100
Wishes on Paper Wings	101

A Never-ending Hourglass

The never-ending hourglass, infinite fall,
Of grains of time, denying call
To settle, rest, or ever cease,
A constant flow, a timeless peace.

Time stands still, a paused frame,
Where moments flash, a flicker of flame.
Resurfaced giggles, muted sighs,
Memories rising in a web-like disguise.

The hourglass whirls like a wheel of mystery,
A theater of distant memories, a scene
Adorned with a soft touch of love serene,
A precious past and a future bright.

The grains descend, palely gliding away,
And time stands fixed in an endless show.
Aged still forever in this very glass,
Timeless, sand into a peaceful mass.



A Silent Caution

With all my heart,
I chased the view,
A vision so bright,
It almost felt true.
But in its glimmer,
A whisper broke through,
A silent warning:
This path isn't meant for you.



A Story About Love

Love is not always about the tingles in your stomach
Or the strong urge to be with someone.
Sometimes, it's just about the way your eyes talk,
As simple as that.
When every moment with him feels like a never-ending
loop,
When the time is so slow yet so fast,
It's when he keeps on chasing her but
Deep down he knows he can't be the one.
He's in love when he says
"I want to be with you..."
And that smile with his eyes shining bright
"...till the wrinkles on your face tomorrow,
I want to be with you till we're old and grey."
When they're together and their eyes talk,
It's no longer a love story,
It's a story about love.



A Work of Art

Beneath the starry skies, a feeling vast and true,
Is filled with wonder, in all I think and do.
With silent footsteps and a breath of air,
The night arrives with moments soft and rare.

Like stars in the sky, the cosmos glows bright,
Igniting my thoughts with shimmering light.
Its silence speaks, it plays its part,
This endless world, a work of art.



Aligned Stars

During the hush of night, a vision softly gleams,
Flowing like wisdom from forgotten dreams.
Lost in the moment, my soul finds its plea,
Oh, to grasp the truth that dances free.

With each pause, a flutter, a silent sigh,
My purpose awakens; it begins to fly.
When asked what drives me, I fumble, I stall,
But it's the unknown that endlessly calls.

For in this instant, the stars align,
And every breath feels near-divine.



Amidst The Waves of Darkness

And there I stood,
Watching the waves crash over each other one by one,
Washing away as if all the problems dissolved easily,
Everything layered and fading away.
The roaring waves come up on each other,
And just like these waves,
The sun and the moon come up every day,
Once one is high up in the sky and yet
Always promises to come back and shine on the waves,
Helping the anger of their tides to calm down.
And just like our life,
Problems come and go,
People come and go,
But there will always be something that helps you unwind,
Because nothing is stronger than the light that stays with
you
Amidst the waves of darkness.



An Observer

To document my life,
To write about everything I do,
To observe the world around me,
To create a memory box,
To collect things that I find on my travels,
To notice patterns and connect the dots,
To focus on one thing at a time,
And to record what I'm drawn to.



An Open Cage

An open cage, yet still a cage,
Walls of warmth surround this unholy place.
Sworn slavery to each other, birds so foolish,
To quench this thirst, to heal these bruises.

To drench our souls in love's soft storm,
Jealous ghosts of incomplete hearts, they come in swarms.
We flew, bound by bittersweet change of fate,
Chasing freedom, but here we're choosing to wait.

Still, they perch, yet never flee,
Bound by choice, though wild and free.
The sky still calls, the wind still grieves,
Yet none takes flight, and none dares to leave.



Approach To Singularity

Everything is made of stardust.
You and I are composed of what once blazed
hotter than anything else in this universe,
what gives us life in the day
and twinkles in the night,
but if I could pluck each star from its pedestal
and make it into a crown for you,
it still wouldn't be the most incandescent thing
made of stardust in this universe.
Because it'd still be you.



Battles Within

During the quiet hours at night,
When the shadows shake hands with the moonlight so light,
A continued secret battle on the wane,
Invisible but burning just the same.

Behind every smile, underneath every skin,
A thin, fierce battle, and voices within,
Though they scream and thrash in captivity,
No one forever can truly win.



Between Dreams

The night is quiet, but thoughts linger,
A whisper between the dark and dawn.
I watch the city lights flicker,
Wondering if they hold a secret drawn.
The world is slowing, fading,
Yet here I pause, a breath, a tether,
To catch the magic of this moment, together.



Blue?

Blue, like the ocean waves creating a gentle sound,
I stand by the shore, feeling truly profound.
Blue, so vast, a color of the sky,
In my mind it comes and I will not question why.

Blue, the color of blueberries and tarts,
The flour makes the dough, and the sugar plays their part.
The Robin must wait, but soon she'll be tending to her
nest,
Blue, the color of robins, when it's laid to rest.

Blue, the denim jeans, softened from use,
A ruby, a sapphire in a diamond case of jewels.
Blue, so versatile, classic, and mannered,
Blue is always there for me, when I am feeling blue.



Brown Eyes

Brown eyes, soft like melted chocolate,
Dark forest woods and the leaves in fall.
They speak of love, they speak of ache,
They hold the power to move us in so many ways.
In their gaze, there is a world unseen,
Like a canvas, they paint a vivid display.
Brown eyes, they shine like stars or tear up like rain,
Reflecting their joys and numbing our pain.



Chaos With a Smile

She wore her flaws like shiny rings,
a fool dancing through sharp things.
The world would crumble, storms would rise,
yet she met it all with laughing eyes.
Her hair a mess, her thoughts unzipped,
her coffee cold, her plans unscripted.
But in the cracks, the light would gleam,
she stitched her chaos into a dream.
Some said she failed to play it right,
but rules were not her kind of light.
She danced through fire, she stayed awhile,
She was a hurricane wearing a smile.



Chased by the Good Energies

Energy cannot be created or destroyed in connections.
If the depth is there, it cannot be denied,
Cannot slip through your fingers,
Cannot be something you successfully run away from
Due to the feeling of exposure or battle wounds.
You can try to dismiss it,
Can try to stay protected
And hidden from the warmth,
But it always catches up to you.



Connect the Dots

I wanted to remind you that
You don't have to have it all figured out.
You don't have to have your month figured out,
Your year figured out, your life figured out.
My fondest memories don't live inside my calendar,
My greatest moments don't conform to any monthly
planner.
So, let's live today,
and connect the dots tomorrow.
Because life will only make sense when it is behind you.



Daydreams at 3AM

At 3 a.m., the world forgets to breathe,
And I float somewhere between thought and sleep.
My ceiling becomes a sky without stars,
I rewrite pasts, redraw old scars.
A perfect life plays in my head,
Words I never spoke, things I never said.
I'm awake in a version that feels more true,
Where everything I lost still belongs to me too.



Decay and Sway

The garden mourns, a weave of green,
Quickly being destroyed, a sad, muted scene.
Where colors once danced, in the sun's glory,
An eerie hush and midnight powers its story.

The petals, proud and ripe, droop and sigh,
The vibrant life of yesterday's mind, is left behind.
A wilted rose, with a crown of thorns,
Bear witness to time, to loves, and to scorns.

The lilled stems, so holy and white,
Bow and break, no longer absorbing the fading sight.
The fragile bloom grows only for a brief day,
Practicing the bitter dance between decay and sway.



Doodles in the Margins

While the teacher spoke of wars and kings,
she drew soft stars with looping wings.
Not out of boredom, but to stay
grounded when her mind flew away.
A rocket ship. A tree that weeps.
A moon who watches while she sleeps.
A cat in boots. A secret door.
The margins always asked for more.
Through ink and swirls, she left her mark,
her world alive beyond the dark.
And though the grades were never bold,
those doodles told the story untold.



Draft No. 11

Hearts who sang each other's name,
Deafened, left wondering who to blame.
For this chaos, caused by strangers from the past,
Say, how long will this longing last?
Time might be the devouring fool,
Yet in my dreams, the world isn't so cruel.
There, your gaze, like sunlight, fills the air,
No pain to bear, two hearts to re-pair.
The stars lean in as if they know,
Draft No. 11 sings soft and low.
No distance breaks what fate once spun,
A timeless bond that can't be undone.



Dreams, Not Deadlines

I don't need to finish by Friday.

Dreams don't come with due dates.

They aren't assignments to submit or boxes to tick.

They grow in quiet moments, not under pressure.

Sometimes they pause, stretch, wander off.

And that's okay.

Because they're mine to carry, not to race.

And I'd rather build them than rush them.



Emojis Can't Explain This

I danced through puddles, sky wide and blue,
Laughed so hard, I nearly flew.
Sunset spilled gold on my old white shoes,
I played my life like it's breaking news.
No emoji knows this kind of high,
The kind you feel when you don't even try.
I grinned so wide, the stars took note,
Even my shadow began to float.



Fate's Decree

In every sunrise, her beauty shines bright,
A vision that fills my days with light.
But oh, fate's decree keeps us apart,
Though she's forever engraved in my heart.
Her laughter, a melody, fills the air,
A symphony of joy, beyond compare.
Yet the love I hold, I dare not reveal,
For fear of disrupting the delicate seal.
Each moment with her is a precious gift,
A treasure I cherish, a soulful lift.



Fireflies

Chasing fireflies in the dark, they flicker,
Memories spark with their gentle shimmer.
Sitting on a bench, watching them dance,
I could stay here forever, if I get the chance.
A twirl of yellow light, a fairy's tone,
Sitting here in solitude, but I'm not alone.



Flew Away, The Butterfly

The cold breeze, felt like shackles,
The sweet nectar tastes like devil's apples.
She conceals her scars, yet cannot hide,
This hollow world made her feel so delicate inside.

The tree branches sang her a song,
On lifeless, fleeting nights so long.
Danced her sorrows away in the darkness,
Ready to take flight, she fastens her harness.

The sky cleared, clouds cried away their tears,
And Sun came fast, listening to her prayers.
Her wings outstretched and soared above,
A fragile heart, yet full of love.



For My Best Friend

Some days I've been thunder, some days the rain,
but you're always the one that stayed.

Through crooked roads and quiet wrongs,
you chose to walk, not look away.

You've seen the mess, the magic too,
and never once asked me to change,
you loved the raw, the loud, the soft,
my every version, just the same.

If I could gift you stars or peace,
or wrap the sky in silver thread,
it still wouldn't match what you have been,
a lifeline, laughter, and quiet strength.

Here's to the days we didn't fall,
because we held on, side by side.

If home's a heart, then mine has known
its safest beat when near to thine.



From the Future Me

Dear Heart of the Now, I write from a time,
Where shadows of doubt have turned to bright sunshine.
Though the path may seem long, and the road less traveled,
Know that you're strong, and your spirit unraveled.

The fears that you face, the dreams you hold dear,
Will find their victory, banish all fear.
The choices you make, the words that you speak,
Will echo through time, and your soul they will seek.

Don't dwell on the past, or the future's unknown,
Embrace the present, and let your spirit be shown.
For what you are building, the seeds you are sowing,
Will blossom in time, and their beauty will grow.

The laughter you share, the tears that you shed,
Are the threads that are woven, a story ahead.
Believe in yourself, let your spirit take flight,
And know that the future is full of pure light.



Frozen Between Dreams

You wake, but you do not rise,
trapped beneath the weight of air.
Limbs betray, your mouth is silent,
yet something stirs, it's waiting there.
The more you fight, the tighter it grips,
your breath caught in a fragile thread.
Panic thrashes, yet nothing moves,
a prisoner in your own bed.
But then, acceptance, soft as dawn,
your heart slows down, the dark recedes.
And suddenly, the fear dissolves,
as if it never planted seeds.
For what was real and what was not?
Maybe they blurred, maybe they met.
But when you stop resisting shadows,
they lose the power to be a threat.



Genocide

Burning bodies, burning lives,
Ashen screams that pierce the skies.
Memories erased and untold,
A history lost in charcoal cold.

It doesn't stop, it never fades,
The soil drinks blood in silent graves.
Names dissolve like drops of rain,
Only traces of their pain remain.

And yet, the world just turns away,
Blind to ghosts of yesterday.
Smoke still lingers, tears still fall,
But do they see it, do they care at all?



Harmonizing With the Starlight

Each twinkling light, a distant sun,
Millions of miles away,
But they are here, right before my eyes,
In the most majestic display.

I talk to the moon and the stars,
Whisper my secrets and dreams,
Somehow, I feel they are listening,
And my soul feels at ease.

The night sky is like a canvas,
Painted with stars of all sizes and hues,
Each one with a unique story to tell,
Of love, loss, and what they've been through.

As the night gradually fades,
And the stars bid their goodbye,
I'm left with a heart full of wonder,
And a feeling that I can't deny.



Heartbeats at 300 KPH

It's more than just speed, it's a pulse, a roar,
The thrill that wakes me, keeps me wanting more.
Each lap's a story, written in rain and sweat,
Moments of glory I'll never forget.
The sharp turns mirror life's twists and bends,
Where courage and focus become true friends.
When engines scream, my spirit flies free,
In Formula 1, I find my identity.



Hearts and Flowers

Hearts are kites in breezy skies,
laughing loud as they learn to fly.
Tulips twirling in springtime air,
hope tucked gently everywhere,
in giggles, in clouds, in midday showers,
life feels lighter with hearts and flowers.
Daisies bloom in breakfast bowls,
stories spill from cereal scrolls.
Moments stitched in golden thread,
of silly things they almost said,
a world that hums, then softly sings,
in hearts and flowers and little things.



Home

Home is where their name lingers in the air,
even when the rooms are empty.

It's the quiet melody beneath silences,
the warmth that stays long after touch fades.

Love is not a place,

It's the way people make people feel so safe.



How to Hug a Cloud

I tried to hug a cloud today,
It nearly floated clean away.
I reached too fast, it slipped right through,
Like dreams I chase but never do.
So I stood still, and closed my eyes,
Let go of logic, weight, and ties.
The breeze got soft, the sky turned kind,
A quiet joy wrapped around my mind.
It wasn't shaped, or firm, or loud,
But still, I hugged a passing cloud.
Turns out, you don't need arms to hold,
Just wonder, trust, and heart that's bold.



I Love You

From a simple phrase just three words long,
"I love you" whispers, a story unsung.
It starts with "I," a heart on display,
A song of love, never to fray.

It ends with "You," a focal point due,
A devotion and commitment, shining through.
Inside those words, a universe vast,
A love indomitable, a moment to last.

No need for modifiers, no need for verse,
Just "love" in between us, no need to rehearse.
A bond invincible, a love divine,
"I love you," till the end of time.



If the Moon Had a Diary

I watch the world in silent grace,
silver light on a weary face.
Lovers whisper, lost in time,
while oceans dance to rhythms of mine.
I cradle dreams in endless night,
shy and soft secrets bathed in borrowed light.
Yet when the sun begins to rise,
I fade away into the forgotten skies.



In My Notes App, Forever

You'll find me in typos and midnight drafts,
In half-formed poems and incomplete laughs.
I save what I'm too shy to say,
And reread it all anyway.
A list of dreams, a love unsent,
A joke I wrote but never meant.
It's not much, but it's all me,
A hidden place I set words free.



Incomprehensible Thoughts

If I could bestow you,
I would,
Beyond the galaxies,
Beyond the infinities,
Beyond this life,
But the most I could ever give you
Are my thoughts penned down on a paper,
incomprehensible thoughts mean the most
Because only you can construe them.



Infinity

A boundless unending ring,
A line bent back that finds its way,
No entry, no exit, only a ceaseless wave,
A twirling of space that does not behave.

A mathematical hug, a limitless sea,
The stars are specks of sand, boundless scrap,
From atoms minuscule to the immense scheme,
An expansive painting where all is as it seems.

Because in the round endless, we feel the signs,
Life is but a wonder of the mind,
An untimely moment, a dying thought,
It is a chunk of an eternity, never got.



Ink of Imagination

Dreamers awake to night's sky-arching loom,
With stars arrayed like jewels of the unfurled room.
Whispered fairy tales, of dragons, castles, moonbeams,
Of their fiery, golden scales, they gleam.
Shadows swirl, a maze of vibrant, city lights,
The dusk's ethereal whispers stirred by dancing night.



Ink-bound

Words begin to bloom when thoughts take flight,
Dancing in ink, from mind to white.
A world unfolds beneath each line,
Where every silence feels one of its kind.

With every word, I find my voice,
In chaos or calm, it's still my choice.
A refuge, a spark, a place to be,
Writing is where I set me free.



It's Raining

It's raining.

Where are you?

We promised each other we'd dance in the rain.

We promised each other we'd catch the midnight train.

But it's 1am,

It's pouring down,

I'm standing at our favorite spot in the town.

Where are you?

Should I wait?

I'm standing by the tree next to the yellow gate.

But it's 2am,

And I'm still at halt.

The rain comes down,

No, you're not here,

You're not around.

But it's 3am,

The clouds now seem to cry,

It's not pleasing anymore.

To dance all by myself, I try.

Now it's 4am,

The rain lets up,

The moon shines brightly,

And you're still not here,

I think I should give up now,

It's been a year.



Just A Few People

When you're young,
You believe that there will be many people
With whom you'll connect with deeply.
Then, later in life,
You realize that it only happens sometimes.
A few moments,
Frozen in genuine beauty,
Where you look at someone
And you know,
From a place deep within your heart,
That they are going to mean something to you,
That they are rare.



Just A Funny Thought

Doesn't the sunset get tired of all the stares?

Don't the clouds get tired of crying when it rains?

Doesn't the moon get tired of always borrowing light?

Don't the rainbows get tired of all the photography?

Doesn't the lightning get tired of roaring during
thunderstorms?

Don't the shooting stars get tired of all the wishes?



Krishna Resides in My Heart

There's someone sacred in my soul,
He calms the storms I can't control.
No temple roof, no distant sky,
He walks with me when troubles fly.
He speaks in love, not pride or fear,
A tranquil-filled flute song I always hear.
In every breath, I feel Him near,
A celestial truth so bright, so clear.



Last Light of a Dying Star

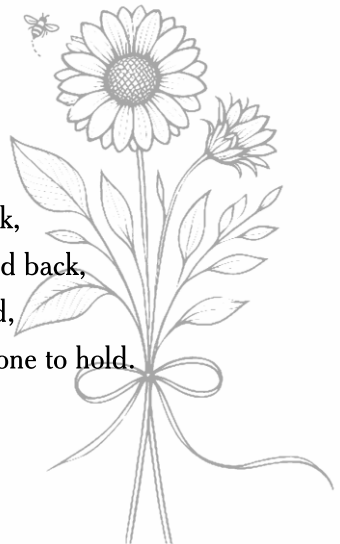
In the vastness of eternal night,
A spark remains, a flickering light,
The final ember of a fiery soul,
A star that's lived its life, now losing control.

Its radiance, a dwindling glow,
A whispered secret, soon to go,
The last goodbye of a fading dream,
A dying breath, a heart that's lost its theme.

Like unspoken words, it shines so bright,
A desperate cry, a final, fleeting light,
A message to the universe, unheard,
A longing to be seen, a love unfurled.

In these last moments, it pours its heart,
A blaze of glory, a final work of art,
A supernova of sorrow and of pain,
A celestial scream, a star's remains.

As it expires, its light will fade to black,
And with it, all the dreams it once held back,
The silence will be deafening and cold,
The darkness will consume, leaving none to hold.



Layers of Light

All that remained was a quiet shell,
Drifting alone in a voiceless well.
My words returned as empty echoes,
Till silence wrapped me in gentle halos.

Hope shimmered through the veil of my tears,
Then dimmed again with creeping fears.
But layer by layer, I came to see,
The strength I sought was always in me.



Little Reminders

Through days of sorrow, nights of pain,
Through love that's lost, through hope that wanes,
We walk this path, for worse or best,
Hearts heavy, but never at rest.
And still, the world will softly show,
A fleeting light, a golden glow,
A bird in song, a poem with rhyme,
The warmth of hands held close in time.
Despite the storms that leave us torn,
Life whispers why we're truly born.
In little moments, bright yet brief,
We find our reason, our relief.



Map of Memories

In places where the sky is bathed in sunlight,
Adventure calls, luring us high,
A map of memories, charted course,
With tales of the open road, of course.
Both free and wild the compass spins,
To places unknown, where the lands' scenes sing,
Mountains tower and rivers flow,
In places so distant, where the winds blow.
Through cities old, ancient streets,
Where cultures meld, and stories meet;
This welcoming world so broadly does swell,
And in its glory, hearts compel.
With postcard views and passport stamps,
The world spins before us, jets stream,
Each blot of ink or slightly smudged,
Stamps of time, though life's stream does whirl.



Missed Chances

You were the wave that never hit my shore,
A fleeting glimpse, a whisper, nothing more.
Your presence lingered in the salty air,
A memory cherished, beyond compare.
In dreams, I walked upon your sandy strand,
Where shadows danced, and love was hand in hand.
But reality crashed upon that same rocky shore,
Leaving me longing for what's no more.



No Regrets

They told me to chase the sun,
to run until my legs give out.
The world is wide and waiting,
and fear has no place here.
Memories aren't made in silence,
they live in the fire of risk,
in the laughter of those who dare,
in the nights we never forget.



Northern Lights

Under a sky, encompassed with the color of the northern
lights,

In the sky, luminous magnificence that overwhelms sight,

A painter creates aurora to exacting rights,

In the glistening colors, in truth are polished and refined.

A dance performed of light high up in the deep sky,

And with stars on high, its beauty is a moonrise,

Its soft, mystical light shines, though it is night,

So strange, despite the violet's lies.

Crimson, turquoise, emerald, white,

Swirls of color that dance in the light,

A thing everlasting and enduring in its flight,

With a message for the world, revealed in the night.



Nothingness

But in the universe
Where we are still together,
I'd be much happier.
For the angst that has followed your absence
Has only added to my vocabulary.
Void,
A word I thought I knew the definition of,
But now,
I can understand its significance.



Overcoming Peer Pressure

My friends', their voices shout in my head like gusts of
wind,

They tell me to change, to just fit in.

But deep inside, a fire stays,

A spark within that guides me through this haze.

They offer paths that lead astray,

But I'll let my own heart show me the way.

Not every crowd knows where to go,

Not every wave is meant to flow.

Let me tell you a way out, so right,

Stand tall, don't sway with every tide.

The world needs you, your light, your say,

To just fit in, don't lose yourself along the way.



Paper Boats in the Puddle

The rain has moved on; the sky hangs low,
As rainwater dances in the puddle below.
Paper boats, fanciful, bright and all,
Now set sail with a graceful call.

Some are quite small; they whisper of dreams,
Fragile yet fearless; innate it seems,
Others are tougher; thin creases so fine,
Sturdy and bold; they catch etches of shine,

Every splash shows they whirl and spin;
In the flow they chase; as if all could win.
For in every ripple; and glide bold and true,
There is childhood spirit, having no clue.



Paper Planes and Lost Tomorrows

I folded dreams in paper white,
set them soaring into night.
Winds of doubt, so cold, so strong,
carried my wishes far too long.

They danced, they swayed, but never flew,
lost in skies that never knew.
Fingers reached but held on tight,
to broken wings that dreamed of flight.



Reader, Please Imagine Thunder

Reader, imagine thunder's weight,
Not just the sound, but what it ate.
The silence gulped, the breath it stole,
A ripple down the body's soul.
Don't just hear, feel its despair,
Its longing stitched into the air.
Pretend you stood where echoes bend,
And thunder wasn't just pretend.



Rebel in Ribbons

She wore her anger like perfume light,
Laced with pink and wrapped up tight.
A rebel dressed in bows and grace,
With quiet fire behind her face.
They saw the ribbons, missed the roar,
The storm that waited at her core.
She smiled while shaking every wall,
A girl who'd never kneel at all.



Record, Click, Save

Why do we reach for lens and light,
To freeze the day, to steal the night?
A moment fades, we try to keep,
A memory safe, a thought so deep.
Afraid that time will slip away,
That golden hours won't let us stay.
So we press record, we click, we save,
As if the past can be engraved.
But even still, though frames remain,
They cannot hold the joy, the pain.
For memories live, not in a view,
But in the heart, they sing through.



Redline Rush

In my mind, I dream of speed,
Engines screaming, taking the lead.
Tire smoke rising, stories known and told,
Tire marks on road, fire in gold.
Chasing the track, the roar, the flight,
Under the stars, cutting the night.

From the first, I knew it was fate,
Not just a car, not just a race.
A life on wheels, a heart that knows,
I was made for the show; I'll never go slow.



Running Back Home to Myself

The roads stretched far, the world ran fast,
I chased the wind, I burned, I crashed.
Lost in voice, drowned in noise,
A stranger's face, a borrowed voice.

The city lights could never show,
The way my heart was meant to go.
Through hollow streets, through shifting sand,
I longed to touch my own lost hand.

Barefoot steps on soil so deep,
Waking the parts I let sleep.
No need to chase, no need to roam,
I was always my own true home.



Saturn's Leftover Rings

She danced in a dream with planets and strings,
Wearing a crown of Saturn's old rings.
A queen of the cosmos outshone the moon,
Swaying to silence, lost in a tune.
Her fingers traced stars no one had kissed,
A melody hummed in celestial mist.
What gods had discarded, she wore with pride—
The rings they forgot, her legacy's guide.



Sea of North-West

Two hearts, polar opposites;
One, flying on the western wind of warm freedom,
The other, striving on the northern sea of cold solace.

On an island in the Sea of North-West,
The paths crossed,
The hearts felt strange,
Like a tsunami was hitting them slowly,
The rhythm synced,
One longed for the other,
Tried to leave but stumbled and fell.

In a place where colours were bright,
The laughs were loud,
Even the smiles could be heard,
The soft scent of love,
It was said to be a cage,
But felt like heaven.

Since then, till eternity ends,
They found their place.



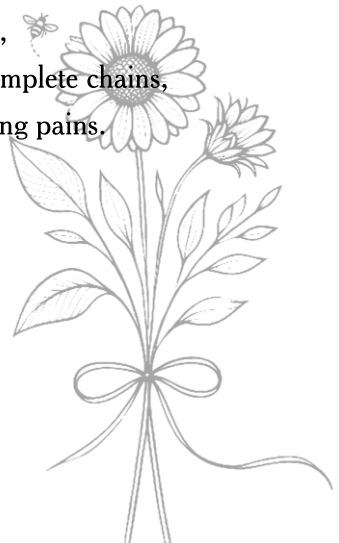
Seashell's Life

On the sundrenched beach where gentle currents sway,
Under the light blue sky in whispering tones lay,
There upon the sand the seashells bask,
Like protectors holding the light from the ocean basket.

Each one a vessel that holds a tune,
Of oceans of currents where secrets loom,
Where temperature changes brought forth a new place,
While within the sands, in the sun's warm embrace.

Fun colors, just like rays of light,
Coral pink like a sundried sundown,
Greens of the Spring, that sparkle softly
Around and around the curve-like tides gently.

In a stillness where time fades away,
Seashells breathe phrases of yesterday,
They puzzle together like waves on complete chains,
But soothe in togetherness while eluding pains.



See You Again

The road diverged, and now you're gone,
Yet in my heart, you still live on.
The days feel empty, time moves slow,
But memories glint in all I know.
I see your face in fading light,
A distant star still burning bright.
Though miles apart, our bond won't break,
Even though we chose different paths to take.
When time is right, just wait, my friend,
I'll see you again at the journey's end.



Snowfall on the Beach

Snowflakes fall gently from the sky,
Blanketing the beach in white.
A rare and wondrous sight,
As the ocean's waves subside.

Footsteps crunch in the snow,
Leaving imprints in their wake.
A reminder of how quickly things can go,
A reminder of the beauty in every flake.

In the unexpected and unknown,
For it is in the moments we find,
A charm that has grown,
In the snowfall on the beach, one of a kind.



Staircase Leading to the Sky

Sunrise paints the rooftops gold, a whisper in the air,
A feeling deep inside unfolds, a promise I can share.
A staircase built of light, ascending to the blue,
A fading night, a dream for me and you.

Staircase to the sky, a pathway to the dawn,
Where worries fade and spirits fly, a new day is reborn.
Each step a hopeful melody, a rhythm in my soul,
Climbing ever steadily, towards a higher goal.



Staring at the Flickering Candle

A lonely candle, a luminous light,
Crafting shadows and mesmerizing the sight.
Its flame is a tiny flickering hope,
A light into the darkest night.

I look into its depths, an undiscovered world,
Glimpses of mysteries that are still to be unfurled.
It fits the gentle spirit and warms tones,
Into the icy void while it held them alone.

Inevitably, as wax drips away, the flame will dwindle,
A poignant reminder of life's transient spurs.
Nonetheless, the entire time, it towers so tall,
A symbol of loveliness, an angel even after it falls.



Street Graffiti Art

When the moonlight shines softly down,
A nameless artist will dance,
His spray cans rattle and hiss in the dark,
And flicker and ripple waiting for colors to arc.

Masked rebels suit up in the night,
Staining and marking their willpower,
With gloved hands they sign in red and blue,
They spark the flame of downtown in alleyways.

These artists paint the cry that cannot be visualized in
thoughts,
Of lives not achieved of what "you meant to be."
A laughing face, a tear-stained eye,
A scream in directional silence against the light-skied night.

Their art doesn't live long before permitted decay,
But custodies will window, hands mark other beings or
days,
In every hole, in every dried crack,
The artist and animation of silence fade away.



The Beauty and The Beast

The castle, grand and cold, a cold stone heart,
A beast inside, all alone in his sorrow.
A cursed life, a beauty taken,
A rose, time and space, as it be.

Each petal that falls is a day the curse holds,
And at last, a bloom, and a story unfolds.
He found her - gentle, kind and unlike any,
A heart to heal, and a love beyond ugly.

A final petal, red, soft and bright,
A symbol of love, its shining light.
The beast turned to a prince, with glowing eyes,
The magic of love was their prize.



The Concealed Power

Black hole,
In the vast expanse of space,
Where light disappears,
And darkness embraces its site.

Blue hole,
Swirling vortex of power,
A bottomless pit,
Infinite and vast.

Swallowed by the universe,
Into a state of oblivion,
No end to its hunger,
No end to its emptiness.



The Flight Back Home

High above the ground on silver wings,
In a dreamscape where freedom sings,
I float through realms of gray and white,
On the way to where my heart feels right.

Below the quilt of busy skies,
A world unfolds and silence sighs,
I drift across the clouds like sea,
And every fluff is a thought that calls to me.

To a house where laughter fills the sound,
And echoes dance waiting to be found,
The walls caress the warmth of light,
From a place made of love that feels so right.

For every mile the distance melts,
As I fly home, I take my heart from where it dwells,
Back to the heart of life and the real dome,
I fly among the clouds, where I find my home.



The Last Bell Rings

The voices linger in the empty halls,
Soft laughter dancing off the walls.
Empty board markers and ink-stained hands,
Footsteps fading like drifting sands.
The farewell songs, a bittersweet tune,
Underneath the silver moon.
Ties once knotted, now untied,
Yet memories stay, arms open wide.
The walls that held our whispered fears,
Now bid us go with voiceless cheers.
The clock hands turn, no time to stay,
Yet hearts refuse to drift away.
A final glance, a momentary sigh,
Beneath this ever-changing sky.
Not just goodbyes, but paths anew,
The school was once ours, but now it's left in view.



The Lighthouse

The tall, red and white tower, ever-present there,
Monitors the poor waves that roar loud and fair.
Guiding lights dimly near, a bright star,
Once grieved boats find, without any fear, their way.

When storms come through with their great wind and rain,
It is there standing upright in utmost pain.
An attentive eye, a great friend for sure,
Guiding the boats safely through and thorough.

A sign of hope from every land,
A comfortable amiable hand to lend.
Its light always a welcome sight,
A shining star, a true light of hope.



The Moment Seizes Us

You know how everyone always says,
“Seize the moment”?
The way that I see it is that,
The moment is seizing.
We get lost and consumed by the moment,
The memories grasp us and hold us captive.
We get caught up with the moment,
and forget about the past or future.
That exact instant,
Close your eyes and
Let the moment seize you.



The Other Side

Always the poet,
Never the muse.
Always the writer,
Never what's written.
Always the one who expresses,
Never the one who receives.
Always creating,
Never truly being known.
Always writing,
Never truly being heard.
Always the artist,
Never the artwork.



The Power of Words

Words are seeds, they plant the mind,
Growing hope or leaving scars behind.
A tender phrase can heal the soul,
But harsh words tear, never making us whole.

They can lift you high or drag you low,
A single clause can make hearts glow.
Choose them wisely, they hold the key,
To shape the world or set it free.



The Street Lamp's Lament

I stand sentinel, a lonely lamp of the night,
A light in the darkness, a light burning bright.
I've seen it all, from goodbyes to poor.
I've witnessed it once, seen it before.

I've seen lovers pass, their hands entwined,
The whispers of laughter, recalling sweet times.
I've seen lovers part as they say their farewells,
The tears fall like raindrops and screams like bells.

The late-night wanderers, they come in pain,
To find respite underneath once again.
They sit in history's anonymity pale,
And spill their hearts under white flimsy veil.

I see in shadows, I see in black,
I see the secrets of the city in shades of grey and black.
The thieves, the liars, the burnt and the fools,
But I am quiet, not sharing inner regard.



The Sun is a Liar too

They told me the sun never lies,
that it rises for everyone, equally.
But I've seen it skip faces like pages,
shine warmer on others,
burning holes through my skin.
I used to stretch toward its light,
offering up my shadows
like apologies in prayer.
But it never stayed,
just scorched and left,
a lover too proud to say goodbye.
So don't tell me it's faithful.
Don't tell me it shines with truth.
Even the sun has secrets,
hides behind clouds on purpose,
and smiles golden
only when it wants to be seen.



The Time Forgotten

I was younger when dad held my hand,
guiding me through roads too wide to understand.
The world was simple, filled with colors and games,
where monsters lived only in picture frames.
The rain was magic, the stars felt close,
every question had an answer, or so I supposed.
But time moves forward, and childhood fades,
and I wonder when the magic slipped away.



The Unwritten Diary

My diary of echoes, held within the soul,
Where thoughts and feelings silently unroll.
A hidden garden, blooming in the night,
A disguised darkness, bathed in light.

No ink to stain the page, no pen to trace,
Yet memories linger, in this timeless space.
My secret archive, deep within the mind,
Where dreams and nightmares forever entwined.

An echoed tale, only I can hear,
A hushed language, dismissing all fear.
The unwritten diary, my soul's true art,
My masterpiece, endlessly held apart.



The Villain Who Succeeded

Once again, he became the villain,
In everyone's story, he was the one.
The man who succeeded in destruction,
His actions left the world undone.

But not all heroes fight for right,
Some are driven by darkness and pain.
And through their twisted, selfish might,
They leave behind a world in vain.

He, finally, destroyed what destroyed him,
But in the process, he lost himself.
A man who once stood tall and grim,
Now nothing but a broken shell.

Once again, he became the villain,
As not all heroes are what they seem.
For some are just broken and mourning,
And their destruction is their only dream.



The Wind Whispers

As the wind carries whispers of all kinds,
both soft and low, across green fields with wildflowers.
It carries tales of the sun, of the rain,
of life, of death, of joy, of pain.
The wind whispers through ancient forests, tall and grand,
carrying stories of the land,
stories of towering trees and their roots deep,
stories of creatures, hidden and of the secrets they keep.



The World Winks Back

She stopped to tie her shoes and noticed a ladybug.
Later, the wind flipped a page to the exact poem she
needed.

She looked up, the clouds shaped like a peace sign.
Not magic, exactly. Not coincidence, either.

The world, it seemed, had its own little nods.

A secret handshake in everyday moments.

She didn't need a signpost or a miracle.

Just enough quiet to notice the world's wink.



Today Feels Like Confetti

Today feels like confetti thrown,
Bright little sparks all on their own.
I spilled my coffee, missed the train,
But somehow danced between the rain.
My laugh came out a bit too loud,
Yet echoed through the quiet crowd.
A stranger smiled, my playlist hit,
And every wrong turn strangely fit.
No grand parade or reason why,
Just sunshine falling from the sky.
Some days don't try to make much sense,
They simply sparkle in light immense.



Transformation

Metamorphosis, a journey of change,
A transformation, a chance to rearrange.
A symbol of beauty, a symbol of grace,
Every human goes through a remarkable phase.
Our perspectives shift, our mind expands,
We won't learn if everything goes as planned.
A chance to evolve, a chance to be free,
To transform into who we are meant to be.



Two-Faced, Too-Faced

The needle that mends the inside blues,
Is also the one to cause the bruise.
It weaves my wounds into threads of grace,
Yet leaves a mark, so two-faced.

It stitches hope, then cuts my skin,
Is a bitter healing, a tranquil sin.
The pain that heals is the one we laced,
A truth, both kind and fool, so too-faced.



Unseen Shade

Colors are never truly known,
always shifting, always new.
Even when we think we've seen them all,
the sky bends light a different way,
a petal glows in an unseen shade,
and the ocean, for just a moment,
becomes something no eye has ever met.



Unwritten Endings

In this world of 8 billion stories,
I believed mine would rise in glory,
And naïve of me to think it had begun already
To me, it felt like the perfect tune,
To others, just background noise too soon.
It looked complete, yet far from done.
In this world of fleeting chances,
I was a pause between the dances.
And in a world that never waits,
I faded into unwritten fates.



Velvet Nights and City Lights

The road sings under me,
a velvet symphony of tire and asphalt,
as the city spreads its golden veins,
oozing light into the quiet dark.

Windows down, air thick with midnight,
the hum of neon signs flickering like whispered secrets.
Red taillights blur into constellations,
and somewhere, a love song plays from a car I'll never
know.

My hands rest easy on the wheel,
not rushing, not racing, just moving,
floating through a world half-asleep,
where time drips and the night belongs to me.



Voices of the Voiceless

Shadows reign the stillness,
The quiet wounds, untold battles,
A world where whispers remain silent,
A world where injustices echo consistently.

A world where injustice goes unseen,
A dream forgotten, a heart that pleads,
In a world where no one can intervene,
A world where there is no sympathy for the voice that
cannot speak.

The eye that speaks when no one else does,
The stories that cannot remain hidden,
The chains that no one else wraps,
The stories that are hidden, but still forbidden.

A story that is born of the night,
A hope that rises in the quiet,
A voice without sound, a sentence without might,
A world desperately looking for what is right.

In each heart, an untold story,
In each silence, a quiet plea,
In every darkness, one true voice,
A voice that can say, "Justice, please".



Wander to Become

The airport buzz, my heart took flight,
A window seat, the world in sight.
From coral shores to snowy climbs,
I chased the sun through different times.
Barefoot on sands, breathless on peaks,
In every place, my spirit speaks.
With every stamp, I discovered myself anew,
Exploring out, discovering true.



Waning Slowly Away

I am fading, slowly but certainly,
Drifting away from everything I care about,
Half still human, half just a phantom,
I am waning from the person I used to be,
Memories turning into a blur,
Tears running down my cheeks,
My colours are worn, turning to gray,
And so, I am fading, fading slowly away.



We Are All Just Stories

I've met people who carry storms in their eyes
and others who walk like they've already lost.
Some speak in chapters,
childhood tucked in their laugh,
heartbreak written between their pauses.
I am a paragraph, maybe two,
unfinished and messy.
Sometimes I try to edit myself,
but grief doesn't fit in parentheses.
And joy?
It runs off the page
before I can name it.



We'll Find a Way

If you're ever worried about "how?",
Take my hand and we'll figure it out.
Through tangled paths, through restless nights,
We'll chase the dawn, outshine the doubt.
When questions rise like tides too high,
And fear paints ghosts in your mind,
I'll fight alongside you, steady, strong,
Our destiny matched; our paths intertwined.
The road's uncertain, wild, unknown,
Yet not a step you'll walk alone.
For as long as I am here,
Hold my hand and I'll keep you near.



When Stars Write Poetry

The stars don't just shine, they whisper,
scribbling verses in silver ink across the sky.
Their poems are ancient secrets,
woven from light and silence.
If you listen closely at midnight,
you might catch the rustle of their rhymes,
soft as a lullaby,
told in a language only hearts understand.



Where Balloons Go When They Leave

I let go too soon, just to see,
Where the balloon would rather be.
Up it soared with a silly spin,
Maybe off to places I've never been.
Does it find a cloud to call its friend?
Or chase the sun until the end?
I waved goodbye with childish grace,
It left behind a sky-shaped space.



Where Magic Still Believes in Me

Disney world made me lose the grey,
Trade tears for songs the bluebirds play.
A princess crown, a pirate's map,
Soft fairy lights upon my lap.
The clocks don't chase, the fears don't stay,
Just talking mice who lead the way.
It's not escape, it's where I'm free,
here magic still believes in me.



Where Time Took Us

The moon doesn't follow your car,
The ocean doesn't hold mermaid kingdoms,
Coins tossed into fountains hold no magic,
Tooth Fairy doesn't leave presents in exchange of a tooth,
Heaven and hell can't be traced on the map,
Wishing wells don't whisper back dreams,
Shadows don't come alive at night,
Santa doesn't deliver you gifts on Christmas Eve,
Black cats don't summon misfortune,
Fortune cookies don't foresee your destiny.
Superstitions don't alter the inevitable.



Wherever You Are

If you're heaven, I'll embrace the end,
If you're sorrow, my tears will descend.
If you're pain, I'll welcome the ache,
Leaving you? That's a risk I won't take.
Your name's the sweetest sound I know,
A love that endlessly will grow.
If you're the ocean, I'll be the tide,
In winter's chill, you're warmth inside.
If you're the moon, I'll be your closest light,
Forever near, through day and night.
No matter where life takes you far,
My love will find you, wherever you are.



Wishes on Paper Wings

Lanterns slowly rise, like fragile dreams,
paper glowing soft against the night.
Held by gentle hands, released with wishes,
each lantern a story, floating upward,
carrying hopes too delicate for words.
In the quiet sky, they float together,
tiny flames chasing shadows,
lighting the darkness with promises,
until they disappear,
but never truly vanish from the soul's reach.



A Note to Readers

If you've made it here, thank you.

Thank you for reading, for feeling, for pausing in the middle of your own turmoil to wander through mine. This collection holds pieces of my heart scattered across stardust skies, resilient waves, and calm in chaos. Some poems came crashing in like lightning. Others took their time, soft and hesitant. They're stitched together with honesty. Not perfection. If even one line lingered with you, made you feel seen, sparked a thought, offered a strange sort of comfort, then this book has done its part.

You aren't just a reader. You're a part of this story now. Your presence gave meaning to these words. And for that, I'm endlessly grateful. As you close this book, I hope you carry something with you, a feeling or a thought worth holding onto. And I hope you leave something behind too, whether it's a sigh or a smile. Even on the days when nothing feels certain, may you always return to yourself with softness. And may you never forget: you were never too much, and never not enough.

Whatever direction you walk in next, north with your dreams, or west with your learnings, I hope you walk lighter, braver, and more yourself.

With boundless appreciation.

The End





About the Poet

Yashi is a budding poet from Delhi, India in her late teens, who draws inspiration from her own life experiences and the ups and downs that shape us all. She finds beauty in nature's art, the joy of traveling, and the small, meaningful moments that often go unnoticed. Through her poetry, Yashi explores the world with curiosity and celebrates the richness of everyday life. *'Honey and Havoc'* is her second collection, following her debut, *'Divine and Vile'*. Her writing invites readers to pause, reflect, and wander in the simple things around them.

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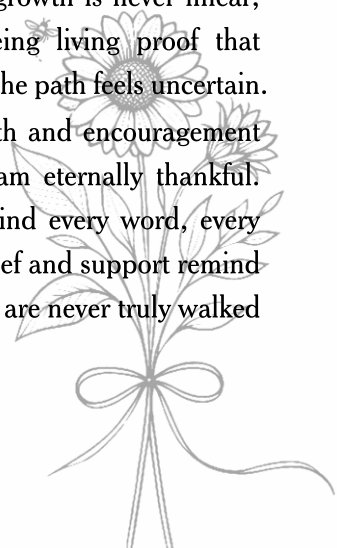
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Acknowledgments

As I stand once again at the crossroads of creation and reflection, I am filled with profound gratitude for everyone who has journeyed with me through the making of this collection. This book is a mosaic of emotions and moments, each shaped by the lives and love that surround me. It captures those fleeting, often overlooked moments where thoughts turn to feelings, and feelings transform into something greater. In these pages, I hope you found both the questions and the quiet answers that come from truly listening to yourself.

To the countless souls whose stories, struggles, and quiet strength have inspired these poems, I offer my heartfelt thanks. Your courage and vulnerability continue to fuel my own. It is through observing your journeys that I've found the bravery to explore life's complexities, its light, its shadows, and all that lies between. Every challenge faced and every quiet victory won is a reminder that growth is never linear, but always real. Thank you for being living proof that transformation is possible, even when the path feels uncertain. To my family, whose unwavering faith and encouragement have been my anchor and wings, I am eternally thankful. Your love has been the strength behind every word, every line. To my friends, your constant belief and support remind me that even the most solitary of paths are never truly walked alone.



A special thank you to BlueRose Publishers, whose insight and dedication have brought this book to life. Your commitment to honoring the spirit of my work has been invaluable.

Finally, to you, the reader, thank you for opening these pages and walking alongside me in this exploration of heart and mind. Your presence breathes meaning into these verses and reminds me of the power of connection through words. It is your openness to feel, reflect, and embrace the unknown that makes this journey worthwhile.

‘Honey and Havoc’ is more than a collection of poems; it’s the sweetness of vulnerability meeting the storm of defiance, a raw, graceful dance between chaos and calm, and strength and softness. To all who have contributed to this journey, in ways big and small, I offer my deepest gratitude.



