

An Autumn called

Hiraeth

Samriddhi Pant



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*For the souls who ache without knowing why,
who carry homesickness for something intangible,
and call it living.*

The opening to the *Gate*

'An Autumn Called Hiraeth' is the second book by Samriddhi Pant, and it comes from a place that is both heavy and honest. This collection sits with emotions we often try to move past too quickly—melancholy, confusion, and the quieter, more unsettling parts of the human mind.

The poems explore crime not just as something that happens, but as something that grows: from thoughts, from silence, from things left unresolved. There is also a strong focus on human psychology, on how people feel, break, and sometimes rebuild themselves in ways that aren't always visible from the outside.

At the same time, this book is not only about darkness. It is also about healing—slow, uncertain, and not always obvious. Like autumn, it holds both endings and the beginning of something softer. There's a sense of searching throughout the pages, and eventually, a sense of finding their own sun.

For the author, poetry is a way of understanding things that are otherwise difficult to explain. It is a space where emotions can exist without being judged or simplified. Writing becomes a way to sit with those feelings, instead of running from them.

An Autumn Called Hiraeth is meant to be read quietly, at your own pace. It doesn't rush you. It simply stays—with the hope that somewhere along the way, you might see a part of yourself in it.

The *Frequency*

- *Liability – Lorde*
- *Class of 2013 – Mitski*
- *A Burning Hill – Mitski*
- *Afraid – The Neighbourhood*
- *Unfair – The Neighbourhood*
- *Funeral – Phoebe Bridgers*
- *Youth – Daughter*
- *Smother – Daughter*
- *this is me trying – Taylor Swift*

- *Ribs – Lorde*
- *Motion Sickness – Phoebe Bridgers*
- *Scott Street – Phoebe Bridgers*
- *Slow Dancing in the Dark – Joji*
- *ur so pretty – Wasia Project*
- *Petals on the Moon – Wasia Project*
- *Honey – Wasia Project*
- *how can i pretend? – Wasia Project*
- *Anchor – Novo Amor*
- *Carry You – Novo Amor*
- *From Gold – Novo Amor*

- *Female Robbery – The Neighbourhood*
- *Daddy Issues – The Neighbourhood*
- *Medicine – Daughter*
- *Myth – Beach House*
- *Space Song – Beach House*
- *Roslyn – Bon Iver & St. Vincent*

- *re: Stacks – Bon Iver*
- *Experience – Ludovico Einaudi*
- *Nuvole Bianche – Ludovico Einaudi*

- *cardigan – Taylor Swift*
- *exile – Taylor Swift ft. Bon Iver*
- *Holocene – Bon Iver*
- *Bloom – The Paper Kites*
- *Featherstone – The Paper Kites*
- *Saturn – Sleeping At Last*
- *Turning Page – Sleeping At Last*
- *Outro – M83*
- *Wait – M83*
- *Your Hand in Mine – Explosions in the Sky*



Guide for the *Path*

This book is divided into four parts, but they aren't separate.

They're just different states of the same thing. Nothing here really begins, and nothing really ends. It just shifts.

The Anatomy of the Fall is where it gets quiet. It's the kind of sadness that settles in slowly, that feels almost familiar. There isn't a clear reason for it, and there isn't a clear way out of it either.

The Turning of the Wheel moves through the months. Things repeat. Some days feel exactly like others, even when they shouldn't. Time passes, but not always forward. You might feel like you've been here before—because you probably have.

The Cold Earth is the darkest part. It's about endings, but not clean ones. About things that are lost, taken, or buried. Some of it is literal, some of it isn't. Read it slowly, or don't. Just don't rush through it.

The Sudden Sun comes after. Not as a fix, not as a reward—just as something that happens. Light doesn't stay, but it shows up. Sometimes that's enough.

You don't have to read this in order. You can start anywhere, stop anywhere, come back to the same page more than once.

If something doesn't make sense, leave it. If something feels too close, leave that too.

There's also a playlist—The Frequency.

You don't need it, but if you listen, let it sit quietly. Don't try to match it to the words. It's just there to fill the space around them.

This book isn't meant to explain anything. It won't give you answers or tie things together neatly. Some parts contradict each other. Some parts repeat. That's intentional. If you're looking for a story, you might not find one. If you're looking for something to recognize, you might.

Take your time with it.

Or don't.

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Part I
The Anatomy of the
Fall



Bless My Heart

*Kindness brings nothing but pain,
A blade disguised in gentle hands.
I give, they take, and still I drain,
A hollow heart that no one stands.*

*I pour my soul, they drink it dry,
Each smile a mask, each word a theft.
They call me good, then pass me by,
And I am broken, nothing left.*

*The softer I am, the more I bleed,
My mercy used, my trust betrayed.
Compassion is chains they make me need,
A noose in ribbons, sweetly laid.*

*So let them call me cold, untrue,
For warmth has carved me into scars.
Kindness brings nothing—only rue,
And leaves me staring at the stars.*

Hate is a Strong Word

*“Hate is a strong word,” they say,
With furrowed brows and careful lips,
But love? They scatter it like rain—
On strangers, on screens, on sinking ships.*

*They fear the burn of anger’s name,
But not the weight that love can fake,
They whisper “forever” in passing games,
Then vanish before the vows can break.*

*Hate is a strong word,
But at least it doesn’t lie.
Love wears masks and tries to hide—
Hate just looks you in the eye.*

*So tell me—
Which word should we fear more?
The one that wounds,
Or the one that opens the door?*

Youth

*I carve my worth in crooked lines
But the mirror laughs at me each day
A battlefield of borrowed shines,
Where I am last, they win the play.*

*The trophies glitter, none are mine,
My shadow whispers I'm a fraud.
I bleed in silence, call it fine,
While envy prays to their bright god.*

*The walls are lined with louder names,
Their voices drown my paper skin.
I choke on smoke of losing flames,
And wear a mask I rot within.*

*A race I run on broken knees,
My soul's the prize I'll never keep.
The world applauds while I just freeze,
And dream of nights I'd rather sleep.*

Eldest Daughter

*They polished me into their prize
A trophy child on borrowed shelf.
But cracks crawl out beneath my eyes,
I've given all, but lost myself.*

*The eldest learns to bite her tongue,
To smile when bones begin to ache.
Applause for battles never won,
A life performed for their own sake.*

*My worth was weighed in grades and gold,
Their hopes engraved into my skin.
But glass can't carry dreams that bold,
It shatters soft when stretched too thin.*

*So cheer, and clap, and call my name—
Your trophy tarnished in the fight.
The eldest daughter takes the blame,
Then breaks alone when ends the night.*

Dilemmas

*Choices pile like shattered glass,
Each step I take cuts deeper still.
I smile outside, but in I pass
Through empty rooms I cannot fill.*

*The voices whisper, judge, compare,
Their echoes twist inside my mind.
I fight for air, but none is there,
Just restless thoughts that leave me blind.*

*I wear a mask to hide my pain,
A fragile shield that barely holds.
Yet every triumph feels in vain,
Each victory a story cold.*

*The world demands I stand, perform,
But I am tangled in my skin.
Issues thrive in every storm,
And every fight feels lost within.*

Trust

*Trust; such a small little word,
A word, that they throw around,
But it leaves many broken,
Broken beyond bound.*

*How do they expect you to trust,
To put on a blindfold and follow their lead,
Or tell them your heart's secrets true,
Or let them be the one you need.*

*Oh, I can't help but think this through,
Trust is meant to be earned not lost,
But people I poured my heart out to,
Made me pay the hurtful cost.*

Mother

*I never really knew her,
Her favourite colour,
Her favourite book,
Or what she liked to eat.*

*I never saw her,
Her mind's mess,
Her heart's ache,
Or what she kept within.*

*I never tried to understand her,
Her feelings that hurt,
Her emotions that grew,
Or the way she went silent.*

*I have never really known my mother,
But have known just a woman,
Who lived in my house,
Married to my father.*

Dear father

*He tells me, my baby, don't think so far,
"The future waits, just breathe, you'll see."
But thoughts still claw where quiet scars,
And none of his answers set me free.*

*He draws out paths with steady hands,
"Do this, do that, the rest will fade."
But I am drowning in shifting sands,
No map can soothe the mess I've made.*

*I nod, I smile, pretend it fits,
His wisdom wrapped in tender care.
Yet in my chest the panic sits,
A fire now no water can repair.*

*He says the storm will someday cease,
That I should rest, not let myself fall.
But my mind won't harken, won't find peace,
And none of his bridges reach at all.*

*I wish he knew I would listen to him,
That I try my best to think it through.
But tonight I lay in my bed in lights dim,
Wondering where I wasn't true.*

Hate to Think

*I hate to think that I hate to think,
My mind a trap I can't escape.
The words inside all twist and sink,
Each thought a wound I can't reshape.*

*Once thinking felt like open skies,
A place to wander, dream, create.
Now every path just multiplies,
With echoes sharp, with tangled weight.*

*I fear the silence, fear the noise,
There is no refuge, none, within.
My mind no longer holds a choice,
It's just a cage I'm living in.*

*Oh how I hate to think, yet still I do,
A cycle dark, a bitter chain.
The safest place I ever knew
Has turned into my deepest pain.*

Ephemeral Joy

*Ephemeral joy slips through my hands,
A candle flicker in the night.
It dances bright on shifting sands,
Then fades away, leaves only blight.*

*I chase its glow, I grasp, I fall,
Each moment sweet but soon undone.
It teases, mocks, then leaves me small,
A shadow where the sun should run.*

*The world may laugh and sing, alive,
But I am tethered, watching still.
Each fleeting thrill I can't revive,
A hollow echo of my will.*

*Ephemeral joy, a bitter friend,
It comes, it smiles, it disappears.
I welcome none, I cannot bend,
I cradle only my own fears.*

The White Dove

*They locked a dove inside a bomb,
And called it peace, but made it bleed.
She once flew free, so soft, so calm,
Now trapped inside a violent need.*

*She flaps her wings but finds no sky,
Just metal walls and ticking sound.
No room to dream, no space to fly,
Just silence screaming all around.*

*The world still marches, calls it fair,
Says blood is just the price of peace.
But how can love grow anywhere
When mercy's bound and war won't cease?*

*She sings a song they'll never hear,
So soft, it shakes the hardest ground.
No weapon louder than her fear,
No war more sharp than hope unbound.*

*So let her out, or she will break,
And with her, all we think we own.
You cannot keep the peace you fake
Inside a cage of steel and stone.*

The Cross-Section

*A choice stands tall, its shadows wide,
Two paths before my trembling feet.
Each step I take, I cannot hide,
Each heartbeat pounds a frantic beat.*

*One whispers safety, calm and sure,
The other tempts with fire and risk.
I sway, I falter, nothing pure,
Both answers buried in the mist.*

*My chest is tight, my vision blurred,
The weight of futures presses down.
No voice inside can be heard,
Just endless echoes of my frown.*

*I want to leap, to just decide,
Yet fear and doubt entwine my mind.
I stand between the swelling tide,
A restless soul too lost to find.*

Shut it Up

*It screams, it shouts, louder each day,
My own thoughts claw, they will not rest.
They twist my peace, they rot, betray,
And carve out weakness in my chest.*

*It drags me down with every breath,
Reminds me where I've failed before.
I beg it quiet, plead with death,
Yet still it whispers, think no more.*

*No voice but mine, yet sharp, unkind,
A parasite beneath my skin.
It is my curse, my broken mind,
The war I always lose within.*

*It screams, it shouts, I cannot flee,
A prison built inside my head.
And worst of all—it's only me,
The louder I fight, the more I'm bled.*

The Smart One

*They call me bright, the clever mind,
The one who solves, the one who knows.
But beauty's crown I'll never find,
That fragile gift the mirror shows.*

*Applause for grades, for marks, for thought,
Yet silence when the lights turn dim.
My worth reduced to what I'm taught,
While others shine where I am grim.*

*They'll never say my face can glow,
Or eyes could catch a fleeting flame.
I'm just the one they point and know
For answers, never for a name.*

*So here I stand, the "smart" they choose,
A brain they praise, a heart they shun.
A trophy earned, a soul to lose,
But never once the "lovely" one.*

Me.?

*Something about me—it's not right,
A fracture buried deep inside.
I smile by day, I break by night,
No place to run, no way to hide.*

*They say I shine, they call me smart,
But I feel hollow, cracked, untrue.
A heavy weight sits on my heart,
And no one sees the shade of blue.*

*Something about me, sharp, askew,
I wear a mask; I play the part.
But when the world has gone from view,
I drown inside my restless heart.*

*So yes, there's something wrong with me,
I can't quite place what it really is.
But all I know is that as normal as I may be,
It's something people rather seem to miss*

Mirror, Mirror

*I hate the mirror
I hate the quiet that cripples my voice,
That coward blood that makes me shrink.
I hate how every small thing kills a choice,
And leaves me choking on the brink.*

*I hate the smile I forge to fool the room,
A plastic grin that screams I'm fake.
I hate how kindness turns to doom,
Each mercy eaten for another's sake.*

*I hate my nerves that tremble loud,
A trembling flag of clothes undone.
I hate the way I blend with crowd,
Invisible, dismissed, outrun.*

*I hate the brain that never rests,
A grinding wheel that hacks my sleep.
I hate its whispers, traitor pests,
That drag me down and bury deep.*

Anti-Social

*I flinch at small talk like it's a blade,
Words feel loud and clumsy on my tongue.
They call me closed, say I'm self-made,
As if quiet is a fault to be flung.*

*I practice smiles in the mirror's glass,
Rehearse the jokes I'll never say.
But in front of all I'll never pass,
And self-hate blooms in cold display.*

*They tell me to talk and share my word,
Demand I loosen, learn the script.
But mind and mouth find it absurd,
And every try leaves me more ripped.*

*So I shrink back and count the cost,
A lonely badge I wear each day.
They call me shy, or quiet and lost—
I wish I wasn't always staying away.*

Wrong and Wrong Again

*I am always told that I am wrong,
Even when my heart is kind.
They twist my words, they string along,
And punish what they think they find.*

*I hold my hands out, soft, sincere,
But somehow, they still call it sin.
They judge intentions never clear,
And stab me where I can't defend.*

*I bite my tongue, I play it straight,
But still their eyes are sharp, untrue.
It doesn't matter what I state,
The blame will always find me, too.*

*So damn this weight, this endless chain,
Of being "wrong" no matter when.
My soul is tired, sick with pain,
For once—I want to just be then.*

Sick of Being Sick

*Sick of being sick, tired of the pain,
Each day a weight I cannot lift.
I drag my bones through endless rain,
And hope for none, no fleeting gift.*

*Sick of the mind that won't be still,
The whispers, doubts, the ceaseless grind.
Sick of the heart that cannot fill,
A hollow beat, a cage confined.*

*Sick of the world that moves too fast,
Its laughter sharp, its light a knife.
Sick of the past, the shadows cast,
The tired ache that stains my life.*

*Sick of being sick, and yet I stay,
A restless soul that cannot flee.
I curse the sun, I curse the day,
And kneel alone in misery.*

Spilt Milk

*They say don't cry o'er milk that's gone,
But she just stares, unsure what's true.
Is sadness something right or wrong?
Is she allowed to feel it too?*

*They tell her it's a foolish thing,
A tiny loss, a passing ache.
But still her chest begins to sting,
And tears arise she can't quite shake.*

*She wonders if she's overgrown,
Or if she's simply built this way—
To feel too much, to feel alone,
To hurt for things that slip away.*

*So she asks softly, almost still,
Unsure of what she's meant to do:
"Is it okay to cry at will...
Even if the world says no?"*

Deserving

*They give me love without a cost,
A home, a place to simply be.
But in my head, I feel I'm lost,
And think they should have chosen differently.*

*They hold my hand through every fall,
They smile at things I cannot see.
Yet all I give feels small, so small—
Why can't they have a better me?*

*I watch them age, I watch them care,
I bite my tongue and hide my tears.
They deserve a child who's not this scared,
Who doesn't drown in doubt and fears.*

*Yet still they hold me, still they stay,
Their warmth a light I can't undo.
Perhaps they don't want "better" anyway—
But they really deserve someone new.*

The Sun in the Corner

*Maybe I was better off,
When I drew triangular hills,
Straight flowing rivers,
And the sun in the corner.*

*When I drew awry stars,
Stems as straight as a pin,
Flowers with askew petals,
And birds with just two curves.*

*Now when I sit and draw,
The hills are no longer pointed,
The rivers aren't just lines,
And the sun is never there.*

*The stars seem quite fine,
The stems are barely able to stand,
The flowers have lost their petals,
And the birds have flown to a better place.*

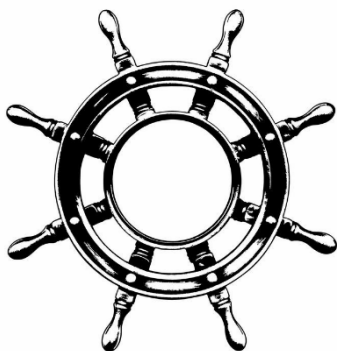
Am I Your Friend?

*I don't know why I never told you,
Told you how you make my day,
How you make me smile no matter what,
Or how you always do the things you say.*

*Maybe I never told you because,
I thought you don't feel the same way about me,
You have other people who you call friends,
To me you're the only one I'll ever see.*

Part II

The Turning of the *Wheel*



January

*January drapes in frozen white,
Its breath a hollow, biting chill.
The sun is weak, avoids my sight,
And silence spreads across the hill.*

*The days stretch long, a weary chain,
Each hour a shadow I must bear.
The world outside is loud, in vain,
But I am lost in frozen air.*

*The streets are ghosts, the trees are still,
A hush that presses on my chest.
No warmth, no hope, no thrill to fill,
Just January's icy jest.*

*Night comes early, swallowing all,
Its dark a cradle I embrace.
I drift beneath its quiet thrall,
And find my home in empty space.*

February

*February drifts on brittle air,
Its dull sky low, a heavy dome.
The world moves on, but I'm aware
That I've no place to call my home.*

*The wind cuts sharp through empty streets,
It whispers secrets I can't share.
Each heartbeat pounds in lonely beats,
A hollow echo of despair.*

*I wander rooms with muted light,
Counting each second this winter shall survive.
The world outside is loud, too bright,
And yet inside I feel alive.*

*So let it linger, cold and grey,
Its bitter hours stretch, unkind.
I told my spirit into its way,
And leave the sun for hearts confined.*

March

*March has come, the flowers bloom,
Their colours scream where shadows lie.
I sit alone inside my room,
And watch the world rush slowly by.*

*The sun spills gold across the street,
A warmth I cannot bear to hold.
Each breeze that dances, light and sweet,
Feels sharper than the winter cold.*

*Petals mock with careless grace,
Their life a mirror of my pain.
I hide my face, avoid their chase,
While spring parades its bright campaign.*

*The days stretch long, but I stay small,
A ghost beneath the laughing sky.
March may promise life to all,
But I remain where shadows lie.*

April

*April arrives, the halls awake,
With chatter loud, and footsteps fast.
I drag myself, my hands will shake,
While memories of the year last.*

*The new year starts, the gossip hums,
A symphony of silent wars.
I watch them shine while their voice drums,
And tally up my hidden scars.*

*The teachers talk of goals and dreams,
Of trophies won and futures bright.
But I am drowned in quieter screams,
A shadow lost in classroom light.*

*Each test, each glance, each whispered cheer,
Feels like a weight I cannot bear.
April begins its reign of fear,
And I shrink small beneath the glare.*

May

*May arrives with quiet flame,
The pages hold the words I bled.
A book, my name, a fleeting claim,
Yet hollow echoes fill my head.*

*The ink I spilled, the nights I stole,
Now bound in covers, neat and proud.
But in my chest, no burning goal,
Just silence under cheering loud.*

*They praise the work, they call it art,
Applause drifts like a distant wind.
Yet I feel empty, torn apart,
A triumph hollow, unskinned, pinned.*

*The world sees brilliance, crowns my name,
But I remain a restless ghost.
May brought my work, a fleeting fame,
Yet I am shadowed by what's lost.*

June

*June's here with summer break,
But I guess not for me.
The sun shines bright, the world awake,
While I stay chained, unseen, debris.*

*The laughter drifts from open doors,
Their freedom paints my chest in grey.
I pace the floor, my spirit soars
In dreams I hide from light of day.*

*The pages call, my book awaits,
Yet even triumph feels like chains.
The world steps out to bask in fates,
I sink inside my quiet pains.*

*So summer hums a careless song,
Its heat a mirror of my fight.
June stretches long, but I'm not strong,
And shadows hold me through the light.*

July

*July arrives with heavy halls,
The work now piles, the classrooms hum.
My tired soul within me calls,
Yet duty drags me, numb and dumb.*

*The sun beats down, but I feel cold,
Its warmth a weight I cannot bear.
Their laughter, chatter, stories told,
All pierce my chest with pointed stare.*

*The pages wait, my time unfinished,
A quiet scream beneath the grind.
Each day a march, my spirit diminished,
A shadow trailing what I find.*

*I dream of night, a silent place,
Where I can fold and disappear.
July's bright heat cannot efface
The weariness I hold so near.*

August

*It's August now, the rain's starting to fall,
A quiet drum against the aching sky.
Here I stand in the pour; feeling so very small,
A shadow drifting where the others fly.*

*The droplets trace the windowpane,
Like tears I've swallowed, held inside.
They echo all my hidden pain,
A restless storm I cannot hide.*

*The world moves loud, its laughter bright,
But I am tethered to my gloom.
Each step I take feels void of light,
A fragile soul that meets its doom.*

*The rain persists, relentless, grey,
It masks the noise, yet stings my skin.
August is cold in its own way,
And I remain a ghost within?*

September

*September drifts with quieter air,
The halls are loud, the sun unsure.
I walk through days that barely care,
A restless soul with nothing pure.*

*The pages wait, the world demands,
Its cheer a weight I cannot bear.
Each lesson drags through empty hands,
While shadows settle everywhere.*

*It's my birthday, the candles bright,
The candle warms the hollow chest.
The day moves on through empty light,
And quiet refuses me its guest.*

*The month stretches long, a muted grey,
Finding colours yet its hours slow.
I drift beneath its stubborn sway,
Looking for myself in September's shadow.*

October

*The trees grow quiet in my October air,
Their amber letters are drifting to the ground.
Each falling leaf left something once held there,
A softer echo of a fading sound.*

*The wind moves through the branches like a sigh,
Carrying stories summer could not keep.
And one by one the bright days wander by,
Like promises the changing seasons reap.*

*I walk beneath the slow and golden rain,
The sidewalks coloured with copper, tangerine and gold.
Some things must fall to rise again, they claim,
Though letting go is never growing old.*

*Yet in the silence where empty branches stand,
The sky appears much wider than before.
The trees release their leaves with steady hands—
And somehow seem much lighter at the core.*

*So maybe loss is not the end of grace,
But the room the quiet earth has made for spring.
For even stripped of every initial place,
The roots below still hold everything
And I shrink small beneath the glare.*

November

*November came without a sound,
no bright display of summer light,
no loud arrival at the door—
just colder air and thinner days
settling gently on the town.*

*The trees stood patient in the wind,
their tired leaves loosening one by one
like quiet thoughts finally set free.*

*At first it felt like every street
had lost a colour it once held.
The gardens slept beneath pale skies,
the sun stayed shorter hours above,
and people walked a little faster
through the cool and fading afternoons.
Yet something calm lived in that hush
the louder months had never known.*

*The wind moved softly through the branches,
not wild, not sharp, but thoughtful somehow,
as if the earth were pausing briefly
between one breath and the next.
Leaves drifted slowly across the pavement—
bronze and amber turning in the air—
and for a moment every falling one
looked less like loss and more like rest.*

*And somewhere in those slower days,
between the wind and fading light,
a gentle warmth began to grow—
not loud or sudden, but sincere.
So when November settled in,
with bare trees writing on the sky,
I found that in its quiet hands
it carried just a bit of joy.*

December

*December arrived like a quiet celebration
the world had been preparing for all year.
The air grew sharp and cold in the mornings,
windows breathing small clouds into the frost,
and every street seemed wrapped
in a calm, glowing patience.*

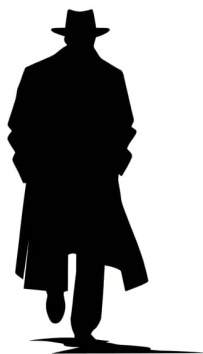
*Lights appeared slowly on houses and trees,
tiny constellations hung close to the earth.
Even the evenings felt kinder somehow,
longer, softer, filled with the quiet warmth
of kitchens glowing through frosted glass
and laughter drifting out into the dark.*

*The sky turned pale by day,
the sun a gentle gold above the rooftops,
while night carried a deeper kind of beauty,
a darkness bright with the moon and stars
that made my whole town feel
like a story softly being told.*

*I walked through those golden evenings
with pockets full of small happinesses:
the scent of comfort in the winter air,
the steady love in the warm rooms,
voices gathering like music around tables
as if the cold itself had drawn us closer.*

*And for the first time in many seasons
nothing felt rushed or unfinished.
The year slowed its spinning just enough
for joy to quietly settle in my hands—
and I knew, somewhere between the lights
and the calm of falling night,
that I loved this month completely.
Maybe this year too.*

Part III
The Cold
Earth



The Lamp

*The lamp was lit beside his chair,
Its circle soft and small.
It painted gold on quiet books
And shadows on the wall.*

*He read until the hour grew late,
The house had fallen still.
The ticking clock, the restless wind
Moved slowly past the hill.*

*A floorboard sighed beyond the door,
A step both slow and deep.
The lamp leaned long across the floor
Where silence used to sleep.*

*A figure passed between the light,
The flame grew thin and weak.
No thunder broke the quiet room,
No voice was left to speak.*

*When morning found the silent chair
And light upon the floor,
The lamp still burned beside the books,
But he would read no more.*

The Red Scarf

*The scarf matched the colour of blood,
The blood that spilled across the room,
The blood that stained her coat: a flood,
The blood that resulted in traitorous gloom.*

*The scarf matched the colour of her eyes,
Her eyes that were now bearing tears,
Her eyes that bore the heavy weight of lies,
Her eyes that would now lose the glister for years.*

*The scarf matched the colour of her lips,
Her lips that quivered as she broke down,
Her lips that caused this predicament: a few slips,
Her lips that now turned into a frown.*

*The scarf at last matched the colour of my pen,
But unfortunately not of the victim's life ahead,
For my dear reader; I'm simply a Wren,
And the colour of her scarf, indeed was Red.*

Evidence

*Oh yes, I killed the mockingbird—
her chirping split my fragile dawn,
her silver bowl of hateful songs,
too honest, far too loud.*

*Yes, I killed the owner too.
She wore her pride like Japanese silk,
stood tall where courtesy was expected,
never learned the art of the unpretentious.*

*The bird sang truths it never lived,
echoes stolen from braver throats.
The woman raised it, fed it light,
taught it not to fear the sky.*

*And I—
I feared both.
For reality was an illusion,
And pride an ephemeral joy.*

*So I called it justice,
wrapped my envy in the law,
filed silence under necessary,
and pulled the trigger of reason.*

*Now the cage is still.
The house is clean.
No questions peck at my sleep—
Nor disturb my slumber as the first light shines.*

*For, if her song was a crime,
and her pride was a sin,
what evidence truly waits
for those who cannot bear to listen?*

Beethoven's Shadow

*The candle trembled on the piano's side,
While midnight pressed its ear against the hall.
A melody drifted slow and deep and wide,
Like velvet thunder crawling through the wall.*

*His fingers moved as if the keys could bleed,
Each note a blade that shimmered in the air.
The room grew tight around the rising speed,
And silence watched with something like a stare.*

*A shadow leaned beside the turning page,
Too still to be the flicker of the flame.
The music swelled like a dark storm inside a cage,
Then one sharp chord and nothing was the same.*

*The final note fell heavy on the floor,
A body quiet where the music played.
Yet from the keys the ghost of thunder swore
The killer bowed to Beethoven's shade*

The Matchstick

He did not bring a knife.

He brought a spark.

A thin thing—

wooden spine, sulphur head,

meant for lamps and winter prayers.

Innocent as habit.

The house was already dry.

Curtains thirsty.

Memories stacked like newspapers

no one meant to reread.

He struck once.

That was all.

Fire is never loud at first—

it whispers,

learns the shape of what it eats,

moves like a thought you shouldn't finish.

There was a body, yes.

But fire is democratic—

it touches everything the same.

Flesh, lies, love letters, alibis.

*By morning,
the matchstick was ash,
its work complete,
small and blameless on the floor.
They asked for a weapon.
He showed them his hands.*

*You cannot arrest a habit.
You cannot hang a spark.
And no one ever suspects
the smallest thing in the room
to be the one that decided
how it would end.*

The Ballad of the Red Room

*They found her in the red-room gloom,
The candle still half-lit.
The roses wilted, heavy with doom,
And no one would speak of it.*

*Her silver comb lay on the floor,
Her mirror cracked in two.
The clock had stopped at half-past four,
And no one quite knew who.*

*The Dutch was gone, his carriage wet,
The rain disguised his tracks.
The maid was pale with eyes that set,
Her apron red with wax.*

*They whispered names by fire's glow,
Each face a mask of dread.
Who'd slit her throat so soft, so slow,
And left her there for dead?*

*The painter swore he loved her dear,
The butler said “No word.”
The priest just bowed and shed a tear,
Pretending he’d not heard.*

*At dawn they found a crimson note,
Pinned neat beneath her gown's lace:
“The truth will bloom from every throat,
When lies have lost their latent face.”*

*The crowd dispersed, the silence stayed,
The mansion still cold, the sky bled blue.
But in her mirror—cracked and frayed—
A stranger’s eyes still watched what’s true.*

Ballad of the Red Room - II

*The sheriff came at break of day,
His boots still wet with dew.
He swore he'd make the guilty pay,
But didn't have a clue.*

*He questioned all who lingered near,
The maid, the priest, the groom.
Each tale was stitched with doubt and fear,
Each truth a shade of gloom.*

*The butler claimed he heard a scream,
A gasp, a cry, a fall.
The painter said it felt like dream—
He wasn't there at all.*

*The priest confessed he'd known her sin,
That love had gone astray.
Her heart was tangled deep within
A debt she couldn't pay.*

*They searched the halls till candle's breath
Flickered its final sigh.
And there—they found the seeds of death—
A letter, torn and dry.*

*"Forgive me, love, I could not choose,
My soul was sold, my heart untrue.
I'd rather die than make you lose,
So let my blood bleed for you."*

*The crowd fell still, the truth laid bare—
Her hand had struck her final plea.
No killer's mark, just deep despair,
A love that died in secrecy.*

*The sheriff closed the crimson door,
The roses wept, the echoes stayed.
And in that house forevermore,
Her ghost still haunts the flayed.*

*So tell me did you know it all along?
Were you able to solve the crime?
Tell me reader, my wait is long,
Or the maiden will run out of time.*

Part IV

The Sudden

Sun



The Moon Was Bright

*The moon was bright the night I found myself,
Alone beneath a sky too wide to hold.
The roads were quiet, empty as a shelf,
And every thought I carried felt too old.*

*The wind moved softly through the silver trees,
Like patient hands that brushed the dark aside.
I walked with restless shadows at my knees,
Unsure of where the broken roads would guide.*

*The stars looked down like lanterns in the deep,
Their quiet glow refusing still to fade.
They seemed to whisper promises we keep
Long after fear has begged for them to trade.*

*A river hummed somewhere beyond the hill,
Its steady voice both gentle and aware.
It said the world is turning forward still,
No matter how the night may feel unfair.*

*And slowly something warm began to grow,
A fragile spark that would not drift away.
Like hidden roots beneath the winter snow
That wait in silence for a brighter day.*

*So when the dawn climbed softly through the sky,
And painted gold across the waking ground,
I felt a lighter breath within my sigh—
The night was long, but morning still was found.*

When My Sky Turned

*A quiet room where shadows used to stay,
A window slowly learning how to shine.
The night grew softer, fading into grey,
As gentle footsteps crossed the silent line.*

*A wilted sunflower lifted to the sun,
Warm light returning to its fragile leaves.
Two steady hands where once there had been one,
A calm that settles like the autumn breeze.*

*A drifting boat once lost upon the sea,
Now finds a lantern glowing on the shore.
The waves grow still, the sky begins to be,
A place that feels like home again once more.*

*The morning hums where silence used to lie,
Small golden threads now weave the open air.
A brighter road unfolds beneath the sky,
And quiet stars still promise someone's there.*

The Melancholy in My Poems

*For a long time you have known me
as the one who writes of quiet nights,
of empty rooms and tired moons,
of footsteps echoing down lonely streets.
My pages have often carried
the weight of darker seasons.*

*Perhaps that is the voice
you came here expecting—
the one who gathers sorrow carefully
and turns it into careful lines.
The poet who watches rain
and always calls it something deeper.*

*But lately something strange has happened.
The sky has not changed very much,
nor have the streets or the passing hours—
yet the light seems to stay longer
on the edges of ordinary days.*

*And I wonder, sometimes while writing,
if the sad poet you have been reading
might slowly grow quieter.
Not vanish all at once—
but fade the way night does,
softly, almost without notice.*

*If that happens, I hope you understand.
It would not mean the stories are over,
only that the seasons have turned a little.
And maybe the pages ahead
will carry a different kind of music—
one that sounds a little more like morning.*

Can we? May we.

*Can we win like silent skies,
Like the movies; brave eyes,
But we don't need to follow a script,
I promise we can improvise.*

*Can we live like waters deep,
Like books we read; the ones we keep,
But we won't read a chapter again,
We won't need to sit and weep.*

*May we burn like morning stars,
Not chained to fate or faded scars,
We'll make mistakes, and call them ours,
Still rise, still run, still reach for Mars.*

*May we dance through storm and fire,
Hold hands when the roads get dire,
And even if the maps are wrong,
We'll find our way through wild desire.*

Human Tendencies

*We walk like echoes drifting through the day,
Our laughter thin as glass against the air.
Like fading footprints slowly washed away,
As though no heart was ever beating there.*

*We move through crowds like shadows made of dust,
With tired suns that barely rise or fall.
And sometimes in the quiet comes the thought—
Weren't we just ghosts pretending after all?*

*Yet in the dark a lantern learns to glow,
A spark that neither wind nor night can claim.
Perhaps we're not the ghosts we think we know—
Just sleeping stars remembering their flame.*

Acknowledgements to

Home

I would like to thank my parents and everyone who supported me along the way—for staying with me through my nights and walking with me through my evenings. Your presence meant more than words can say.

To my Nanu, I know you are watching over me from heaven. I hope this makes you proud.

And to you dear reader, thank you for being here and for giving these words a place in your heart.