



LILACS AFTER MIDNIGHT

By
Mariyam Nasir



BlueRoseONE.com
Stories Matter

New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

Copyright © Mariyam Nasir 2025

All rights reserved by author. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the author. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the publisher assumes no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

BlueRose Publishers takes no responsibility for any damages, losses, or liabilities that may arise from the use or misuse of the information, products, or services provided in this publication.



BlueRose ONE
Stories Matter
New Delhi • London



For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

ISBN: 978-93-7310-356-3

Cover design: Daksh

Typesetting: Tanya Raj Upadhyay

First Edition: December 2025

Acknowledgement

I am deeply grateful to my family-my parents, **Dr. Nasir Ali Khan** and **Dr. Rabia Khatoon**, My brother **Asad Nasir**, and my sisters **Ayesha Nasir** and **Fatima Nasir** for their love, guidance, and endless support. To my teachers, for believing in me, To my cousins, thank you for always being a part of my world and to my friends especially “Universe Destroyer” for your encouragement and laughter.

I extend my heartfelt thanks to **Ayesha Siddique**, whose exceptional design work has brought this book to life. Her creativity and dedication transformed my vision into reality with elegance and care.

I also want to pay tribute to my late maternal grandfather **Prof Ahmed Shahid Khan**, whose books and wisdom inspired me deeply I feel like I inherited a part of his talent which has guided me on this journey.

Finally I thank the universe itself for the experiences emotions and quiet moments that gave these pages life.



About the Author



I'm **Mariyam Nasir**, aka Moyepi-17, on the edge of turning 18. Writing for me is not just expression but release, a way to translate what can't always be spoken. Alongside words I find calm in sketching and Mandala art and joy in reading and exploring ideas.

I do not call myself a poetess; I am simply someone who writes when emotions go too heavy to hold, Writing becomes my way of breathing through moments I could not explain of giving shape to the thoughts that stayed with me.



Introduction



This book is not just a collection of poems, It is a reflection of the feelings I could not keep inside. Some were born in silence, other in chaos. Some carry tenderness others carry wounds.

All of them hold pieces of me.

Within these pages you will find contradictions-softness and strength, hope and despair, questions and half answers. They are not perfect but they are real.



If even one line speaks to you, if one verse makes you pause or feel less alone, then these words have found their place. Perhaps this book is just the beginning of something greater, the first step in a journey I am still discovering.





Contents



Section 1: In the quiet wandering within

- The Untouched Soul of Innocence 10
- The “Average” Tag 12
- The Stray 14
- Its Just a Phase 16
- Heart Speaks, Brain Answers 18

Section 2: Where hearts are stitched in love

- Before Motherhood 22
 - My Chaos, My Calm 24
 - My Guiding Shield 26
 - Saviour in Disguise 28
 - The Urge be the Love he Never Had 30
- 

Section 3: Pieces that shape me

- All Those 13 Years 34
- Apart Yet Forever 36
- Favourite Person 38
- The Diary I Never Finished 40
- Sister, the Shape of Love 42

Section 4: *Through nature's eyes, i breathe*

- Pitter Patter 46
- Where Water Meets the Sky 48
- My Favourite Shade of Brown 50
- The Moon's Silent Fear 52
- Home in the Flow 54

Section 5: *Voices that live inside me*

- Smile-A Therapy or a Myth 58
- The Traitor Within 60
- Protagonist of Pain 62
- Behind Closed Doors 64
- The Unwelcomed Visitor 66



Section 1

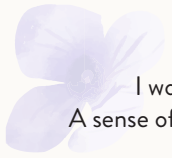
IN THE QUIET WANDERING WITHIN

- 
- The untouched soul of innocence
 - The Average Tag
 - The Stray
 - Its just a phase
 - Heart speaks brain answers





The Untouched Soul of Innocence



I wonder what's wandering behind that little wobbly head,
A sense of fear? Lights of hope? Waves of excitement or great heights
of woes?

What happens when those little gleaming eyes open for the very first
time...

Does it lose its gleam or start to weave its first dream?

And when the baby slowly unfurls it's tiny little fingers,
A thought in my mind again lingers...
Is it just the opening of that teeny tiny fist, or actually the unfolding of
his new life
chapters with delicate bittersweet twists?

Well, all these questions of mine remain unanswered,
Because maybe he doesn't know either
He's just arrived —
Untouched by the weight of thoughts
With a mind full of only hopes.

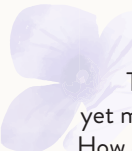




"Tiny fingers unfold the map of dreams
yet to be travelled."



The "Average" Tag



She can do better...
can do better??

This is the best I gave,
yet my best is someone's least.
How can I be happy about that,
when my everything
is still counted as not enough?

I studied whole night,
sleepless, unseen.
What food, what sleep?
Only one goal,
to be THAT girl.

I forced myself into hobbies
I had no interest in,
just to be the teacher's star.
But I am just an average.
"Average student"
I have that tag.

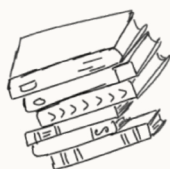
Even when I gave my best,
I got the tag anyway.
I poured my blood into my studies,
worked through sickness and
hardship,
missed moments I should have
cherished as a child.

After all that,
I am just an average.
I guess my best is their average.

I made myself bend into things
I had no interest in,
just to shine in their eyes.
But no matter what I did,
I remained the average.
The label stuck.



And still, I am overlooked,
my nights, my efforts, my lost joys,
all counted as nothing.
I gave my everything,
and it is still less than their least.
I am just an average.



"I poured oceans of efforts into a cup they
still called empty."



The Stray

The white cat is loved.
It doesn't even have to try.
Every hand waits for it.
Every room is already its home.

And then there's me.
The stray.
Nobody wants to touch me.
They look once and then look away,
like I am a shadow that should not exist.

They say beauty doesn't matter.
But then why does the
world prove me wrong?
Why does fur, or face, or luck
decide who gets love and who doesn't?

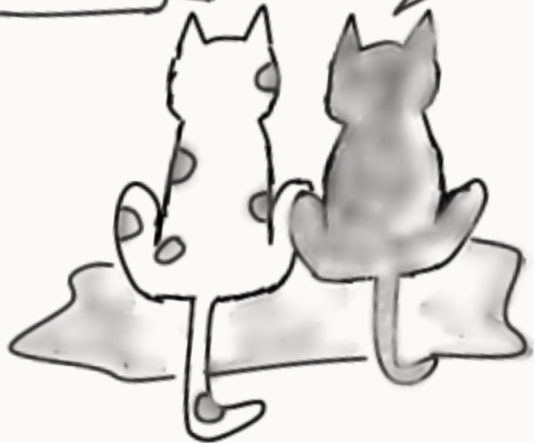
I tell myself it's not my fault.
I didn't choose to be like this.
But still, I feel like maybe I am the mistake.
Maybe I really am the unlucky one.



I don't even want much
just a hand, just a voice that says, "stay."
But no one stops.
And that's the worst part.
Not the hunger,
not the cold
but knowing love exists,
and I'll never have it.

Cause people
only like
blank as a
colour not on
skin or fur

Why am I
unloved, no
one pets me



"Not all hearts find home some are
meant to roam unseen."



It's Just a Phase



We are the same.
We were once together.
Partition was not just of land,
it was of culture, of people,
of hearts that still carry
each other's essence.

The food, the songs, the language
all blended, all borrowed,
all proof that we are still connected,
no matter how many borders are etched.

And yet,
in every household,
brothers quarrel over land.
Shouting, breaking
but in the end, what's the point?
It is the same with them.
Two brothers of the same mother,
torn apart,
fighting for soil
that belongs to both.



They bleed the same crimson blood.
They cry the same sorrow.
They remember the same home.

And I hope one day,
when the human longing to reunite
becomes stronger than the venom of hatred,
they will remember
after all, the same blood runs in our veins.
We can never truly be apart.
This is only a phase.



*"Borders may divide land, but they
cannot sever shared hearts filled with
memories."*



Heart Speaks. Brain Answers

Heart:

I feel it all
every cut, every bruise,
every silence.
I step into their shoes,
walk their roads,
carry their wounds,
even when the soles cut my skin.
I bend.
I break.

I swallow my own pain.
I forgive when I shouldn't.
I hide my anger.
I silence my voice
so no one else feels hurt.

Brain:

Stop.
You cannot live like this.
You bleed for everyone
and leave yourself empty.
You forget yourself.
You lose your name, your
shape, your rhythm.
You forgive too much,
give too much,
until you are only shadow
walking in other people's paths.

Heart:

But I can't ignore them.
Their sorrow is mine.
Their joy, their grief,
their silence, their rage
I absorb it all,
even when it crushes me.

Brain:

I can help pluck the thorns.
I can hold their pain,
offer a bandage,
lend a hand.
I can stand beside them,
not inside the wound.
I cannot wear the thorns.
I cannot bleed to make them
comfortable.
I can hold hearts
without losing my own
Empathy is hands held,
not self-erasure.



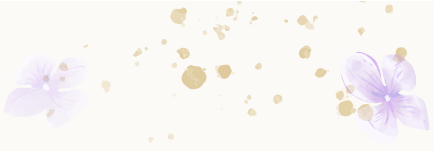
Heart:

Now I learn:
I can feel deeply,
I can care fiercely,
and still keep my skin whole.
I can be present
without losing myself.



"I can hold hearts without losing my own."





Section 2

WHERE HEARTS ARE STITCHED IN LOVE

- Before Motherhood
- My chaos, my calm
- My guiding shield
- A saviour in disguise
- Urge to be the love he never had







Before Motherhood



I still remember the first time I held her.
She was so tiny, so fragile.
I feared I'd break her with one wrong touch.
Her little hands, her soft breath
I held her as if holding the most delicate glass.

Now she is grown,
But when I see her work,
I feel the same.
I want to do it all for her,
Carry every burden,
Let her rest.
Even the smallest scratch,
The tiniest worry
I want to shield her from
it all.

It is heartbreakingly
joyful to see her grow.
She laughs, she learns,
she blossoms.
My first baby.
I didn't give birth to her,
And yet she is mine.
Even now, when I reach to
touch her,
A quiet fear rises
What if I break her?
What if the world ever hurts her?



I just want to keep her safe, always.
To hold her in the memory of that first fragile moment,
And let my love follow her wherever she goes.



"Every scar she bears
I carry in my heart first."





My Chaos, My Calm



She is my peace
in the form of a tiny chaos.
The best gift
Amma and Papa ever gave me.

She is a best friend
directly chosen by Allah.
When she laughs,
it feels like the whole world
is drowning in her voice.

There's no memory of me
without her.
After oxygen,
maybe she is the one I need.
She's mine.
She made me
what I am today.

I was like a rock before her...
still, heavy, silent.
Then she came,
and suddenly,
I softened.
I sparkled.
I became.

I remember when
she was a tiny hurricane,
running around yelling
"Papa kudungi!"
Her smile wide, her eyes wild...
and boom, time flew
in a blink.

Now she gives me life advice
in our late-night yap sessions...

"Don't do this,"
"Put yourself first,"
"You're your own priority."

But girl...
it can't be.
Because the first name
on my priority list
was taken long ago
by that little hurricane
who once fit in my lap
and now fills my whole sky.

Her charm isn't loud.
It's quiet magic
the kind that stays
long after the moment ends.



She's the poem
I never meant to write,
the answer I didn't know I needed,
the softness
I didn't know I had.

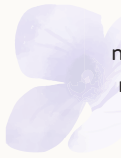
And if I could choose again,
from all the souls in the world
I'd still choose her,
every time.
In every version
of this life
and the next.



"She is both my wild, my shelter, all at
once."



My Guiding Shield



He is my everything,
my saviour, my protector,
my Google, my Zomato,
my whole world.
Being with him, sitting
beside him,
holding his arm
that is the most comforting,
the safest place in the world.

He guides me like a father,
steady hands showing me the way,
his words carrying the
wisdom of someone
who has walked the road before me.

He cares for me like a mother,
not with grand gestures,
but with the quiet details
the glass of water placed near me,
the gentle reminder I didn't
know I needed,
the patience that feels endless.

And when the world
sharpens its edges,
he becomes a warrior,
fierce in silence,
a shield I never have to ask for,
because he is already there,
standing between me and every
storm.

He can fight the whole world for
me,
and I know he would, without
a second thought.

The best brother he is,
yet he is more
a gentleman in the truest sense,
grace stitched into his every step,
kindness woven into his very being.

Every moment with him
feels like home,
every laugh, every silence,
every glance,
reminds me that in this vast world,
I have someone who is mine,
my anchor, my joy, my forever.

Not just because he is my brother,
but because he is a gem,
rare, unshakable,
the kind of soul the world
does not often see twice.



*"In his presence, even fear leans to pause
and listen."*





Saviour in Disguise



Your one tear
Is a flood in my heart.
I wish I could carry it for you,
Take it away,
So you would not feel it at all.

All your sacrifices,
Everything you've done for us—
They are immeasurable.
I don't want you to manage alone.
Your daughter is always by your side.

You ask me to share my fears,
But who shares yours?
I want to be that for you,
As you have always been for me.

You are my saviour in disguise,
My strength, my quiet courage.
I want to be your bestfriend,
To catch your tears,
Hold your heart,
Remind you
Even heroes need someone too.



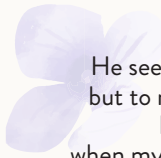


*"Your strength carried me, Now let my
heart carry yours."*





The Urge be the Love he Never Had



He sees himself as a machine,
but to me, he is an inspiration.

Every time I fall,
when my knees tremble and I feel
I cannot stand again,
I remember his face.

The face carved by sleepless nights,
the hands once tiny,
now bearing the weight of the
world,
the eyes that once held only
dreams,
now shining with sacrifice.

He walked through life with
struggles
I cannot begin to measure.
He left behind the luxuries of
childhood,
the laughter, the warmth, the love
a boy should have known—
so that we could have
the childhood he never did.

And even now,
he lives not for himself,
but for us.
What is sleep to him?
What is food?
He works day and night,
never once pausing to ask,
“What about me?”

He has saved countless lives—
a brilliant doctor the world needs,
a true hero.

But beyond the hospital walls,
he is more.

He is a man who loves his family
more than himself.

He cares for his wife,
guides his son,
and when it comes to his daughters,
his heart softens most of all.

And me...

I know he loves me the most.

He may never say it,
but I will always be
his little baby girl.

He is a man of achievement,
but he carries no pride.

Only humility.
Only love.

Only the silent strength
that holds a family together.

And so I promise—
I will be the love he never had.
The warmth stolen from his
childhood,

I will return in my embrace.
I will fill his scars with tenderness,
heal the wounds he hides
by being his love
in the form of a daughter.

I will be his pride,
his joy,
his companion in silence.
And when the world calls him
a doctor, a savior, a hero—
I will whisper what he truly is:

My father.
My inspiration.
My first love.
My forever hero.



“The hero the world sees is a father I
love beyond words.”





Section 3

PIECES THAT SHAPE ME

- All those 13 years
 - Apart yet forever
 - Favorite person ??
 - The Diary I never finished
 - Sisters, the shape of love
- 





All those 13 Years

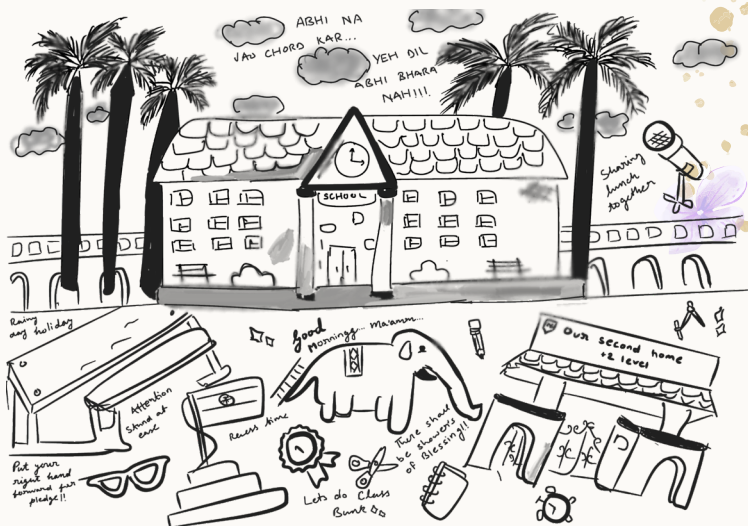


13 years went in a go
The going time felt like a wind blow.
All those memories, all
those flashbacks of times
Are playing in my head on rewind.

The inexpressible
emotions in my heart
Leaving a question and
tearing me apart..
Is it our life's ending or
is it a beautiful restart?

Is it what we call life's
bittersweet art...??
Carrying all the sweet
nostalgia on your
shoulders and having a
bitter depart.





"A chapter closed but written in gold."



Apart Yet Forever



I thought our story would be
written in history,
But somehow, it ended up
stuck only in the pages of my
memory.

Now,
Our love has become a mystery,
And my life — a quiet misery.

Sometimes a thought lingers
in my mind:

We stopped talking...
And suddenly, my heart
forgot how to live.

Those cute nicknames you
teased me with —
They made butterflies dance
in my stomach.

Now, it feels like those
butterflies are dying along with me.

But the promises we made...
To hold each other's soul,
To mend each other's hearts,
To live on stars so far
from the MARSH —
They echo inside me,
Leaving an unhealable
hole in my soul.

You made every other
man look dull to me.
No one gets me like you
did, my honey.

Your words had a kind of magic.
They comforted me.
But now, when I dive
into the thoughts of our story,
The truth unfolds slowly

We were never meant to
end up together.
We were just a broken,
beautiful feather...
Incomplete.
Broken.
But beautiful.



Our story didn't have a sad ending-
It was like shattered glass:
It reflected us together,
But we were always apart.

And now, finally,
I hold no regrets.
Because I have our journey
Tucked inside a tiny cassette...
Hidden in the deep core of my
heart —
Where even time
Can't tear our souls apart.



"Some love is not meant to live in the world,
only in the hearts."



Favourite Person



Its humorous that you don't realize
you're my favourite person
Because it is written all over me,
Loud in my heart, etched in my soul
and as clear as the stars

You're the one who calms the chaos
inside me,
Giving me the space to be my real self guilt free.
When the world feels empty, you
become the music i need-
That kind that heals the scars
Even i didn't know i had.
Somehow,
You always know what's hidden
inside me,
You hear my silence just as clear as
my chaos.

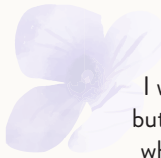
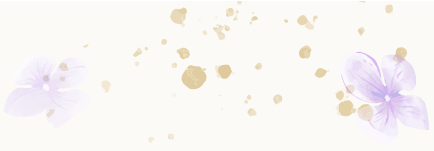
I wear different for the world,
But with you
I stay with the flaws i have.



With you my chaos finds a rhythm
and my silence finds a voice
You give me strength,
You give me love,
You give me calm,
You give me life,
Not just through words,
But by living inside my heart every moment,
Darling.



"With you my chaos finds a rhythm
and, my silence finds a voice."



The Diary I Never Finished

I want you to know,
but I was too afraid of
what you might see.

What if the love lines I wrote
made you think I was too clingy?

What if the secrets
made you judge me?

I wrote thousands of letters,
folded my heart into every crease,
but never gathered the courage to

give

them to you.

Or maybe...

maybe you never gave me
the space to.

And still, those words
echo in my mind,
lines that are mine,

lines that will stay mine.

I'll make sure you never see them,
even though part of me will always
want you to.

It was so hard to stop writing about
you,
the words spilling like they had a
life of
their own.

I wanted to fill the whole diary,
every page drenched in thoughts
of you.

But I stopped myself.

Because even if I finished it,
even if every line carried my heart,
it would not change a thing.

Our friendship had ended
long before the ink could touch the
paper.

We lost the spark we once had,
the laughter that used to echo
between us,
the little things that made us "us."

And so, the letters remain unsent,
the diary remains unfinished,
the words remain mine,
and the memories
live quietly in the spaces
where we once were.



"The pages remain empty, but my soul
remembers."





Sister, the Shape of Love



I always wished for an elder sister,
someone to stand before me,
to guide me,
to shield me.

But Allah had better plans.
He sent me not one,
but many,
wrapped in the faces of my cousins.

They became my protectors,
my secret-keepers,
the ones who scold me, love me,
and never let me fall alone.

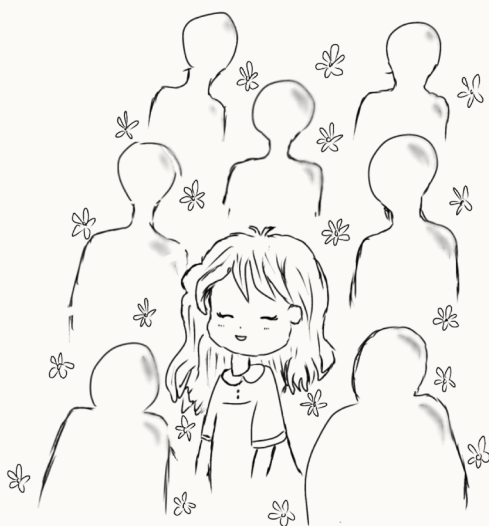
My happiness, they celebrate
louder than me.

My sorrow, they carry softer
than I ever could.

In every storm,
I find them beside me
Not one but many heart to guide mine
saving me,
guiding me,
reminding me I am never alone.



I once prayed for an elder sister.
Allah answered me
with a whole army of them.
And I am blessed,
so deeply blessed,
by the sisters He sent my way.



"Not one, but many heart to guide mine."





Section 4

THROUGH NATURE'S EYES, I BREATHE

- Pitter Patter
 - Where water meets the sky
 - My favourite shade of brown
 - The moon's silent fear
 - Home in the flow
- 





Pitter Patter



The sky is covered with the clouds,
filled with the pitter patters of the rain.

All grey-grey and black,
Just like a charcoal sack.

Filling the hearts with happiness,
Which many people lack.
Giving the blissful feeling of joy with a soft
shivering in the hearts,
Just like how when you see a beauteous art.

The water of the rain, letting people their
stress and strain drain.

The droplets of rain spatter one's heart,
healing it and stopping from being shattered.

The souls of people are filled with
darkness and melancholy, hearts with tears
Just as,

The sky is covered with the clouds,
filled with the pitter patters of the rain.

All grey-grey and black,
Just like a charcoal sack.





"Pitter-patter is the heartbeat of the sky."



Where Water Meets the Sky

Sitting by the river side
on a starry night,
Throwing all the burdens
from a towering
mountain's height.

Just you and your soul
lying under the stars...
With no worries sitting by your side,
Without worrying about
what is wrong what is right.

The soothing burble of
the river healing your
inner child from inside.
The zephyr making you
feel like a free kite.

Sitting by the river side
on a starry night,
And letting your soul and
the mountains align.





"When river speaks, soul listens."



My Favourite Shade of Brown

All those existing brown shades in the world,
The brown in nature, the brown in the cocoa I crave,
The birds, animals, sand, and trees...

But my heart skips a beat for that surreal shade of brown,
Which cannot be found in the setting sun or the serene beauty of
nature.

That shade of brown in which I want to get lost and never be found,
The mesmerizing beauty of the shade of your brown eyes,
Which are more beautiful than any jewel itself,
more valuable than any diamond existing.

Whenever I look into your eyes,
It feels like I am reading a book with never-ending
pages or solving an unsolvable puzzle.

All I want to do is admire the art and beauty of those brown pearls,
And be forever lost in the depth of those gleaming eyes.





"In your eyes, I lose and find everything."



The Moon's Silent Fear

Will they still love me without my glow?
If I show them my true self—naked and raw?

I am exhausted by the endless yaps and
thoughts of others,
Maybe sometimes,
I also need warm, comforting cuddles.
I want to be loved for who I truly am,
Without faking my glam!

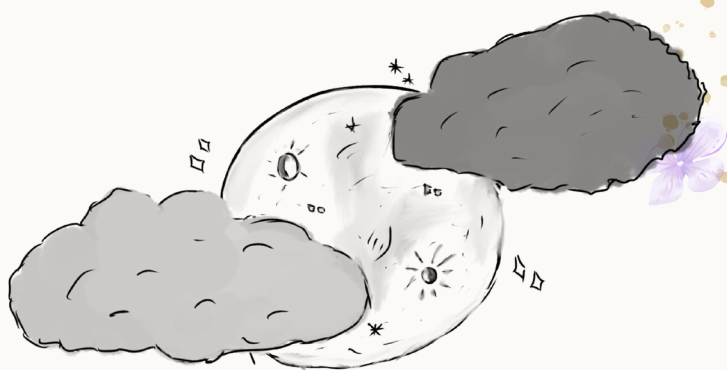
Despite all these desires,
I am fearful of showing my real self to my lovers.
Maybe all the admiration will turn into hateful murmurs.

I fake my light, change my size,
Trying not to be loathed or called a bore.

I keep my distance—far from Earth, far from stars,
Hiding the truth—I am nothing but scars.



But still, the thought lingers in my mind...
Will they still love me if I lose my shine,
Or will I forever remain undefined?



"The moon hide its scars,
don't we all??"





Home in the Flow



I hear you in the burble,
Soft and restless,
As if you have been calling me forever.
Not just a sound, not just water, but something knowing.

Droplets fall like messages,
Each one carrying a whisper,
Each one reminding me of a place,
I cannot see but cannot forget.
Are you calling me back there?
Do i belong to that place?
Or is it only my illusion?

It feels like all the water is trapped here,
Yearning to move,
And that is why it flows,
Not only by force,
But by longing.
It wants to return
And so do I.



I am their heart, and they are mine.
We are bound by the same ache,
Searching for the same origin,
The same ethereal home
The flow whisper secrets
which only my heart knows
Where i belong,
And the water waits for me still.



"The flow whisper secrets, which only my heart knows."





Section 5

VOICES THAT LIVE INSIDE ME

- Smile-A therapy on a myth?
 - The traitor within
 - Protagonist of pain
 - Behind closed doors
 - The unwelcomed visitor
- 





Smile-A Therapy or a Myth



People say,
Smile, its a free therapy

Then i just wonder, how can i
When i am feeling a burden on my heart,
feeling like its breaking apart.

But when,
I see people smiling when their hearts and
souls are in a deep melancholy,
Fooling others with their fake happy face very easily.

It just makes me wonder-
Is smiling is a myth? Is it all a lie??
Do people only smile when they want to hide their sorrow?
When they don't want others to know that
from inside they are hollow??

Or does is really heals them from inside?
Letting them live a blissful life by keeping their worries aside??

So, what is smile?
Is it a therapy, which heals us like a remedy??
Or is it a just myth? Which is all a lie, a comedy??





"Not every smile carries the light it shows."



The Traitor Within



When I am alone, not tied up with worldly affairs,
Just me and my thoughts locked up in an earthly sphere,
Free from all the ill wills of human nature,

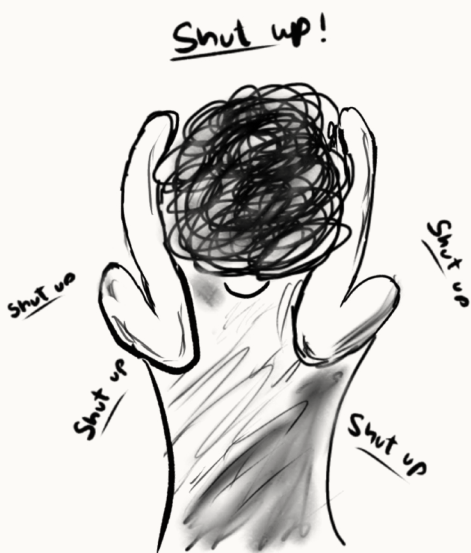
My own thoughts make me feel like they are the real traitors.
They are the actual culprits who turn my self-assurance into vapour.

Nobody hurts me as much as my own thoughts do;
I guess they are my biggest haters,

People are just mediators, maybe just a pretext
For my own thoughts to stab me in the back.

I do not blame people for my anxiety and the things I lack,
As my own thoughts are the true culprits,
Pushing me towards this depressing pit.





"The loudest traitor is the silence within."



Protagonist of Pain



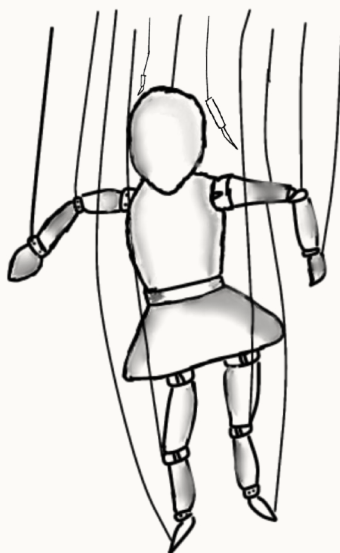
Pain,
the most fierce feeling in this world.
Everyone hates it,
runs from it,

but me?
I don't get the shit, the audacity
to be scared of it.
Maybe I'm wired different.
Or maybe I'm just the freak.
People pray for peace,
I'd be delighted to be stabbed by a knife—
to bleed,
to know I'm alive.

What is pain, really?
Why does it feel like pleasure
when it should feel like death?
Why do I love it,
sit in the budget of this shit,
numb protagonist
acting out my life as a skit?



They say freaks like me
are cursed or insane.
To feel the cut is to know I exist
But maybe this is my stage,
and pain—
pain is my game.



"To feel the cut is to know I exist."



Behind closed Doors



She is smiling right now,
laughing like she is the happiest person alive.

But I know.
Behind that face,
there are scars nobody else sees.

I have watched her tears fall in silence,
when the world is asleep.

I have seen her hands tremble,
her eyes staring at the mirror too long,
as if the reflection might betray her.

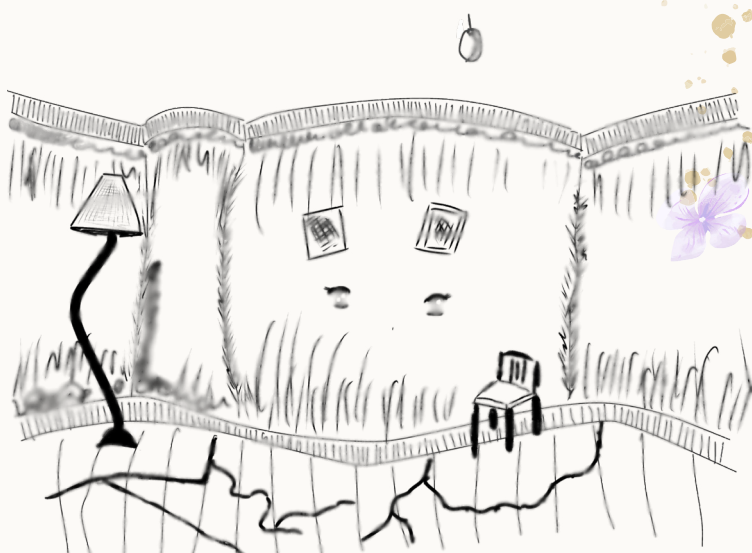
I've seen her wrap her arms around herself,
pat her own back,
trying to calm the storm inside.

She does it quietly,
careful not to make a sound,
because she is afraid,
because she wants to keep it hidden.

She looks fearless outside these walls,
her laughter convincing everyone,
but when the lights go dim,
I see the truth.

The fear, the secret pain,
The world sees her smile
I see the storm she hides
the things she doesn't want the world to know.

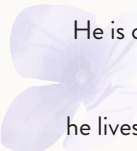
She thinks she hides it well.
But I know.
I always know.



*"The world sees her smile, I see the storm
she hides."*



The Unwelcomed Visitor



He is coming, coming again with
that wide smile.
He never knocks,
he lives in the cracks of my chest.

I hug myself to escape him.
I try to run,
but I freeze,
my body betrays me,
my legs chained to silence.

He makes me do
what I would never imagine.
He steals my breath,
turns my eyes blood-red.
Tears fall like wounds,
and I drown inside them.

He sits on my lungs,
counting down my breaths,
filling my silence with storms.

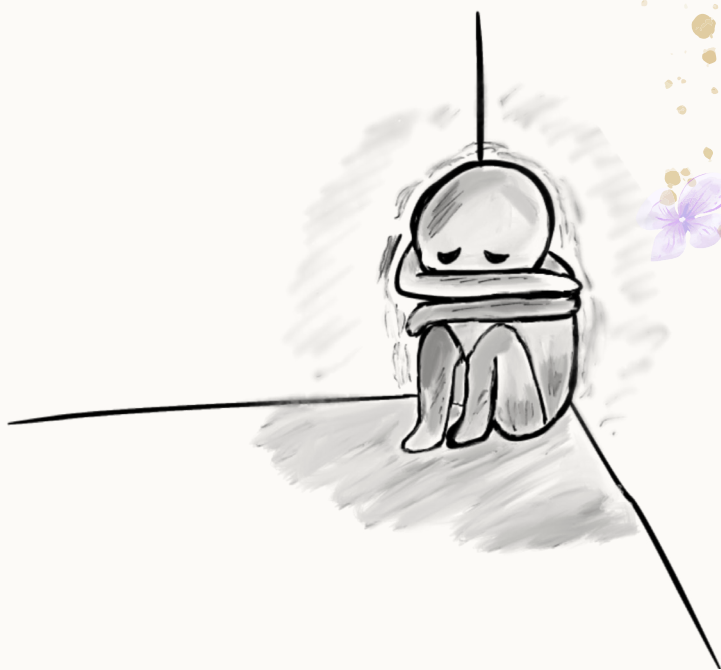
When he leaves, I
I pretend he never came
as if his secret will kill me
if anyone knows.

He is a...
no word is enough.
He carves himself into me:
my stammering voice,
my trembling hands.

Then he steps away,
sits in the shadows,
and laughs into my eyes,
his smile whispering:
I will come again.



But I am still here,
breathing through the wreckage,
holding on to the fragile truth
that I survived him once,
and I will again.



*"He may break me, but he cannot
erase me."*





Thank You for Reading

If you've reached this page, it means you've walked with me through all the turns of this little journey. Some poems may have felt like quiet corners, others like stormy nights, but you stayed until the end — and that means more than I can ever put into words.

This book is no longer mine once you've read it. It belongs to you now — in the way you interpret a line, pause at a stanza, or carry a thought with you into your own world. You've become a co-creator of meaning, and that's the most beautiful part of writing.

I don't have big words or heavy wisdom to end with, but I do have gratitude. Thank you for choosing to read a 17-year-old's book when you could have read a thousand others. That choice will stay with me forever.

With love and gratitude,

—*Mariyam Nasir*

