

When People Become Stars

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New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS
India | U.K.

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New Delhi • London

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ISBN: 978-93-7542-793-3

First Edition: August 2026

WHEN PEOPLE BECOME STARS

- BY DIYA SAREEN

To my father - my first home
and my forever strength .

To my mother - who is my protector and my shield .

To my friends - who entered my life during my darkest
time , made every moment cherishing and became my
family .

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I don't think I've ever been very good at explaining who I am, but I've always been someone who notices things—the quiet moments, the small changes, the feelings that don't always have words. I find myself holding onto these little pieces of life, even when they're hard to understand.

A part of me loves adventure and the idea of exploring the world, seeing new places, and stepping into the unknown. But at the same time, I am someone who slows down when it comes to emotions. I sit with them, feel them fully, and let them take their time. I don't rush what I feel—I try to understand it, even when it hurts.

Writing has become a quiet space for me—a place where everything I cannot say out loud finds a voice. Most of what I write comes from memories, from what is felt deeply, and from what continues to stay.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I would like to thank myself first - the little version of me ,
who never stopped dreaming , the one who looked at the
sky and believed that stars were more than just lights , who
believed that they were stories, feelings , and the people we
carry in our hearts .

I want to thank the people and memories that stayed with
me and even those that didn't . Some shaped the way I feel ,
think and express because without them , this book wouldn't
have been a reflection of emotions .

These pages carry a part of me . May you find your little
feeling of ever missing someone , just like you found my
book

Dear wanderer of words ,

This book was not written to explain anything—it was written to feel.

It was born from moments of silence, from memories that refused to fade, and from love that continues even after loss.

I wrote these pages while learning how to grow around grief, how to carry absence without letting it empty me. Every poem holds a question I couldn't ask out loud, every line a feeling I didn't know how to release.

This book is for anyone who has loved deeply, lost quietly, and still found the courage to keep going. It is for those who miss someone every day, yet speak their name in their heart.

If these words find you when you need them, stay with them. Take your time. There is no rush here.

This is not just my story—it is an offering.

Now, let the words begin.



I leaned by my window
late that night ,
shining like a silver spoon ,
luminous and bright .

My heart went loud
in the hush of silence ,
but the stars stood still ,
by creating a balance .

Waving towards the moon I said HI ,
but the realisation popped up ,
that soon the sun will rise ,
and it's going to be a goodbye .

I spoke to the moon
since the night fell wide ,
when my thoughts ran fast ,
but nowhere to hide .

I laughed at my thoughts ,
 strange but free ,
and at the little visions
 of who I might be .

 Feelings rush in ,
 sudden and fast ,
crushes who made me smile ,
 with moments that pass .

The moon stayed quiet ,
but deeply aware ,
like a sentinel keeping my treasures with
care .

Questions spilled out
before I could think ,
just like the world -
standing between breath and blink .

The moon bends close
with silver light ,
and smiles at me ,
through a quiet night .

" I hear you child " ,
that's all he says ,
brightening my eyes ,
bringing me close to his fairy ways .



I believe in magic
which is gentle and shy ,
neither loud , nor bold ,
as it never makes me cry .

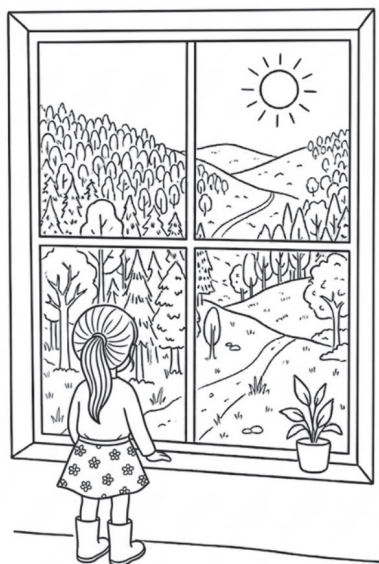
Every corner of my room
slides a surprise ,
magic blinds
behind ordinary sleepy eyes .

It's no more dark ,
the sky shines like a groom ,
morning begins a melodious tune ,
when the sun awakes to guard the noon .

Laughter and breeze know my name ,
as the time starts a new game .

It's time to wake up ,
it's time to shine ,
it's no more dark and I see my dreams align.

The sun knows my name ,
it speaks through my window ,
plays hide and seek ,
and hums a little secret only I know.



Trees wear crowns ,
and its colour is green ,
guarding the secrets
which are rarely seen .

Leaves applaud when the clouds pass by ,
as if they know the reason why?

Clouds follow me wherever I go ,
they change their shapes ,
how ? I don't know !

In them I see a dragon ,
some birds and a boat ,
floating in the sky ,
carrying my secret wardrobe .

My books grow big ,
my days go tight ,
with tough homework
waiting for me every night .

I laugh with friends
I shout , I play ,
it makes me feel -
my worries are fading away .

The teacher talks ,
I try to hear ,
The words feel big
inside my ear .

I draw small stars inside my book ,
painting dreams in every little nook .



I jump in puddles after rain ,
I don't think much of loss or gain ,
the drops just splashed upon my shoes ,
and I just want to jump again .

I float small boats in mire deep ,
and tell them secrets I will keep ,
I wonder where they go from here ,
do they just sail or fall asleep?

Sometimes I lose my favorite toy ,
and feel a sudden drop of joy ,
it feels so big , I almost cry ,
for something small I once enjoyed .

I don't like when the voices grow,
when elders speak too fast ,
too loud ,
sometimes too low .

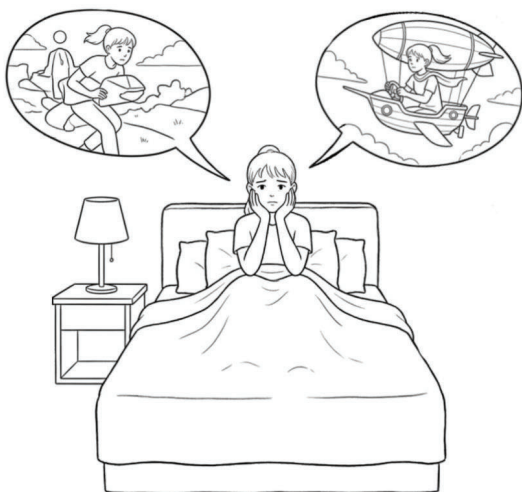
LOOKS LIKE -

I've started to think a little more ,
of who I am and what's in store ,
the world feels bigger than it used to be ,
with hidden things I can't ignore.

I look at mirrors ,
I stand and stare ,
I notice some changes ,
eyes rolling here and there,

I keep my thoughts tucked deep inside ,
like tiny things I'm trying hard to hide ,
I don't know how to let them out ,
so with my silence, they reside .

I watch the others laugh and shine ,
and wonder if their hearts match mine ,
do they feel lost in quiet ways ,
or am I different every time ?



I sit with thoughts that slowly come and go,
thinking of things
I'm starting now to know,

I hear my name in softer tones ,
In whispered jokes and silent phones ,
I smile along ,
I play my part,
but still I feel it in my bones .

And in between the change and cheer,
with every passing little year,
I'm finding pieces of myself,
that make me feel a little more here.

I don't have answers just yet ,
But I feel more than the happiness one can get .

I walk through days with quiet cheer ,
small happy moments drawing near ,
 I hum a tune I barely know ,
and smile for no real reason here .

I start to dream of far-off days ,
of finding my own separate ways ,
 of being someone I can be ,
beyond these halls and crowded maze .



Innocence fading ,
yet deeply aware ,
identity shifting like autumn air .

I'm becoming something ,
someone undefined ,
like a constellation
which is half aligned .

I thought I am learning ,
about who I am still ,
making some moments ,
still building my plan .

Though I laugh ,
I dance , I run ,
nevertheless I feel ,
I'm not done .

Overthinking every word once said ,
replaying past echoes ,
which were once said .

Chaos seems to bloom ,
on a canvas in my heart ,
wrapped in brush ,
painted in my heart .

Realising the world changes every hour ,
I could see all thorns ,
but no flower .

Adrenal rush through fragile veins ,
sudden excitements giving sudden pains ,
nostalgia hits with moments that pass ,
like colours and the day with a heavy rain .



I walk through crowds but feel alone ,
like something in me's overgrown ,
I laugh and talk like nothing's wrong ,
but parts of me feel still unknown .

I look at faces , try to read ,
if I am who they want to see ,
I change a little , fit the space ,
but lose a part of what is me .

I think too much , I feel too deep ,
some thoughts are mine alone to keep ,
I don't know why they stay so long ,
and follow even into sleep .

Some days I feel so full of light ,
like I can take on any fight ,
I dream of who I want to be ,
and everything feels almost right .

Suddenly it fades away ,
with nothing special in the day ,
I sit in silence, lost in thought ,
and let my mind just drift away .

I want to speak but hold it in ,
afraid of where my words begin ,
what if they don't understand me ?
or see the mess I'm hiding in .

I watch the world, I question more ,
what all of this is really for ,
the answers never come so clear ,
they leave me thinking more than before .

But in between the doubt and fear ,
some voices stay, some people near ,
they don't fix everything inside ,
but make the heavy feel less here .

I stare at screens that glow at night ,
and think too much in dim blue light ,
I scroll through lives that look so perfect ,
and wonder if I'm doing right .

I keep some secrets locked away ,
unsure of what I want to say ,
it's hard to turn my thoughts to words ,
so most of them just choose to stay .

I notice changes in my mind ,
in how I see ,
in what I find .

A single look , a passing drone ,
pulls me down -
faster than the blink of a drone .

I find myself
in songs I hear ,
also in the words ,
that suddenly disappear .

I'm still unsure of who I'll be ,
but not as lost as I used to be .

I walk with music in my ears ,
and suddenly the world feels clear ,
I hum along to every line ,
and feel like something good is near .

I laugh at things that make no sense ,
at random jokes and small events .

I catch myself just smiling wide ,
for no big reason I can find ,
a random thought , a passing joke ,
and suddenly I feel just fine .

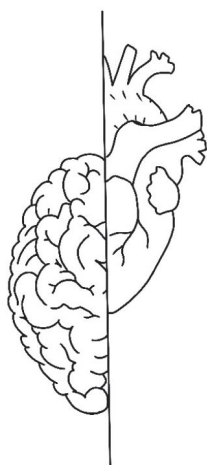
I talk and laugh a little more ,
not overthinking like before ,
I let my guard slip down a bit ,
and don't feel heavy at the core .

Sometimes smile appear for no reason ,
soft like a quiet change in any season ,
there is no big moment to explain it all ,
yet joy arrives for no reason .

Sunlight rests warm across the face ,
steps slow down to a gentler pace ,
nothing more is really needed ,
peace is found in simple space .

New songs play and feel so true ,
like hidden thoughts are breaking through ,
each line echoes something real ,
and feels like something always knew .

Beauty hides in smallest things ,
in open skies and quiet winds ,
in passing looks and fleeting smiles ,
where unnoticed happiness begins .



Voices matter more than before ,
every word can reach the core ,
some bring warmth that gently lingers ,
some stay longer than before.

Dreams feel closer like almost real ,
paths ahead begin to feel ,
not just stories once imagined ,
but something life might slowly reveal .

Thoughts keep circling in my head ,
things feel tangled, left unsaid ,
answers slip through every time ,
like words I almost thought I read .

Every choice feels hard to take ,
Is this one is right ?
Or is this fake ?

Questions rise but never stay ,
they come ,
they go ,
and then fade away .

Even the smile feels hard to hide ,
in a night so dark ,
like a nightmare so wide .

Tears don't fall ,
they prefer staying alive ,
they are the ones that weigh too much ,
which are hard to confide .

A simple tone can break my day ,
though nothing harsh was meant to say ,
still something in it stays with me ,
and doesn't slowly go away .

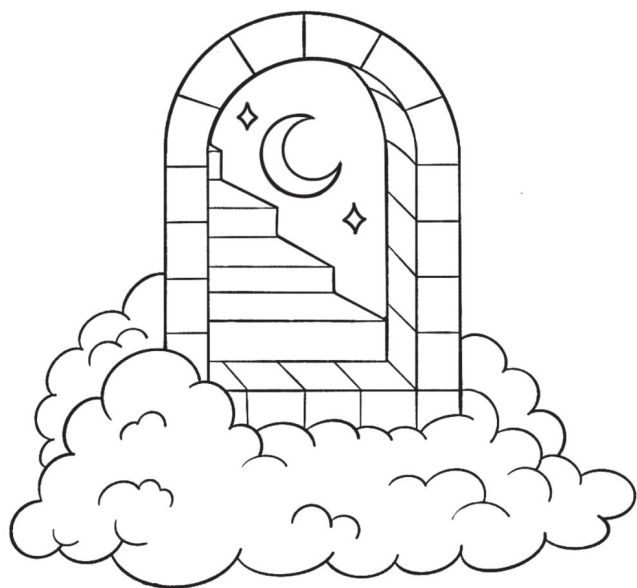


Days look lighter ,
than they every did ,
no need to hide ,
one which were once hid .

I now see peace in things
which I once couldn't see ,
by letting to live in my life ,
just like it should be .

Dreams feel closer ,
more like mine ,
not like distant constellation ,
I can't define .

Love sails past ,
in the boat of white ,
across the sea of pure delight .



I trust the time ,
I trust the way ,
each carefull step ,
each loud day .

I believe in the time ,
so kind , so true ,
it knows what's meant ,
will come in view .

Dreams now don't feel so far away ,
bright moments shared on unseen days ,
I thought I don't know where the world directs leads
me ,
but now I do see a flower ,
which is here to stay .

I walk through thoughts
that gently gleam ,
somewhere between truth and dream .

Little things begin to annoy ,
the noise ,
the rush ,
bringing a heavy sigh .

Yet even in this tangled space ,
there's something warm I still embrace ,
a gentle hope that stays with me ,
through every shift I can't replace .

The heart feels full yet incomplete ,
like something's missing in the beat ,
A space that nothing seems to fill ,
though life around feels warm and sweet .

And maybe this how it goes ,
because this time ,
I'm a mix of highs and lows .

There's comfort too in fleeting light,
In random calm , in quiet night ,
where everything feels almost still ,
and thoughts don't always have to fight .

And through it all I'm learning slow ,
to let these mixed emotions flow ,
not every feeling needs a name ,
some just exist and come and go .



My heart broke like a vase
when tears filled an empty space ,
it was chaos everywhere ,
I begged the time to close the panicking doorways .

Darknes gulped the night ,
silence held me still ,
nothing felt the same ,
as i realized -
what was happening was all against my will .

Confusions drummed in my brain ,
 those feelings were new ,
like salt shimmered on fresh wounds ,
while I searched for a version of you .

Every moment slipped from my hand ,
 nothing felt fully true ,
I kept drowning in my own mind ,
 while pretending I still grew .

Minutes ago your voice was here ,
soft and warm and crystal clear ,
I laughed the way I always do ,
never thinking loss was near .

My hands went cold ,
the world just slipped ,
as something vital ,
being brutally ripped .

Thousand thoughts , all crash at once ,
no sense , no pause ,
no sign of a second chance .

No this can't be ,
I spoke to the time ,
just few minutes back ,
the whole world was mine.

The ceiling sinks above my head ,
the silence cuts beneath ,
every shadow starts to tremble ,
while fear crawls underneath .

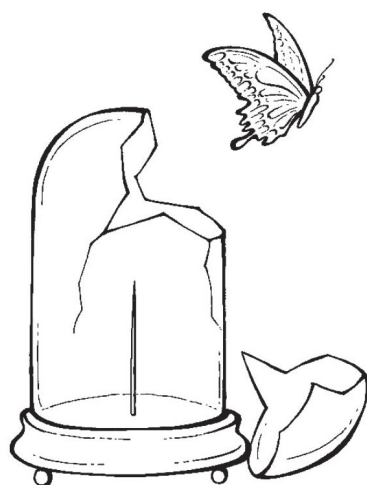
I lost you when I needed you the most ,
when life felt fragile ,
close to lost ,
and now I am left with all this noise and all the love it
truly cost .

My fingers shake ,
I dropped my phone
by listening the weight of truth ,
I have never known .

I hear your voice inside my mind ,
in every place you left behind ,
in little things that I didn't see ,
now all I search and try getting back the happy time ,
which is lying with me .

I want to run ,
I want to hide from every thought ,
I feel it inside ,
every word that says you are gone
is the only thing I can't divide .

How should I live ?
How should I stand ?
without your study ?
without your guiding hand ?



Slowly, I've begun to stand ,
with shaking heart and trembling hands ,
not fully healed ,
not fully strong ,
trying hard to understand .

Some mornings feel too hard to face ,
yet , somehow , still ,
I have to leave my place .

The world feels too loud at times ,
too full of memories left behind ,
yet step-by-step , I start to see ,
that healing doesn't talk to me .

I asked for courage throughout the ache ,
for waking up each and every day ,
for choosing the life despite the loss ,
and all the pieces my grief can take .

I start a smile a little more ,
not like the girl I was before ,
but in a softer , careful way ,
like healing slowly reached my door .

Some memories still make me cry ,
the sound of songs ,
the sunset in the sky
but now they also bring me warmth ,
instead of only asking why .

I sit alone ,
I try to speak to you ,
like somehow you still listen through ,
the stars , the silence , the midnight air ,
and all the little things you knew which are fair .

Your love still follows wherever I go ,
in gentle ways that barely show ,
a quiet strength beside my heart ,
through every high and every low .

I still look for you unconsciously ,
in crowded roads or family seats ,
for one small second , hope appears ,
before the reality reaches me .

Your number stays inside my phone ,
a place that feels close to home ,
my fingers stop above the screen ,
as if your face might still be seen .



Responsibility arrives quietly now ,
not with fear , not asking how ,
just settling softly in my hands ,
like something life would teach somehow .

Mornings begin a little slow ,
yet steadier than before I know ,
no rushing heart , no scattered thoughts ,
just calmness , learning how to grow .

The girl who was broken apart ,
now holds herself with a patient heart ,
not perfectly , not every day ,
but stronger than the very start .

Small tasks no longer feel too loud ,
no need to hide within a crowd ,
there is peace in landing things alone ,
without needing to say it proud .

There's comfort in routine now too ,
in little things I simply do ,
making space for calmer days ,
and finding strength in seeing them through .

The tears still visit now and then ,
but don't consume me like back then ,
they come as quiet reminders now ,
of love that lives beyond the end .

A softer wisdom fills my mind ,
not harsh ,
not forced ,
but slow and kind .

I have learnt -
that peace is something small ,
not grand or perfect after all .

The mirror holds a calmer face ,
not untouched ,
but a quiet grace .

I've stopped asking the life to be fair ,
as some losses leave endless tear .

My future waits beyond this pain ,
past all the losses ,
beyond the pain ,
and somewhere deep within my heart ,
hope quietly arises again .



Then slowly somewhere in the blur ,
new voices came soft and sure ,
not knowing how much pain I held ,
yet somehow making my heart secure .

They laughed with me in simple ways ,
cracking jokes , roasting ,
and flipping heavy and silent days .

At first they felt like passing souls ,
small conversations , scattered roles ,
but little by little without warning ,
they started filling empty holes .

They stayed through moods I couldn't hide ,
through those quiet tears ,
I kept inside .

Laughter returned more easily now ,
not forced or weak or wondering how ,
it rose so naturally again ,
like healing finally allowed .

Somehow these people became my home ,
people I never planned to know ,
yet now their voices calm my storms ,
in ways they never fully know .

They became pieces of my heart ,
a kind of love that softly starts ,
not replacing what I had lost ,
but helping mend my broken parts .

The world no longer felt so grey ,
not every thought led me astray ,
because their warmth and steady care ,
brought little pieces back each day .

Late night talks became my peace ,
the kind that made the sadness cease ,
where laughter mixed with honest hearts ,
and aching thoughts found small release .

They got to know the parts I used to hide ,
the softer soul I kept inside ,
and somehow never made me feel ,
like I was too much deep inside .

Some days we laughed till tears would fall ,
add random things that meant nothing at all ,
yet those small moments healed me more ,
then all the words I could recall .

Their presence softened every week ,
I saw the heaviness began to break ,
not all at once , not perfectly though ,
but slowly with each step I'd take .

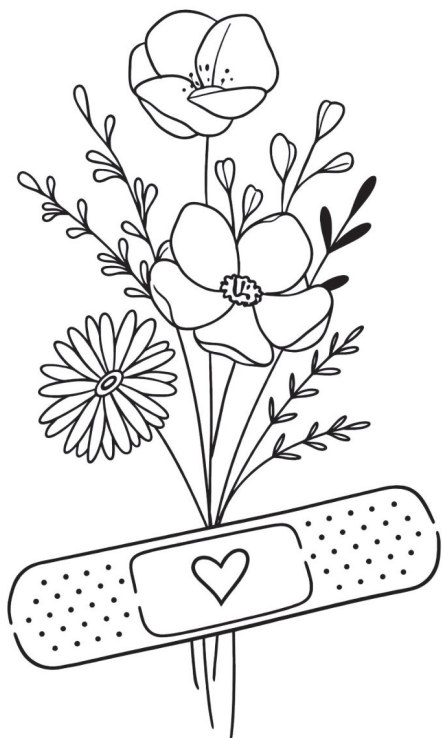
And for the first time after loss ,
after surviving every cost ,
my heart no longer feared attachment ,
or loving people, I came across .

Because they showed me life still grows ,
even after deepest lows ,
that heart can bloom again with care ,
and healing comes in ways no one knows .

My world began to bloom once more ,
in little things ignored before ,
warm cups of tea , unfinished books ,
and sunsets spilling through the door .

I no longer rush to be understood ,
or explain every misunderstood mood ,
there's comfort now in silent growth ,
and choosing what feels truly good .

The soul grows calmer after every pain ,
like flowers blooming after rain ,
not touched by what it suffered through ,
but beautiful for healing again .



I rebuild myself in quieter ways ,
through ordinary passing days ,
Not with noise or grand applause ,
But through the strength that slowly stays .

The girl who once doubted her light ,
now stands a little more upright ,
no longer dimming who she is ,
to make the world feel more alright .

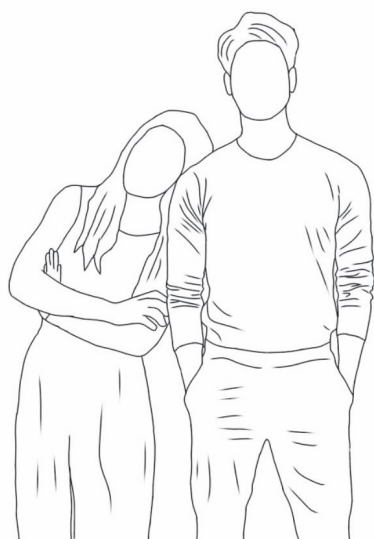
There is confidence in how I speak ,
even when my heart feels weak ,
because surviving all that pain ,
has taught my soul resilience deep .

My worth no longer feels unclear ,
or something measured by who stays near ,
I've learned that I am enough alone. ,
even through every aching year .

There's beauty in becoming whole ,
and slowly finding back my soul ,
not the same as who I was ,
but someone stronger above it all .

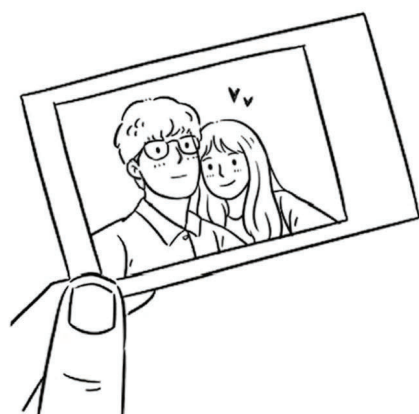
The scars remain ,
but so does grace ,
a soft strength ,
no mask above my face .

And now the future feels like mine ,
not something distant to define ,
but a road I walk with lifted head ,
and hope stitched gently through each line .



There's elegance within my scars ,
just like moonlight ,
settling over stars .

The world has changed me soft and deep ,
through every loss I had to keep ,
yet kindness still lives in my eyes ,
a gently warmth beneath the grief .



After all the loss and pain ,
the storms , the tears , the endless rain ,
love finally finds me gently ,
and teaches my heart to bloom again .

My laughter lingers when he stays ,
the darkest thoughts fade away ,
and that time the world feels softer ,
in every little loving way .

That presence of love feels like peace ,
the kind that makes my worries cease ,
a warmth that settles in my heart ,
gives my restless thoughts release .

He holds my heart with patient hands ,
never forcing me to understand ,
just loving every hidden piece ,
and staying exactly where he stands .

We laugh like children sometimes still ,
at random jokes
with a little thrill .

Our hearts hold each other so carefully ,
not perfectly ,
but honestly .

We stay awake and speak for hours ,
about our dreams and future flowers ,
and suddenly forever feels close ,
like love itself has given us powers .

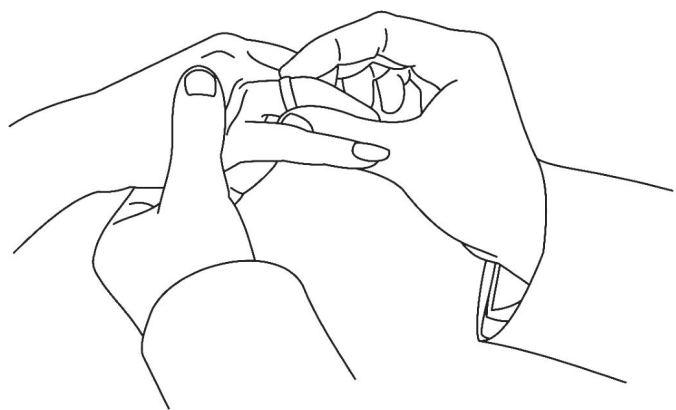
Every hug feels warm enough ,
to calm the days that once were rough ,
like arms were always meant to be ,
to hold my soul with careful love .

If love had a feeling ,
it would be like this ,
the forehead kisses ,
the gentle bliss .

Our love feels deeper every day ,
not fading slowly into grey ,
but growing stronger through each moment ,
in every word we choose to say .

We fit together so naturally ,
like waves returning to the sea ,
not perfectly ,
but beautifully rare ,
he loves me so endlessly .

And maybe our love always meant ,
through every storm and strange event ,
because after all the hearts we carried ,
ours finally found where they were meant .



And now our hearts stand side by side,
no fear to hide, no need to hide,
just two souls choosing one another,
with endless love and quiet pride.

The days feel softer than before ,
like every dream has reached the shore ,
because the hands I prayed to hold ,
will leave my side no more .

Wedding lights are beginning to glow ,
like stars descending down below ,
and suddenly the world feels wrapped ,
in golden warmth and gentle snow .

You held my hand so carefully ,
like holding onto destiny ,
and suddenly forever feels ,
like something warm and real to me .

No longer scared of love fading away ,
or losing hearts along the way ,
because our souls have built a home ,
strong enough forever to stay .

The temple glows in golden light ,
sacred flames burning warm and
 bright ,
 while prayers rise into the air ,
blessing our souls on this night .

The sound of shankh fills the skies ,
 tears of joy shine in my eyes ,
as every heartbeat softly whispers ,
 “ This is where forever lies . ”

Red bangles rest upon my hands ,
mehendi curling in graceful strands ,
your name hidden within the patterns ,
like destiny written by loving hands .

The dupatta falls so soft and red ,
rose petals scattered where we tread ,
and every step towards you feels ,
like every prayer has finally led .

The mandap shines beneath the flowers ,
wrapped in sacred , timeless powers ,
while families smile with teary eyes ,
watching love bloom hour by hour .

The varmala rests around our hearts .
a quiet promise as life restarts ,
two souls accepting one another ,
never again to live apart .

You look at me so full of love ,
like every blessing from above ,
and suddenly all the pain I carried ,
feels lighter than the drifting doves .

The sindoor touches my hairline slow ,
and warmth rushes through my soul below ,
like every broken part within me ,
finally learns to heal and glow .

The vows feel deeper than just words ,
more beautiful than anything heard ,
because loving you has changed my soul ,
in every possible universe .

Your eyes still search for only me ,
through crowded rooms and melodies ,
and every glance feels filled with love ,
so endless and so heavenly .

The music , laughter, dancing feet ,
family joy and sweets to eat ,
yet nothing feels more beautiful ,
than your shy smile looking at me .

Tonight the moon feels close somehow ,
as if it pauses just for us now ,
watching two hearts become one soul ,
with sacred promises and vows .



Among the laughter , songs , and cheers ,
a hidden sadness reappears ,
because the one I searched for most ,
is missing through these precious years .

My eyes still wander through the crowd ,
through every face, through voices loud ,
as if my heart still hopes to find ,
my father smiling calm and proud .

I imagine how he would stand ,
with teary eyes and folded hands ,
 watching his little girl today ,
begin a life once softly planned .

I wish I could have seen his smile ,
walking towards me down the aisle ,
the way he would have held my hand ,
and stayed beside me all the while .

I hear his voice inside my mind ,
so warm , protective , soft , and kind ,
and suddenly my heart remembers ,
the love no distance leaves behind .

A tear slips softly down my face ,
not out of sorrow, but the space ,
of wishing he was here to see ,
this beautiful and sacred phase .

He would have smiled the whole night through ,
with shining eyes so proud and true ,
telling every single person there ,
“ How beautiful my daughter grew . ”

He would have fixed my dupatta slow ,
with trembling hands and loving glow ,
trying hard not to let tears fall ,
while secretly feeling emotions flow .

The happiest tears would fill his eyes ,
seeing me dressed as a bride tonight ,
like every dream he held for years ,
had finally come alive .

He would have held my hand so tight ,
before the sacred wedding rites ,
and whispered softly in my ear ,
“You deserve this beautiful life.”

Maybe he would have tried to smile ,
while hiding tears all the while ,
because fathers often break silently ,
when daughters walk down the aisle .

He would have adored the way you care ,
the softness in the love we share ,
and somewhere in his gentle heart ,
he would have felt deeply reassured there .

And maybe somewhere near the skies ,
past all the stars and moonlit nights ,
 he smiles watching his little girl ,
 finally glowing with happy eyes .

Though his chair stays empty tonight ,
 his love still wraps around my life ,
 because a father's love never leaves ,
 even after goodbye .



It's been years ,
I still miss you ,
when sunsets fall ,
or when somebody says I look small ,
like the little girl who hid behind you ,
safe beneath your shadow through it all .

I lived under your shadow once ,
Protected gently from the world's rush ,
where every fear felt far away ,
as long as I could hold your touch .

You would have loved this calmer me ,
the woman I slowly grow to be ,
the way I smile more honestly now ,
and carry life more peacefully .

Sometimes I speak to you in prayers ,
about my joys, my dreams, my cares ,
like somewhere beyond this world ,
you still pause softly to hear .

Though I no longer break apart ,
grief still lives inside my heart ,
not as pain that destroys my soul ,
but love that never departs .

Because no matter how life changes ,
or how much healing time arranges ,
a daughter never truly stops ,
searching for her father in little places .

Because no matter how life changes ,
or how much healing time arranges ,
a daughter never truly stops ,
searching for her father in little places .

Still , I carry your love with pride ,
in every step and every stride ,
and maybe that is why even today ,
I still feel safest in your shadow inside .

I feel proud of the nights I survived ,
the silent wars I kept inside ,
the tears that fell when no one saw ,
and all the strength I had to hide .

No one hears the shaking breaths ,
or sees the heart fight hopelessness ,
the lonely hours spent healing slowly ,
through fear, through pain, through emptiness .

I'm proud of how I stayed alive ,
when grief and fear would both collide ,
and even with a breaking soul ,
still chose each day to survive .

*And in the end ,
or maybe just another beginning-
you realise ,
you were never becoming one thing
you were becoming everything .*