

NEVER MEANT

— for the —

Wrong Hands

For the hearts that overthink,
feel deeply, and still
choose to hope.

PRIYA PANGHOTRA



BlueRoseONE.com
Stories Matter

New Delhi • London

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Brief Book Description

Never Meant for the Wrong Hands is a collection of poems about growing up and learning things the hard way.

As we grow, we meet different people, trust them, and sometimes end up getting hurt by the very people we trusted. Their actions can make us question ourselves, lose our confidence, and wonder if we were ever enough.

This book is about those phases—the betrayal, the self-doubt, the struggles, the acceptance, and finally, learning to let go.

It is about slowly understanding that the world may not always be the way we expect it to be, and that not everyone deserves access to our heart, trust, or softness.

But somewhere along the way, while understanding people and the world, we also begin to understand ourselves.

We learn what gives us peace, what truly matters, what we deserve, and most importantly, who we are.

These poems are a small journey through all of that—a journey of growing, learning, accepting, letting go, and finding your own sukoon.

Maybe you will find a little part of your own journey somewhere between these pages.

Author's Introduction

Priya Panghotra is a young poet and writer who has always found comfort in putting feelings into words. For her, writing has been more than simply creating poems—it has been a way of understanding emotions, people, relationships, and the many versions of oneself we become along the way.

Her writing comes from a place of honesty, exploring emotions, growth, healing, self-worth, letting go, and the quiet moments that often remain unspoken. She believes that sometimes a few words can express what the heart has been trying to say for years.

Never Meant for the Wrong Hands is Priya's debut book, born from the emotions, thoughts, and experiences that inspired her to turn feelings into poetry. Through these pages, she hopes her words reach anyone who has ever felt deeply, loved sincerely, lost quietly, or struggled to find themselves again.

This book is her first step as an author—and perhaps, a small reminder that even the feelings we cannot explain can still be beautifully expressed through words.

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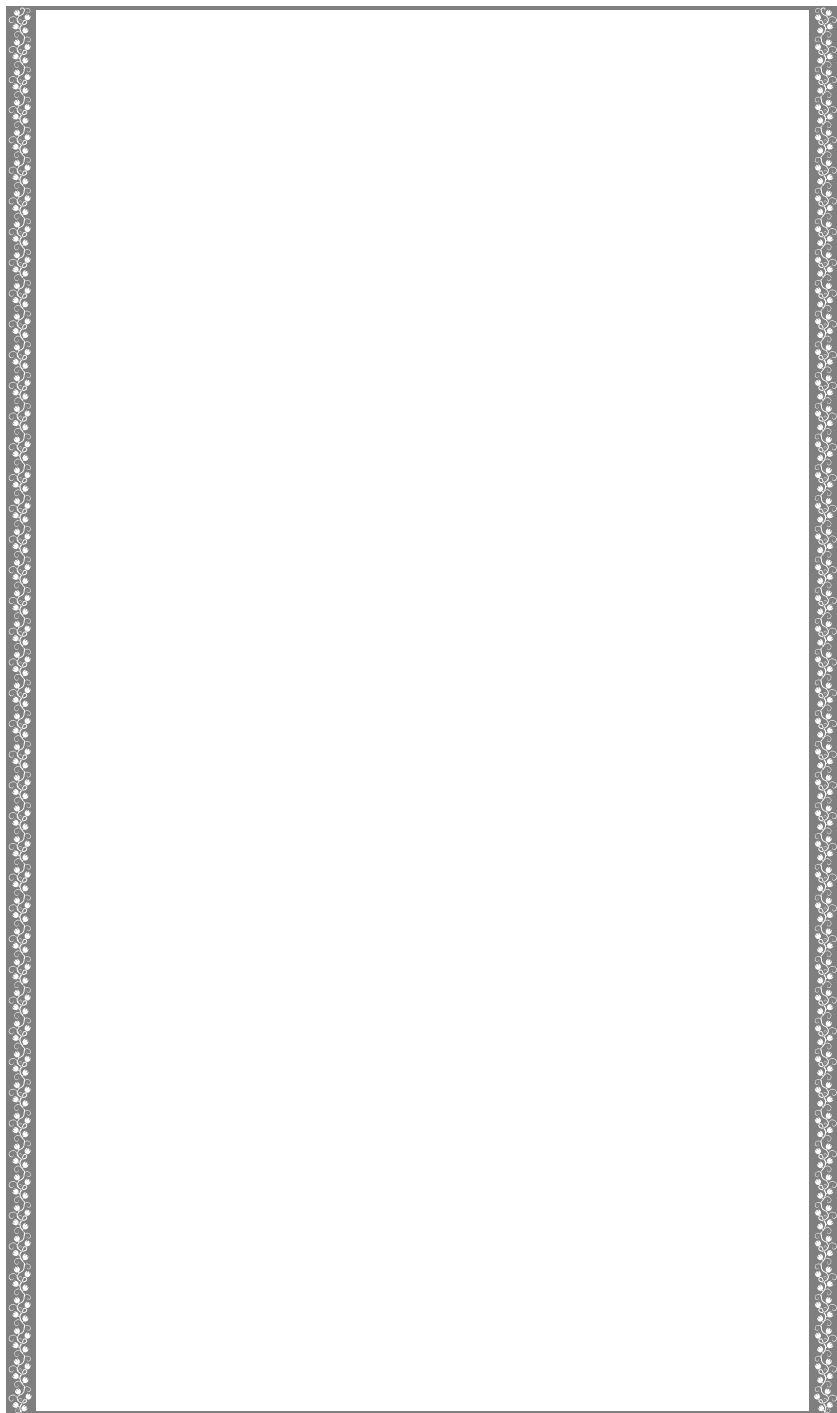
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The Comparison Trap

It's not their fault
that I keep looking at them.

Their lives seem to glow
under a light
I somehow cannot find.

They laugh so easily,
move ahead so naturally,
while I keep measuring my life
against moments that were never mine.

Maybe the sadness isn't
that they are doing better.

Maybe it's the habit
of believing that
if someone else's life is beautiful,
mine must be lacking.

And perhaps
I don't need to stop admiring their light.

I just need to stop
using it to prove
that I am made of darkness.

Don't Wake Me Yet

Don't wake me up just yet.

I've finally found
a place where my thoughts
aren't fighting each other.

Let me stay here a little longer—
where tomorrow doesn't exist,
where yesterday cannot hurt me,
and where my mind
isn't asking a hundred questions
at once.

I've spent so much time
trying to understand my life
that I forgot what it feels like
to simply exist.

So let me breathe
before the world begins again.

I'll return to reality.

Just not yet.

How Do I Keep Myself?

Should I write myself
into every dream I have?

Or leave pieces of me
inside the places
I've already outgrown?

Should I turn my scars
into stories,
my fears into lessons,
my mistakes into something
I can finally forgive?

Tell me—

how do I keep the person I am today
while becoming
the person I am meant to be?

Because sometimes growing
feels a little like disappearing.

And I don't want to lose myself
just because I'm learning
how to become someone new.

Do You Remember Me?

Somewhere between
becoming what everyone needed
and surviving what no one understood,

I forgot myself.

I remember everyone's expectations,
everyone's opinions,
every mistake I've made,
every version of me
I tried to become.

But sometimes I wonder—

do I remember the girl
I was before all of this?

The one who laughed without overthinking,
dreamed without calculating the chances,
and loved herself
without needing a reason.

Maybe she isn't gone.

Maybe she's just waiting
for me to stop searching
for myself in everyone else
and finally come home.

The Things We Never Get to Say

There are days
when one small thing
could have made everything lighter—

a smile,
a familiar voice,
a moment that made the world
feel less heavy.

But life doesn't always give us
the conversations we deserve.

Some words remain unsaid,
some feelings remain unfinished,
and some dreams
never become anything more
than dreams.

Maybe that's okay.

Not everything we imagine
is meant to become real.

Some things simply teach us
how deeply we can feel
and then quietly ask us
to keep going.

No Perfect Goodbye

Why are we always
waiting for the perfect ending?

The perfect explanation.
The perfect last conversation.
The perfect moment
when everything finally makes sense.

Sometimes life simply moves on
before we're ready.

No warning.
No closure.
No final sentence
to make peace with everything.

And maybe growing up
is accepting that some chapters
will end mid-sentence.

You don't need
a perfect goodbye
to begin again.

When You Feel Invisible

I used to think
being remembered
was proof that I mattered.

So I kept showing up—
in conversations,
in memories,
in the lives of people
I cared about.

But sometimes
you can give someone
a whole place in your world
and still feel invisible
in theirs.

It hurts.

But perhaps your worth
was never supposed to depend
on how loudly someone
acknowledges your existence.

You existed
before their recognition.

You will exist
without it too.

Some people may overlook you.

That doesn't make you
less worthy of being seen.

Give Me My Mind Back

Why does my mind
keep returning
to places I've already left?

I change the music,
change the routine,
fill my days with noise—

yet somehow
my thoughts find their way back.

Maybe I don't need
another distraction.

Maybe I need permission
to stop running from my own mind.

To sit with the memories
without becoming them.

To let a thought arrive
without giving it a home.

Because I want my mind back.

Not every memory
deserves a lifetime.

And not everything
I remember
needs to be carried.

You Are Already Enough

Just the way you are,
you are already whole.

You don't need
someone else's approval
to complete the picture.

You don't need
a borrowed personality,
a borrowed confidence,
or someone else's definition
of beautiful.

You carry your own colours—
some bright,
some faded,
some still waiting to be discovered.

And that's okay.

A rainbow doesn't question
why it has so many colours.

It simply exists.

Maybe you should too.

I Hope Life Is Kind to You

There are people
who hurt us
without knowing
how deeply their actions stayed.

But I don't want
to carry anger forever.

So I choose
to wish them well.

Not because
what happened didn't matter,

but because
my peace matters more.

May life teach you
what you couldn't learn from me.

May happiness find you.

And may I learn
to find mine too.

People Change

We keep expecting people
to remain the version
we first met.

But people change.

Their priorities change.
Their dreams change.
Their energy changes.
Sometimes even the things
they once loved
no longer feel the same.

And maybe that's
one of the hardest truths
about growing up—

you can miss someone's old version
without hating who they became.

You can appreciate
what they once meant
and still let them be different.

Not every change
needs an explanation.

Sometimes life
just keeps moving.

Maybe I Don't Have to Forget

The harder I try
to erase something from my mind,
the louder it becomes.

Maybe that's how memories work.

The more we fight them,
the more space we give them.

So perhaps healing
isn't about forgetting.

Perhaps it's about remembering
without feeling trapped.

Let the memory exist.

Let it pass.

You don't have to destroy
every part of your past
to make room for your future.

Some things can stay behind
without coming with you.

Finding Myself Again

Somewhere along the way,
I became so busy
trying to understand everyone else
that I stopped understanding myself.

I kept asking—

Why did they change?
Why did they leave?
Why wasn't I enough?

Until one day
I asked a different question:

Where did I go?

And maybe that's
where healing begins.

Not when you finally understand
everyone who hurt you,

but when you decide
to understand yourself again.

I may have lost pieces of myself
trying to hold everything together.

But I'm finding them now.

Slowly.

And this time,
I'm keeping them.

The Freedom We Forget

There was a time
when happiness didn't need
a five-year plan.

A random walk was enough.
A silly laugh was enough.
An afternoon with no purpose
was enough.

Then we grew up
and started measuring life
in achievements.

More money.
More success.
More productivity.
More reasons to be proud.

Somewhere between
becoming successful
and becoming acceptable,

we forgot how to simply live.

Maybe ambition is beautiful.

But so is doing nothing
without feeling guilty about it.

You are a human being.

Not a project
that needs constant improvement.

Choose the Place Where You Bloom

If something no longer
lets your soul breathe,
you are allowed to leave.

You don't have to stay
just because you once cared.

You don't have to keep proving
how loyal you can be
to something that keeps
making you smaller.

Go where your spirit
feels alive.

Go where your laughter
doesn't need permission.

Go where you can grow
without apologising
for taking up space.

And if leaving feels selfish,
remember—

choosing yourself
is not always selfish.

Sometimes
it's survival.

Sometimes
it's the first act of love
you owe yourself.

You Don't Have to Be Okay All the Time

Please don't be so hard on yourself.

You don't have to wake up smiling
every morning.

You don't have to hide
every storm behind
a perfectly normal face.

Some days you'll feel lost.
Some days you'll feel nothing.
Some days getting out of bed
will be enough.

And that's okay.

You were never meant
to be happy every second.

You're human.

So when life feels heavy,
put it down for a while.

Rest.

You don't have to carry
the whole world
just because you've learned
how to look strong.

When Silence Gets Too Loud

Everyone seems to have someone.

Someone to call.

Someone to text.

Someone who asks,

"Are you okay?"

And then there are days
when your phone stays silent
for hours,

and suddenly
you start wondering
if anyone would notice
if you disappeared for a while.

But loneliness
doesn't mean you're unwanted.

Sometimes it simply means
you haven't found
your people yet.

So don't make
a temporary silence
into a permanent belief
about your worth.

Your story isn't over
just because
this chapter feels empty.

I'm Tired of Explaining Myself

How many times
do I have to explain
what I'm feeling
before I realise—

I don't have to.

I kept searching
for the right words,
the right timing,
the right way
to make myself understood.

And somewhere between
explaining myself
and proving myself,

I forgot to listen
to what I needed.

Maybe peace begins
when you stop asking
everyone to understand you.

Some people won't.

And that's okay.

You don't need
to spend your whole life
translating your heart
for people who refuse
to read it.

Don't Lose Yourself Trying to Belong

I kept choosing people
until I forgot
to choose myself.

I said yes
when I wanted to say no.

I stayed quiet
when I wanted to speak.

I changed little pieces of myself
just to make sure
I still had a place
in someone's world.

And slowly,
the person I was
before all that adjusting
became unfamiliar.

So here's the reminder
I wish I'd heard earlier:

You don't have to disappear
to belong somewhere.

The right spaces
won't ask you
to become smaller
just to fit in.

Some Places Remember Us

There are places
that remember us
even after we've changed.

A room.
A street.
An old photograph.
A familiar name
written somewhere
we forgot to erase.

Sometimes the past
doesn't leave completely.

It simply becomes quieter.

And that's okay.

You don't have to destroy
every reminder
of who you once were.

You can look back
without going back.

You can remember
without rebuilding
the life you left behind.

Some memories
are meant to be visited—
not lived in.

When Giving Becomes Losing Yourself

I gave everything I could—

my time,
my energy,
my patience,
the parts of me
I rarely showed anyone.

I kept pouring
until there was almost nothing
left in my own cup.

And then I wondered
why I felt so empty.

Maybe kindness
was never supposed to mean
abandoning yourself.

Maybe giving your all
doesn't make you more worthy.

You are allowed to care
without exhausting yourself.

You are allowed to love people
without leaving yourself
with nothing.

Don't Let Your Mind Lie to You

Sometimes we know
something isn't good for us,
yet our mind
keeps negotiating with reality.

"Maybe it'll change."

"Maybe I'm overthinking."

"Maybe I'm the problem."

We repeat the same thoughts
until uncertainty
starts sounding like truth.

But not every thought
deserves to be believed.

Your mind can be tired.
Your fears can be loud.
Your anxiety can sound convincing.

Pause.

Ask yourself:

Is this actually true,
or am I simply afraid
that it is?

You don't have to believe
everything your mind tells you.

Your Feelings Are Not an Inconvenience

I spent so much time
trying to understand everyone else
that I forgot something important—

my feelings deserve
understanding too.

You are not insignificant
because someone failed
to notice your effort.

You are not too sensitive
because something hurt you.

You are not asking for too much
because you want respect.

And you don't have to
earn the right
to feel what you feel.

Your emotions
are not an inconvenience.

Listen to them.

They might be trying
to tell you something
you've been too busy
ignoring.

The Version of You That Changes

I looked at myself
one day
and realised—

I've changed.

Not suddenly.

Little by little.

The things that once excited me
don't always do anymore.

The people I once needed
aren't always the people
I need today.

Even my dreams
have learned new names.

And honestly,
change can be frightening.

Because sometimes
you miss the person
you used to be.

But maybe growth
isn't about becoming
someone completely new.

Maybe it's about
meeting yourself again
at every stage of life
and learning to love
who you are becoming.

What Anxiety Leaves Behind

There was a time
when peace lived quietly inside me.

Then came the overthinking.

The sleepless nights.
The endless "what ifs."
The fear of making mistakes.
The habit of questioning
every little thing.

And slowly,
I started doubting myself
more than I trusted myself.

But I'm learning.

Not every thought
is a warning.

Not every silence
means something is wrong.

Not every mistake
means I've failed.

Some days
I will still feel anxious.

Some days
my mind will still be loud.

But I don't have to fight
every thought.

Sometimes I can simply breathe
and remind myself—

I am here.

I am safe in this moment.

And I don't have to solve
my entire life tonight.

Some People Become Part of Your Story

Some people
don't stay forever.

But that doesn't make
their presence meaningless.

They arrive,
teach you something,
leave behind a few memories,
and somehow
become a small chapter
of who you are.

You don't have to hold on
to everyone you once loved.

You can simply be grateful
that your paths crossed.

Some people belong
in your memories,

not because they stayed,

but because they mattered
while they were there.

I See Your Quiet Effort

I know you're tired.

I know there are battles
you don't talk about.

The deadlines.
The expectations.
The pressure to succeed
while pretending
everything is fine.

Maybe nobody sees
how hard you're trying.

But I hope you know—
you don't have to explain
every struggle
to make your effort real.

Keep going.

Not because
you have to prove something
to the world,

but because
there are dreams inside you
that deserve a chance
to become real.

And please remember—
resting doesn't mean
you stopped trying.

Come Back to Yourself

I spent so much time
thinking about everyone else
that I forgot
what my own silence sounded like.

I forgot the things
that made me happy.

The little dreams.
The quiet mornings.
The sunsets I used to notice.
The version of me
that didn't need a reason
to smile.

So now,

I'm finding my way back.

Slowly.

Maybe I'll watch the sunset
without thinking about tomorrow.

Maybe I'll sit beneath the stars
and let my thoughts settle.

Maybe I'll stop searching
for pieces of myself
in places where I left them.

And if I ever disappear
for a while,

know this—

I'm not lost.

I'm simply
coming home to myself.

I Want My Laugh Back

Someone once asked me,

"Where did your laughter go?"

And I didn't know
how to answer.

Because I hadn't noticed
when it became quieter.

Somewhere between
growing up,
overthinking,
expectations,
and trying to be strong,

I forgot
how effortlessly
I used to laugh.

I miss that version of me.

The one who talked too much,
laughed too loudly,
made silly mistakes
and didn't spend hours
thinking about them afterward.

Maybe growing up
doesn't mean losing
that person.

Maybe it means
finding her again—

this time
with a little more wisdom
and the same old laugh.

The Conversations We Never Had

Sometimes distance
doesn't begin with goodbye.

It begins with
one misunderstood sentence.

Then another.

Then a silence
neither person knows
how to break.

We assume.
We overthink.
We create answers
without ever asking questions.

And suddenly,

two people who once
could talk for hours
have nothing left to say.

Maybe communication
isn't about always
being understood.

Maybe it's about
having the courage
to ask,

"What did you mean?"

before turning
a misunderstanding
into a permanent distance.

Because some endings
are not caused
by a lack of care—
just a lack of conversation.

Let Yourself Feel

If the rain finds you
on a difficult day,
don't always run for shelter.

Sometimes
stand still.

Let it fall.

Let yourself feel
whatever you've been trying
so hard to hide.

Not every storm
needs to be fought.

Some simply need
to pass through you.

Cry if you need to.
Be quiet if you need to.
Take a breath
and let the world wait.

You don't have to be strong
every second.

Sometimes healing
looks like standing in the rain
and finally letting yourself
feel everything.

Some Words Stay

Funny how a joke
can be nothing to one person
and something completely different
to another.

You laughed.

I smiled.

And then I went home
and thought about it
for hours.

Maybe that's what
being sensitive feels like—

your heart doesn't always know
how to leave things
where they happened.

So if your words
ever become someone's wound,

be gentle.

You never know
what someone is already carrying.

Find Your Little Joys Again

When was the last time
you played your favourite song
just because it made you happy?

When did ice cream
stop being a celebration?

When did you stop
wandering without a destination
and start measuring every minute
by how productive it was?

Somewhere between
growing up
and getting everything done,

we forgot the little things
that made life feel alive.

So play the song.

Buy the ice cream.

Take the long way home.

Sit somewhere beautiful
for no reason at all.

Your life doesn't have to be
a list of achievements.

Sometimes happiness
is hiding inside
the smallest things.

Stop Holding Everyone Together

You are always the one
checking on everyone.

The one who listens.

The one who stays.

The one who says,

"It's okay, I'll handle it."

But who checks on you?

You keep fixing
everyone else's broken pieces
while quietly falling apart yourself.

Please remember—

you are not responsible
for holding the whole world together.

You can care
without carrying everyone.

You can love people
and still put yourself first
for a moment.

Even the strongest hands
deserve somewhere
to rest.

Bloom Slowly

Don't rush yourself
because everyone else
seems to be ahead.

A flower doesn't look
at another flower
and panic about blooming.

It simply grows
when it is ready.

So what if your life
looks different?

What if your timeline
doesn't match theirs?

You are not late.

You are becoming.

Take your time.

Heal at your own pace.
Learn at your own pace.
Grow at your own pace.

Some of the most beautiful things
take longer
to bloom.

I Won't Abandon Myself

If something keeps asking me
to wait for permission
to matter,

I will walk away.

Not angrily.

Not dramatically.

Just quietly.

Because I have finally learned
that choosing myself
doesn't make me selfish.

I am allowed
to leave spaces
where I feel unwanted.

I am allowed
to stop explaining
why I deserve respect.

And I am allowed
to choose peace
over the fear
of being alone.

I spent enough time
waiting for someone else

to choose me.

Now,

I choose myself.

I Wish You Well, From a Distance

I don't want revenge.

I don't want explanations
or apologies
or a chance to make you feel
what I once felt.

Some things become lighter
when you stop carrying them.

So I leave the past
where it belongs.

And if I ever think of you,
I hope life is kind to you.

Not because I owe you anything,

but because I no longer want
someone else's actions
to decide what kind of person
I become.

I choose peace.

And sometimes
peace is simply
wishing someone well
without returning to them.

Take Your Share of the Story

Not every story
has one villain
and one innocent heart.

Sometimes
two people make mistakes.

Two people misunderstand.

Two people stay silent
when they should have spoken.

And yet we often rewrite the past
until it becomes easier
to live with ourselves.

But healing requires honesty.

If I made mistakes,
I'll own them.

If you made yours,
they belong to you.

We don't have to blame each other
to accept what happened.

Sometimes growing up
means saying,

"I wasn't perfect either."

And finally
telling the truth
without turning it
into a weapon.

The Things We Are Afraid to End

There was a time
when I wasn't afraid
to say what I felt.

Now even unfinished things
can feel frightening.

Strange, isn't it?

How something
that never became complete
can still occupy
so much space inside us.

Maybe endings
aren't always about losing something.

Sometimes they're about
finally accepting
that something was never meant
to become what we imagined.

And maybe closure
isn't a final conversation.

Maybe it's the moment
you stop waiting
for one.

When Reality Doesn't Match Your Belief

Sometimes the hardest thing
isn't losing something.

It's discovering
that the version of it
you believed in
wasn't completely real.

You replay conversations.

You question memories.

You wonder which moments
were genuine
and which ones
your heart simply understood differently.

But eventually
you have to stop searching
for a perfect explanation.

Not everything
will make sense.

And that's okay.

You can accept
that something wasn't
what you thought it was
without questioning
your ability to trust again.

Being wrong about someone
doesn't mean
you were foolish for caring.

It means
you were human.

Don't Become Someone's Escape

Sometimes people
run from their past
by rushing toward something new.

They hold someone close
before they've learned
how to hold themselves together.

They seek comfort
before they've found peace.

And without meaning to,
they bring yesterday's wounds
into someone else's tomorrow.

So before you enter
someone's life,

heal what you can.

Don't make another person
responsible for wounds
they didn't create.

You deserve to be loved
when you're ready to receive it—

and they deserve
to be met
with a heart that isn't
still fighting yesterday.

The Things We Expect From God

We call people perfect
when they are simply human.

We place them on pedestals,
expecting them never to fail,
and when they do,
we ask,

"How could they?"

But when life breaks
in ways we cannot understand,
we turn toward God
and ask,

"Why me?"

Perhaps that's the strange thing
about being human—

we understand imperfection
in ourselves,

but expect perfection
from everyone else.

Maybe faith isn't about
having every answer.

Maybe it's about learning
to trust even when
the answer hasn't arrived yet.

Quietly

I don't miss things
the way I used to.

There are no dramatic tears,
no desperate searching,
no need to tell anyone.

Sometimes a memory
simply passes through my mind
like a quiet breeze.

I notice it.

I let it stay
for a moment.

And then I let it go.

Perhaps healing
doesn't always look
like forgetting.

Sometimes it looks like
remembering something
without letting it
ruin your day.

The Weight of Yesterday

Some memories
don't hurt loudly.

They simply sit there—
quietly,

like a weight
you forgot you were carrying.

You try to move forward
but your mind keeps reaching backward.

You make plans
but yesterday keeps interrupting.

And you wonder,

"Why can't I just move on?"

Maybe because healing
isn't a race.

You don't have to run
from your past.

You only have to learn
that it doesn't get
to decide your direction.

One step at a time.

Even a small step
is still forward.

Dear Reader, Check on Yourself

Dear reader,

I know you're busy
keeping everyone else okay.

You ask,

"Are you alright?"

You listen to everyone's problems.

You remember everyone's birthdays.

You notice when someone
becomes quieter.

But when was the last time
you asked yourself—

"How am I doing?"

Not the automatic
"I'm fine."

The real answer.

Are you tired?

Are you lonely?

Are you happy?

Are you becoming
the person you want to be?

The world can wait
for a little while.

Sit with yourself.

Listen to your own heart.

You spend so much time
making sure everyone else
feels loved.

Please don't forget
to include yourself.

Some Things Are Hidden for a Reason

Sometimes we look for answers
in places we cannot reach.

We search the sky,
the silence,
the signs,

hoping something
will finally tell us
what we need to know.

But not everything
is meant to be revealed
at the moment we ask.

Some things remain hidden
until we're ready
to understand them.

So tonight,

look at the stars—

not to find an answer,

but simply to remember
how beautiful it is
to not know everything.

The Smile Nobody Questions

I look calm.

I answer,
"I'm fine."

I laugh at the right moments.

I show up.

I do everything
I'm supposed to do.

And yet,

there are nights
when my own thoughts
become too loud.

Maybe that's the problem
with looking okay—

people stop asking.

So if you're reading this
while pretending everything
is under control,

please know:

you don't have to perform
your strength every day.

It's okay to say,

"I'm not okay today."

You don't become weak
by admitting
that something hurts.

Not Everything That Looks Right Is Right

Sometimes everything
looks perfect from outside.

The timing seems right.

The people seem right.

The opportunity seems right.

Yet something inside you
quietly says,

"No."

We often ignore that voice
because we want things
to work.

But not everything
that looks good
belongs in your life.

Learn to listen
when your peace disappears.

Your intuition doesn't always
speak loudly.

Sometimes it is simply
the uncomfortable feeling
you keep trying to explain away.

Everyone Carries Something

Pain doesn't ask
who you are.

Struggle doesn't check
your age.

Trauma doesn't wait
for the perfect moment.

Everyone carries something
you may never see.

The person who looks strong
may be exhausted.

The one who keeps smiling
may be struggling.

The quiet one
may be fighting battles
they don't know
how to explain.

So be gentle.

Not everyone needs
your advice.

Sometimes understanding
begins with simply saying,

"I don't know what you're going through,
but I'm here."

We don't need
to experience the same pain
to offer someone
a little kindness.

Some People Are Chapters

Some people enter your life
and change something in you.

Maybe they teach you patience.

Maybe courage.

Maybe boundaries.

Maybe they simply show you
a version of yourself
you hadn't met before.

And even if their chapter
doesn't last forever,
the lesson can.

That's the beautiful thing
about human connections—
not everyone is meant
to stay until the last page.

Some people arrive
to help shape the story.

And when their chapter ends,
you keep writing.

A little wiser.

A little stronger.

A little more yourself.

I Know What I Gave

I don't fear
what life gives back to me.

I know what I gave.

I showed up
when I could have walked away.

I cared
even when no one asked me to.

I prayed for things
I couldn't control
and kept believing
when everything felt uncertain.

Maybe not everything
will return to me.

But that doesn't make
my kindness foolish.

I don't regret
having a good heart.

I only know now
that being kind
doesn't mean
forgetting yourself.

You can give with love

and still know
when it's time
to give yourself
the same love.

Some Answers Are Silence

I carried questions
for so long.

Why?

What if?

What did I miss?

I kept looking
for an explanation
that might finally
quiet my mind.

But sometimes
silence is an answer too.

Not the answer
we wanted,

but the one
that tells us
to stop searching.

Maybe closure
isn't something
someone else gives you.

Maybe it's the moment
you decide
you've asked enough questions.

And you finally
let yourself rest.

When the World Feels Colourless

There are moments
when everything around you
looks perfectly normal,

yet somehow
nothing feels beautiful.

The music plays.

The sky changes colours.

People laugh.

Life continues.

And you wonder
why your heart
isn't participating.

Don't be afraid
of those days.

You haven't lost
your ability to feel.

You're simply tired.

Sometimes the colours
don't disappear forever.

Sometimes your eyes
just need a little rest
before they can see them again.

The Search for Somewhere to Belong

I spent so long
looking for somewhere
I could finally belong.

A place.

A person.

A feeling
that said,

"You don't have to
keep searching anymore."

But perhaps belonging
was never supposed
to be something
I found outside myself.

Maybe home
is the version of me
I keep returning to.

The quiet mornings.

The things I love.

The dreams I almost abandoned.

Maybe I wasn't a lost soul.

Maybe I was simply
still learning
how to come home
to myself.

When You've Cried Enough

There comes a moment
when even tears
feel tired.

You've cried.

You've thought.

You've replayed everything
a hundred different ways.

And suddenly
there's nothing left
to explain.

So you sit quietly
and breathe.

Not because
everything is okay,

but because
you finally understand—

you cannot heal
by hurting yourself
over the same thing
every night.

Let the tears dry.

Drink some water.

Open the window.

Tomorrow doesn't need
a perfect version of you.

It only needs you
to keep going.

Not Everything Beautiful Stays

Some moments
arrive quietly
and feel almost magical.

You think,
"Maybe this is it."

Maybe this is
the beginning
of something beautiful.

But not everything beautiful
is meant to last forever.

Some moments
are simply meant
to remind us
that we can still feel.

And when they end,
we don't have to call them
a mistake.

We can be grateful
they happened.

Then keep walking.

You Don't Need Every Answer

I waited for an answer
that never came.

At first,
I thought the answer
would make everything easier.

Then I realised—
maybe I don't need it.

Not every question
needs another person's response.

Sometimes you have to
close the conversation
yourself.

Not because
you stopped caring,

but because
you finally started
caring about your peace.

Some doors close
without explanation.

You are still allowed
to walk away.

When Nothing Feels Big Enough

There are days
when the things
you usually love
feel strangely small.

Your favourite song
doesn't help.

The sky doesn't excite you.

Even the things
you once dreamed about
feel far away.

Don't panic.

A tired mind
can make a beautiful life
look empty.

You don't have to
force yourself
to feel grateful.

Just stay.

Eat something.

Rest.

Breathe.

Let today be small.

You don't have to
find meaning in everything
all at once.

Letting Go Quietly

For a long time
I thought holding on
meant being strong.

But sometimes
the strongest thing
you can do
is loosen your grip.

Not because
you stopped caring,

but because
you finally realised
that some things
are hurting you
more than they're helping you.

So I stepped back.

No dramatic ending.

No explanation.

Just distance.

And slowly,

I learned that letting go
doesn't always feel like freedom
on the first day.

Sometimes freedom
arrives quietly—

after you stop looking back.

I Miss My Peace

I wasn't always this restless.

There was a time
when silence felt peaceful
instead of frightening.

I could sit alone
without my mind
creating a thousand problems.

Now every quiet moment
comes with a question.

What if?

What next?

What if everything
goes wrong?

Maybe I don't need
all the answers tonight.

Maybe I need sleep.

Maybe I need
to put my phone away,
close my eyes
and remind myself—

not everything
needs to be solved
before morning.

Don't Lose Yourself in Someone Else's World

Sometimes we make
one person
the centre of everything.

We stop noticing
our own life.

Our friends become distant.

Our hobbies disappear.

Our dreams get quieter.

And when that person
is no longer at the centre,
we don't just miss them—
we don't recognise ourselves.

That's when you have to
begin again.

Call your friends.

Go outside.

Read the book
you abandoned.

Return to your dreams.

Build a life

that doesn't depend
on one person's presence.

Because no matter
how much someone means to you,

you should never have to
lose yourself
to keep them.

What We Leave Behind

Some chapters end
but don't disappear completely.

A few memories remain.

A few lessons.

A few sentences
we wish we'd said differently.

Not everything from the past
needs to be carried forward.

Some things can simply become
part of the person
you are today.

A scar doesn't mean
the wound is still open.

Sometimes it simply means—
you survived something
that once hurt.

Between What I Know and What I Feel

There are moments
when your heart believes something
your mind cannot prove.

You feel close
to an idea,
a dream,
a possibility—
and then doubt arrives.

Was it real?

Did I imagine it?

Was I seeing what existed
or what I wanted to exist?

Maybe we don't always need
to solve the mystery.

Sometimes uncertainty
is simply uncertainty.

You can acknowledge
what you felt
without turning it
into a fact.

Not everything
your heart imagines
is a promise.

And that's okay.

The Things We Never Had

Isn't it strange?

Sometimes we miss
things that never happened.

A life we imagined.

A version of ourselves
we thought we'd become.

A dream that never
made it past our thoughts.

We mourn possibilities
as if they were memories.

But perhaps
we need to remind ourselves—

an unrealised future
is not a failed life.

There are still
so many chapters
you haven't lived.

Don't spend forever
grieving a story
you haven't even finished writing.

Scars Don't Mean Go Back

A difficult chapter
can end,
and still leave a mark.

A place can become
a memory.

A lesson can remain
long after the pain is gone.

But just because
something left a scar
doesn't mean
you have to return to it.

Sometimes the scar
is simply your reminder—

I have already survived this.

So when your past
knocks on your mind again,
don't confuse familiarity
with belonging.

You can remember
where you came from
without walking back there.

Choose Yourself Before You Lose Yourself

Sometimes we become
so busy thinking about others
that our own heart
becomes a stranger.

We chase people.

We wait for replies.

We wonder what they think.

We keep showing up
where we aren't being met.

And slowly,
the people who genuinely care
begin to feel distant,
our dreams become quieter,
and our own life
starts happening without us.

Then one day
we need someone
to hold us together,

only to realise
we've spent so long
looking outside ourselves
that we forgot

we could be our own shelter.

Maybe choosing yourself
isn't selfish.

Maybe it's necessary.

Maybe sometimes
the person you've been searching for
is the person
you've been abandoning—
yourself.

When Love Becomes Losing Yourself

What is love?

Maybe it's caring deeply.

Wanting someone to be happy.

Remembering the little things.

Feeling joy when they smile
and concern when they're hurting.

But perhaps love
has another lesson too—

you should be able
to love someone
without disappearing inside them.

Because there is a difference
between saying,

"You matter to me,"

and forgetting to say,

"I matter too."

Don't make someone
the centre of every thought,
every dream,
every reason to breathe.

Love can be deep

without becoming dependence.

It can be beautiful
without becoming self-abandonment.

And perhaps
the healthiest kind of love
isn't losing yourself
in another soul—

it's finding a way
for two whole people
to stand beside each other
without either one
becoming smaller.

Some Seasons Stay With Us

I love winter.

Not because
of the cold,

but because some seasons
carry memories
we never forget.

The smell of December.

Warm hands around a cup.

A quiet evening.

The sound of wind
outside the window.

Funny how a season
can become a feeling.

But memories don't have
to keep us stuck in the past.

Sometimes we can remember
a beautiful time
and still create
new beautiful times.

Every winter
doesn't have to repeat
the same story.

Some seasons
return only to remind us—
we have changed.

And perhaps
that's beautiful too.

Love Shouldn't Cost Your Whole Self

People often say
a relationship needs
equal effort.

And yes,
two people should
show up for each other.

But sometimes
we give more
because someone is struggling.

We stay patient.

We carry a little extra.

We choose kindness
when leaving would be easier.

There is something beautiful
about giving wholeheartedly.

But remember—

love should not require
you to destroy yourself
to prove that you care.

You can be someone's reason
to keep going
without becoming

their entire world.

You can give deeply
and still keep something
for yourself.

Because love is not measured
by how much of yourself
you can sacrifice.

Sometimes the rarest love
is the one that says,

"I'll stand beside you,
but I won't abandon myself
to do it."

To Be Understood

Sometimes we don't need advice.

We don't need solutions.

We don't even need someone
to make the problem disappear.

We simply want someone
to sit beside us
and understand
why it hurts.

Because there is a certain kind
of loneliness
in being surrounded by people
who hear your words
but never understand
what lives between them.

And sometimes,

being understood
is its own kind of healing.

Life Is More Precious Than We Think

There are moments
when life reminds you
how fragile it really is.

A hospital room.

A quiet ceiling.

The sound of machines.

And suddenly
all the things
you thought mattered
become so small.

You realise
there are people
who would break quietly
if you weren't here.

People who love you
in ways you don't always notice.

Maybe we should remember this
before life has to remind us—
you matter.

Not because
you achieved something.

Not because

you made everyone proud.

Simply because
you are here.

And there are hearts
that would never be the same
without you.

Who Holds the Healer?

Who takes care
of the person
who takes care of everyone?
The one who always says,
"Tell me what's wrong."
The one who stays up
listening to other people's problems.
The one who knows
how to comfort everyone
but somehow never knows
how to comfort themselves.
Maybe even the strong
need somewhere to fall.
So if you're always
the person holding everyone together,
please remember—
you are allowed
to be held too.
You don't have to be
the safe place
for everyone
every single day.
Sometimes
you can simply be human.

I Chose Myself

Sometimes nobody
has to push you away.
They simply stop
making space for you.
And eventually
you understand.
Not everything
needs a dramatic ending.
Sometimes you leave quietly,
not because you stopped caring,
but because staying
has started costing
too much of yourself.
There is courage
in walking away
from places where
you keep wondering
if you belong.
So I left.
Not with anger.
Not with revenge.
Just with one promise
to myself—
I will never again
beg for a place
in a life where
my presence feels optional.

The Heart Knows How to Breathe Again

Life can be confusing.
One day you feel
like you understand everything.
The next day
you're questioning
every decision you've made.
But somehow,
between all the confusion,
the heart keeps going.
You laugh unexpectedly.
A song makes you smile.
The sunlight falls
through your window
at exactly the right moment.
And for a few seconds,
you forget
what was hurting.
Maybe healing
doesn't arrive
as one big miracle.
Maybe it comes
in tiny moments
when you realise—
I smiled today.
And sometimes
that's enough
for a beginning.

Learn to Rebuild

If you fall apart,
don't convince yourself
that you're finished.

Broken things
are not worthless.

They simply need
to be rebuilt differently.

Gather yourself
slowly.

One piece at a time.

Your confidence.

Your dreams.

Your laughter.

Your ability to trust
your own decisions.

The world may only see
what broke.

But you will know
how much strength
it took to rebuild.

And one day,

you'll look at yourself
and realise—

you didn't become
the person you were before.

You became someone
who knows how to survive
the storm.

Small Things Matter

You don't always realise
what your kindness does.

A message at the right time.

A smile.

Remembering someone's favourite thing.

Asking,

"Did you get home safely?"

Small gestures
can become enormous
inside someone else's heart.

So never think
your kindness is insignificant
just because it looks small
to you.

You may have no idea
how many difficult days
someone survived
because you made
one of them
a little softer.

What People Don't See

People often see
the version of you
that survived.

They don't see
the version that struggled.

They don't know
how many nights
you spent trying
to put yourself back together.

They see you laughing now
and assume
you've always been okay.

But healing
doesn't erase history.

It simply teaches you
how to carry it differently.

So don't let anyone
make you feel ashamed
of the parts of yourself
you had to fight
to protect.

You survived
what they never saw.

That matters.

Not Every Connection Needs a Name

Not every connection
needs a label.

Sometimes two people
simply understand each other
in a way that's difficult
to explain.

No promises.

No definitions.

Just conversations
that feel easy
and a quiet comfort
in knowing
someone understands.

Maybe we're too obsessed
with naming everything.

Friendship.

Love.

Attachment.

Distance.

Perhaps some connections
are beautiful precisely because

they don't need a name.

They simply exist.

And sometimes
that's enough.

From Me, to Me

I used to think
everything around me
carried someone else's meaning.

A colour.

A song.

A room.

A season.

A memory.

But one day
I looked around
and realised—

these things belong
to me too.

The walls aren't memories anymore.

They're mine.

The colours are mine.

The quiet evenings are mine.

And the person
standing in this room
is no longer trying
to become enough

for someone else.

She is simply becoming
herself.

Maybe that's what healing is—

not erasing the past,

but taking your life back
from everything
that once defined it.

From us

back to

me.

When You're Carrying Too Much

Sometimes one person
can become the centre
of every thought.

Their problems
become your problems.

Their silence
changes your mood.

Their happiness
decides whether
your day feels good.

And somewhere along the way
you stop noticing
that you're exhausted.

Caring is beautiful.

But carrying everyone
on your shoulders
will eventually make
your own heart tired.

You can love people deeply
without making
their entire life
your responsibility.

Some things
belong to them.

Some things
belong to you.

Learn the difference.

When You Stop Forcing It

I kept trying
to make something work
simply because
I wanted it to mean something.

I held conversations
that had already become quiet.

I kept searching
for meaning
where there was only uncertainty.

Until one day
I became tired.

Not angry.

Not bitter.

Just tired.

So I stopped forcing
what couldn't naturally exist.

And strangely,
nothing shattered.

The world continued.

The sky still changed colours.

Morning still arrived.

And I realised—

sometimes letting go
doesn't destroy your world.

It gives you space
to build a better one.

The Question I Couldn't Answer

Sometimes someone enters your life
and makes you question
parts of yourself
you had never examined.

Not because
they have all the answers,
but because their presence
makes you ask better questions.

Who am I
when nobody is watching?

What do I actually want?

Why do I keep
accepting things
that make me unhappy?

Maybe some people
aren't answers.

Maybe they're mirrors.

And perhaps
the most important question
they leave behind is—

Who do I want to become
after this?

People Are Not Disposable

We live in a world
where everything feels replaceable.

A broken phone?

Buy another.

An old dress?

Throw it away.

Something stops being convenient?

Find a replacement.

But people aren't products.

They have memories.

They have fears.

They have nights
you know nothing about.

You can't treat a heart
like something temporary
and expect it to feel nothing.

So before you walk away
from someone's life,

remember—

you may forget

what you said,

but they may remember
how you made them feel
for a very long time.

Be gentle
with what is alive.

We Protect Things, But Forget People

We carefully wrap gifts.

Keep photographs safe.

Store old letters.

Protect things
because they hold memories.

But sometimes
we forget to protect
the people who gave
those memories meaning.

We remember objects
because they are tangible.

But hearts need care too.

A person who loves you
is not something
you should appreciate
only after they're gone.

Tell people
they matter
while they're still there.

Don't wait for absence
to teach you gratitude.

Moving Forward Doesn't Mean Forgetting

People don't always forget.

Sometimes they simply learn
how to remember differently.

A memory can stay
without controlling your life.

You can think about the past
and still choose tomorrow.

You can miss what was
without wanting it back.

You can carry a lesson
without carrying the pain.

Moving forward
doesn't require
erasing everything behind you.

It simply means
the past is no longer
deciding where you go next.

Yes, I Overthink

Yes, I'm an overthinker.

I notice the pause
before someone's answer.

The change in their voice.

The "I'm fine"
that doesn't sound fine.

I remember little things
people casually mention
and wonder if they're okay.

Maybe sometimes
I think too much.

Maybe sometimes
I care too deeply.

But I've also learned
that caring for people
doesn't mean carrying
every emotion they feel.

I can ask,

"Are you okay?"

without becoming
responsible for fixing everything.

I can love people
without absorbing
every storm they face.

So yes,

I'm an overthinker.

But I'm learning
to turn that sensitivity
into awareness—

without turning it
into exhaustion.

Never Make Yourself a Secret

There is a difference
between privacy
and feeling hidden.

Privacy says,

"This is ours
to protect."

Hiding says,

"I don't want anyone
to know you exist."

And you should know
the difference.

You shouldn't have to
shrink your happiness
to fit into someone's secrecy.

You shouldn't have to
wonder what you mean
to someone
because they refuse
to acknowledge you.

The right connection
doesn't make you feel
like something
that needs to be hidden.

You deserve
to exist openly
in the lives
that truly value you.

Water What Matters

Flowers don't always die
because they were weak.

Sometimes
they simply weren't watered.

People can be like that too.

Some relationships
don't need a replacement.

They need communication.

Patience.

An honest conversation.

A little more effort.

We live in a world
that teaches us
to replace things
the moment they become difficult.

But not everything difficult
is broken.

Some things
are simply asking
to be cared for.

Before you walk away,

ask yourself—

Does this need to end,

or does it need
to be understood?

Healing Without Erasing

I used to think
healing meant
one day remembering nothing.

No ache.

No memories.

No trace of what
once mattered.

But maybe that's not healing.

Maybe healing
is remembering
without reopening the wound.

The scar can remain.

The lesson can remain.

Even the memory can remain.

What changes
is the power it has over you.

One day
you'll remember
and simply think,

"That was a part of my story."

Not your whole story.

Not your identity.

Just a chapter
that taught you something
and then let you go.

Healing doesn't erase
what changed you.

It simply makes sure
it doesn't stop you
from becoming
who you are meant to be.

The Art of Letting Go

Sometimes the kindest thing
you can do for yourself
is loosen your grip.

On an old mistake.

An old version of yourself.

A dream that no longer fits.

A belief that keeps
making you smaller.

We hold on
because we are afraid
that releasing something
means it never mattered.

But it did matter.

And it can still be over.

Healing isn't always
about forgetting.

Sometimes it is simply saying,

"This was part of me,
but it doesn't have to
follow me anymore."

Letting go isn't giving up.

Sometimes it's
finally choosing peace.

Rebuild Yourself Gently

There are days
when you don't recognise yourself.

Your confidence feels distant.

Your thoughts feel scattered.

Even the smallest things
feel heavier than they should.

And you wonder,

"How am I supposed
to put myself back together?"

Maybe you don't have to
do it all today.

Gather one piece at a time.

Sleep.

Breathe.

Start again.

Forgive yourself.

Try tomorrow.

You don't have to rebuild
the entire house
while you're still standing

inside the ruins.

Sometimes becoming stronger
begins with simply
being gentle enough
to survive the day.

And one day,
you'll realise
the person you rebuilt
wasn't broken after all—
she was becoming.

Choose Kindness Over Perfection

We spend so much time
searching for perfect people.

Perfect faces.

Perfect lives.

Perfect relationships.

As if perfection
could guarantee happiness.

But give me someone kind.

Someone who listens.

Someone who knows
how to apologise.

Someone who doesn't make
your difficult days
feel like a burden.

Someone who lets you
be human.

And if you ever find
that kind of person,

don't just ask them
to love you well.

Learn to love them well too.

Because the most beautiful
relationships aren't built
by perfect people.

They're built
by two imperfect people
who keep choosing
kindness.

The Sky Didn't Answer

Some nights
I sit beneath the sky
with more questions
than words.

Why does life feel
so heavy sometimes?

Why does everyone
seem to know
where they're going
except me?

Why does loneliness
feel louder at night?

The stars never answer.

They simply remain.

And somehow
that is enough.

Because perhaps
I don't need every answer
tonight.

Perhaps I only need
to remember—

the sky can be dark

and still hold stars.

My life can feel uncertain
and still hold hope.

Maybe I don't have
to understand everything
to keep going.

Not Every Argument Means the End

Sometimes we argue
because we care.

Because something matters.

Because we are afraid
of being misunderstood.

But love shouldn't turn
every disagreement
into a battlefield.

Not every argument
needs a winner.

Sometimes you need
to lower your voice
and listen.

Sometimes you need
to say,

"I understand
why you felt that way."

And sometimes
you need to realise
that being heard
is more important
than being right.

Healthy connections
aren't the ones
that never disagree.

They're the ones
that know how to return
to kindness afterward.

Some Things Must Be Released

There are moments
when you know
you cannot keep reaching
for what has already
moved beyond you.

So you stop.

Not because
you suddenly stopped caring,

but because
you understand
that holding on
cannot change the direction
of someone's life.

Some endings
don't need another attempt.

Some doors
don't need another knock.

Sometimes love means
wishing someone well
and continuing
with your own life.

You can carry the memory
without carrying the weight.

And eventually,
what once felt impossible
to release
becomes simply
part of the past.

Come Back to Your Own Life

Take care of yourself now.

There are responsibilities
you've postponed.

Dreams you've neglected.

Parts of yourself
you've left waiting.

You kept saying,

"Later."

After this.

After everyone is okay.

After everything is fixed.

But life doesn't always
become perfectly quiet
before you get to live it.

So come back.

Return to your routine.

Return to your dreams.

Return to the things
that make you feel alive.

You can care for people

without disappearing into
their needs.

You can carry responsibility
without carrying
the whole world.

Your life deserves
your attention too.

After Loneliness

When people leave,
the silence they leave behind
can feel enormous.

You notice empty spaces.

Quiet rooms.

Conversations
that no longer happen.

And for a while
you wonder
how you're supposed
to live with all that space.

But slowly,
you begin filling it
with yourself.

A new routine.

A new dream.

A new friendship.

A walk beneath the evening sky.

A little laughter.

A little peace.

And one day
you realise—

the empty space
didn't remain empty.

It became room
for a different life.

A softer one.

One where you no longer
feel temporary
in your own story.

Stop Proving Your Worth

What do you gain
by explaining yourself
to someone
who has already decided
not to listen?

How many times
will you repeat your heart
before you understand
that being misunderstood
is not always your failure?

You don't have to
prove that you're kind.

You don't have to
prove that you cared.

You don't have to
keep making yourself smaller
just so someone else
can finally recognise
your value.

Let them misunderstand.

Let them have
their version of the story.

You know who you are.

And sometimes
self-respect sounds like—

"I don't need
to convince you anymore."

Remember Me Too

Sometimes I sit quietly
before God
with nothing left to ask.

No long list of wishes.

No carefully chosen words.

Just silence.

And perhaps
that silence has taught me
something my prayers
never could.

I spent so much time
asking for happiness
for everyone else.

May they be safe.

May they heal.

May their lives become easier.

May their hearts
never have to hurt.

And somewhere between
all those prayers,

I forgot one person.

Me.

So perhaps today
my prayer can be simple:

God,

take care of them.

But while you're doing that,

please remember me too.

Give me the strength
to carry what is mine.

Give me peace
where I keep searching for answers.

And teach me
to care for my own heart
with the same tenderness
I've always given
to everyone else.

Because It Mattered

I complained
because I cared.

I asked questions
because something mattered.

I wanted to be understood
because I had something
worth protecting.

But perhaps we forget—

not every disagreement
is hatred,

and not every complaint
is negativity.

Sometimes we speak up
because we don't want
something meaningful
to quietly disappear.

But caring has another lesson too:

you can communicate
without exhausting yourself.

You can care
without constantly fighting
to be heard.

And when something
keeps hurting you,

you are allowed
to choose peace
over another explanation.

Some Things Cannot Be Replaced

People often say,

"If this doesn't work,
something better will come."

Maybe.

But hearts don't work
like empty spaces
waiting to be filled.

Some people leave behind
lessons.

Some leave memories.

Some leave a version of us
we never knew existed.

And some connections
simply become part
of our story.

That doesn't mean
we have to spend forever
looking backward.

It means we can honour
what mattered
without letting it stop
what comes next.

You don't have to replace
what you've lost.

You only have to
keep living.

Keep growing.

Keep becoming.

Because moving forward
isn't betrayal
of what once mattered.

It's proof
that you survived it.

When Trust Feels Dangerous

Some people want to trust again
but their heart remembers
what their mind wishes
it could forget.

They hesitate.

They overthink.

They question kindness.

They search for hidden meanings
even in gentle words.

And perhaps
we should stop calling them difficult.

Maybe they are simply
trying to protect
a part of themselves
that was once hurt.

Fear is not always weakness.

Sometimes it is evidence
that someone has survived
something they never
wanted to repeat.

But healing begins
when protection

slowly becomes balance.

You don't have to
trust everyone.

You don't have to
open every door.

Just don't let
one painful chapter
convince you
that every future page
will hurt the same way.

There are still
honest people.

There are still
safe places.

There is still
a version of you
that can learn
to trust yourself first.

And perhaps
that is where
real healing begins.

Sometimes, Be the One Who Holds Yourself

Sometimes,
you don't need to be strong.

You just need to stop
for a moment.

Put down everything
you've been carrying.

The expectations.

The pressure.

The things you never said.

The battles nobody saw.

Be gentle with yourself
for once.

Rest without feeling guilty.

Cry without calling yourself weak.

Take a breath
without worrying about tomorrow.

The world may not always notice
how hard you're trying.

So become your own safe place.

And remember—

even the strongest people
sometimes need someone to hold them.

Sometimes,
that someone
can be you.

The Courage to Stay Soft

Sometimes we are so kind
that even after being hurt
we search for our own mistake.

We wonder,

"Was I too trusting?"

"Did I care too much?"

"Should I have been different?"

No.

Kindness was never
the mistake.

Loving sincerely
was never something
to be ashamed of.

The world may teach you
to become harder
after you've been hurt.

But you don't have to
lose your softness
to become stronger.

You can learn boundaries
without losing compassion.

You can become wiser
without becoming cold.

Because staying gentle
after life gives you reasons
not to be—

that is strength too.

Some Goodbyes Make Room

Not every ending
is a punishment.

Sometimes something leaves
because your life
has outgrown it.

We hold on
because we're afraid
that letting go
means losing something valuable.

But sometimes
the space created by an ending
is exactly what we needed.

New people.

New dreams.

New versions of ourselves.

A goodbye can hurt
and still be good for you.

So don't measure an ending
only by the pain it caused.

Sometimes the door closing
is simply life whispering—
there is another way forward.

Look at Yourself Again

Stand in front of a mirror
and look a little longer.

Not at your skin.

Not at your flaws.

Not at the things
you wish you could change.

Look at the person
behind the reflection.

The one who kept going
when nobody knew
how difficult it was.

The one who smiled
while carrying things
they couldn't explain.

The one who is still here.

Maybe you've been
too busy becoming
what everyone else expects
to notice who you already are.

So look again.

And this time say,

"I deserve good things too."

Believe it slowly.

But believe it.

Let Your Tears Teach You

I hope your tears
never make you ashamed
of your softness.

I hope every difficult night
teaches you something
gentle about yourself.

That you are stronger
than you thought.

That asking for help
isn't weakness.

That resting
isn't failure.

That beginning again
isn't going backward.

One day you'll look back
at the moments
you thought would destroy you
and realise—

they taught you
how to hold yourself
more carefully.

Your tears weren't proof
that you were weak.

They were proof
that you were human.

And somehow,
you kept blooming
through all that rain.

Trust Is a Quiet Responsibility

Trust doesn't appear
all at once.

It grows quietly—
through consistency,
through honesty,
through the little promises
people keep
when nobody is watching.

And because it takes so long
to build,
handle it gently.

If someone trusts you
with their fears,
don't turn them
into weapons.

If someone tells you
something vulnerable,
don't make their honesty
a story for someone else.

People may forgive
what you did,

but they may never forget
how unsafe they felt
after trusting you.

So be careful
with people's hearts.

Some things
are too precious
to treat carelessly.

You Don't Have to Be Like Everyone Else

Stop measuring yourself
against people
whose lives you only see
from the outside.

You don't know
their struggles.

They don't know
yours.

Your timeline
doesn't have to match theirs.

Your dreams
don't have to look familiar.

Your personality
doesn't need approval
from a crowd.

You were never created
to be a copy.

So take your time.

Grow differently.

Dream differently.

Be different.

The world already has
enough people trying
to become someone else.

It needs people
brave enough
to become themselves.

Don't Let Pain Teach You Cruelty

Someone hurting you
doesn't give you permission
to become hurtful.

You don't have to
return every wound.

You don't have to
become cold
because someone
treated you carelessly.

Learn from what happened.

Set better boundaries.

Become wiser.

But don't let someone else's
darkness rewrite
your character.

There is a quiet victory
in saying,

"What happened to me
will not decide
who I become."

You can protect your heart
without poisoning it.

You can become stronger
without becoming cruel.

Before You Judge a Soul

We are quick
to call people good
or bad.

But people are rarely
that simple.

Everyone carries
a history you cannot see.

A childhood.

A fear.

A wound.

A belief.

A reason behind
the way they react.

This doesn't excuse
harmful behaviour.

But understanding
is different from excusing.

So before you decide
who someone is,

leave a little room
for a story

you haven't heard yet.

Sometimes changing
the way you look
at someone

changes everything
you thought you knew
about them.

Be the Kindness You Believe In

Be kind.

Not because
everyone will deserve it.

Not because
everyone will return it.

But because kindness
is part of the person
you choose to be.

Still—
kindness needs boundaries.

You don't have to
keep giving
where you're constantly
being emptied.

Choose people
who respect your softness.

Give your love
where it can grow.

Protect your peace
without becoming bitter.

And never let
someone else's inability

to value your goodness
convince you
that goodness isn't valuable.

Be kind.

Just don't forget
to be kind to yourself too.

Maybe Life Isn't the Problem

Sometimes life feels
far more complicated
than it actually is.

We add expectations.

Assumptions.

Fear.

Other people's opinions.

Old experiences.

Then we carry all of it
into tomorrow
and wonder why
tomorrow feels heavy.

Maybe not every problem
needs to be solved.

Maybe some things
need to be released.

Not every opinion
deserves your attention.

Not every misunderstanding
needs an explanation.

Not every burden

belongs on your shoulders.

Sometimes peace begins
when you stop carrying
what was never yours.

You've Carried Enough

You have already survived
things you never thought
you would.

So don't confuse
endurance with obligation.

You don't have to stay
where you're constantly
being hurt
just because you've already
invested so much.

You don't need another scar
to prove that you're strong.

You don't need to suffer
to prove that you care.

Choose places
where your heart can breathe.

Choose people
who don't make you
question your worth.

You've carried enough.

You are allowed
to put something down.

Come Home to Yourself

You spend so much time
learning other people.

Their moods.

Their needs.

Their stories.

Their expectations.

But when was the last time
you sat quietly
and asked yourself,

"What do I need?"

Maybe it's time
to know yourself
as deeply
as you've tried
to know everyone else.

Learn what brings you peace.

Learn what drains you.

Learn what you want.

Learn what you will
no longer accept.

Because the longest relationship

you will ever have
is the one with yourself.

So come home.

Not to a place.

To you.

The People Who Add Colour

Some people leave you
feeling smaller.

You begin questioning
your worth.

Your laughter becomes quieter.

Your dreams become cautious.

And then there are people
who make life feel lighter.

They don't fix you.

They don't complete you.

They simply remind you
that you are allowed
to laugh again.

To dream again.

To be yourself
without constantly
looking over your shoulder.

Keep people like that
close.

Not because you need them
to become whole,

but because life is beautiful
when the people around you
make it easier
to be yourself.

Look Beneath the Surface

People are deeper
than first impressions.

A quiet person
may have a thousand stories.

A confident person
may secretly doubt themselves.

Someone who laughs constantly
may be carrying
something heavy.

We see faces.

We hear words.

But we rarely see
the whole ocean
inside a person.

So be curious
before being judgmental.

Listen before assuming.

Ask before deciding.

Because sometimes
the most beautiful parts
of a person
are hidden beneath
the surface they learned
to show the world.

When Being With Someone Feels Like Home

The right person
doesn't make you
lose yourself.

They don't ask you
to become smaller.

They don't make you
choose between love
and your own identity.

With them,
you can be loud.

Quiet.

Confused.

Ambitious.

Soft.

Uncertain.

Still growing.

And somehow
you don't feel
like you have to perform
to be loved.

Maybe that's what

home feels like—

not a place
where you disappear,

but a place
where you finally feel
safe enough
to be completely yourself.

Needed Isn't the Same as Valued

Being needed
can feel like importance.

Someone calls you
when they need help.

They come to you
when they're struggling.

They remember you
when they have nowhere else
to go.

And you begin to think,
"I must matter to them."

But being useful
and being valued
are different things.

Ask yourself—

Do they care about me
when they need nothing?

Do they ask how I am?

Do they celebrate
my good days too?

Do they make space

for me?

You deserve more
than being someone's
emergency contact.

You deserve relationships
where your presence
is appreciated,
not simply your usefulness.

Maybe You're Not Behind

Sometimes
you look around
and it feels like everyone
has figured life out.

Someone is getting the job.
Someone is travelling.
Someone is falling in love.
Someone is becoming
exactly who they wanted to be.

And then there's you—
still trying to understand
what you want,
still changing your plans,
still figuring out
who you're becoming.

And I know,
sometimes you wonder
if you're falling behind.

But listen—

Maybe life was never a race.

Maybe some flowers
just need a little more time

to bloom.

Maybe some roads
take longer
because they're leading you
somewhere you can't see yet.

So if everyone seems
to be moving ahead
while you feel stuck,

breathe.

You are not behind.

You are not too late.

You're simply becoming
at your own pace.

And that's okay.

You don't have to
have everything figured out
just because everyone else
looks like they do.

Like the Ocean

Have you ever looked at the ocean
and wondered how much
it must be holding beneath the surface?

From far away,
It looks peaceful.

But underneath,
there are currents
moving in every direction.

Maybe people are like that too.

Some days
We are calm.

Some days
our thoughts become waves
We don't know how to be quiet.

Some days
we pull away from everyone
just to find ourselves again.

And that's okay.

The ocean doesn't apologize
for having storms.

It doesn't stop being beautiful
because its waves are loud.

So why should you?

You are allowed
to have difficult days.

You are allowed
to feel too much.

You are allowed
to be both—

the calm
and the storm.

Just remember,
even the ocean
eventually finds its way
back to stillness.

I Find Home in Simple Things

I don't ask life for much.

Just a cup of chai
on a quiet evening,
a little rain outside my window,
and mountains somewhere far away.

I like long conversations—
the kind that begin with nothing
and somehow become memories.

I like people
who have a lot to say,
but still know how to listen.

Maybe I'm just simple like that.

I find happiness in little things—
a good song,
a beautiful sky,
a sudden laugh,
a peaceful evening,
or a moment
I don't feel the need to capture.

I get attached to things easily.

Not because I expect too much,
but because when something feels special,
I don't know how to treat it

like it never mattered.

I stay.

I care.

I remember.

Maybe that's what loyalty means to me—
giving the same warmth
even when nobody asks for it.

Maybe it's a little old-fashioned
to be this way in a world
that teaches us to let go so easily.

But I don't want to change that part of me.

Because somewhere between
chai and rain,
mountains and long conversations,
little laughs and quiet evenings,

I found something
I don't want much of the world to know—

I find my sukoon
in simple things.

The Final Page

And this is the final page.

Not of my life.

Not of my hope.

Just of the version of me
who kept looking backward
for answers.

I have carried
old conversations,

old questions,

old mistakes,

old versions of myself
for long enough.

Some things
never received closure.

Some questions
never found answers.

Some people
remained chapters
instead of becoming
the whole story.

And maybe that's okay.

Because life doesn't always
give us the ending
we imagined.

Sometimes
we have to write one
for ourselves.

So I close this chapter
without anger.

Without revenge.

Without needing
anyone to understand
why I finally chose peace.

I am grateful
for everything
that taught me something.

For the moments
that made me smile.

For the days
that made me stronger.

For the versions of myself
I had to outgrow.

And most of all,

I am grateful
that somewhere along
the way,

I found my way
back to me.

So if this is the end,
let it be a gentle one.

No bitterness.

No unfinished war.

Just a quiet promise
to myself—

whatever comes next,
I will not abandon myself
to keep a chapter alive.

The page turns.

And this time,

I turn with it.