

The Girl Who Felt Too Deeply

NISAR FATIMA



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Author's Note

I have always believed that those who feel deeply are not fragile—they are profoundly alive.

This collection was not written with the intention of creating poetry. It emerged as a necessity. These poems were born in moments when silence felt heavier than words, when emotions demanded a language of their own, and when my heart sought refuge in God, nature, and quiet conversations with the soul.

The Girl Who Felt Too Deeply is a gathering of thoughts, prayers, observations, and inner dialogues shaped over years. Some poems were written in joy, others in longing, loss, faith, healing, and gratitude. Many arrived unannounced during the moments of solitude, sleepless nights, moments of surrender, and moments of hope. I wrote them as one writes a breath, instinctively, honestly, without adornment.

My writing draws its strength from simple yet profound sources: divine faith, the wisdom of nature, the tenderness of relationships, and the resilience of the human spirit, especially the quiet strength of women. I do not write to impress, instruct, or persuade. I write to connect. To remind the reader that their emotions are valid, their wounds are seen, and their journey, however complex, is meaningful.

This book does not follow a singular narrative arc; instead, it highlights life itself—fluid, layered, and ever-evolving. Some poems will feel like a whisper, some like a prayer,

some like a pause, and others like a mirror. Read them in order or at random. Sit with them where they resonate. Let them find you where you are.

If these words offer comfort, clarity, or companionship even to one reader, then they have fulfilled their purpose.

This book is for the ones who feel too much, love deeply, believe fiercely, and continue to trust the unseen.

With gratitude,

Nisar Fatima

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**Part I –
The Garden Years (innocence, father-
love, first wounds)**

The garden full of roses

The garden full of roses
Pink, blue, and white
Singing with the wind

I stepped closer to them,
Mesmerized by their beauty,
Soaking in their presence.

But a thorn pricked my toe
In a pain, I caught a lily
Which was white as milk

My heart was filled with warmth from its love

It was none
But my papa.

Go Back In Time

How I wish every time
I could go back in time
And relive my childhood

My parents were the most
Beautiful couple in the world

My father was my superhero
How I felt nothing was impossible for him

My mother cooked
The most delicious food in the world

Her lap was the softest pillow
That caressed my chubby cheeks

How I used to run to my father
When he came home from work

Sometimes how I used to hide
Behind the door or under the cot

That one special song he sang for me
Still echoes in my mind
Meri maa tere Bachchae Kahan
Jahan bole wahan...

How I was unaware of the worldly affairs
Everyone around me was so angelic

How carelessly I moved around
Always protected by the love of my parents

How I wish every time
I could go back in time
And relive my childhood

Dewdrop

She is a dewdrop
Signifying the glory of thee
Her beauty alleviates the surrounding

Her gaze rays of the dawn
And her smile is the epitome of innocence
Yes, she is a dewdrop

Her love is so pure
And her heart so fragile
Yes, she is a dewdrop

Impurities of the world
Make her irresistible
Yes, she is a dewdrop.

A Bird

A bird full of sorrow
Sat in a hollow
Not having the desires
To sing and fly
High in the blue sky
Unknown to the fancies
Of the world around
With the tears
In the innocent eyes

But a day came
Like the spring in the garden
Spreading the fragrance everywhere
And a prince with
The smile on his lips
Came to her with
A heart full of love

She flew high
In the blue sky
With the wings of his love
Singing a song of adoration
Not caring about the world around
And praising the Lord
For the greatest gift
He had bestowed upon her.

**Part II –
Whispers of the Heart (first love,
longing, heartbreak)**

O Sweetheart

O Sweetheart
Come, let's delve into
The world of our dreams
Where we would be high on life

Where twinkling stars
Brighten our nights

And the moon is the chandelier
Of our castle so high

And the breeze spreading
The sweet fragrance of flowers in our life

Where all the worries resting
In the bed of the sea

Where every dawn the sun
Awakens us with the warmth

Where birds sing

To the tune of waves
And the trees swaying away

Where blessings are showered
In the form of rain

O Sweetheart
Come, let's delve into
The world of our dreams
Until it becomes a reality.

The Sparkle of His Eyes

My mind is in sync with my heart,
Taking one step at a time,
Synchronising with the rhythm of nature,
Cherishing every step forward.

Bearing a lantern of patience,
Its flame flickering softly,
Fed by the steady fuel of time,
Love and faith form its shield,
Guarding it from the wild storms —
Storms of doubt and despair.

I am wandering, seeking a twinkle,
A sparkle in his eyes, brighter
Than the morning sun,
Capturing the essence of my soul,
Melting my heart with a smile so pure.

As I draw nearer, nigher to it,
The storms of despair subside,
Life chuckled and said,
Keep going, for his eyes are your abode,
A haven you have long sought.

For the sparkle of his eyes,
Overshadowed the light of my humble lantern,

Submerging me in its tender warmth
It illuminated my soul, overpowering
Everything that once overwhelmed me

I merged into him
Creating a symphony so beautiful
That shaped our universe
Where I belonged and felt loved

My mind is in sync with my heart
Rejoicing the intertwining of souls
Eventually, I found a heart
That truly cherished mine.

Your Reneging

The Lord says, have patience

I will reward you,

I heard people say

Yes, patience pays off

I have been waiting for you

For years, and

During my wait, I nurtured

A garden full of flowers

In the hope that

They would celebrate our union

The winds would play music

In sync with the trees and waves

And the birds sing

But, now after years of waiting

I have to bury our love

In the deepest and darkest

Chambers of my heart

Flowers lying upon it

Petals scattered like broken promises

Feeling sorry, for the snag

And the surrounding melancholy

Your renegeing has shaken my world
Everything came to a standstill
Nonetheless, our love knocks often
From the deepest chambers of my heart
And asks, is he there?

One In a Billion (bittersweet irony)

My sweetheart
Is one in a billion
No one can love me
The way he does

He cares for me so much
That he needs the approval of others
To text me and find out
How am I doing...

My sweetheart
Loves me so much
That he needs the consent of people
To proclaim his love to me

His feelings for me
Are so strong that
He maintains his calm
When I go through turbulence

My sweetheart
For him, I am his world
Behind the closed doors
And in front of the world
I am a stranger

I love him to the core
Because I know my heart
It doesn't fall for anything ordinary
Yes, he is an extraordinary one

My sweetheart
Is one in a billion
No one can love me
The way he does

You Are My Coffee

You are my coffee
Your scent lingers in my senses
My heart keeps longing for you
In dawn's light, noon's warmth, evening's calm, and
night's embrace
My eyes adore your presence
I crave you sky-high,
When you are distant, my world feels adrift

You are my coffee, my eternity
A sip of you alleviates my problems
In moments of need, I seek your solace
My heart yearns and calls out to you vehemently
And the moments I spent in your company
Energize me and make me go high on life

You are my coffee
Addicted, I am, to your essence
In your absence, I falter
And your presence makes me feel alive

Like Sun Loves Moon

Your love for me...
It is like the sun's love for the moon.
Even when apart,
Its love radiates in the form of...
Moonlight during the nights.
By day, it envelops the moon in its arms.
And protects it with care.
Such is your love for me.

What Should One Do (eyes vs words)

What should one do
When someone's eyes
Say something.....
And their words are something else...
Is it their eyes...that speak
The desire of their heart and soul
Or their words that are chosen cautiously
That manipulate the true emotions
And hide the true feelings...
Tell me what one should do...
When someone's eyes
Say something....

Whisper Of My Heart

In the stillness of the night
I asked the moon
Is there someone
Who can love me
Even during the darkest moments
Like you accompany
The darkness of night
With a sparkle
It replied, YES

I asked the morning breeze.
Is there someone
Who can love me unconditionally
Like you touch every being
You come across with the warmth
It hugged me warmly
And replied, YES

I asked the chirpy sparrow.
Is there someone
Who can cross any barrier
To come to me when I am sad
To make me cheerful
With a peck on my cheek
It replied, YES

I asked the pearly strings of rain
Is there someone
Who can fondle my soul
Like you touch every core
And breathe new life into
With a gentle splash
It replied, YES

My mind gambling with my thoughts
And encouraging my curiosity
As I was lost in my thoughts
My heart whispered
It's YOU

Fire & Gold

He said, “I am a fire.

Those who come closer to me get burned.”

I say, “I am gold.

When I get closer to fire, I shine brighter.”

She, Libertine - He, Enigmatic

The thresholds of my cosmos
Are so ethereal....
Liberating me from the fetters
That ensnare....

The terra verde where all the
Sense flees....
The sole communion I share
Is with the thee....

A trespasser chanced upon
My reclusive world....
A detour that altered his course
So startling....

Now refuses to forsake the compass
Of my soul....
A timorous tenant who neither
Acknowledges nor disavows....

Part III – Nature Is My Older Sister (nature as teacher, healer, mirror)

Nomad For Life

I am a nomad for life.
In nature, I find the allies
And wandering never fails to delight

Gushing rivers remind me.
How unstoppable I can be
And have leeway to change my course

The gentle breeze reminds me.
How my compassion can
Help others stride

The blazing sun reminds me.
Of my immense power
That is encapsulated in me

Strong mountains remind me
Of my inner strength
That no storm can uproot me

The soothing moon reminds me

How my soul longs for calmness
Amidst the daily chaos

I am a nomad for life
In me, the whole of nature resides
And wandering never fails to delight

Nature Is My Muse

When I have nowhere to go

I go to nature

When my life is in a mess

Nature is my solace

I lie down in its lap

For it caresses and soothes me

And it acquaints me with cautionary tales

That uplifts me to the core

Change is the only constant

So, embrace all the life statuses

For what makes nature beautiful is

It hugs every season with grace

There is always light ahead

No matter how dark your life seems

For the sun rises after the night

Making everything come alive

The secret to happiness

Is giving without expectations

For bees make honey not just for themselves

But for whoever comes across it

Let not you be bitter at the harshness of others

As the flower leaves the hands fragrant
That crushes it mercilessly
For being true self outshines every other thing

When there is chaos around
And inside you, it settles down, be patient
Even a ferocious storm also calms down
For serenity overpowers the chaos

Be humble and do not look down on someone
Because time can turn against you
Making the sailor lose the pathway
For a wind can change its direction anytime

I woke up from the deep slumber
With a jerk, that shook me to the core
Embracing the certitudes of the world
As nature is my muse

My Home Is

My home is where I am...

The expansive blue sky is my roof.
The moon, a chandelier hanging so high...

The air, a wall unseen—
Clads me like my father's warm hug.
The melody of the river's flow, my mother's lullaby.

The trees and birds are the treasures
That graces the beauty of my abode.
My home, forever where I am.

I Do Not Know

I saw a cat and a dog entwined
Cooing soft in playful dance
Their warmth a fur wrapped reverie
Dozing in a shared embrace
I do not know the language
They were interacting in

I saw a herd of elephants striding
Across the bustling highway
Halting vehicles in their tracks
Their leader pauses...trunk raised
Offering thanks to those who wait
I do not know the language they shared

In the cool breezy morning
I harked koel sing and birds chirp
Creating a beautiful symphony
Making the leaves swing to their tune
I do not know the language
The birds were crooning in

A mosque's azan - dawns soulful call
A temple's kirtan - devotion's song
And church bells ringing clear and strong
Creating a magic in the air

Soothing the soul and glorifying the lord
I do not know the language of their convergence...

Languages create a pathway
Where the interaction of eyes
Sync in with the rhythm of heartbeat
I do not know the language of souls
And the one that pleases the eternal,
Weighs more before Him.

Leaves Make No Noise, Yet...

It's losing someone that's an ache
The one who stood by you
During the highs and lows
Now leaves you aghast and in pain
A silence that refuses to be still

Have you ever stopped to watch
A tree shed its leaves
That adorned it, jeweled it
No fanfare, no farewell,
Just a quiet letting go

Just as the ones who adored you
Leave you bare and vulnerable
And you stand still like a tree
A reminder of what's been lost and why
And what still waits to bloom.

In Dire Need of Empaths

My soul travelled the distant land.
And it travelled to the nearest land
It travelled across the places
To find the earth bleeding and scorched
For the atrocities she has been through
She murmured; we are in dire need of empaths and
empathy

She held me close
Her hands trembling with pain
She showed me the scars and wounds
She has been bearing for ages
And a loud cry that one could hear
She murmured; we are in dire need of empaths and
empathy

For the millions of flora uprooted
And the flowing aqua dumped with rubble
For the millions of birds and animals
They went astray and are vanishing gradually
The strong mountains levelled to the ground
And the humans went deaf to my screams
She murmured; we are in dire need of empaths and
empathy

She embraced me affectionately.
And said, where will you humans go
When I become all barren and toxic to live
I have been embracing you for centuries
And I am created for your sustenance
You, humans, are making me sick and lifeless
She murmured; we are in dire need of empaths and
empathy

You humans spend billions.
To find an abode on Mars and the planets alike
Where you are not promised one
Humans have a tendency; they
Appreciate the things that are out of their reach
And disregard that which belongs to them
She murmured; we are in dire need of empaths and
empathy

I am the home that was concocted for you
Come to me before it's too late
Convalesce me before nothing is left for you
Hold me tight while I am pulverising down slowly
Your actions are overburdening my soul tremendously
She murmured; we are in dire need of empaths and
empathy
Can you be the one!!!!!!

Queens Of The Different Worlds

Her stealth dictating
Her unstaggering moves,
Her aura so magnetic,
Captivating every gaze in thrall.

Her roar so powerful
Shaking the bones of those who dare
To cross the boundaries she's drawn,
Unseen yet ironclad.

She reigns with quiet fire,
Her calm a shield, forged by strength,
Silencing the naysayers and dissenters,
Who are threatened by her might.

One is the queen of the world
Where the gushing rivers sing
And the flora and fauna entwine with
starlit breath, and life hums soft and fierce.

And the other rules a sharper realm
Of steel and stone, where hearts, like glass,
Gleam fragile under neon skies,
Yet pulsing with dreams that never yield.

Both bear the weight of unseen wars,
Their eyes hold storms they do not speak,
Two queens, of earth and iron forged,
Bound by power, carved by choice.

Selenophile

You are my **Crescendo**
You enlighten my path
Fill my life with your warmth
You hold me close during twilight,
As the cool breeze brushes my skin,
And your light surrounds me through the evening mist.

Your sight brings me inner peace.
I adore all your hues.
Even if I can't see you sometimes,
While accomplishing your chores,
I know you're always reminiscing about me.

I am aware that as I get closer to you,
I will encounter your flaws—
The craters, the shadows that mark your surface.
But worry not, as you cradle me,
I will embrace every imperfection,
Every dip and scar,
For they are a part of what makes you whole.

I will cherish you wholeheartedly,
From afar and near.
I will treasure you just as you are,
Because no one else illuminates my world like you do.

You are my blue Crescendo—
The one who shook all my boundaries,
Filled my life with radiant hues.
Your gentle and soothing effect
Calms the chaos in my soul.

You are more than just my Crescendo,
The gravity that keeps me grounded,
The one who pulls the tides of my emotions—
An irreplaceable force,
A divine awe shaping my world in ways words can scarcely
capture.

Der Mond

Hey Mond, I do not know
What affinity do I hold with you
Although so distant from me
Your warmth glimmers in my soul

You awe me with your distinct avatars
Just to capture my innate expression
You surpass the barriers of cloud
Just to catch a glimpse of me

In the serenity of the night
The wind slowly drops your note
Which says, although there are infinite stars
To accompany me through the night

What enlightens me to the core
Is the twinkle of your eyes
And the sparkle of your smile
Although you do not get to see me
during bright days

But always remember
I am with you during the dark hours of your life
Although meeting you in person is a dream
I cuddle you every night
With my humblest sight

Part IV – God, Quiet Prayers & Surrender

I Am All Yours

You are the most powerful.

Bless me with abundance.

Or test me with scarcity

I am all yours

You are the most merciful

Embrace me with your mercy

Or shatter me with your displeasure

I am all yours

You are the most forgiving.

Accept my apologies

Or render me with pain

I am all yours

You are the most loving.

Fill me with your immense love.

Or abandon me like I exist no more

I am all yours

You are the most fascinating.

Fascinate me with your miracles

Or make me taste the disasters

I am all yours

You are the most incredible creator.

Make me into a bundle of happiness

Or break me into a million pieces

I am all yours

How Come You Think

The tiniest creation of God
Has the purpose on the planet
How come you being the highest creation
Think, you are born with no purpose

God hears the sound of an ant
Crawling on the floor...
How come you think,
He would not hear the whisper of your heart
When it is in pain

He has created the sustenance
For a weed on the barren land
How come with all the abilities
You worry that he would not
Help you with your sustenance

Without us asking Him,
He sends the rain in abundance
The wind blows meticulously
And the sun spreads its light every morning
How come you judge the power of prayer and not ask him
for help...

When in doubt and sorrow
You begin to tremble and complain

God, why me...Where are You
How come you doubt His whereabouts
When He says He is closer to us than the jugular vein

The Miracle Of Thee

Waves in the ocean
Rise and fall
Fall and rise
The miracle of thee.

Nature of life
Rise and fall
Fall and rise
The miracle of thee.

As the surfer
Surfs on the waves
Glorifying the nature
The miracle of thee.

So as the
Ups and downs of life
To find in it
The miracle of thee.

Healing

Healing is a process that begins
When you stop struggling with thoughts
And your mind marries the heart
Let that sink in...

Healing is a process that begins
When you part ways with distrust in yourself
And start caressing the wounds
Let that sink in...

Healing is a process that begins
When you match up with the melody of nature
And start conversing with the Lord
Let that sink in...

Healing is a process that begins
When you stop residing in the past
And sighing about it
Let that sink in...

Healing is a process that begins
With an unconditional and liberating love
And a phenomenal gratitude
Let that sink in...

Healing is a process that begins
With a gesture of kindness
And a simple, resolute attitude
Let that sink in...

Tears

There was a time
When I had none to converse with
The time I witnessed the lowest point
The time when everything was shattered
The time when I was ignored and disconnected
For people, my existence didn't even matter

The time when my throat was choked
The time when my mind was numb
The time when I couldn't express
The time when my faith was being tested
The only way of my communication
To the Supreme, were my tears
The time every teardrop I have shed
Was inscribed with my emotions

Tears are the purest form of expression
For they make no noise
And jumble like the words
But gently drop down the cheeks
With the lava of emotions
They erupt only to make a stronger you

The Dawn

As the sun sets in
Slowly, the earth gets engulfed
Into the darkness
As the night overtakes the day
And I sigh and pray

Hate is overtaking love.
Bad is overtaking good.
As the night overtakes the day
And I sigh and pray

Inhumanity is overtaking humanity.
Enmity is overtaking brotherhood.
As the night overtakes the day
And I sigh and pray

Violence is overtaking kindness.
Conflict is overtaking peace.
As the night overtakes the day
And I sigh and pray

The twinkling of stars reminds me
Of the twinkle in the eyes of juveniles
About their future dreams
To love and conquer the sky
As the night overtakes the day
And I sigh and pray

As the darkness creeps in
Moonlight is the only hope
Slowly, the darkness gets engulfed in it
As the dawn breaks
And the day overtakes the night
And I jive and pray

Your True North

It is not your job
To think what others think of you
It is their perspective of
Who you are...

People worship the rising sun
And they ignore it when it is
At its lowest point

But, it is getting prepared
To rise again at some other place
To spread light in someone else's life

Who were in the dark for quite some time
And were longing for a ray of hope
That shall enlighten their world

So, whenever you are at your lowest
Believe that you are being prepared
To rise again...at some other place

To fulfill your purpose and make someone
Hope and smile again

If only you knew your value and purpose
All the banter fades away

It is not your job
To think what others think of you
Because it is the reflection of
Who they are

A Language with No Words

Before uttering a word,
I learned the art of hugging.
The two arms around me,
Felt like my serene sanctuary.

The only language I knew — so ineffable...
It shattered all the barriers, inhibitions
The only channel, so flawless,
That communicated all my emotions.

When petrified or joyful,
The two arms that enveloped me
Felt like safe haven,
And a conduit that multiplied my joy,

An interaction of the souls,
And an assurance that stated
You have my back —
Fly as high as you can.

A hug that sheltered me from
The storms of life - gentle yet unshakable
Love that radiated and
Bloomed a garden in my heart

A hug is not just a gesture,
But it is a blessing,
That emanates its warmth
Even when the person is long gone —
A hug departs, but its essence never fades.

Safe Space

No matter how strong you are...

You need a safe space—

Where words are wrapped in silence,

And a touch heals you.

**Part V –
Becoming the Woman Who Feels Too
Deeply (fierce softness)**

I Am a Woman

I am a woman
They feel they can change
My direction with ease, they
Put me on a crooked path
But what they do not know is
I am the wind

They use manipulations to downplay me
And create hurdles to disregard me
But what they do not know is
My nature is to flow and....
Surpass the hurdles
I am the water

They feel the clouds of their dismay
Will frighten me to the core
And force me into hibernation
But what they do not know is
My confidence pierces through the clouds
I am the light

They try to shackle me
With the meaningless traditions
But what they do not know is
I am a free-spirited woman
With no boundaries
I am the eagle

Yes, I am proud to be a woman
One of the mightiest creations of the creator
Encompassing the universe within
And grateful for being one

Not Easily Accessible

A woman of value is not easily approachable
She is not the pebble on the seashore
She is the pearl found deep down in the ocean
One has to reach the depths of the sea of her emotions
To feel the love and warmth of her embrace

An authentic woman is not found everywhere
She is not the coal easily accessible to anyone and everyone
She is the diamond lying deep down, enveloped in the
earth's crust
One has to put in efforts to reach the recesses of her heart
And know her true worth

She is the morning breeze
Fresh and enchantingly soothes the soul
One has to leave the comforts of morning sleep
To feel her embrace and warmth
You can't find out in the chaotic noon.

I Know Who I Am

I smiled
when I felt like crying...

I stayed calm
When I felt like shouting at the top of my voice.

I loved others
when I was heartbroken...

I stood up for others
When I was going through the mess...

I have taken myself to work
when I could not even stand...

I was loyal
when others betrayed me...

I fed my portion to others
When I was hungry...

I cheered up others
When I was low...

I tried to be at peace
When there was a war of words inside me...

I know who I am
I don't need your approval.

Backed By the Mightiest of All

In a society where girls are shackled
My parents bestowed me with the wings
Of their faith and trust
They endowed me with the freedom
To discover the novel boundaries
And live the way I yearn

People get stunned by my flight
Ask me, aren't you scared
Doesn't the thunder frighten you
Doesn't the wild wind scatter you
How come the downpour doesn't bother you
I say I am backed by one who is the mightiest of all.

The highs and lows have graced me
Tigress, mettlesome, fighter,
And queen, are some of my attributes
My scars have embraced me
My flights aided me in uncovering my authentic self
Delving into the fascinating beauty of thee

How Old Am I?

My soul is a thousand years old—
wise, weathered, and knowing.

My heart—

A lively child, bubbling with wonder
and unfiltered emotions.

My body—

young as a restless teen,
charged with unspent energy.

And my aura,
a gentle fusion of them all.

When decisions call,
My ancient soul steps forward.

When life sparkles,
My bright-hearted child twirls into center stage.

When duty arrives,
My blood surges with youthful fire.

So for those who ask,

How old am I?

I am all ages at once.

Acknowledgements

To my father... the lily who caught me when the thorn hurt.

To my mother...the lap that is still my softest pillow.

To Machli and every tigress who taught me how to roar in silence.

To every woman who ever felt “too much” — this book is for you because you were never too much.

To the rivers, moons, winds, and the One who sends them — thank you for answering when I had no words left.

And to you, the reader holding this book...

Thank you for letting my whispers sit beside your heart for a while.

With love and a thousand quiet prayers,

Nisar Fatima

