

Deepest Scar
Or
Brightest Star

Shubhavi Malhotra



BlueRose ONE^{.com}
S t o r i e s M a t t e r

New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

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ISBN: 978-93-7825-586-1

Cover design: Aafiya Saifi
Typesetting: Namrata Saini

First Edition: May 2026

TO THOSE WHO BORE THE SCARS
AND
THOSE WHO DREW STARS ON THE SCARS

Preface

So, you know, that's the thing about her. You think you've got her all figured out only to realise that you've just touched the surface. There's more to her than you'll ever know. There is a reason why she does not reveal her true self. The world won't be prepared to handle it.

She felt the weight of each word pressing against her chest like a heavy quilt of memories. Every sentence was a delicate thread, weaving together the tapestry of her existence, trapping her within the confines of ink and paper. Emotions surged like tidal waves, crashing against the shores of her consciousness, as she longed to break free from the confines of her literary prison.

Each page turned was a bittersweet melody, echoing the symphony of her soul's longing for liberation. And yet, amidst the confines of the binding, she found the solace in the beauty of her own narrative, a story waiting to be unfold beyond the edges of the parchment.

In the silence of the world that had forgotten its own voice, she whispered to the wind, hoping that somewhere, in some distant universe, her story would be heard...

Foreword

It is with great admiration and a deep sense of reflection that I write this foreword to **DEEPEST SCAR OR BRIGHTEST STAR**, a profoundly moving work by Shubhavi Malhotra. The very title of the book captures the essence of human experience—an eternal interplay between pain and resilience, darkness and light, despair and hope.

In this compelling narrative, the author takes readers on an intimate journey through the complexities of emotions, relationships, and inner battles.

The “deepest scar” is not merely a symbol of suffering, but a testament to survival, while the “brightest star” represents the transformative power of hope and healing. Through this duality, Shubhavi Malhotra reminds us that even in our most fractured moments, there exists the potential for growth, strength, and renewal.

Shubhavi’s work stands as a reminder that our scars do not define our limitations but rather illuminate our capacity to rise, to heal, and to shine.

I am confident that **DEEPEST SCAR OR BRIGHTEST STAR** will touch countless hearts and leave a lasting impression on its readers. It is a book that deserves to be read, felt, and remembered.

Richa Yadav
Assistant Professor
Amity School of Law

Acknowledgement

No words feel sufficient to express the depth of gratitude I carry for the love and support that made this book possible. To my parents, thank you for believing in me even in moments when I doubted myself, and for giving me the time, space, and encouragement to pour my thoughts and emotions onto these pages. Your faith in me has always been my greatest source of strength.

A special and heartfelt thank you to my mother, Sheetal Malhotra, whose artistic vision and gifted hands transformed my imagination into the beautiful reality of this book's cover. Your creativity and love are etched into every detail, making this work even more personal and meaningful.

To my dear friends, who walked beside me throughout this journey, I am endlessly grateful. Your encouragement, patience, and belief in my words kept me going through every late night of writing and every moment of uncertainty. Your conversations, laughter, and thoughtful suggestions became quiet pillars of support behind these pages, and this book carries a piece of your warmth within it.

My deepest gratitude to Richa ma'am for graciously writing the forewords to this book. Your words have added wisdom, grace, and depth to this work, and it is an honour to have your voices guiding readers into these pages.

Lastly, to my heavenly grandparents, whose blessings I carry with me always. Though you may not be here in person to

witness this moment, I feel your love and guidance in every step that brought me here. This book is as much yours as it is mine, and it stands as a quiet tribute to the values and strength you instilled in me.

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Your Storms Never Scared Me

If someone asked me to describe you,
I'd tell them you are like the ocean,
mesmerizing to look at,
yet a force to be reckoned with.

Your strength,
turns rock into sand,
you stretch so far,
one cannot see land.

With water so deep,
no one could ever reach the floor,
and waves so high,
not many ships dare to set sail anymore.

Soothe my muscles, not my heart

I've sat in the bath nearly an hour,
the water is long since cold.
I should get out.
but I won't.
Here my tears mix with the salty water,
meant to soothe my sore muscles.
But the muscle that aches the most
is the one salty water
can't reach.
The hot (cold) water won't help me now.

Now I just sit
and listen to music,
not like this but
because it makes my heart ache more,
but at least here I am alone.
And the music makes me feel understood.
So, I'll stay here soaking
in the tears-filled water.
Until I can't handle the cold anymore,
until the tears stop flowing
and I can pretend again.

Precious

The puppy is no longer young,
but he is still small,
and fits in the crook of my arm,
like a sleeping babe.
All sleep-warm and honey-slow,
blinking up at me with wide black eyes.

I hold his tiny face,
in my cupped careful palms,
press a kiss into the wisp-light fur,
at the nape of his neck.
And tell him like a vow:
You are so good
and so precious
and so beloved.

And a soft, gentle thing,
in the cavern of my chest.
Slowly rises to reply,
Heartbeat-quiet:
We are. We are. We are.

All will be okay

The dawn will break anew,
with golden hues that kiss the dew,
the night's embrace will fade away,
as morning whispers, "Hope will stay".

The stars may dim, the moon may wane,
but light will rise to ease the pain,
in shadows cast, we find our grace,
and in the sun, a warm embrace.

The storm may rage, the winds may howl,
yet calm will follow, sweet and foul,
in nature's breath, a soothing sigh,
a promise blooms beneath the sky.

So, hold the faith within your chest,
for life, though tested, find its rest,
the heart will mend, the soul will play,
and softly hum, "All will be okay".

Starlight's Grasp

A star, set against the arching sky,
a light, shining to the heart's lost cry.
A gentle flame, guiding you home,
a kindly light, to those ever more to roam.

The last light on the shadowed pathways,
the first guidance from the dawn of the days.
In heavens above, the stars do blaze,
with the eldest word, with nameless phrase.

A star does shine its kindly light,
to guide you safely home tonight.
Through hidden way, where none dare tread,
out of the shadow, you are safely led.

Wanderer lost by nameless sky,
meet the star that draws your eye.
Follow it home, where'er may lead,
a night way map, you shall now read.

Hear the song sung long ago,
when light was new, and hope was low.
The song of stars, of firstborn light,
of guiding hand, and not of might.

For the place of stars, is not in war,
but in singing still the ancient lore.
And being kind, a guiding light,
to bring them safely home this night.

The sun may shine with holy fire,
and upon the cruel unleash its ire.
Blazing bright a newborn flame,
day by day, all still the same.

The moon may laugh at mortal grasp,
and may not answer what you ask.
So cold it shines, so cruelly high,
watching, judging where you lie.

But the stars are kind, and will not burn,
and changing move with season's turn.
When the sun and moon should turn away,
remember stars shall kindly stay.

Wanderer of life

Here I am, a wanderer of life,
came across a flower who blooms day and night.
So bright in the rays of the sun,
elegant under the moonlight.

I keep admiring you from afar,
but not visible to your sight.
I want to have you and keep you to myself,
but plucking a flower results to its death.

I want to see you shine, and it's impossible with me.
So, I'd let you go and bloom in the breeze.
And again, I would continue to wander
throughout my life,
writing about the flower I saw that night.

Paint

If an artist used
their paint rag as a bandage,
what would the wound think?

Would it know the paint
as an extension of the
soul of its body?
A medium used to
leave a mark on the world
and share its stories?

Would the blood gently
mingle with the leftover
pigments on the rag,
creating a new
palette of colours for the
painter to draw from?

Soul mixed into ink.
Dyeing the cloth fibres with
hues non-existent
until blood met paint
and blended to invent new
possibilities.

Or could the foreign
ink suffuses into the wound,
forever staining,
creating a scar

even more beautiful than
the unbroken skin?

The wasted paints from
overloaded brushes could
become one with the
artist who mixed them,
getting their second chance to
leave marks on the world.

But perhaps only
a painter can assign such
aspirations to pigments,
as onlookers cringe
at the stained rag being used
to bandage a wound.

Write

To write
is to breathe

Without words
on pages,
I'd be nothing.
I was nothing before
I found my words.

They have given me:
Reason
Meaning
Purpose
Expression
Expansion
Progression

Like a child
I've found my steps:
how to put
one foot
in front of
the other.

How to balance:
As I hold on
And let go
Simultaneously.

The inkwell
of my soul
is always full;
Brimming
with possibilities.

Either the darkest
traces or the
gleam of light.
The most extensive love
of my most expressive
sadness.

To write
is to dance
on paper,
as a golden swan,
in the spotlight
of the Moon
in the season
of magic.

Poetry.
The song
of my soul
the harmony
of my heart.

The Little Things

Sometimes what seems little means the most.
As the little things is what makes something.
The crinkle by the eyes of someone,
telling you they've smiled a lot.

The slight falter of the glimmer in their eyes
when you've said something wrong,
telling you that you've hurt them.
But they were quick to cover it up.

It's almost hilarious how,
how people seem to either
take notice or miss the little things.

The smile that appears when someone says
"Happy Birthday".
As their heart flutters in excitement and honour,
as if the sun is finally rising warming up the earth,
as they were important enough to the person wishing
them for it to be remembered.

But also, the dimmed expression on someone's face when
they are told so but still smiled,
as if the sun had set in a thunderous weather and you
won't notice unless you check the time,
as they have no one to spend it with,
or the person they had hoped for hadn't done so.

People would often overlook the little things
as they would often only see,
though sometimes,
the little things is what tells you the most.

Emotional Intelligence

Emotional intelligence is the bedrock of healthy and thriving relationships, serving as the glue that binds partners together through the highs and lows of life's journey.

Individuals possess the ability to recognise and understand their own emotions as well as those of their partners, laying the groundwork for empathetic communication and mutual support. This awareness enables them to navigate conflicts with poise and compassion, fostering an environment of trust and respect where both parties feel valued and understood.

Furthermore, emotional intelligence equips individuals with the tools to cultivate intimacy and connection in their relationships. By demonstrating empathy, active listening, and emotional attunement, partners can foster deeper understanding and closeness with one another.

This heightened emotional awareness allows couples to celebrate each other's successes, provide comfort during times of distress, and navigating life's challenges as a unified team.

Ultimately, investing in the development of emotional intelligence within a relationship fosters a bond that grows stronger over time, enriching the shared experience and deepening the love and connection between partners.

A Sapling for Shade

What happens when you compel
a tree to grow far too fast
and bear fruit whenever it's asked?
Endless efforts to excel.

You asked a sapling for shade,
babysitting from a child,
who's needs were reviled,
with a breeze, it bent and swayed.

You chased away birds,
afraid they'd take your fruit,
or thoughts would take root,
using your hand and hard words.

You trimmed its long limbs,
when fruit fell over the fence,
and claimed it's common sense.
No more friendship from birds singing hymns.

You wanted a shiny new swing,
because fruit wasn't enough,
and knew its branches were tough,
and scared off friends who would sting.

Foolishly, you fumbled,
why's there no fruit from a depressed tree?
finding fallout, you didn't foresee.
There was a storm, and the tree tumbled.

Sure, it grew tall,
but it never grew roots.
Meeting demands from ungrateful brutes.
It was inevitable, it would fall.

Ink

If life is like a story, where's my ink and paper?
If I'm the main character,
can I rewrite my future,
to make it happier?

If I am a protagonist,
why is the universe my antagonist.
But when will these trials and tribulations,
ease up and let me fly.

This story seems horrendous,
I doubt I could stomach read it.
But if I were to read my story,
would I feel better inside?

If life is like a story, am I a damsel in distress?
Where's my knight, to save me,
from all the monsters and demons.

If life is like a story, am I hero or villain?
Or am I only briefly mentioned,
not to take a lead.

If life is like a story, I assume I am a side piece.
Unimportant to write in,
unimportant to even describe.
Where's my ink and paper,
I need to rewrite my part.
I am tired of all the trouble,
the universe is dishing.

So, I beg of you, dear universe,
let me finish my story.
For all I want is happiness, which you cannot provide.

Wounded bird

She stands alone,
holding her own heart as if it were a wounded bird,
warm, trembling, shivering but
still beating out of habit.
Her fingers know its weight,
how loss teaches the hands to hold
what the world refused to keep.

Memories that keeps her alive,
slowly pumps away in front of her.
No blood spills, yet everything hurts.
Grief lives in the small spaces between breaths,
behind her eyes, her memories dies.

She presses her heart to her chest,
not to save it but to let it know
it's not abandoned.
Her palms are red with memory,
every pulse a reminder that love
once lived here
and left without closing the door.

And in that moment,
she understands the cruellest truth,
some hearts do not heal,
they only learn how to ache quietly
until the body gives up listening.

Scars

Often the scars on the back of my hand
do not bother me.

They are part of me,
my skin and my cells.
Nothing to direct such hatred to.

Often, they are reminders
of moments I do not treasure
or wish to relive.
Yet still they only exist because of me.
So how could I have such hatred towards them?

Yet often
they represent a phase,
an era.
A time I could never speak of
when the stable digging into my heal
held a hatred I could not contain.

A hatred
you could never see.

Apart

You testified to never leave,
so did I, with all my heart.
But destiny had a different plan,
it tore us apart.

The memories linger on,
as if time had stopped.
But we both know,
it's too late to go back.

The pain still stings,
as if it happened yesterday,
But I'll never forget,
the love we shared that day.

So here I am,
with a heart that's broken.
But I'll never stop believing,
that we'll meet again someday.

Until then,
I'll hold on to the memories.
And cherish the love we had,
as if it were never to part.

Outlet

You used to be my outlet,
when I was angry or sad.
I was never yelling at you of course,
I'd just turn to you when things were bad.

What should I do now,
that you've left me all alone.
Should I stew in my room in silence,
now that I can't call you on the phone.

Who am I meant to go to,
when I don't know if I should shout or cry.
Where do I put all my feelings,
now that you've said goodbye.

Should I write in a journal,
when my family drives me mad.
Should I scream into my pillow,
now that I've lost what we had.

There's always still this moment,
and my finger hovers over your name.
If I could only talk to you,
maybe things could still be the same.

I think I'll choose this quiet silence,
when it all feels too much.
Because at least when there's just me,
I still can feel your touch.

I'd choose this pain and hurting,
I'd pick it every time.
I'd take all the bad days,
if you were still just mine.

Cut Me Out

I'd cut me out too,
if given the choice.
Why would anyone stick around,
listening to my pathetic voice.

Who'd really want to stay,
I'm rude, obnoxious, unkind.
I'm surprised it took you this long,
maybe they should study your mind.

You must really be tough,
to have put up with someone so mean.
It must feel like a weight off your shoulders,
to be rid of me and clean.

I'm sorry I was annoying,
I've been told I'm far too loud.
I just thought that if you loved me,
these quirks would be allowed.

Why did you even try to,
think I could be fixed?
It's good you went on running,
before you fell for my tricks.

I'm not close to perfect,
even average seems a high bar.
All my parts are just too broken,
no wonder you went so far.

If I promise to be really quiet,
and really really good,
would you stay forever,
just like you said you would.

I'll never be a bother,
I'll be caring, sweet and kind.
I'll stay right here hoping,
you like what you find.

I'm sorry that I'm like this,
that everyone says so.
I just thought if I could stay good,
you would never go.

Healing

To heal is to moult skin like serpents,
to enter a cocoon alike moths,
to watch a self-peel away like dead skin.

You clung to the past like
dead tree bark to its tree.
Though it hurts to hold
and hurts to let go.

To heal is to make real of things inexpressible.
To give broken hearts a cast like broken bones.
To cry and scream and bleed ink in dramatics.

You fought for your mind's solace,
only to realise solace isn't what you bore.
You bore a tormented child,
like they are a torn-up teddy bear.
A little lamb fallen prey
to the wolf's antics.

Poor lamb bears no comfort.
Poor lamb hold no smiles.
Poor lamb feel no rest.

To heal isn't always happy or relieving.
To heal is to hurt.

And perhaps its more alike postwar like new normal
than anything else.

Hurt and pain and trauma were the war,
once you survived diligently.

Persistence and resilience in the face
of things worse than horror stories.

Poor lambs show true bravery
because it's the truest bravery when breathing,
while terrified and paranoid.

It's the truest bravery to breathe
while the truest monsters live in your home
and feed on everything you are.

It's the truest bravery to heal, poor little lamb, and
you're the bravest of them all.

Tapestry of Silence

I used to weave my tale,
a vibrant kaleidoscope, I'd swear.
Emotions draped in veil,
I poured my heart.
But did it reach your ears on fertile ground?

The fleeting dove
I chased it, desperate, filled with love.
Steps misplaced can have a silent sting.
We spoke,
we laughed,
a chorus in the night.
Yet sometimes, echoes blurred, and meaning took to flight.

I'd paint with passion,
sunsets in my eyes.
But did the brushstrokes reach beyond the skies?
Did you see stars I saw in constellations spun
or did they fade to dust by morning's sun rise?

My words, they used to dance on air
a waterfall of feelings, unconfined.
I'd paint my heart in rainbows, unafraid
and trust you'd catch the colours in your mind.

I poured my heart in every phrase.
yet silent chasms met my gaze.
Then I learned, it's not just what is said
but how it lands, the echoes in your soul,
for love's a language whispered, not just read,
a tapestry of silence to make whole.

My voice, it stumbles now, unsure of ground
I clutch the words afraid they'll make no sound.
A story left untold,
a love which isn't gold.
But in your eyes, a mirror I can see,
reflection of the storm that rages deep.
You hold the space for all I cannot be
and let my silence bloom where words would weep.
Now, when I speak,
I plant a seed
I watch it bloom.

Listen close, baby, beyond the din
to sighs and smiles.
The whispers locked within,
each sigh, each glance, a silent vow
to bridge the gaps, somehow, somehow.

Let the words be just a guide
we'll bridge the gap.
And love's true light will blaze
though my voice may sometimes stray.
Though my voice may falter, lose its way
your heart, darling, will always understand.

Left over glitter

There is something to be said
about the resemblance between glitter and you.
Because no matter how hard you may try
glitter will never really be gone.

You'll think it's missing and one day
you notice a speck shining in the dark.
There is glitter that sparkles
with the essence of you.

Dusted into the corners that I'll never reach
days, weeks and months later
I'll spot you shining, sparkling and glowing,
Somewhere I'd never expect.
It's something you can't really be mad at
left over glitter and you.

Faith

Thank you, my teddy bear,
nothing in the whole world can be held
like her.

She smelled like my mom
and felt like my bed
and always let me cry.

How ironic now
that her name be Faith
and mine Teddy.

For I have to have faith,
that though I can do nothing.
Holding my hand might be of some comfort
to someone I love.

So, I do not want a new bear for Christmas
with two eyes and strong seams.
I want a small happy family
that responds when I talk to them
and hug me back.

And I want her to no longer be defined by
the missing eyes,
the mishappen stuffing,
by the price she paid to be there with me.
Nothing new
would understand it one bit.

Really, it's for the strengths we fall in love
and for all the flaws we do love at all.
Is there any reason for it?

Sparrow

A snow speckled sparrow sits atop the feeder, pecking at seeds to prepare for flight.

Does the sparrow know of its freedom?

It surely has never known what it is to be rooted in place, to know there's a world that's meant to be seen, and yet, never feeling more trapped.

The sparrow surely cannot know the hollow ache in the chest that makes itself known at every goodbye, for it can fly mountains, lakes, rivers, and roads simply to return home.

No doubt, the sparrow knows change.

The blooms of spring, the sweltering, melting of August, the last flutters of falling autumn leaves, the bite of a northern winter.

And yet, the sparrow cannot know the wrinkles of age, the silvering of hair, the ever-tick tick ticking of time.

The sparrow pecks once more, before fluttering to flight in the skies- though to the next feeder, to home, or to the ends of the earth, we may not know.

Homesick for love

Oh, how much heart aches for a distant place,
where memories bool in sweet embrace.
The longing stirs, a gentle, silent call,
for home's warm light, my soul's eternal thrall.

In dreams I wander fields of golden hue,
where laughter echoes, skies are never blue.
Each whisper of the wind, a soft caress,
recalls the love, I left my heart's distress.

Oh, how I yearn to trend familiar ground,
to feel the warmth where all my hopes are bound.
Till then, my spirit roams through day and night,
homesick for love, forever led astray.

A disease that kills slowly...

toxicity

It's a smart disease hidden through spells. While it attacks everything you cherish, slowly driving them away. Worst case, it kills. Stemming from the past to grandparent, great grandparents, and their parents. It's been around longer than we first discovered it, and it's still present.

They say childhood forms personality, and how you act, it shows from how you deal with things, and how one reacts. When they feel something unconditionally given to them, they hold onto it dearly, and at times when the skies are cloudy, they push it away thinking they don't deserve it.

Everyone got their own baggage, it hurts to see them doubt what we want to give, it's a constant struggle whenever you hold a breath if what you're going to say will affect them, hurt them, bring them joy or make them overthink again. Words are spells and it needs to be chosen carefully.

Everyone makes mistakes, both have said something awful and said horrible spells, one has difficulty embracing affection, one prefers to keep it to them. Embracing themselves when no one was there, patting their back because no one was behind them to congratulate them. Drinking medicines because their parents were absent.

They live to live, barely eats to survive, barely sleeps to wake tomorrow, goes to school because it is necessary. Works to go through day by day.

Forced to grow up, they make sure everyone has something even at the cost of their own. Their youngest siblings often see the softest side of the wall from the couple they come from; they've seen things they shouldn't have at that young age, that strictness they felt choking them.

What's worse is understanding the reasons behind it, it kills them slowly knowing they're slowly turning into something they didn't like. They point that frustration to themselves before they hurt anyone else. They're more prone to hurt because of the knowledge of this disease.

They can't really blame their own blood when they probably went through what they're feeling. But that grudge that slowly blooms underneath that dirt they bury their hate.

They're hurt, someone to hug they desire, security they need to feel while they unpack, a place that feels home, an atmosphere liveable, guidance for teachings, warmth they need, a figure they look up to. A room for all the toys they want, a room to disconnect and reconnect to life. Hope they yearn to keep fighting.

They didn't deserve it, that pain. That struggle they hide with an emoji talking to friends, friends out of reach. The real ones are a flight away but chained by poverty, and lack of power for self-sufficiency.

Hearing them laugh at their secrets shatters a glass of trust, a simple apology taping the broken pieces finding themselves desperate to hold on to that cup. A cracked smile no one sees. A mask they wear ever since it's become a part of them.

Whoever love them, may God guide their hearts. Because beyond that storm is beautiful paradise of comfort, and warmth.

Bless the ones to stay strong through the turmoil of emotions attacking their pure intentions. Bless their hearts for the pain they've endured. Bless their tears that never left the eyes. Bless their eyes for the things they've seen. Bless the soul of who will find these lost ones and help them pave the way to hope.

I pray, that their cries be heard. To escape that place of miserable atmosphere. A heavy ball of chain bidding them to hardships. Lost in the darkest of thoughts and finding comfort in loneliness, fearing the light afraid of what it might bring.

But eventually they'll have to deal with everything they think about, a path to the light away from their false home.

Home-made of warmth

One day
you will meet someone
with wounds shaped like yours.

Not the same stories,
not the same scars,
but the same depth.
The kind you don't see
until the light hits just right.

They will have known cold.
Not winter.
Not weather.
But the quiet kind
that settles in the chest
after being left
too many times.

You'll recognise it immediately.
In the way they listen.
In the way they pause
before trusting joy.
In the way they hold space
like it might disappear
if they blink.

You won't rush them.
They won't rush you.
You'll sit together
like two planets
finding orbit,
careful not to collide,
grateful just to stay.

Some nights
you'll talk about everything.
Other nights
you'll say nothing at all.
Silence will feel safe.
That alone will feel like magic.

You'll build a home
out of small things.
Shared laughter.
Soft honesty.
Hands that don't pull away.
Words that don't disappear.

No grand promises,
No saving.
Just warmth
where there was once none.

Two wandering souls
learning that love
doesn't always arrive loudly.
Sometimes it shows up
like starlight-
quiet, steady,
proving it travelled

a long way
just to reach you.

And you'll realise
this is how healing happens.
Not all at once.
But slowly.
Together.
In a home
you finally feel allowed
to stay in.

Introverted Chatterbox

There is a silence that's grown too comfortable lately. Not the peaceful, calming kind, but the kind that whispers loneliness in the quiet hours. I've often pondered the nature of talking. For the longest time, I've held the belief that talking is for the extroverted souls who effortlessly exercise through social interactions like professional dancers, leaving me standing awkwardly at the wall during the party.

But here's the catch- I've realised that it's not that I dislike talking; it's more about the kind of talking I appreciate. The rich conversations about the little things that make life delightful. The simplicity of discussing random musings, exchanging thoughts and the profound with people close to my heart- that's what I've craved.

In a world where everyone seems to be sprinting in the race of constant chatter, I've found comfort in the gentle conversations, the kind that involves sharing mundane details, discussing the complexities of a book, or simply debating the superiority of dogs over cats or vice versa. I'm not the 24/7 conversation enthusiast, but when I engage, I do so with all my heart.

And when I couldn't find someone to share these bits and pieces of life, I've found myself being my own conversation partner. I've discovered an unsung joy in talking to myself. It's not sign of madness, as some might presume, but a haven when I find the comfort to express thoughts and feelings that might otherwise go unnoticed.

Speaking to myself, I've discovered an understanding and empathy that I've hardly found elsewhere. It's like having an intimate dialogue with the one person who truly comprehends the depth of my emotions, who listens to the silent whispers of my heart when words falter.

I've realised that talking to oneself isn't manifestation of loneliness; it's a testament to the depth of self-understanding. It's the art of giving voice to the thoughts and feelings that is within.

So, here's to the quiet conversations, the musings shared with loved ones, and the beautiful monologues I have with myself. In this symphony of silence and chatter, I've found the harmony that ring within my introverted soul.

Scars in the mirror

I could slowly feel myself slipping away.

It's a strange feeling, the life you once knew growing distant and cold.

Being thrown into a cage and told to sit and watch as your past deteriorates.

Forgetting the comforting faces of the people that loved you, feeling resentment towards the new ones that hurt you.

The need to be cared for and loved consuming you, as you realise all you have left is yourself, and you'll have to make do with what you've got.

So, you'll sit there, silently in the dark, planning out who you want to be, how you want to act, the person you'll become.

Turn the shell into something more, something fantastic, but when you look at your reflection all you can see is the monster.

The danger you are to yourself and others. The feeling of hate swells up inside you until you feel you're ready to explode.

The distractions you try to embed your mind with begin to stop working, and it happens. You reach your peak.

You being to lash out, say things you don't mean, and you regret everything, and feel sorry for whoever has crossed your path.

You want to change, you want to be better, and still, nothing.

Maybe at your root you're evil, rotten, unkind and jealous. Maybe you pretend to be good. You pretend to be supportive, friendly and kind.

Maybe throw on a sweet smile every once in a while, you know you don't mean it, you mean nothing that you do.

Choosing light, even here

Sometimes
anxiety slips in
quietly,
like fog through a cracked window.

It doesn't knock.
It doesn't ask.
It just fills the room
with what-ifs
and heavy breaths.

Sadness follows.
Not loud.
Not dramatic.
Just enough
to make my chest feel crowded,
to blur the edges
of an otherwise beautiful day.

I notice it now.
That's new.

I feel it rising
and I pause-
plant my feet
in the present moment
like roots pressing into earth.

I remind myself:
this feeling is weather,
not prophecy.
A passing cloud,
not the sky itself.

My life-
Oh, my life-
is so deeply blessed.

In the pink

Pink, once that painted my world with joy and charm, now carries a bittersweet tale. It used to be more than a colour; it was an identity. From water bottles to school lunch, bags to shoes, every facet of my life adorned in shades of pink. It was a symbol of joy for me.

Yet, a shadow now covers over this once-beloved colour, a story that unfolded about a decade ago. A simple exchange of gifts with my cousins brought a trio of hairbands into my life- one purple, one green and brown, and the third, a coveted pink. Everyone knew it, especially my cousin who, with a swift and unexpected move, claimed it as her own. A snatch, a claim and suddenly, pink was no longer mine. In that moment, my heart sank, but I masked the hurt with a forced smile.

From that day onward, a subtle shift occurred. The colour that once defined me became a shade of the past. “Black”, I would say when asked about my favourite colour. And why black? I may not be able to answer this too, but this was the first colour that popped up in my head.

For years, the chapter of pink remained closed, hidden beneath the layers of time. Until a few months ago, when an unexpected storm of emotions erupted. The memories, once suppressed, flooded back into my consciousness. Suddenly, there are an inexplicable urge to reclaim pink, to revisit the innocence it once held.

And so, here I am, in the present, surrounded by the very colour I claimed to dislike. It's not just about acquiring

things in pink; it's about reclaiming a part of my life, acknowledging the hurt, and allowing the healing process to begin.

Life has a funny way of bringing us full circle, doesn't it?

Shape of Self-Love

I look at these photos
and I recognise her.
Not a stranger.
Not a mask.
Me.

Dark curls like small galaxies
spilling where they want,
freckles scattered like stars
that never asked permission to exist.
Eyes that hold stories
before words ever arrive.
A mouth that knows softness
and strength at the same time.

This body-
curvy, grounded, undeniable.
Full chest that rises and fall
with breath and feeling.
A soft belly that carries laughter.
Thick thighs that have held me up
through long days
and longer seasons.
My shape is not accidental.
It is generous.
It is intentional.
It is beautiful.

But love is not always steady.
Some days,
I still hesitate.
I still catch myself bargaining
with mirrors,
with lighting,
with old voices that learned my name too well.

There are mornings
when I don't fully believe
this body deserves tenderness.
When I want it smaller,
quieter,
easier to love.

And still-
I stay.
I don't abandon myself anymore.
I remind my hands
that this body has never betrayed me.
That healing isn't instant.
That learning love
is not the same as failing to love.

The real beauty
is quieter.
It lives beneath the skin.

It's the way my heart
stays open
even after its been bruised.
How compassion comes naturally to me,
like gravity.

How kindness isn't something I perform-
It is something I am.

People feel drawn to me
not because of my face,
or my curves,
or the way I love through a room-
but because my presence listens.
Because my energy makes space.
Because my personality holds depth,
and warmth,
and a rare kind of honesty.

My soul is deep water,
not everyone swims there.
But those who do
feel it immediately.
It shines brighter
than my smile,
brighter than my body,
brighter than beauty alone ever could.
For a long time,
I knew I was good.
I knew I was kind.
I knew others saw me as pretty.

But I didn't love myself,
not fully,
not gently,
not without conditions.

And then something shifted.
Quietly,
like dawn.

Now, loving myself
is not a finish line.
It's a practice.
A returning.
A choice I make
more often than not.

I love who I am-
even on the days I'm still learning how.
My body.
My heart.
My depth.
My softness.
My power.
I don't just exist in this form anymore.
I walk towards it.
I stay with it.
I belong to myself.

The city noise

Will she ever sleep?
Dreams no longer seen,
harsh blue lights hits her face,
she is used to this.

Overwhelming sounds make way
in her ears, they stay.
A feeling of regret
stabs her in the chest,
no blood comes out, only sweat.

“Why must I trade silence for loud noises?”
A question she asks deep inside her mind
not knowing of its existence,
until her brain overpowers the music.

Was silence ever comfortable to the girl?
Every day she surrounds herself
with flimsy distractions,
ones that damage easily,
and finally break apart.
Once given the chance.

New friends, more noise.
New music, more noise.
New romance shows, more noise.
In a mirror
her dark eyebags shine,
she combs her hair
and takes another drink.

Everyone is the same as her anyway.
So why bother?

Broken hourglass

I'm what you can call a perfectionist. I'm obsessed with always being productive and finishing my enormous to-do list, and somehow still have time for socializing. I expect myself to wake up, sit down for 2 hours straight, finish all my tasks, go to university then come back and study for 6 hours, and write my story for 2 hours before bed.

This is the perfect day in my imagination, but I know this day doesn't exist in real life.

I'm sure you are also the same as me. You can dream up the perfect plan and work as fast as you can, and you still wouldn't live up to your impossibly high expectations. My best day in the week involves a couple of hours of wasting time on social media and staring into space with no purpose. I know that is fine, but my brain doesn't think that.

It thinks that this happens because I'm not trying hard enough. It tells me I'm lazy, useless and stupid for wasting time like this, and honestly, I believe it. I believe that I'm trying hard all the time, but so what? These couple of hours I waste are for recharging, taking my breath, and giving me the energy to continue to work hard.

There is no shame in taking some time off now and then. There is no shame in taking a break to read something fun, play a game, or watch a short video (as long as you don't fall into endless scrolling). There is no shame in giving yourself a treat after you have reached your word count for the day.

We shouldn't push ourselves like that. We try to be perfect. We try to prove to ourselves and everybody else that we can live the perfect life. The truth is that we treat time like it is the ultimate enemy of our dreams of living our perfect lives.

The more we try to defeat time, the more burnout we become. This strategy will work against us. We are better off treating time as a good friend who wants to push us to become a better version of ourselves.

We also need to know exactly how much time a task needs to get completed so we don't underestimate or overestimate our level. The time we need to complete a task depends on many factors such as our mood, motivation, energy level and proficiency.

In short, time is important, but we can't be in a constant race with it every single day. We don't need to finish all the tasks in a single day by ourselves. We can ask for other people's help, and we can split things up on multiple days, so we don't feel overwhelmed, especially with tasks that are new to us.

Starting something is not the easiest thing in the world, so it is better to give yourself lots of time and as much help as possible to get it done with the latest resistance.

Surrealism

How lucky must one be,
to survive in blissful ignorance.

Who are we to create worlds?
Imaginary landscape of wonder,
creatures both born and torn asunder.

We are omnipotent deities!
Happy to envision infinities.
Lighting crackles at our fingertips,
thunder rolls in our souls.

But what happens when it ends?
When there are no colours left,
to break and to blend?

We persist as the all-powerful do,
and go on to imagine something new.

Imperfect stains

“Cleanliness is next to godliness”.
Do me a favour, define “godliness”.

Is it godlike to be spotless?
No blemishes, smudges or scars,
no foggy blindness from stars?

And what about the stains from love?
Are they forbidden, the gods above,
from the crimson marks of broken hearts?

Oh my God! Of course, the art!
As painters paint, worlds apart,
across their canvas, white as snow,
the miracles they paint aren't clean, you know?

So, if being clean is the godly choice,
filthy sinners like me, be heard, rejoice!
For we are the dirt that covers the earth
and no imperfections destroy our worth.

Punished for pain

Sometimes I feel
I am not doing enough.
But the lengths I go
to appreciate you,
why isn't the feeling
reciprocated?

Sometimes I think
you hate my guts.
I try my best
all that I can.
You say "inclusivity"
I held onto it
but after all this time,
why am I uninvited?

Sometimes I go
"you're overthinking again",
spiralling down and down
into the never-ending abyss.
Down a slippery slope,
made of blood and tears.
But what if maybe
it's not all in my head
and you just really hate me,
don't you?
Sometimes I know
I'm not enough.
Maybe I take more things

than I bring to the table.
I know, I know, I know
you hate my soul,
you say that don't you,
but I hear it in your tone.
And now I know
I'm overthinking again,
I'll climb back up this slope
and slide back down tomorrow.

Don't you ever

Don't you ever get that feeling,
when your head hurts so much from overthinking,
from repressing your memories,
to bottling up all those bitter thoughts?

Don't you ever get that urge,
to dig up your skin with your nails,
to claw your hands to your skull,
to rip your brain open,
to shut those voices too?

Don't you ever want to,
just forget,
just be numb,
just stop the feeling,
just to stop being yourself,
because you know that there's no way you can be normal
again?

Its either die,
or accept that things will never be this way.
And you can't be happy anymore?

Love like a street dog

It hurts to love like a street dog,
to give all you have, to trust so freely,
to welcome and fawn and warm.

It sucks to love like a street dog,
to be loyal to a fault, to a smothering,
to destroy yourself for someone, who views you only as a
living garbage.

Its dirty to love like a street dog.
You are loved and then tossed in the trash,
like yesterday's leftover, like gum on the side walk, like
shoe worn to nothing.

Its lonely to love like a street dog,
left alone when you grow old and lose your teeth,
for now, you are worthless.
Left to rot with the injuries,
begging, yelping and calling,
only for all of it to fall on deaf ears.

It hurts to love as a street dog.
They come back with treats, not savoury or sweet,
but full of salt and sour, that burns your wounds open
and empty calories, that only leave you to starve.

It sucks to love as a street dog,
all to be loyal to the people who want nothing more than
you gone.

As long as my child is healthy

But what if I am not? What if I never me?

What happens when I get chronically sick?

What happens when my body is in a constant conflict?

What happens when I get so bad you can no longer ignore it?

Will you resent all bedridden days when I cannot move?

Will you resent all the hospital stays when there's nothing to do?

Will you start to resent me too?

How long will you mourn the healthy child you wished for?

How long will you search for some miracle cure?

How long can you stand to watch me suffer?

Will you still love me even when I don't recover?

Moon... do I know you?

I don't know anything about the moon. I don't know it like a friend, like a companion; but I know of it. I know the moon's ever-changing shape, and the light it bathes the night in, like a blanket for the darkness to keep comfortable in. the night is cold, you know.

I don't know the moon, but I know the sun, and the sun holds the moon's importance in the golden rays of sunshine it bounces delicately off the moon's surface. Does it burn, moon? Does the sun burn you?

I don't know the moon, and not to be parasocial, but I think the moon might be in love with the sun. it's a sad thing, because the sun never really pays attention to the moon, but the moon allows the sun to scorch it with its unbearable heat, as a way to cope with the unrequited love. The moon relishes the sun's light like it is its own, but it's not. Neither is the sun its own.

I don't really know the moon, and forgive me, but I don't really want to. I just like looking at it, so bright up there in the night sky, tonight a full circle of white. I don't know its favourite colour, I don't know which song it would play on a tedious road trip, but I know it's pretty. And it is enough.

Look at yourself, A living canvas

We all are artists.

Look at yourself, and stare at the sculptor who carves lines into the very essence of your being, and intricately moulds each organ system and skeletal structure that comes with living physically, to build you human.

Look at yourself, and pay close attention to the architect who builds home. Watch them place the fountains by which you come to, these four walls a warm ache.

Look at yourself, and notice the painter who draws moons. The hand, a smooth motion against an empty canvas, to which takes years to fill. The portrait of a human hidden in the top right corner, to which you find tears against your lungs in a funny, pleasing way. You watch landscapes dance, and wonder at the space you have left.

Look at yourself, and admire the dancer. Twisting and turning, arching against the air, running out of breath. The dancer who weaves their way through the music, dodging each possible tribulation, until there is a human cry, and the human has made a mistake.

Look at yourself, and point out the actor who dresses themselves up for a performance. Watch the ways in which they glide across the stage, as though free, and new, and entirely separate. Watch as they pull the skin of your face up into a smile and dress you into a costume of kindness. You are kind.

Look at yourself, and marvel at the singer who cannot speak without song. Their voice interweaves with the music, as though simultaneous, and they communicate in words important to you. there is a crescendo, a rising sequence, and hope draws you in like death chases you. But the voice scratches like an old vinyl, and you're thoroughly alone.

Look at yourself, writer. Stare at the story you've written and pride yourself on the artistry of your individualism.

We are all artists. We use art to be human.

Mirror

Every day she spends hours,
looking at the piece of glass.
Judging herself,
she doesn't realise she is prettier than flowers.

For beauty lies within,
yet the world thinks differently.
She doesn't feel confident in her own skin.

She tries to be perfect,
tries to match unrealistic beauty standards.
Her real beauty everyone seems to neglect.

She stands and shines in the shadows of the sea,
she has changed herself so much,
this was not who she was meant to be.

She thinks she's never enough,
the scars on her have made her tough.
Only if she knew that even beautiful things have scars,
each scar has a story that gleams like stars.

It's weird, how a piece of glass has such a big effect,
making people desperate to be perfect.
In the mirror, she saw her reflection change with time,
she accepted the change and moved along with the wind
just like a wind-chime.
She thought she needed love from the world,
but all she needed was self-love that's what she learned.

She doesn't know the light she brings into
people's lives.

For a butterfly can't see the colour of its wings,
yet the world can see the beauty it brings.

The warmth I became

I wanted to be soft like the colours of dawn,
pastel pinks, purples and beginnings of blue.
A soft welcome and a reminder that you've made it
another dark night.
An open door, a cup of tea, and a silver lining in people's
lives.
Someone who was the rising sun that in the monster in
the shadows feared.

Instead, life has given me the soft light of starlight,
rather than chase the night away, I befriend it.
Instead, I became soft like lantern light,
a place for storytellers to weave their tales to the weary
and battle worn.

I do not chase away monsters like the morning sun,
instead, I welcome them and hold their hands as I learn
their names,
listen to their stories.

I do not hold silver linings like those who are the dawning
light,
instead, I hold the glow of fireflies and other wonders.
Only found at night.

Midway to the morning

Do you ever look and wonder how we made it so far? How hard we worked to crawl out of the tar and peel it from our skin?

They could make constellations of the wars we fought, the battles we've won... and lost.

Yet

Despite that there is a world that spat in our faces, and a life we did not get to choose, we forged ahead. Made weapons of our chains, and fought against monsters that were not always ours to fight.

And

Here we stand, in a life we've weaved, with a family we built. We can hang up our swords, our axes, our knives. We no longer need them always at our sides.

We've come so far.

And gained so much.

Despite the monsters, we were forced to fight.

Lost in the element

I feel lost like the moon,
in clouds of taboos.

I feel like an element,
in a compound,
with a null value.

I feel lost like the moon,
in the midst of stars,
loved by the world only,
on conditional terms.

I feel lost like a bee,
trapped in a flower,
like trapped in the world,
in search of emotions.

I wanna make a new start,
trying hard on my part,
but ending up numb,
feeling among the world dumb.

Don't know what it is,
either I don't fit in the world,
or the world doesn't fit in me.

Left with only my poetry,
like a garden with a dead tree.
I feel lost like a dim light,
bombard with darkness,
where efforts feel lost.

Don't know where to begin,
I try hard to hide my pain,
like the sun hides behind the clouds.

I feel lost like a postcard,
between the emails of fear,
felt value at one time,
and null value at another.

I feel like that couplet,
lost in prose in the novel,
once the book is closed,
no one remembers it,
like once we fail in life,
efforts lost their worth.

I feel lost like a cause,
in the world's reaction.

Bleak emptiness

My mind twirls in contemplation,
emotions surge, causing a cerebral storm.
A migraine brews in this fixation,
keep calm, don't let chaos swarm.

I yearn to express this distress,
an internal madness I have stored.
Suppressing shouts, avoiding the mess,
silent struggles, I endure.

Pen and paper, my solace found,
igniting a flame, uncertain where to begin.
Listening to my heart's whisper sound,
in a candlelit space, thoughts spin.

Eyes sealed in flickering light,
a cyclone of musings persists.
Unsettled, trying to find insight,
seeking a zone that truly exists.

A desperate quest to touch and feel,
scavenging my soul for release.
Yearning for a healing appeal,
a solitary, essential peace.

Is it frustration, anger, confusion,
or sorrow, heartache, and bleak despair?
Heart's peril in this grand illusion,
maybe fresh winds will clear the air.

Describing feelings seems a daunting task,
layers concealed, needing to unveil.
Exposing wounds, an essential task,
peel back the layers, let emotions sail.

Eyes open, paper blankly stares,
no need for deep analysis.
A reflection of me, it declares,
an emptiness that echoes paralysis.

Echoes of understanding

In the quiet solitude of my room, I sat, my thoughts swirling like leaves caught in a gust of wind. I longed for someone to truly understand me, to see beyond the surface and grasp the complexities of my soul.

As I scrolled through my phone, I couldn't shake the feeling of isolation that seemed to cling to me like a shadow, I craved connection, the kind that went beyond mere words or superficial exchanges.

Closing my eyes, I imagined a world where I could be completely myself, where my deepest fears and desires were met with empathy and understanding. I yearned for someone to look into my eyes and see the chaos within, to hold my hand and say, "I understand".

But as the night stretched on, I realised that perhaps the key to being understood wasn't in finding someone else, but in learning to understand myself. And so, with a renewed sense of determination, I set out on a journey of self-discovery, knowing that true understanding would come from within.

Labyrinth of thought

In the depths of my mind, I am imprisoned. Not by bars of steel or chains of iron, but by the relentless machinations of thought. I am an overthinker, condemned to wander the labyrinth of my own mind, forever lost in the endless maze of possibilities and doubts.

Each day begins with the weight of the world pressing down upon my shoulders. Every decision, every action, every word spoken is scrutinised, analysed and dissected within the confines of my mind. What if I had something differently? What if I had chosen another path? These questions echo endlessly, reverberating through the corridors of my consciousness.

It began innocently enough, this curse of overthinking. As a child, I was praised for my curious mind, for my insatiable thirst for knowledge. But somewhere along the way, curiosity transformed into obsession, and knowledge became a burden rather than a blessing.

As I grew older, my overactive mind only grew more restless. Every decision became a monumental task, as I weighed each possible outcome, every potential consequence. Simple tasks became Herculean trials, as I agonised over every minute detail.

And yet, for all my endless pondering, I found no comfort. The more I thought, the more lost I became. It was as if the very act of questioning only served to deepen the jungle of my mind, trapping me further in its intricate web.

But amidst the chaos, amidst the endless maze of my thoughts, there were moments of clarity. Transient moments, like rays of sunshine breaking through the clouds, where everything seemed to make sense. In those moments, I found peace, if only for a fleeting instant.

And so, I continue to wander, to question, to overthink. For perhaps it is in the act of questioning that we truly come to understand ourselves. Perhaps the perplexity of my mind is not a curse, but a gift, a never-ending journey of self-discovery.

Perhaps one day I will find comfort in this labyrinth of thought, a way to navigate its winding corridors without losing myself in the process. Until then, I will continue to wander, forever seeking answers to questions may never have been meant to be answered.

Disappeared from the back door

To disappear, it must be a weird feeling...

We've all heard of and maybe been left behind by someone who vanished.

Car left along the highway, engine still warm and possessions left behind.

A boat floating anchored, food on the table and cabin lights on, but not a single soul abroad.

House left empty, refrigerator running, TV still on, back door left open.

What is it like to disappear?

Did it hurt? Knife blades in innocent flesh? The smell of dirt and dead leaves and blood? A cry that was buried in upturned earth, never to be heard again?

Was it peaceful? A breath of fresh air as you walk?

Freedom from the chains of before? An escape from the cage that held you?

Were you taken? Life ripped away from you by rough hands? Eyes wide as you're carried elsewhere? The smell of a car unfamiliar as the tree grew distant?

Do you regret it? Are you out there? Do you miss the people you left behind? Can you miss the people you left behind?

Do you know they miss you miss you? Are you there? Alive and well? Or hiding in moist dirt never to be found again?

Did they do something to you? Hide you? Kill you?

Destroy your existence? Or has the fate that befallen you one that's worse than death?

Often death is the most peaceful answer.

I like to think, as foolish as I am, that there's a place
where all those who have vanished go, where their needs
are met and they are happy and they know they are loved
and protected.

Where nothing bad happened, no pain, no suffering,
lifted and carried like a hurt stray cat to warm house.
And maybe I'm a fool, for believing in such loving things
when this world has proven to hold no love as such.

And maybe I'll be foolish enough one day
To stop the car
To take the dive into the water
To run out the back door
And to find the place, the happy place that does not exist,
where all the vanished people go.

Silent choices

In the realm of quiet whispers, I reside,
where unspoken truths within me hide.
To shout aloud, my feelings unveil,
yet friendships tremble, fragile and frail.

In silence, I find solace, my retreat,
avoiding anger's path, bitter and feet.
Mean words and hurt, I choose to forsake,
preferring kindness for friendship's sake.

Beneath my calm façade, storms do brew,
a river yearning to break through.
But fear holds tight, seeing my voice,
for I fear consequences, the loss of choice.

So, I remain a listener, silent and still,
concealing emotions, a tranquil skill.
Wearing a mask of gentle response,
letting my heart speak through eyes that disclose.

Know that this decision, mine alone,
to be kind when anger's seeds are sown.
In the realm of unsaid words I reside,
where mending and breaking coincide.

Patient as the night, I bide my time,
in shadows' embrace, hidden from prime.
With a tender soul, I tread this path,
preserving peace and warding off wrath.

For in restraint, compassion does grow,
a gentle breeze to ease all woe.
Through intricate paths, kindness prevails,
illuminating darkness, when all else fails.

Redemption

In the quiet corners of the mind,
where memories linger, undefined,
there dwells a specter, cold and stark,
a long-standing guilt, a haunting mark.

It lingers like a silent storm,
a shadow cast, a constant form,
whispering secrets of days gone by,
as remorseful echoes fill the sky.

Each passing moment, a heavy weight,
as the burden of guilt does not abate,
it gnaws and claws at the heart's core,
leaving wounds that bleed even more.

The sins of yesterday, they cling and cling,
like tendrils of ivy, tightening,
no escape from the grip they hold,
in the labyrinth of guilt, the soul is cold.

Yet in the depths of this despair,
a flicker of hope, a tender prayer,
for even in the darkest night,
there lies a possibility of light.

So let the weary traveller find,
the courage to leave guilt behind,
to seek forgiveness, to mend the past,
and find redemption at last.

The nights that ask my name

Nights pass and my heart feels more miserable; my eyes, filled with tears, stare at the ceiling while the feeling squeezes my chest. Confusion, like a thick fog clouding my mind, makes my hands tremble as I pray for a sign, a path, one more sigh.

I cling to life with tooth and nail, but the pain makes my soul weak and my grip loosens more and more, on the edge of falling into that dark abyss I thought I would never return to. There, where my spirit dies little by little, my earthly body longs to bleed and yearns for the last breath; the one that puts an end to the pain, the suffering, the questioning and the struggle where I don't know what I am searching for. I crawl, chasing the dream of the woman I no longer recognise.

I look at myself in the mirror of this gloom and only find fragments; I look for the large, bright eyes that used to recognize themselves in the reflection, but now I only see two wells of a melancholy that knows no truce. At what point did the path become so narrow? The silence of the room becomes a muffled scream asking me who I am now that pain has redrawn my edges.

I try to pick up the pieces of my dreams, but my hands still tremble, and the fear of never finding myself again is the only thing that feels real. However, in the midst of this shipwreck, a weak pulse persists under my skin, a tiny spark that refuses to be ash. It is a weary struggle, a duel between the shadow dragging me down and that part of me that, though wounded and unknown, still breathes and waits, in some corner of oblivion, to be named once more.

Do I make you happy?

They make me wonder...
How can your eyes have that glow on top?
It's like they have been drawn,
and the artist, on purpose, left that white spot.

I like to think they shine because of me.
That I am the artist who filled up the rest with ink.
The one who portrays laughter on your face by just
looking at them.

Am I the one who sparks your heart with the touch of our
hands?
Do I pigment that shy look and reddish cheeks with my
hugs?
Is the reach of my lips what alights your skin?
Do the whispers of my body awake your desires?

Am I the artist who paints the shades of your fires?
The one who illustrates spring spells in your blood,
am I the creator of your joy when it rains?
I really wish to illustrate the key to your chains.

Divine Embrace

This poem has come from a place of personal struggle and profound experience of divine comfort and love. In my darkest moments, when the cacophony of life threatened to overwhelm me, I felt an indescribable warmth envelop me, a gentle reminder to be still and recognise the presence of God. It is a testament to the power of divine love to transcend our trials and offer solace and strength, reminding us that, even in the midst of turmoil, we are never alone.

In the chaos of your life, be still,
in the quietness of your life, be still.
Amid the storms that rage and the winds that roar,
in the calmness that follows, in peace, and more.

In the silence is when you'll hear me,
in the noise is when you'll feel mine.
When the world quiets down to a whisper soft,
listen for my voice, deep within their I'll be soft.

My warmth will cover you like a blanket snug,
my comfort will ease your pain, a tender hug.
As the sun wraps the earth at the break of dawn,
so, my solace upon you is lovingly drawn.

Be still and know that I am God,
in every heartbeat, in every nod.
Through trials and tribulations, you face,
be still in love, find your grace.

For in stillness, my presence becomes clear,
a beacon of hope, drawing me near.
In the quiet and chaos, in joy and pain,
be still, my child, in my love remain.

Poet's remedy

With all my heart, I write my rhymes,
to pen my thoughts and ease my mind.
For words are keys to unlock my soul,
to free the thoughts that often have no goal.

With ink as my tool,
I carve my words into the paper,
to birth my fears and dreams alike,
and to bring them into the light.

I pour my heart into ink and page,
for poetry's my language and my rage.
A poet for a heart that bleeds,
in search of truth and clarity.

With every verse, I try to find,
a way to speak my mind.
For poetry's the art that heals,
when life's a mess and words fail.

I write my poems with every breath,
to capture the feeling's depth.
For words hold power, like a tool,
to mend a broken heart and heal.

So let me write, let me breathe,
let my words be wings to set my soul aflame.
For poetry is my remedy,
to heal a heart that aches with pain.

Hollowing sorry

I'm sick of how sorry sounds coming out of your mouth,
echoing hollow, like empty cans rattling in an abandoned
alleyway.

Each word falls flat, devoid of sincerity,
just a flimsy shield to deflect accountability.

You say you're sorry for the thousandth time,
but it's like water off a duck's back to me now.
I've grown tired of the charade,
of your apologies that hold no weight.

You speak of remorse with practical ease,
yet your actions remain unchanged, unrepentant.
It's as if you're reading from a script,
reciting lines without feeling, without truth.

I long for a genuine apology,
one spoken with earnestness, with conviction.
But all I hear are the same empty words,
leaving me cold, disillusioned, and alone.

I'm sick of how sorry sounds coming out of your mouth,
for they offer no solace, no healing.
Just a reminder of broken promises,
and the emptiness that resides within.

Pain

In the labyrinth of my mind, I wander,
amidst the shadowed alleys of pain's domain.
Each corridor whispers tales untold,
each turn a reminder of battles fought and scars borne.

Pain, a silent companion, walks beside me,
its touch familiar yet ever-changing.

Sometimes, a gentle breeze, a fleeting ache,
other times a raging storm, tearing at the fabric of my
being.

I ponder its nature, its purpose,
is it price of existence, the toll of living?

Or perhaps, a guide, leading me through the depths,
a map of lessons etched upon my soul.

I trace its contours like lines of a map,
each ridge and valley a testament to endurance.

Yet beneath its surface lies a hidden truth,
a vulnerability masked by stoic resolve.

I am but a vessel, a conduit of sensation,
bound by the limits of mortal flesh.

Yet within me resides a strength untamed,
a flame that flickers in the darkest night.
So, I embraced the pain, the sorrow,
for within its grasp lies the essence of life.

And though its echoes may linger,
I am forged anew with each passing breath.

Unlabelled connections

There is something I have heard from most of pet owners that animals do have that power to read energy and mood of humans. And on several instances, it has proven to be true, since I personally experienced the same.

In one of most recent instances, when I was in the hills, and I was sitting in the garden with parents for tea. There was this white dog meeting all the visitors of the hotel including us. Now out of three of us, he sniffed my parents but came to me and kept his head lovingly on my leg and his eyes were speaking “don’t worry, you are not alone”. I patted him for the next two minutes and that’s when we bonded.

And for the next half an hour he was sitting beside me giving me company while he got some occasional pats from me. Mom and dad tried calling him to them, but he didn’t leave me. After some time, I got up to go to my room and he walked beside me right to the entrance of the hotel door, and tried all his force to continue staying with me. But he couldn’t, so he sweetly gazed in my eyes saying, “see you soon”.

In another instance, I went to visit one of my uncles who has kept tortoises at home. And I really wanted to pet one of them and my uncle got one of them out of the water for me to hold. Initially it was a little scared and in the next few seconds he trusted me enough to soft touch his head and pat him. And I have this habit of talking to the animal I am petting.

My dad also tried to pet the tortoise, but it didn't seem to trust my dad enough even after a few minutes. However, I sat with the tortoise for a good 15 minutes and he heard every word I said and enjoyed the soft finger pats. And he soon held one of my fingers firmly, indicating his connection with me.

And in this last instance, which is the closest to my heart, is about my cousin's pet dog, to whom I have dedicated a chapter in my previous book. It's a Shitzu dog who is quite antisocial and likes his alone time sleeping and roaming in the garden alone. However, his behaviour and bond with me is very different. He has slept on my shoulder multiple times; and that too quiet deep sleep with a few loud snores.

He often goes on hunger strikes; almost everyone tries to make him have his food, but he is quite a stubborn one; so, when I am there; I make sure to sit with him and talk him through while feeding him food by hand. I know most people will say that I am spoiling him, but I feel that you must build that connection with your pet.

Concluding this chapter saying that don't think that animals cannot communicate because they don't speak; they do speak through their actions which most of us tend to miss or ignore.

Ray of Hope

Stating facts in the beginning might not be a great idea, but we all know from inside that we may be a little broken or hurt; but the main problem is the acceptance part. Yet we decide to judge others' vulnerabilities; least knowing what they might be struggling with alone.

Being a writer, I am very open and honest with most of my work; trying to give expression to feelings which are difficult to convey. And till date I have faced more betrayals from my own close friends and blood relatives than meaningful friendships.

For me; friendship is giving your best to the other person and be the human form of sunshine and be like a safe heaven. But not everyone has the same definition; I guess.

People fear staying with me because of my dark thoughts and philosophical writings, and I like to believe that they left because they didn't think that they were capable enough to handle me. But truth be said, I didn't deserve them.

And for the first time in years, I found someone who I adore infinitely, and they don't have a knife piercing my back. Someone, who I know will always my good and will always stay neutral and give absolutely unfiltered advice.

I can't express in words how eternally grateful I am to you. Last year and this year too has been tough for me. And literally everyone left me, even most of my closest friends.

But you, you didn't leave me irrespective of my vulnerability and darkness, you actually had enough courage to bring inside a burning torch in the dark cave of my repressed feelings... like a ray of sunshine in an abandoned cave.

Unlike most of the people/family members that walked into my life and decided of backing out and thinking my issues are not your problem, you decided to hold my hand and walk me through this. And you are a fantastic listener too!! And I can't even express how grateful I am to God for sending you as his guidance angel.

And to be honest I look forward to meeting you and talking to you, since I like asking for your advice and discussing intellectual things. Bonus point is that I get nice college gossips.

Whenever I tag someone as "best friend", the person always gets distant but when I label them as a "sister" (like you) the relationship stays, maybe because the title is quite big and important which is difficult to back out from.

I haven't told you this, but I have found that safe space with you to talk even my darkest thoughts to the best memories. And having traits of a protective sister, I have this strong instinct to protect you at all costs, and help you in the best way possible and do as much as I can.

I hope we continue this bond, and I hope to be a close friend whom you can rely on, a sister to whom you can always come for advice and treats and someone you can confide in.

Whispers of raindrops

As the heavens open up, an ethereal symphony ensues, accompanied by the gentle rhythm of raindrops descending upon the earth. The air, once heavy with anticipation, now fills with a sense of serenity and tranquillity. Rain, the celestial gift from above, envelops the world in its embrace, weaving a tapestry of profound peace.

Each raindrop, like a celestial messenger, descends gracefully, gliding through the atmosphere, caressed by the soft whispers of wind. As they touch the ground, they create a delicate harmony, the sound of nature's lullaby, captivating every ear that listens. The gentle patter against rooftops, leaves, and pavements invokes a sense of calmness, as if the world itself is exhaling a sigh of relief.

The scent of rain, a fragrance of its own, permeates the air, revitalizing every breath. It carries the promise of renewal, washing away the dust of the mundane and inviting a momentary respite from the chaos of life. The earth, parched and weary, opens its arms, eagerly receiving the gift of liquid solace. With each drop that seeps into the soil, nature awakens, revealing its vibrant colours, unveiling hidden life, and fostering a sense of unity between all living beings.

The rain's touch upon one's skin is a gentle caress, an invitation to pause and seek solace within its ephemeral embrace. Standing beneath the sheltering canopy of trees, feeling the cool droplets kiss the face, one can't help but be transported to a realm of inner peace. The worries and

burdens of the world seen to dissolve, carried away by the cascading currents, leaving behind a sense of liberation.

As rain washes away the noise of the city, it bestows upon us the gift of silence. Amidst the symphony of raindrops, the chaos of daily life recedes, allowing the mind to find solace and clarity. In this serene atmosphere, introspection becomes effortless, and the soul finds refuge in the simplicity of the moment.

Rain, with its tender touch and gentle demeanour, brings a respite from the demands of existence. It reminds us to slow down, to appreciate the beauty of stillness, and to find solace in the peace it brings. With every rain shower, the world is granted a momentary glimpse of harmony, where worries fade and the soul finds shelter in the tranquil embrace of nature's tears.

Peace in Love

Growing up in a family where love was but a superficial concept among two individuals who claimed to be in love but actually wouldn't think twice before pulling the trigger on each other. I didn't get to understand what love meant.

Romeo and Juliet's story is stereotypically considered to be a great love story but were they really in love? Or did they love the idea of being in love? Sigh, what are you, love?

How crazy it is to think a simple four-letter word could have so many meanings depending on who uses it, how they use it, when they use it or why they use it. But wait, it could be absolutely meaningless to someone else too. You could think someone is in love with you without realising that they lead you on perfectly.

I have been in love a lot times, but do I know what it actually means? No, but I do for sure know how it feels to be in love. It's so bitter-sweet, so painful yet such a beautiful feeling. It's like getting your soul crushed into a mould just to let it get built by your lover again hoping they do it with care.

It's like a baby bird trying to learn how to fly, taking a leap of faith fully aware, they might either fall to death or fly higher in the mesmerizing blue sky. It is as if "to love" is "to gamble", "to love" is to "take the risk". You never know if it was worth it unless you give it a try.

Love is not just having lovely memories, it's like going through a storm and if you're true to yourself and your lover, you'll be just fine with a few scratches maybe but

that's all. Love was never just peace, it's a fight, but it's the one you don't fight with each other even in the silence. To love is to respect each other's boundaries.

To love is to let go of ego and embrace selfless love for one another because what goes around comes back too.

Withered roses

These withered roses remind me of us, us humans.
Beautiful in every way, every form, every shape.
Beautiful in every phase, just like the moon. Half,
crescent, quarter, and full moon, all equally beautiful.

These withered roses, been there, full blooming,
looking so so beautiful. These roses were once buds,
were once mere leaves and were once just a seed.
Even now as the time trails, now becoming
withered, petals falling off, like an act of letting go,
yet so beautiful.

Roses are like relationships, beautiful in every way,
when they once bloomed, beautiful and full of life,
when they were once a bud, a developing bond like
a developing connection.

The withered roses remind me of the act of letting go,
the act of moving on. Moving on from broken
friendships, incomplete relationships, relationships
which have ended, for good or bad, we don't
know, but the way the rose loses its beautiful petals,
similarly, it's the act of letting the relationships you
cherished go.

If these walls could answer

Imagine sitting in a cozy room with your therapist, a warm cup of tea cradled in your hands as you are your dark thoughts. In that intimate yet confidential space, in the brightly lit room, she leans forward with a gentle smile and offers you a piece of wisdom that touches your heart- “you know, talking to the wall doesn’t need my intervention”.

It’s a very simple statement, but it carries with it a depth of meaning that catches you off guard. It is as if she’s acknowledging the moments when you retreat into your own space, seeking solace in the quiet echoes of your mind.

With a compassionate glaze, she continues. “I intervene when the wall answers you”. Her words sink in, and suddenly you realise the profound truth behind them. It’s not just about talking to the bare white wall; it’s about those moments when you long for a response, a validation, a connection that transcends the silence. In that moment, you feel seen, understood and cared in a way that goes beyond the confines of the room.

As you reflect on her words, you realise that she’s not just a psychologist, she’s a compassionate guide, a confidant who walks alongside you on your journey of self-discovery. And in that shared moment of vulnerability, you find strength, courage, and the reassurance that you are not alone in this dark chaos.

And now as you continue your conversations, both with her and with the walls that surround you, you do so with a newfound understanding of the power of human connection and the healing that comes from simply being heard and understood.

Portrait of the Misery Poet

She asked me how well I knew hate.
And I told it's like an old friend
and she weeps at my answer
on a couch, on a porch, and its 4am.

She asked why I think the way I do,
why my baseline thoughts are in the negative.
I say somebody's got to be the misery poet
and I pop myself another sedative.

I am full of lies and broken promises,
I sold them all to the devil for a hit.
And I know we're reaching the end of the world,
and it bothers me that I don't give a shit.

I'll continue writing as the bombs drop,
words brought to life just to burn
because I am the misery poet.
And I guess I live how I learn,
straight down to the pavement,
a world of constant regret,
and it's time for me to take my turn.

She says she won't read the work anymore,
she says everything just brings her down.
And I'm prideful so I take her compliment
the misery poet, everlasting frown.

She asks why I'm so against myself
beating me down by my own hands.
I said because that way I can actually feel something
watch the scenery as the camera makes its past.

Death

*Death asked life "why does everyone loves you but hates me?"
Life replied "that's because I am the beautiful lie while you are
the painful truth."*

Quite an inevitable stage of life, yet having so many meanings attached to it metaphorically. It is the eternal goodbye, a melancholy dance we all must learn.

Death had her face- the face of my beloved, the one who walked beside me through every joy and sorrow. As she extended her hand to me, I felt a sense of peace wash over me, knowing that even in death, I would not be alone.

And though I understood that it was all an illusion, a trick of the mind in my final moments, I welcomed her embrace with open arms. As I gazed into her familiar eyes, I was content, ready to leave behind the trials of mortality and journey into the unknown, hand in hand with the one I loved the most.

For what is fire to someone who has already lost everything? What is the sting of flames against a heart that has been seared by the relentless agony of loss?

A lifetime of memories flickered like fragile flames, and in the embrace of twilight, she surrendered to the inevitable, finding solace in the tender grace of the life she lived, now softly fading into the eternal tapestry of cosmos.

Prisoners of time

I watch the second hand as it circulates around the clock
it's something to focus on,
something to time my breathing.
As I lay on my bedroom floor
breathing air of sharpened knives,
serration breaths out of my lungs.

I watch the clock in all its tick tocking
count the sound,
it's something real and concrete.
In a foetal position
I'm holding myself tightly
trying to pretend my hands belong to someone else.

I haven't felt another's touch in so long,
I've forgotten how it feels to know comfort,
to sob in the presence of another,
to show the very essence of my soul.

I watch the minute hand pass again,
one rotation of the second hand gives one tick to the
minute hand,
the hour hand moves too slow to help.

I feel the deep slow caress of panicked fingers,
ghostly and cold, calculating in their plans.
I'm its prisoner, held captive for my whole life,
anxiety issues and depressive symptoms.
I know I'm not alone
but it's hard to remember that when you think you are
dying

This room is shrinking
the clock inches from my face
and I stare at the seconds hand
One, two, three, four
Breathe out
Seven, eight, nine, ten
Inhale

Hugs

The kind of hug that feels like I'm sharing a part of my inner self, a way to show how much I care and connect with them.

The kind of hug that say more than words can. The kind of hug that can create bonds that time and distance can't ever break.

And then there are times when I hug my memories. In quiet memories, I relive moments from the past, and each memory is like a special kind of hug. Some memories are gentle, like a soft, nostalgic whisper, while others are strong, like the warm embrace of a long-lost friend.

These moments help me remember the happiness of the past and find solace in memories. It's a different kind of hug- one that doesn't rely on the physical but resides in the heart's deepest feelings.

So, whether it is the warmth of a real hug or the gentle embrace of a memory, both have the power to nurture our souls, remind us of the beauty of human connections, and wrap us in the enduring love that makes life's journey meaningful.

It is her

Have you seen her recently?! The girl I call “myself”?

She's been missing for a while, I don't think anyone notice, so if you see her, please, do tell.
I'm not sure how she looks like though, cause she's always so shy when I stare at the mirror.
But I can tell you how beautiful her smile is, and how brave she is to be such a strong believer.
She believes in love, all kinds and forms,
she's the one who gives out the most, like from an endless source that her love is from.

She'll cover you in sunlight, and let you know that you'll deserve the warmth,
while tears will be frozen in her stomach, as silence is forced by both of her palms.
She believes in kindness, in the good of people,
sadly, she isn't dumb enough not to know, but still, faith is what she chooses to follow.
Naïve as she might be, blinded as she is,
she refuses to give up, determined or stupid, whatever it is.

She can't illuminate the whole world, but she can light up a candle,
that's her treasure, and she won't hesitate to share it with you, no matter your name being Angel or Devil.
She'll understand your excuses, even without your effort to convince,

she always tries not to be a burden, a distraction, an
anything but a Perfect Little Miss.

If you see her anywhere, even just a glimpse, please let me
know,
so, I can make sure I'll do better next time, make sure the
hole won't be too shallow.

Cause, yes, I killed her, and buried her deep down,
blood was washed by the tears; her everything is now six
feet under the ground.

I killed her, for jealousy made me go crazy,
because, she could be the sun to anyone, and everyone,
only except for me.
She had so much love to give, but she never even thought
of my name for once,
she criticised every breath that I took, told me the worst
thing that she could ever say to anyone.

How could a person be that cruel? How much hate did
she have to act that indifferently?
So yes, I killed her, in the exact same way she'd been
treating me, with no mercy,
I kept her candle for the light, you can say it's a souvenir,
or a reminder,
I love her so much that I hate her so bad, the paradox of a
murderer.

A girl nobody loves

She uses ink as a tool to help her take herself to this enchanting place, where she experiences all the love and joy she spreads. She puts the ink to the paper with the hope to make sense of “why” but in the quest she just escapes to the inner realms inside her mind where she thinks her soul really belongs as they are soft on her.

She creates dreams of going back to the era of the tortured hopeless romantic poets, where someone can understand the unbearable pain of being a giver and she gives, giving roses and all she receives is thorns, witnessing her grief even the sky mourns.

Whenever she falls down the cliff of any problem, she takes the pen in her hand and just escapes and enters into this world which is accepting of the unusual, the different, the strange, the ones who think they don't belong in a world so small and she just runs, she paces to the nearest ink and paper and she lets the fantasies take over her and goes to a place so far away.

Hiding is the only way and no she is not a coward, rather fearless to let the thoughts take over her. Since she has been, she has always been like this, a girl nobody loves and so she relies on, holds onto the page and ink, they are her best friend for only they can take her into a place where she feels worthy.

And so, she goes in the blink of an eye to her imaginary world that's her moment of sigh, ohhhh!! What a majestic lie and there she goes, a girl everyone likes but a girl nobody loves...

Beacon of courage

No one knows...

The pain she has to endure...

In twilight's embrace, his inner strength held firm,
a beacon of courage, through sorrow's storm.

Amidst valleys of sorrow, her old-school grit shone bright,
with resilience as her compass, she faced the night.

Beneath the weeping willow's sigh, she stood tall,
drawing strength from within, never to fall.

Each tear that fell, a testament to her resolve,
as she embraced the challenge, with courage to evolve.

Like petals carried by the breeze, she journeyed on,
with a heart of steel, her battles won,
in the dance of leaves, her spirit found its power,
a testament to resilience, even in the darkest hour.

For in life's cycle, where endings give birth anew,
she found the courage to start anew.

With each sunrise, painting skies with hues so bold,
her old-school personality, a story to behold.

Through time's tapestry, woven with care and might,
she discovered the beauty in life's fleeting light.

In the depths of despair, where shadows loom,
her inner strength, a beacon to consume.

So let her tale stand as a testament true,
to the resilience of love, in all that we do.
Far from the ashes of pain, new beginnings rise,
as she soared on the wings of hope, to the endless skies.

Human Mistakes

Mistakes, oh how they haunt our minds,
like deep scars that never fade,
our flaws, our wrongs, our missed signs,
oh, how they make us afraid.

But let not these errors define us,
for we are so much more,
we are human, imperfect and thus,
mistakes are part of our core.

With each stumble and each fall,
we learn and we grow,
our mistakes, they are our call,
to become someone, we didn't know.

We may lose our way at times,
but we can always find our light,
for mistakes are just road signs,
guiding towards what's right.

So don't be too hard on yourself,
for you are only human,
embrace your flaws, for they help,
to shape you into a better version.

For mistakes make us who we are,
they give us strength and grace,
they show us that we've come so far,
and that we can overcome any race.

So let not the fear of mistakes,
diminish your spirit or your worth,
for they are what makes us great,
and bring meaning to our time on earth.

Embrace your mistakes, both big and small,
for they are what make you unique,
they are part of you, after all,
and without them, you'd be incomplete.

So let go of your past regrets,
and look towards a brighter tomorrow,
mistakes, they are just minor debts,
in the larger picture of life's sorrow.

Remember, mistakes make us human,
and that's something to be proud of,
so let them be your guiding beacon,
towards a life filled with love.

In the end, it's not the mistakes we make,
but how we rise from them,
so let go of your worries and heartaches,
and embrace the beauty of being human.

Brown-eyed Wanderer

Have you seen her?
The brown-eyed wanderer!
It's been days she got lost,
leaving those she loves the most.

Never expressed where she would go,
when she is sad and oh so low.
Never did she wear her heart on her sleeve.
No clue, no hint of why she would leave,
maybe we all failed to read,
her kindness was never for greed

She speaks in whispers, say less,
yet her humour a delightful mess,
at first glance, she seems aloof,
but her heart's warmth is the truth.
You might find her in places afar,
somewhere quiet under the stars.

Tell her she meant the world,
for us who know her worth.
Our brown-eyed wanderer, come back home.
In your absence, our heart's alone,
here's a promise- we will try our best
to put your aching heart at rest.

Wisdom or age?

When I was a young child with a pebble on her shoulders,
I spoke of it, and the voice got lost in the void of
dismissal.

My pain was so small to your grown-up hearts,
but my heart was so little that it brimmed with the pain.

I grew up to become an adult with a mountain on each
shoulder,
who read a hundred books,
and still never found the language in which I would be
heard,
in order to be able to convey you the gravity in my words,
the sincerity in my eyes, the genuineness in my cries, the
validity in the feelings.

I was always told that I was too young to understand
things,
so, I read a hundred books that made me age a hundred
years.
Now I feel too old for my own body,
and still too small to be significant to you.

No matter how much I understand, how much I try to live
up to your standard of a “mature” person,
I’ll never be wise enough to understand my own life,
the life that you call so little.
And so, I wonder, do I need to be “big” to understand a
life as little as mine?
Or is it even important to understand?

Can't my little heart be the guide to my "little" life?
Can't my "foolish" mind be enough for a life that you
don't even find that serious?
A life that you think is unworthy of being called difficult?

Wisdom is the only thing I have ever chased,
and it's something that I never achieved on time.
Wisdom, whenever it came to me, always came late.

It's the thing that I'd thought would gain me your
approval,
but in the end, it made me lose everything,
including the hope of being understood,
the hope of being enough,
the hope of being loved.
Wisdom, I realised, was infinite,
and so, it only made me feel even more trivial.

It didn't increase the magnitude of the life I've lived,
but only the magnitude of introspection,
and in the end, my own life began seeming so
insignificant to me,
I have reflected on my life thrice as much as
I have lived it,
and though I am a bit wiser, but turns out,
you need to be old, not wise
in order to be taken seriously.

Rusting medals

The past often comes to me in flashes, involuntarily.
It returns in bursts to taunt me with sweet memories.
It shows me glimpses of when days were easier to get through.
Back when I wasn't so tense, so grief-stricken and so terribly cruel.

I'm not the one to hold grudges.
But I won't ever forgive myself
for tainting my childhood with impurity
and staining my youth with so-called maturity.

There's a lot I regret and hope to change.
Funnily enough, I haven't even done much,
I just wish I would've made a different choice,
I wish I was kinder, calmer and a little stronger.

It seems I'm stuck apologizing for my misdeeds.
I'm sorry, it was selfish of me not to respond to your texts.
I'm sorry, I know I shouldn't have lashed out at you like that.
I'm sorry, I hope you can muster up the courage to forgive me.

In truth, I try to stay so cognizant of the world and my
role in it
that I often commit horrible, catastrophic crimes to my
heart and soul.
I swallow my dignity, I gulp my pride, and I reply no
matter how hard it is to speak,
I bottle up my melancholy and watch with bemusement as
it comes leaking out of me.
“I’m sorry”, I whisper softly, except for once I’m
apologizing to my younger self.
“I’m sorry for failing you. I’m sorry for forcing you to
grow up. I’m sorry for hurting you.”
“I promise I didn’t mean any of it. I was just trying to do
what I thought was right.”
“There was no time to watch you bloom and thrive. I’m
sorry for cutting off your oxygen”.

I wish I could just follow my heart
instead of dancing to other people’s heartbeats.
I’m chronic people-pleaser, a pathetic attempt at
perfection and failure of a daughter,
I’m grasping onto my rusting medals and praying to God I
don’t fall off my pedestal.

The butterfly is ready to fly

With a heart full of hope and mind open wide,
you stand tall, ready to take on the ride.
New energy flows, filling you with glee,
changes are coming, just to wait and see.

Your spirit radiates with a powerful glow
as blessings align and make their show.
The world around you, it all falls in place,
your time has come, embrace it with grace.

No longer held back by doubts and fears,
your path is clear, no more shedding tears.
A new chapter begins; with each step you take.
a journey of growth, no room for mistakes.

The complexity of life, now starts to make sense,
as you embrace the changes, and let go of past tense.
Everything is aligning, for your greater good,
embrace the journey, as you always should.

No need to rush, or force the flow,
everything will come; just let it all go.
With patience and trust, your dreams will unfold
each day a new beginning, for you to behold.

The old you, fading away like the night
as the new you emerges, full of might.
A butterfly, from its cocoon, ready to fly
with wings of strength, towards the sky.

You're ready, dear one, to spread your wings
conquer your fears, and see what life brings.
For changes are happening, and blessings abound
with a heart full of gratitude, you'll be astounded.

So just trust in the journey, and in yourself
for everything is aligning, for your highest wealth.
New energy flows, and your soul starts to soar
you're ready, my dear, for so much more.

Fragments of my story

Poetry is the whisper of my soul,
a gentle breeze that stirs the depths of me whole.
It's the rhythm of my heartbeat, the melody of my tears,
the echo of my laughter, the whisper of my fears.

It's the canvas of my emotions, the colours of my mind,
the symphony of my thoughts, the harmony of my heart's
design.
It's the language of my dreams, the voice of my innermost,
the bridge that spans the chasm between my soul and the
cosmos.

Poetry is the solace of my sorrow, the balm of my pain,
the sunshine in my darkness, the hope that remains.
It's the fragment of my story, the piece of my heart's
puzzle,
the reflection of my journey, the map that navigates my
struggle.

It's the song of my humanity, the hymn of my grace,
the celebration of life's beauty, the elegy of its fleeting
pace.
Poetry is the essence of me, the distillation of my being,
the poetry of my existence, the meaning of my living.

Gifted child

A gifted child,
that's what they called me.
And as a child,
that was all I could have ever asked for.
To live up to my family name,
but as the years grew longer,
the gift became a chain,
Tightly wound around my heart,
bringing more ache than gain.

Every smile was expected,
every tear had to hide,
for a gifted child, they said,
must always wear their pride.

No matter the day, the pain
or the loss of being sane
the single letter was all it mattered.
It was what kept you in lane,
but now the chain is too tight.
And I'm slipping out of grip.

How can someone so extraordinary
become so vain?
When did all the medals
become average paychecks?
When did all the praise
become distant haze?
When did being a gifted child,
become being a normal adult?

Reputation

As a girl, I was taught
reputation is all it matters.
And once your reputation is tarnished,
you'll never be the same.
They said, "Guard it with all your life,
a fragile glass, so easily shattered,
a mirror to the world,
reflecting every step, every word."
I grew up in the shadow of those words,
careful with my actions,
weighing every choice,
living for the gaze of others,
afraid to make a noise.
I thought that one mistake
will make my name go from
the one I was given, to "disreputable"
my father and mother
polished me like a trophy,
told me without telling me
that I was to reach their expectations.
So, I stayed perfect,
didn't let a speck of dust ruin me,
kept my reputation pristine.
But what if reputation is a glass that doesn't shatter
but bend instead?

Heartless

I've been called that multiple times.
Though I do have a beating heart inside,
but when I see someone cry,
those tears don't come out from my side.

I'll watch you bleed and offer a bandage,
but I won't say words of comfort you want.
But before you go around calling me "heartless",
know I was once the girl,
who would bleed on the street,
but be laughed at by others.

Those years went by,
and every time I tried to fix the past,
the edges were too sharp, and they would
cut the points of my finger, callusing the tips.

So, when I tried to brush someone else's tears,
it wouldn't feel like a comforting gesture,
more like a hug from sandpaper.
I thought maybe I was too hurt, to help comfort others.
Cause whenever I tried
they'd all complain at my tries,
I'd cradle your heart, tell you it's gonna be okay.

But I'm scared if I get too close, it's all just gonna go away,
like a dream, you so desperately want to cling to.
But the harder you try to remember,
the more you doubt and forget.

So don't call me heartless.
Call me a heart with less love,
a heart who's trying to find a steady rhythm.

Dying Stars

Your smile is a sad thing, little one.
You smile at your friends,
you smile at your foes,
you smile at those you do not know.

But when you are alone,
there is no one to smile at but the mirror
and you are so tired of smiling,
yet you continue smiling anyway.

Smile at the moon.
Smile at the sun.
Smile at the pain,
to hide the tears,
to hide that you are dying,
because my darling, you are anything but fine.

You lay in bed all night crying
for all the things you aren't.
When your friends ask if you are okay,
you laugh through the tears
because your smile is forged from dying stars
and broken cosmos.

Everything's fine

Who will I become is far from who I am
because time plays its role for patience.
And we survive by playing its patients,
we don't have a choice as to what we age,
but we can choose how we face it
and I hope I face it with grace and guilt.

I'm not proud of a lot of the things I've done.
I guess I'm making progress because I can look in the
mirror again,
but "fine" can be hidden in camouflage,
tasting anxiety and tasting nervousness.
And I think I did too much.
It's not an overdose without me dying on the table for a
few minutes,
just give me a few minutes to rest my eyes.

If I don't love myself, how am I supposed to love you?
There's paradoxes anytime you say the words.
And I'm not happy with how this is racing to the end
I just want to stay here forever,
happily, wrapped around your fingers.

Make you happy, child

Deep within your heart and soul,
there's a child that longs to be whole
with innocence and pure delight,
that never fades, but shines so bright.

In a world that demands perfection,
it's easy to lose that connection
to the joy and carefree ways,
to dance and laugh through endless days.

But don't let adulthood take its toll,
let your inner child take control.
and do silly things that bring you joy,
like playing with toys as if you're a boy.

Then let the rhyme and rhythm flow,
as you twirl and prance, to and fro
forgetting all your grown-up fears,
as you release your inner tears.

Let your mind wander and explore,
as you imagine and create once more.
Build sandcastles by the sea,
or climb a tree, just to be free.

Roll down hills, fly a kite,
try to catch a star at night,
splash in puddles, make a mess,
there are the things that truly bless.

Your spirit, your soul, your being,
keeping you young, and forever dreaming
of a life filled with joy and glee,
where you can simply just be.

So, embrace your inner child,
let their laughter run wild
for in doing silly things, you'll find,
a happiness that never leaves you behind.

Hard on yourself

Don't be so hard on yourself my dear,
in this journey of life, you are not alone.
It's okay if sometimes you fail to steer,
just remember your strength, its set in stone.

You strive for perfection in all you do,
but perfection is just an illusion.
Your mistakes, they do not define you,
they simply add to your life's fusion.

The road to success is not a straight line,
there'll be twists and turns along the way.
But each stumble is a chance to shine,
so don't let self-doubt lead you astray.

You are capable, you are strong,
even when the world seems to weigh you down.
You have the power to push along,
and turn your darkest days around.

Those voices in your head that criticize,
they do not speak the truth, my friend.
Ignore them and reach for the skies,
for your worth is limitless, don't pretend.

You are doing the best you can do,
and that is more than enough,
believe in yourself, for its true.
You are worthy, you are tough.

Don't compare yourself to others,
each journey is unique, you see.
Embrace your flaws, they are your colours,
and they make you who you're meant to be.

So don't be so hard on yourself,
you are a masterpiece in the making.
Embrace your imperfections with wealth,
for in them, lies your true awakening.

So, carry on dear, with your head held high,
and let your heart be your guide.
You're doing great, even when you try,
so never give up, take it in stride.

Just remember, in this complex world,
you are just as you should be.
Don't be so hard on yourself, my dear
for you are everything you need to be.

Eyes

If you only knew
how my eyes see you
not as the world does,
not even as you see yourself,
but as light pressed into the shape of longing,
a prayer in motion,
a quiet storm wrapped in skin.

You walk,
and hours soften.
You speak,
and silence kneels.
Even the dust in the air
pauses to listen
when you tilt your head and wonder.

If you only knew
when you smile,
the sky forgets its weight,
and in your absence,
every empty space wears your name
like a forgotten hymn still echoing.

I see you
not with eyes alone
but with the ache behind them
with the memory of a dream,
that never asked to be forgotten.

If you only knew
how my eyes see you
you might finally understand
why I look away,
just in time,
to hide the way
your name shimmers in my breath.

Maybe

Even when the stars say “no”
the heart still whispers “maybe”.
It’s foolish, I know
this stubborn hope
that blooms in shadows,
that dances barefoot on broken glass
and still dares to call it love.

But tell me
how do you silence a heart
that beats in your name?
How do you teach it reason
when it only speaks in longing?

There were nights
when the sky looked bruised
with memory,
and I searched its wounds
for the shape of your shadow.

Nothing answered
yet I stayed
feeding on the silence,
drinking the dust
of all we could have been.

I kept searching for signs
a flicker, a falling star,
a breath between winds

something to tell me
that you were looking too.
And even in the stillness,
even in the silence
I told myself

“maybe”

Maybe you think of me when it rains.
Maybe you feel me in a song.
Maybe you scroll past my name
and stop for just a second longer
than you should.
Maybe there's a pause in your breath
where my name still quietly lives.

Yes, the stars may have denied us,
and fate may have drawn our paths apart
but this heart?
Its hopeless
Its wild
It's yours

And as long as it beats,
It will whisper that one word
softly, stubbornly,
through every goodbye,
every almost,
every what if:
“Maybe”

Good enough

In this life, we strive to be enough,
but often, our efforts we deem as rough.
We compare ourselves to others' shine,
and forget that our own light is just fine.

But let me tell you, my dear,
your best is always good enough, never fade
for you are unique, one of a kind,
with talents and strengths that are hard to find.

Don't dwell on what you lack.
Think of the things you bring to the pack,
your flaws and imperfections make you whole,
embrace them, for they are your greatest role.

Society tells us we must be perfect,
but that's just an illusion, I must object
for it is in our imperfections,
that we find our true connections.

So let go of the need to be flawless,
and embrace your true self, no need to be lawless
for in this complex world, simplicity is key,
and your best is more than enough, just wait and see.

Don't let comparison steal your joy,
you are good enough, don't let anyone destroy
the confidence and love you have within,
for your best is always good enough, so let your soul win.

Remember, the rhyme scheme may be AABB.
But your worth goes beyond what the eyes can see
so, believe in yourself, and trust in your own worth
for your best is always good enough on this earth.

So, my dear, embrace your uniqueness,
and never doubt your own greatness.
For your best is enough, always and forever,
just believe in yourself, and you will soar higher than ever.

Today is a good day

Today is a good day, the sun shines bright,
birds chirp and sing with all their might.
The wind whispers secrets, the flowers dance,
nature's symphony, a perfect romance.

The sky is painted with shades of blue,
clouds scatter, revealing a heavenly view.
Butterflies flutter, spreading joy around,
and a joyous feeling, in my heart, is found.

Today is a good day, a day to be alive,
to embrace the beauty that surrounds and thrives.
To let go of worries and all that weighs me down,
and simply enjoy, without a single frown.

The world may be complicated and complex,
but today, I choose not to be perplexed.
For in this moment, everything is just right,
and I am grateful for this beautiful sight.

There's magic in the air, I can feel it in my bones,
a sense of peace, a feeling of being at home.
The universe has aligned, everything is in tune,
and I bask in the warmth of this perfect afternoon.

Today is a good day to have a good day,
to put aside all doubts and fears and play.
To laugh and smile, and live in the present,
and cherish every moment, for it is pleasant.

I take a deep breath, and let out a sigh,
today is a good day and I cannot deny.
With each passing moment, my heart feels light,
and I am filled with a sense of pure delight.

So, here's to today, a day that's truly grand,
a day to cherish, a day to take a stand.
For today is a good day, a gift from above,
and I choose to embrace it, with all my love.

Take it easy, don't you worry

In life's bustling symphony, a chaotic dance,
amidst the worries that make one's heart prance,
take a deep breath, my friend, and soothe your soul,
let the worries fade, embrace control.

Don't let the weight of the world crush your spirit,
or the storms of doubt your inner light demerit,
for in the tapestry of time, we are all but strands,
guided by the rhythms of life's seeking hands.

Like a bird upon the wing, soaring so high,
let your thoughts and worries in the breezes fly,
trust in the journey, the path that lies ahead,
letting go of burden that encumber instead.

Embrace the present moment, with joy and grace,
find solace in nature's calm, warm embrace,
the gentle whispers of the wind and the trees' sway,
will soothe your weary soul, chase your blues away.

Life is a kaleidoscope, a vibrant array,
with hues of both sunshine and moments of grey,
when worries threaten to cloud your sight,
remember, in darkness blooms in the firefly's light.

So, take it easy, my friend, don't let her fear hold sway,
for in the tapestry of life, you play a role to portray,
with every step you take, embrace the unknown,
and let your spirit soar, where happiness has grown.

Drowning in blues

How many times can I write about your eyes?
How long can I go, writing sonnets and poems,
verses and ballads describing the blue of your irises?
How long can I keep giving the same dedication?
When will I run out of the words?
When will my subject matter lose its subject?

And I guess the answer is that there's always another,
composition taking up space in the corner of my mind.
And how hypnotizing the looks you gave me were.
I would've died for you. I would've killed for you. I
would've lived for you.

But now I only get to see your eyes on the back of my
eyelids.
Sometimes that's enough,
but that's honestly a rare situation,
because it's never really enough.

It never will be enough, so I take my frustration out on
the page,
stabbing notebooks with fountain pens.
And the red ink looks almost like blood as it ruins yet
another word.
What if that was it? What if that's what I've been
attempting to say?

How many more lyrics with unheard music.
and I honestly keep dedicating to those ocean blues?
How many times can I describe the looks behind it?
I swear your eyes showed me your soul.
And I've been so intimate in that kind of knowledge,
seeing your soul was better than anything else.

The Mother Star

Who will be there to witness the death of a star?
Maybe from up close, maybe from afar,
watch as it struggles to light up its expanse,
witness how their life leaves them to prance.

Grief is a shadow who always seems to wait,
to grieve oneself cannot be someone's fate.
Stars are beautiful until they are hurt,
as they see their light but them, they are hurt

A star expects the tender warmth from the sun...
maybe they try to fly close for once... twice...
until they are scorched into ash...
They never learn their lesson and it has been for a while.
But how can they stop?
For they love the sun too much
for without the sun, they wouldn't exist in the expanse of
the galaxy.

They are indebted...
They are required...

To watch the sun as it painfully burns away at them.

Architecture of memory

*We are not built of bone and breath alone,
But of the ghostly mortar. The intangible stone of
memory.*

We are the sum of every vanished instant,
a living museum curated by a careless hand.
The foundation is poured in the dim light of childhood:
the smell of rain on hot pavement,
the precise weight of a blanket,
a safety long vanished.
a song a mother hummed, now just a melody without
lyrics,
a feeling without a name.

Each room is a year, a season, a single afternoon,
here, the sunlight of a perfect summer, preserved in
amber.
There, the cold shadow of a door closing for the last time.
We wander these halls constantly,
tracing the patterns on the wallpaper we chose years ago,
running a hand over the banister worn smooth by a
thousand repetitions.

We are scribes, writing our story in invisible ink,
a narrative etched into the very circularity of our pulse,
the first kiss is a fossil in the bedrock.
The greatest grief is a canyon, carved deep and sudden,
its echo still whispering on the wind that funnels through.
We furnish our minds with these artifacts:
a chipped mug, a ticket stub, the sound of a specific
laugh.

We are archaeologists of our own past,
gently brushing the dust from a forgotten moment,
startled by the vivid colour that remains.
We are also revisionists, painting over the cracks,
softening the sharp edges of a pain too acute to hold,
gilding a mundane day with the gold of nostalgia.

We build our present upon this shifting ground.
We love based on a blueprint of an old warmth.
We fear because we recall the shape of a previous fall.
We are walking, talking libraries
where every book is a volume of our own history,
some chapters dog-eared and beloved,
others sealed shut, yet never truly forgotten.

We are not just living.
We are an accumulation.
We are the breath we take now,
and the echo of every breath we've ever taken.
We are the stories we tell ourselves in the dark,
the collection of every glance, every touch, every word that
ever landed,
until the weight of it all shapes us,
hold us together,
and becomes the only thing that makes us whole.

Always the poet

I've written sonnets for strangers,
painted lovers in words they never read.
Turned ghosts into art,
even when they left me aching instead.

I could tell you how their laughter felt like dawn,
how their hands fit into metaphors I stretched too thin.
I've craved beauty from heartbreak,
made poetry out of every almost-love I've been in.

But no one writes about me,
no ink spills for the girl who bleeds verses.
Who spins sorrow into something soft,
who sees love in a way that only love nurses.

No one calls my eyes galaxies,
no oceans drown in the brown of my stare.
I've spent years wondering if poetry
only belongs to those unaware.

Maybe I am too much a writer,
too much a creator to be the muse.
Always weaving stories, never living them,
forever the poet- never the truth.

But still, I crave a love that is quiet,
one that stays, one that holds.
And for once, I won't just be the poet,
for once, I'll be the one they feel.

There is always a message

I write poetry
as if each one is a letter to someone.
A conversation had with those who can't converse
I can say the things I want to say
stuff my anxiety refuses to let me.
So, I'm cursed with a notebook and a pen,
inspiration can really hit at any time.

I don't waste my time or my lines.

I write to old friends
as if I'm screaming into an emotionless face.
The one's who moved on without me,
they changed and I stayed the same.
I hope all of you are well.

Not one sentence is an accident.

I write to past loves,
to the girls and boys who've hurt my heart.
I write the good moments, and I bleed the bad,
I wonder if they've ever come across them,
Not knowing these words are meant for them.

There's always a message...

Slow-killing poison

The bottle is a liar,
But it's the only voice
that doesn't choke when I listen.

The pills don't heal,
but they hum like hymns
when I lay them on my tongue.
My chest has forgotten
what peace feels like,
but it remembers silence-
and silence is worth
every poison I can swallow.

Take lots with alcohol,
that's what the label doesn't say,
but that's how I read it.
Wash the ache down with fire,
chase it with something cheap and bitter,
pretend this cocktail is medicine,
pretend the shaking is holy,
pretend the blackouts are sleep.

People think self-destruction
is rage,
is violence.
But mostly its boredom.
It's the way days repeat
until you're clawing for anything
to make the clock bleed.

It's the way you own head,
sounds like static,
and you'd drink bleach
as if it promised a clean station.

And love-
Don't talk to me about love.
I've buried love under bottle caps,
I've drowned it in sink water
that tastes like rust,
I've written it out in poems
I never had the guts to send.

Every "I love you" I ever tried
slurred into an apology,
and every apology
tasted like whiskey on my teeth.

I don't want saving,
don't even want help.
Just want someone
to sit in the wreck with me,
to hold my hair back
when the medicine claws up my throat,
to look me in the eye
and say:
"yeah, it hurts.
Yeah, it is ugly.
But I'm still here."

The doctors don't understand this.
The priests don't either.
They write prescriptions
for wounds that aren't theirs,
they scribbled prayers
for souls they've never lived inside.
But the truth is-
Healing feels like fiction,
And ruin is the only gospel
My body believes in.

So, I'll keep at it.
Another bottle,
another handful,
another prayer disguised as poison.
Because some nights,
the only way to feel alive
is to risk not waking at all.

And if I don't wake,
then let the poem be the witness.
Let the ink testify,
let the last line say simply:
I tried
I hurt
I loved poorly but honestly
I took the medicine
And it took me back.

Worthy of love

There are days I smile and
no one can tell it is forced.

Days I say I'm good
because it is easier than explaining
why my chest feels so heavy
for no reason at all.

I still show up with a smile
with jokes,
with this practice version of okay.
Because pretending the ache isn't there,
sometimes feels safer than being honest about it.

I still answer texts quickly
thoughtfully.
Like I'm on call for everyone else's life,
but too tired to check in on my own.

I still make plans I secretly hope get cancelled,
because slowing down means feeling it,
and feeling it means admitting I'm not fine as I may seem.

Some of it doesn't even have words for,
just a quiet ache that lingers behind the laughter,
an invisible weight that doesn't ask for attention
but never really leaves either.

But there is something that I have learned,
healing isn't loud
it doesn't always look like sunshine or sound like progress,
sometimes it looks like not giving up,
with the parts of you that are still learning how to stay.

And I don't have all the answers,
but I know this,
I am not weak for having bad days,
I'm not broken just because I'm still figuring out.

I'm becoming:
quietly,
beautifully,
and even now,
I know I'm worth loving through it.

Healing

Never linear, Never complete

Why am I crying at 2am simply because I happened to come across a meme they would have loved? Seriously, what kind of fool am I to miss and long for someone who is perfectly fine without me in their life? The worst part is that, at the end of the day, my heart somehow manages to hold on to love for that particular person. I gave up trying to understand my heart a long time ago. Despite attempting to lead with my brain and remain logical, my heart ends up winning arguments 90% of the time.

Healing is comparable to a snake shedding its old skin to unveil its striking new pattern, but significantly healthier. I completely understand that life is a constant cycle filled with new experiences and eventually learning to let them go once they've served the purpose. But the pain that comes with it? The hurt you have to endure for months on end, wondering when it will finally cease?

I don't think people truly understand what healing feels like they've gone through it themselves. The constant overthinking about whether or not I made the right choice by letting them go for my own sanity. The urge to reach out to them overpowers any rational thinking. When you finally reach out and things don't turn out as you wished, you can feel your heart shatter.

The constant replaying of past memories and desperately wishing you could relive them one more time before they

slip away. The random breakdowns and confusion as to why that is, especially when you've finally been doing okay. The entire journey of it all is this huge pit of never-ending suffering, and at times, it feels impossible to even get out of bed.

So, in case you needed to hear this today, healing isn't linear. It never is and never will be. You will have to go through hell and back with the anguish that comes along with it. It is okay to feel helpless and realize that, despite healing not being an easy journey, it somehow ends up being one you can reminisce about down the road.

Is this art or just survival?

The truth is,
every poem costs something.
sleep
skin
the last cigarette you swore you wouldn't need.
Every line is a tax,
every stanza another bruise.
You don't write because it feels good.
You write because if you don't,
the silence wins,
the ghosts win.

Sometimes I wish I could stop.
Wish I could clock out.
Let the words rot,
let the pages stay clean,
but I can't.

Writing is the only sin I'm loyal to.
The only prayer I half-believe in.
The only shovel
I've got to dig myself out of the grave
I keep building.

People think poets are dreamers.
They don't hear the grind of teeth
at 3am when the words
still won't come.

They don't see the ink-stained hands
shaking over a cup of coffee,
knowing the rent is late
but the poem had to be written first.

They don't see the truth:
this isn't glamour,
its labour
its bone-deep.
It is survival disguised as art.

And maybe one day,
the poems will outlive me,
maybe they'll wander the world,
and maybe someone will hold them,
and see what it cost-
not just ink,
but blood,
and time,
and the best parts of me
I'll never get back.

This is the only work I know,
the only work that has ever felt real
to write
to ruin myself
to leave my bones humming
With something like truth.

Unspoken Agreement

There is an unspoken agreement
to let the world remain as it is.
A comfortable silence,
a nod to the way things have always been,
a weight that feels like inevitably.

It is easier to believe
that a single voice is a stone too small
to change the course of the river.
That the current is too strong,
the banks too firmly set in stone.

But the river is made of drops.
The wall is made of stones.
And the silence that surrounds an injustice
is not neutral ground.
It is the fertile soil where wrongs take root
and grow monstrous in the quiet.

To speak is to disrupt that false peace.
It is to introduce a new sound
into a stale and stagnant air.
It is a crack in the dam of complacency,
a refusal to be a bystander
in your own story.

Your voice does not need to be a thunderclap.
It can be a question asked in a room
where everyone assumed that they knew the answer.
It can be a hand raised,
not in anger, but in the unwavering conviction.

It can be a quiet, steady hum
that joins another hum,
until the air itself vibrates
with the frequency of change.

For every great turning of the world
began not with a decree,
but with a whisper.
A thought that someone,
against all odds,
dared to give a name to.

Do not underestimate the power
of naming the thing that is broken.
Do not underestimate the courage
it takes to say "this is not right"
and in saying so,
to become an architect of what could be.

To speak up to build a bridge
from the world you have
to the world you know must exist.
And the first, vital, undeniable plank in that bridge
is a single word,
spoken aloud.

The Museum of You

They are not photographs, pressed and flat,
though we often try to frame them so.
They are more like water, holding the shape of a
container for a moment,
then shifting, escaping, changing form.

Some are built of granite,
heavy and immovable in the landscape of the mind.
You can return to them, run your fingers over their
weathered inscriptions,
feeling the same chill, the same sun-warmed stone.

Others are made of mist,
a faint impression of a feeling-
the specific weight of a blanket from childhood,
the particular gold of a late afternoon sun in a room
that no longer exists,
the ghost of a song someone hummed while doing
the dishes.

They are curators, these memories.
They do not keep a complete record.
They select and edit with a mysterious bias.
They preserve the sting of a slight for decades,
yet misplace the name of a face we swore we'd
never forget.

They are architects, as well.
They build the rooms we live inside.
The foundation of a laugh, the wallpaper of an
old fear,
the corridor that always leads back to a
certain door,
left open just a crack.

We are in constant conversation with them.
We summon them for comfort, like pulling a familiar
book from the shelf.
We try to exile others, locking them in the basements,
only to smell their perfume rising through the
floorboards at night.

They are the quiet historians of the heart,
writing and rewriting the story of who we are.
A scent of rain on dry earth becomes a whole
summer.
A few bars of a melody become a first love.

The Thunder I know too well

Everyone asks me why I hate the storm,
they praise the rain, say the thunder's warm.
They love the chill, the sky's grey tune,
the way the world holds its breath till June.

And I do love rain, how it softens the ground,
how it hums like a promise, a gentle sound.
But the lightening snaps and my breath goes thin,
because I've heard that sound before. Inside. Within.

It's not the sky that makes me freeze,
it's the way my heart still remembers these:
doors slammed hard with shaking frame,
voices sharpened by anger and blame.

Eyes lit wild with a dangerous glow,
words thrown like knives, fast, brutal, low.
I learned to tiptoe, learned to be small,
learned silence was safer than saying it all.

I memorised floors by the creek of the wood,
knew when to breathe, when I probably should.
Screaming bounced off the walls at night,
thunder without clouds, no warning light.

Bruises you can't see, but they live in the mind,
fear taught early, cruel and unkind.
Love came tangled with hurt and control,
and the survival carved scars into my soul.

So, when the sky cracks open, loud and wild,
I'm not afraid of rain. No, I'm afraid like a child.
Afraid of the shaking, the loss of control,
afraid of that rage with no visible sound.

How do I tell them it's not just a sound?
That storms dig graves where my sleep should be found.
That nightmares still drag me out of my bed,
replay what was done, repeat what was said.

They ask me why I don't sleep when it rains,
while my hands still tremble, why it hurts in my veins.
How do I say the storm never stayed outside,
it lived in my home. It learned my stride.

So no, I don't hate the rain on my skin,
I hate what the thunder wakes up within.
Because some of us learned, before we could run,
that love can be loud...and safety, none.

Silent promise

I did not come to you unmarked or clean,
I came with ache still living between
my ribs and my skin, my truth and my form,
with a body that bleeds and a soul reborn.

I came wanting, but not to disappear,
not to be softened into something unclear.
I came as myself; open, undone,
still learning how to stay when love comes.

And you,
you never hesitated.
Instead, you held my broken pieces with the utmost care,
with a silent promise while caressing my unkept hair.

Unexpected Fall

I built a house of trust, and let you in.
Not just across the threshold of a moment's grace,
but gave you the blueprints to the entire place.
You knew the location of every hidden lock,
every load-bearing wall, every vulnerable spot.

I showed you the cellar where I kept my old shames,
the dusty boxes of fears which I rarely named.
I pointed out the cracks from previous quakes,
the patches of mortar that never quite set.
I thought you were studying the structure to better
hold it up.
I never thought you were learning where to swing the cup.

The betrayal was not a sudden, violent blast.
It was a slow and meticulous sabotage.
A quiet loosening of a screw in a floorboard I'd walk on
later,
an almost-imperceptible crack in a windowpane, waiting
for the winter.
You used your intimate knowledge not to shelter, but to
weather.
You knew exactly how to make the collapse look like an
act of God,
and not the careful, calculated work of a friend turned
demigod.

The lesson is not that you were monstrous from the start.
The true, chilling lesson is that you were mostly good.

That is what makes the poison so effective.
It was served in a cup of genuine laughter,
wrapped in the familiar paper of shared years.
I drank it willingly, toasting to our friendship,
never tasting the bitterness until my own foundation
turned to fever.

Now, the house is a ruin.
I walk through the rubble of inside jokes turned to
shrapnel,
of memories now sharp with the serrated edge of irony.
I sift through the ash of confidences burned for a
moment's warmth.
And I am left with the coldest of truths:
Not everyone who knows your heart wishes it well.
Not every hand that rests on your shoulder is
measuring its strength for a push.
Some people cannot bear the weight of your light,
and their only way to feel tall is to ensure you are
kneeling.

There is no happy ending woven from this thread.
There is only the stark, solitary knowledge:
a lock must now exist where there was once an open door.
The world is not softer for this lesson,
But I am harder.
And I will rebuild,
but never again,
with such a careless,
such a generous,
hand.

Ink is Cheaper than Therapy

People say “writing is cathartic” like it’s always a good thing. But the truth? Ink is cheaper than therapy, yeah. But it’s also more dangerous. Because therapy has guardrails. Writing doesn’t. Writing will drag you down alleys you weren’t ready to walk in.

Yes, writing does heal. It gives the chaos a shape. You take the static in your chest- the heartbreak, the anger, the loneliness you can’t name- and you turn it into words. Suddenly, what was unspeakable is spelled out. That’s the power of ink.

It’s the reason so many people, when they hit bottom, start journaling. It’s not about making art- it’s about survival. Ink gives you distance. It lets you look at what happened without having to re-live it raw.

And when someone else reads it and says, “God, I feel that too”- that’s communion. That’s medicine.

Writing doesn’t care about your timing. It doesn’t care about your coping mechanisms. It’ll pull every locked drawer open if you let it. And sometimes, you’re not ready to see what’s inside.

Writing hands, you the shovel and says: *dig deeper.*

You convince yourself that you are in control because you are the one choosing the words. But the page always takes way more that you intend to give. You write one true line and suddenly the floodgates open, and there is no one to

close it but you. And sometimes, you don't. Sometimes you drown in it.

The page becomes a mirror that you can't stop staring into. You keep showing yourself at your worst because that's where the writing feels most alive. But the more you do it, the harder it becomes to live outside of the wound. You risk becoming a tourist in your own trauma, visiting it daily because it makes good copy.

So, is writing worth it?

Always. But you have to respect it for what it is: *fire*. Fire cooks your food and warms your home, but it also burns your home down if you fall asleep with it still roaring.

The trick is knowing when to put down the pen. When to stop digging and let the earth cover itself back up.

But ink is more dangerous than therapy because there's no one to stop you when the words turn into weapons.

So, if you are going to use ink as therapy, do it with respect. Know its medicine and poison at the same time. Know it will stitch you up and scar you in the same breath.

A crowded room

Loneliness is a crowded room.
Where small talk abounds all around.
Everyone is talking but,
no one hears a sound.
Every soul searching,
but nothing has been found.
We all feel a little lost,
we all feel a little down.
If we stopped using our mouths,
and started to use our ears,
I know without a doubt
we would see a little clearer.

Stars

Who made your stars burn so bright?
From the pain hollowing out of your chest
that they extinguished themselves
from your beautiful universe.

And cursed the planets who's
loyalty extends beyond time
to leave their orbits
only to float into nothingness.

While your galactic tears became dull
for your universe slowly eroded
away into cruel darkness.

A Visitor at the Bed of Sleep

Night kneels softly at the edge of breath,
where sleep loosens its fragile crown.
A body rests in linen hush,
while shadows gather their ancient names,
and silence learns how to watch.
From the vaulted dark, a presence bends-Horned with
time,
stitched out of fear.

Not rage, but patience shapes its hands,
as if it knows the map of veins,
and the language of unguarded souls.
A finger nears the dreamer's face,
not to wound, but to claim.
For terror is rarely loud or swift—
It whispers truths we bury awake,
and calls them destiny.

The sleeper does not stir or flee,
for monsters thrive where we rest.
They borrow forms from our own doubts,
feeding on prayers left unfinished,
and courage postponed till morning.
Yet even here, light remembers itself,
threaded thin through mortal skin.

The heart keeps a stubborn ember,
a refusal to surrender fully,
even beneath the weight of dark.
So, the night lingers, undecided,
between dominion and retreat.
For no shadow survives untouched,
when a soul-though trembling-Still dreams of dawn.

Bandage of Perseverance

Sometimes the act of holding on isn't about not being able to move forward. It's about holding on to what is left of what once held us back, because even as time passes- it doesn't heal.

No matter what most people say, it doesn't. When a scar hits you, it scars you permanently. May it be a visible mark or one unseen, it cuts deep. The unseen wounds remain the gaping ones, because no one can see it but us and it's much harder to fix something by yourself.

The worst part of hidden pains are the old wounds that only you can stitch yourself and yet opening to leave it open, letting the air of remembrance sting it over and over.

Isn't it funny how one of the most important organs that keep us alive can die even as it continues to beat? The thing about death is it isn't just about losing your breathing, as being alive doesn't equate to breathing. Breathing is simply a form of survival.

No matter how many times you experience something, there is just not getting used to it. That's how cruel pain is- it's a cut that always bleeds and cannot be controlled, either if it's a place untouched by harm, or especially when it's a tear that hasn't begun to heal yet continues to get bruised.

Healing is a terrible, terrible feeling, which is ironic because its meant to be healthy. But the thing is, healing doesn't mean putting salve over the wounds. It means acknowledging the pain from the lesion and how much it made you suffer. And despite all the trauma, when you

close that scar to heal, you're subjecting yourself to being open for it to get hurt again.

That's why holding on isn't always bad. Sometimes it's the protection that keeps us safe from more heartache. There's a security in clinging on to what we're used to. We persist in reliving bygones because before they were scars, they were stars. Stars from laughter, the light they shone, the brilliance of their presence.

Scars aren't just in our bodies. Most of the time, they're in the heart and in the mind, something mere medicine won't cure.

Longing scratches over the bandage of perseverance we've masked the scars with because even when there is no itch, we claw at the wounds because we have the constant need to look back and reminisce about how there was once a flesh untouched by nostalgia.

The ones who notice everything

Some people don't listen
with their ears alone.

They listen
with their nervous system.

They read rooms
the way sailors read the sky-
pressure shifts,
small changes in light,
the way silence gathers.

This is spiritual intelligence.
Not something learned in books,
but lived.
Felt.

An awareness is trained
by paying attention
to what can't be proven
but is always present.

They notice
how your shoulders rise
when you say you're fine.
How your smile arrives
a second too late.
How your energy leaves the room
before your body does.

They don't need explanations.
They feel the weather
inside people.

Their senses are tuned
like instruments left outside too long-
sensitive to storms,
to warmth,
to the quiet hum
of something unspoken.

They might be quiet.
Not because they don't know,
but because they know too much.

Spiritually intelligent people
understand
that words are often
the least honest part.

So, they watch hands.
Breath.
Eye contact breaking
like a falling star.

They read vibes
the way astronomers read light-
knowing what they see
is already traveling from the past,
still telling the truth.

They carry a soft awareness,
a kind of sacred alertness.

Not loud.
Not showy.

Just present.

And nothing
slips past them
unfelt.

She carried herself like a constellation

She had brown eyes-
soft at first glance,
until you stayed long enough
to feel the gravity.

Whole galaxies lived there.
Unfinished thoughts.
Spirals of memory.
A mind that never learned how to rest
because it learned too early
how to survive.

Her mind
is her superpower.
Also, her sharpest blade.

She went through hell
without a map,
without a witness,
and still found her way out.
Pulled herself from the flames
with trembling hands
and called it becoming.

She did the work.
Quiet.
Unglamorous.
Over and over again.
A good girl
with dangerous edges.
A genuine heart
that learned how to guard itself.

Her peace
is her responsibility.
She carries it
like a sacred object,
never sets it down.

She loves
with her entire body.
No shallow water.
No safe distance.

And when she stops-
she stops.
No echoes.
No half returns.

She is hard to read
but impossible to ignore.
You feel her
before you understand her.

She is one of one.
No comparison survives her presence.
Pain shaped her,
but it didn't hollow her out.
It made her precise.

She belongs to no one.
Answers to no one.
Her attention,
is a privilege,
not a guarantee.

Trust.
Loyalty.
Respect.

Everything else
falls away.

She is okay with solitude.
That is her power.
But strength does not mean
she does not want love.

She wants freedom
without surveillance.
Love without control.
Desire without cages.

Never dim her fire.
Never try to own her becoming.

If she trusts you,
She is already loving you.

She believes love
is not language
but action.
Not promises,
but proof.

She chased love once.
She will never do that again.

Now she tries
to be a place
someone chooses.

She is private
because too many hands
reached for her soul
without permission.

Her standards are high
because she gives
what she asks for.

She is not a girl's girl.
She is simply her own.

She prays-
softly,
honestly.
She asked God
to heal wounds
no one noticed.

To correct her
when she was wrong.
To protect her
when she wasn't.

She gave everything to God.
And God rebuilt her
in plain sight
of the ones who tried to break her.

She is grateful-
on her worst days,
on her best days.

She is rare.
She is flawed.
She is human.

She wants a love
that feels like recognition.
Like remembering
something ancient.
Like home.

She doesn't search for love.
She searches for life.
And trusts love
will find her
if it's brave enough.

She chooses kindness
even when it wounds her.
because it is who she is,
not who the world made her.

She will not shrink her dreams.
She will only widen her effort.

She is manifesting.
Aligning.
Calling her future toward her
like stars she's memorised
in the dark.

She carries pain
with elegance.
Carries faith
with trembling hands.

She is still becoming.

And one day-
she will know love
the way she knows her own name.

Or at least
that is what I have observed.
She only lets you see
what she wants you to see.

A soul I would love to know.
But never be.
For she is her own person.
And I am me.
And I love
who we both are individually.

Human Nature

All the stars burn,
but their light falls on empty ground,
as we reach for morning
as if it were something to grasp,
but the world folds back into silence.

We name things to anchor ourselves
love, truth, justice.
But each name dissolves
under the cold finger of reality.

Time drifts without direction.
We build, we destroy, we weep
and it is all the same
as the dust between our fingers.

I walk through days like a ghost
haunted by the echo or purpose,
that was never mine to hold.
Even hope feels like a lie
we tell ourselves to stay awake.

And yet, in the vast emptiness
there is a strange freedom,
a permission to be small
to laugh at everything,
to crave moments from the void
without promise, without weight.
We live because we can.

We feel because we can.
and the abyss watches, silent
as if saying
“I offer you nothing
and still, you exist.”

Stability

We find solace in the things that aren't real because it will remain untouched by the tragedy of being true. We seek refuge in a place that doesn't exist. When something is intangible, it cannot be broken. And no matter, there is a comfort in stability. That even if we ourselves have changed, our favourite fantasy remains a fantasy.

Books hold worlds we can't enter physically but step into mentally. It isn't because we're discontent with the world we're in, there is simply a feeling of euphoria, of hope in a world we don't belong in. No one knows who we are. Through the world given in books, we can make this version of ourselves that can breathe fire, can climb mountains so high, and can travel without using any vehicles.

Films bring to life the words that are unsaid. It also creates ones that say the obvious and make us understand. We watch what we are unable to live. We see what life we can live. Shows that run for a long time feel like a friend that won't leave you. You grow up with it. And even when it ends and nothing feels the same, there's always the option to start over again to gladly relive the familiar happiness, frustration, and sadness because it reminds us of a time long gone.

The permanence of it all makes it a foundation of nostalgia. Humans are inherently nostalgic-why ever else will we look back at the past and remember what was long over? There is also the fact that the past holds lessons ahead of its time,

as well as knowledge that we don't hold now. It's the same thing, watching and reading literature that wasn't created in the modern times. We get to see a society that is starkly different from the ones in the present. We listen to stories that we can only hear from going back. We read poems that resonate with us even today. We go back so we can move forward.

We find the worth of life in the things that aren't alive. Films and books intrigue the mind and teach it. We use our imagination because there is safety in concepts. The beauty of things untouchable is that it won't be ruined and it will remain guarded by its nonexistence.

To be known

To have someone
understand your mind
is a different kind of intimacy.

Not the kind that undresses you.
The kind that
finds you
already bare
inside.

It feels like
someone sitting beside your thoughts
not trying to fix them,
not rushing them,
just listening
as they drift like slow clouds
across a private sky.

They don't flinch
at your shadows.
They recognise them
like old constellations-
familiar,
mapped,
beautiful in their strange shapes.

I don't have to explain
why a song breaks me.
Why silence feels loud.
Why love makes me both
soft and afraid.

They already know.

They can hear the echo
under my words.
They can feel the storm
before I say it's raining.

And that,
that is rare.

That is someone touching
the place behind my eyes,
where all my unfinished thoughts
and unspoken fears
live like wild stars
in deep space.

It's not loud.
It's not dramatic.
It's quiet
and steady
and sacred.

Two minds
leaning towards each other
in the dark,
recognising the same light.

And somehow
feeling less alone
because of it.

Between heartbeats

You're beautiful.
I need you to know that.
Not in the way mirrors say it,
but in the way the moon
knows the ocean
before it ever touches it.

When I see a picture of you
my heart doesn't behave.
It speeds up.
Like it just remembered
something ancient.
Like it's recognising
a constellation
it's been missing.

And it's not only your face.
It's the way your presence
leaks through the image.
Your eyes feel like
open doors.
Your mouth
likes a quiet invitation.
Your stillness
like a storm
holding its breath.

Your photos speak to me.
Not in words.
In energy.
In heat.
In a soft pull
that says
come closer
without ever saying it out loud.

They touch something in me.
Something slow
and deep
and aching.
Something that feels
almost spiritual.
Like our souls
are brushing past each other
through glass and light.

I crave them.
Not just because they're beautiful.
But because they feel alive.
Like fragments of you
left behind
for me to find.

Each one makes me want
the rest of you.
The laugh behind the smile.
The breath between the poses.
The warmth of your skin.

The quiet places
you don't show.

I want to know
the you
that lives beyond the frame.
The you
that wakes up messy.
That feels too much.
That glows
when no one is watching.

There is something about you
that calls to me.
Like gravity.
Like tides.
Like stars leaning
toward each other
in the dark.

I don't know how to explain it
without sounding like
I'm dreaming.
But maybe that's what this is.
A waking dream.
A pull
I didn't ask for
but can't ignore.

You are beautiful to me
in ways
that don't fit
inside language.
And I think
some connections
aren't meant to be explained.

Only felt.

Windows to the soul

Have I ever told you that the eyes are the windows to the soul? Just by looking at them, you can know what a person is like, their desires, their fears. In them, we can see someone's life in just a second, a second that seems eternal. Eyes captivate you; they are the first thing you see and the first thing that hypnotizes you. They erase your mind, erase who you are, simply by exploring their depths. In them, we see a future, we see tears, joy, sadness; we see who is truly behind them. And no matter how much we want to, no matter how hard we try, we cannot tear our gaze away from the depths of their eyes.

But I don't own those eyes, that depth. Will they ever look at me? Will they see the same depth I see in my own eyes? Or will it just be like a shooting star? Arriving in your life for a moment, a miracle, a beauty of nature, only to then say goodbye and disappear into the vast abyss that is the sky, ready never to reappear. Will I be ready for that? To never see those eyes again? To find another ending, another depth, another gaze, one that I know will never be like yours... I truly doubt it... because there are no two like yours in the world... there isn't so much beauty, so much mystery, so much uncertainty, or so much feeling as in your gaze... there isn't the same love as yours... that gaze that tempts me to sin, that drives me crazy, that even makes me forget my own name... there will never be again.

Because I know that gaze doesn't belong to me, it never did... the depth of your gaze was so great, so much so that I ended up drowning in it.

Roots That Hide Me

She learned to grow in silence,
watering hope with trembling hands.
Every leaf a story she couldn't speak,
every root a truth she buried deep.
The world asked her to blossom ... to smile, to shine, to
be seen.

But she found comfort in green shadows,
where her heart could quietly breathe.
So, she held the plant close to her chest,
shielding herself behind its gentle wild.

If she nurtured life long enough,
maybe she'd remember she was alive.
In the safety of leaves and soil,
she discovered something tender.
Even hidden, even unsure... a small part of her still
grows...

One Step

Sometimes, all it takes is one step-
small enough to be laughed at, brave enough to be
remembered.

No map in hand.

No promise waiting.

Just a heart louder than fear and feet trembling against
the ice.

The wind will argue with you.

The cold will try to erase you.

Hunger will whisper
that turning back is easier.

The world will look endless-white, empty, unforgiving-and
loneliness will walk beside you like a shadow that never
speaks.

But still, you move.

Because some dreams
do not open their doors to crowds.

Some paths refuse applause.

Some journeys demand solitude before they offer
meaning.

And yes-

you may not know when you'll arrive, or if you ever will.

But when you do, the world will feel different.

Not because it changed-but because you did.

And one day,
looking back at those frozen footprints, you'll smile
through tears and say, softly, honestly-
"I walked.
Even when the world stood still.
Even when it stood against me.
I trusted myself."