

Symphony of Shadows

Haseeb Mubarak



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S t o r i e s M a t t e r

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Note from the Author – Farq

Symphony of Shadows is not just a book.
It is a confession, a rebellion, a requiem for every silent
scream.

These poems were not written — they were carved.
From the scars of memory, from the fractures of faith,
From nights where sleep was war, and dawn was defeat.

Within these pages lie the echoes of a soul broken and rebuilt
—
again and again —
like a cathedral built on ruins and rage.
I have danced with madness, kissed betrayal,
and made poetry out of pain.

This book is for the misfits, the haunted, the unheard.
It is for those who smile with cracked teeth,
and walk through storms like they were born in one.

If you find yourself in these shadows,
know you are not alone.
This symphony plays for you too.

—Farq
(also known as Haseeb Mubarak)

Prologue: Symphony of Shadows

by Farq

In silence deeper than midnight's breath,
Where broken thoughts compose their death,
A symphony stirs—no light, no sound,
Just haunted chords beneath the ground.

Each note is born from things unsaid,
From love that rotted, hope long dead.
It weeps in ink, it bleeds in rhyme,
A requiem lost in the jaws of time.

The shadows hum in twisted grace,
With crows for choir and scars for bass.
And I, the scribe with trembling hand,
Conduct their grief—too dark, too grand.

So turn this page with reverent dread,
For every word was once a thread,
Unspooled from souls I could not save—
Each poem carved from shadow's grave.

Contents

Title of Sorrows.....	1
Thorns of Anxiety.....	3
Epitaph of My Bones	5
The Dagger of Betrayal	6
Altar of Love	7
Ruins of Dreams	8
Crown of Madness	9
Haseeb (By Farq).....	10
Forget It	11
A Gothic Lament.....	12
"Fractures in the Hold"	13
Abandoned Distance	15
The Lamp Beneath the Lake	17
The Hunt.....	18
Elegy of the Breathing	21
Eulogy For A Crow	22
Fearless and Fearful.....	24
Rather Be Alone	26
Lucky You	28
The Night Knows Everything.....	29
The Man Who Bottled Storms.....	31
The Room I Never Locked.....	33
The Lantern's Lullaby.....	34
Costs of Loving.....	35
I Built a Room for Her	37
A Prayer Beneath the Ashes.....	38
Wayside	39
Flowers and Leaves	40
The Quiet Kind of Drowning.....	41

It Hurts Where No One Sees.....	42
When Death Wears No Name.....	44
A Mirror Left in Rain.....	46
A Last Poem	48
Wanderer of the Forsaken Lands	50
Relentless Repent	52
Cradles for the Unborn.....	54
Feast.....	56
Beggars of Love	58
Days Gone.....	60
Red Evening	62
When the Silence Tried to Kill Me.....	64
Something Bad is About to Happen.....	67
The Way Life Goes	69
The Way Love Stays.....	71
The Way Death Knows	73
Memoir of My Beloved.....	75
Letter: “Moony Grave”	77
Letter: “Myself Envy’s Dreamers”	79
Letter: “Serpents”	82
Letter: “Insidious”	85
Letter: “Downtrodden”	87
Letter: “I Rot in Heavens”	89
Letter: “Till Time Comes”.....	91
And Then There Was Her.....	93
The Door That Wasn’t There.....	96
No End.....	98
True And Unreal	100
Amnesia	102
Bonjour.....	104
Oh... Forget It.....	106
The Arcs of Life	108

Painting the Wind.....	110
It Was Never Lust	112
Nights.....	114
Overthinking.....	116
Final Acts of Treason	118
Empirical Doors	120
Just Let Me Sleep.....	122
Monologue in a Burning Room	124
The Quiet Between Us	125
Sickness of Mind.....	126
Vultures of Eyes	128
The Monster's Son.....	130
Genesis	132
Feelings.....	135
Magic Hours	137
Where is My Love	139
Love's Inferno	141
Stars and Stares	143
Fears	145
Embers	148
Obscured	149
Versions	150
The Quiet Givers.....	152
Nobody Asked.....	153
The Hollow Offering	154
Clueless Sacrifices	155
Cigarettes and Ghosts	157
What We Don't Say	158
Madness and Redemption.....	159
Obsession.....	169
The Room with No Door.....	175
The Asylum.....	181

Whispers in the Attic.....	193
Ashes in My Pocket.....	194
The Temple in the Trees.....	196
Silence has a Name	198
The Path I Never Chose.....	199
Ashes of Her Name.....	201
Born of Bruises	203
I Don't Remember	206
My All.....	207
Where is My Childhood	208
Lose Yourself.....	210
Oh My Atlantis	211
Slavery	212
I'd Never Lose You.....	214
Midnight on the Rooftop.....	215
The Weight of Quiet Things.....	216
I Am Not	217
Waste	219
Just For Now	220
Desolation	222
Never Let Go.....	224
Assumptions	226
Love, Hate, and Spite	228
Sentence without Trial	230
Prison of Life	231
Dark Nights	233
Drowning Fear.....	235
Fear the Rain.....	237
Rotting Dandelion.....	239
House of Memories.....	241
Shootout	243
Archangel.....	245

Shattered Memory	247
Particles of Punishment	249
Therefore, I Am.....	253
Death is No More My Fear.....	255
Interlinked.....	257
So Tired	259
Hypnotic Lies.....	261
Myself, Farq.....	263
Stellar	265
Sailor of the Red Sea.....	267
Reasons	269
My Beloved	271
If You Stayed	273
Infinity	275
Where are You Now.....	277
Partiality of Life.....	279
Way Down we Go for Her	281
Butterfly of My Dreams.....	283
Sad Evening	285
That Girl.....	286
Am I Real?.....	287
Timeless.....	289
People Make Me Paranoid.....	291
Let Her Go	293
The Night We Met.....	295
Avalanche of Sadness.....	297
Another Love.....	299
Ask Me	301
The Room I Never Leave.....	303
Life is Going On	305
Stress	306
The Lost Soul.....	308

Ecstasy.....	310
The Quietest Room	312
The Ballad of Majnu.....	314
The Cage Learned My Name.....	318
The Manor of My Mind	320
The Candle Waits	323
The Boy Who fed the Stars.....	325
Cathedrals of Choice.....	327
Clockwork Ghosts	329
The Quiet Kind	331
Glitter and Gold.....	332
The Hidden Thorn	333
Final Letter – From the Ashes of Ink	334

Part of the Book (2) Thoughts of a Madman.....337

Chapter 1: The Two Silences: On Being Alone and Loneliness	338
Chapter 2: The Erosion of the Human Cathedral: A Meditation on the Decline of Meaning.....	343
Chapter 3: The Slow Erosion Called Love	348
Chapter 4: The Anatomy of Relations.....	353
Chapter 6: The Science of Sadness.....	358
Chapter 8: The Silence of Time.....	363
Chapter 9: The Weight of Awareness	369
Chapter 10: The Mirror That Remembers.....	372
Chapter 11: The Museum of Forgotten Feelings.....	375
Chapter 12: The Anatomy of Hope.....	377
Chapter 13: The Architecture of Silence.....	379
Chapter 14: The Architecture of Trust.....	381
Chapter 15: The Echo Beneath the Mind	387
Chapter 16: The Whispers Inside Mirrors.....	390
Chapter 17: How The Night Learned My Name	393
Chapter 18: Diary of a Dying Thought	396

Chapter 19: The Laughing Grave	399
Chapter 20: Letters to an Empty Chair	402
Chapter 21: The Quiet Between Screams.....	405
Chapter 22: The Night I Would Burn the World	408
Chapter 23: The Philosophy of Falling	413

Title of Sorrows

I wanted to be the son who bore the weight of silence yet still
made his parents proud with every breath,
I wanted to be the brother whose shoulders never bent,
whose love was unshaken, who shielded you from death.

I wanted to be the student whose pages glowed with wisdom,
a lamp of knowledge burning bright,
I wanted to be the friend who never faltered, who stayed
beside you through the darkest night.

I wanted to be the dreamer who carved kingdoms in the sky,
with hands that never shook, with eyes that never closed,
I wanted to be the lover who gave only warmth, who built a
home from ashes where no heart was ever exposed.

I wanted to be the healer, the savior of lives, the man who
fought demons and yet returned with a smile,
I wanted to be the poet whose words stitched wounds, who
made the broken feel whole, even if just for a while.

But the crowns I carried all cracked my skull, the weight of
being everything bled me hollow and torn,
And the roles I tried to play all at once became shackles of
failure, and I was left weary, broken, and worn.

I could not be the son you deserved, nor the brother you
prayed for, nor the man you dreamed I might become,
My hands trembled, my voice fractured, and in my chest the
echoes of defeat beat like a drum.

Forgive me—for I wished to be all things, yet I was nothing
but a shadow stumbling in despair,
Forgive me—for in trying to be everything at once, I could
not even be fair.

So I bow my head in sorrow, in confession, with tears that
words can barely disguise,
I am sorry—I could not hold it all together... but I never
stopped trying in your eyes.

Thorns of Anxiety

I wanted to be the silence that ruled the graveyard, unbroken,
unshaken, a son of iron and stone,
I wanted to be the brother whose shadow stood eternal,
whose strength was carved in bone.

I wanted to be the scholar who read the abyss and wrote with
fire, whose mind never cracked nor bled,
I wanted to be the friend who bore the night with you, who
never trembled, who never fled.

I wanted to be the dreamer who built black palaces on the
ruins of fear, with wings that did not decay,
I wanted to be the lover who kissed like salvation, who
turned despair into dawn, who never walked away.

But anxiety crowned me with iron thorns, pressing deep into
the marrow of my skull,
Its whispers gnawed at my lungs, its claws rattled my ribs, its
laughter made my veins full.

Each breath became a coffin door, each thought a raven claw
tearing flesh from bone,
I became a battlefield where demons danced, yet all the
screams were my own.

I could not be the calm, nor the storm, nor the phantom of
strength I swore to wear,
I could not be the son you prayed for, nor the brother who
could carry despair.

Forgive me—for I wore the mask of stone, but beneath it my
face was fractured, drowned in dread,
Forgive me—for every promise I made was chained to the
voices crawling in my head.

So I kneel in the cathedral of shadows, with tears black as ink
dripping from my eyes,
I am sorry—I could not kill this beast of anxiety... but I
never stopped sharpening my knives.

Epitaph of My Bones

I wanted my death to come like a whisper through iron doors,
a secret no priest could sanctify,
I wanted it to be a black river swallowing my shadow, where
even ravens dare not fly.

I wanted my bones to lie beneath ruins, where ivy strangles
the stones and silence feeds,
I wanted my grave to echo with hymns unspoken, with crows
reciting my final creeds.

But death does not ask—it carves its initials in marrow, it
drinks from lungs that choke on night,
It drapes me in a coffin of trembling silence, and crowns my
skull with a halo of blight.

My veins unravel like broken strings, my breath becomes a
moth consumed by flame,
The world forgets my trembling name, yet the abyss
remembers, and calls me the same.

Do not mourn me—for I was a shadow long before the grave,
a ghost disguised as man,
Do not weep—for sorrow is wasted on ashes, and ashes obey
no plan.

So carve not flowers, nor prayers, upon my stone, but let the
crows circle and feast,
For my death is not an ending—but a cathedral where silence
becomes the beast.

The Dagger of Betrayal

I wanted your words to be a fortress, carved in marble,
unshaken by storm or fire,
I wanted your hands to hold mine steady, a covenant sealed
in blood, a vow that would never tire.

I gave you my trust as one gives a heart to the altar,
trembling yet whole,
I gave you my shadow, my silence, my name, the marrow of
my soul.

But you carried a dagger beneath your tongue, forged from
venom, sharpened by lies,
You slit the throat of loyalty, and left me to rot beneath your
unblinking eyes.

My veins bled black with disbelief, my chest collapsed
beneath the weight of scorn,
And the garden I planted in your silence became a graveyard
overgrown, forlorn.

I could not scream—for the betrayal was louder, it sang like
iron tearing flesh apart,
I could not weep—for my tears turned to glass, slicing the
remnants of my heart.

So remember me not as the fool who loved, but as the specter
who rose from the ruin you made,
For the dagger of betrayal may have slain the man, but it
awakened the ghost who will never fade.

Altar of Love

I wanted love to be a cathedral of fire, where two souls
burned as one without decay,
I wanted it to be a crown of thorns turned golden, a wound
that healed instead of frayed.

I carved your name upon the marrow of my ribs, each breath
a hymn to your face,
I bled devotion into the earth itself, and turned every shadow
into your sacred place.

But love is no saint—it is a vulture dressed in silk, it feasts on
longing until bone is bare,
It is a chalice of poisoned wine, sweet on the lips, venom in
the prayer.

You became both salvation and torment, the angel that kissed
and the serpent that bit,
Your embrace was a shroud, your silence a dagger, and still—
I never fled from it.

Now I wander with your ghost sewn into my chest, a thorn
that blooms with black desire,
And though it devours me whole, I kneel at the altar of
love... and call the hunger fire.

Ruins of Dreams

I built my dreams like cathedrals of glass, spires piercing the
heavens, shining with fragile light,
I carved kingdoms out of midnight air, believing even
shadows could turn bright.

I dreamt of thrones unshaken, of victories sung in tongues of
fire,
I dreamt of love that would not betray, of futures that would
not expire.

But the glass shattered beneath the weight of silence, the
spires fell like broken teeth,
The kingdoms turned to ash in my hands, and every crown
hid a dagger beneath.

Dreams are liars—sweet-faced phantoms that kiss your brow,
then slit your throat,
They drown you in oceans of gold, only to sink your body
with stones in the boat.

Now I walk among the ruins of my own making, barefoot on
shards that drink my blood,
Each step a requiem, each breath a curse, each memory a
flood.

Do not tell me to hope—for hope is a mask that cracks, a
candle that mocks the dark,
I have seen the end of dreams, and it is a graveyard where
crows feast and lovers depart.

Crown of Madness

I did not choose the madness—it came like a crow at dusk,
black wings blotting out the sun,
It whispered my name through hollow corridors, and I
obeyed, though the hunt had just begun.

I tried to cage it with reason, to bind it in iron and scripture,
to silence its endless hymn,
But madness is a serpent with a thousand mouths, and every
prayer only fed the limbs.

It painted visions on the walls of my skull, shadows that
breathed, mirrors that bled,
It carved its throne into my marrow, and crowned itself king
inside my head.

I became the hymn of ruin, the poet of broken stars, the
prophet of fire and dust,
Each word I spoke was a dagger of glass, each thought a
cathedral of rust.

So if you see me laughing in the graveyard, with ink for blood
and night for eyes,
Know this—I am not lost to madness... I am its kingdom,
where the last raven flies.

Haseeb (By Farq)

A wanderer stands between night and dawn,
With shadows behind, yet a fire carried on.
Dreams are his armor, words are his blade,
From ashes of silence, his verses are made.

The rivers of Kashmir know his name,
He carves his truth in the ink of flame.
A soul of storms, yet gentle in prayer,
Broken, rebuilt — still braver than despair.

He walks through madness, but never alone,
For crows and constellations guard his throne.
Each scar he bears is a page of art,
Written not in blood, but the ink of his heart.

And though the world may never quite see,
The man beneath chaos is longing to be—
A healer, a poet, a seeker of skies,
Haseeb is the name, where eternity lies.

Forget It

I carved my silence into words,
Each one a wound I could not hide.
The nights were longer than the years,
The mornings hollow, though I tried.

I waited where the shadows grew,
Believing whispers were the light.
I bled my soul for love untrue,
And broke myself to hold it tight.

The promises dissolved in air,
The echoes mocked what I became.
I spoke to ghosts that weren't there,
And only sorrow knew my name.

Yet here I stand with nothing left,
The weight of ashes on my tongue.
What once was love is now bereft,
A tale half-written, half-unsung.

Forget it...
It's nothing.
Just a shadow I mistook for love.

— Farq

A Gothic Lament

— By Farq

My heart is a ruin where shadows remain,
A cathedral of silence, a temple of pain.

The candles are drowned in a sorrowful night,
And hope has forgotten the meaning of light.

Each step I take echoes hollow and bare,
Through corridors haunted by ghosts of despair.

The garden of dreams lies broken, undone,
Its roses are ashes, its daylight is none.

My lips whisper prayers to a sky that won't hear,
Each word dissolves into silence severe.

The mirror has shattered, my face lies in shards,
A prisoner bound in invisible guards.

The cross of my love I am cursed to embrace,
While time carves its scars on the bones of my face.

No dawn ever rises, no mercy is near,
Only shadows that feed on the marrow of fear.

I bleed in the silence, I drown in the rain,
My soul is a graveyard of sorrow and chain.

Yet still I remain, though I'm broken apart,
A ruin, a relic, a weeping heart.

"Fractures in the Hold"

— By Farq

We built our walls with steady hands,
On quiet vows and honest lands,
Each brick a truth, each beam a flame,
Until the storms began to claim.

At first, the wind was a passing test,
A little strain on a house of rest,
But stress will lean on the fragile seam,
Till even stone begins to dream.

Your eyes once shone without a doubt,
Now shadows flicker when I speak out,
And my words, though true, must crawl through fire,
To reach the trust we both desire.

I feel your silence weigh like steel,
Not rage, but the absence I can't unfeel,
Each pause a verdict, each glance a thread,
Wound tight enough to hold or shred.

The promises tremble under the strain,
Like bridges groaning against the rain,
We cling to hope, but the ropes feel thin,
And fear keeps knocking to be let in.

I've seen the cracks in the daylight grow,
Not from malice, but the undertow,
For trust is not just given—it bleeds,
And stress is the sharpest of hungry needs.

Yet still, I stand where the storms have passed,
Hands open wide to the fragile glass,
For even if all the edges break,
I'll hold each shard for memory's sake.

And maybe one day, in calmer skies,
We'll rebuild faith where the ruin lies,
But for now, I guard with every breath,
The trust that bends, but resists its death.

Abandoned Distance

By Farq

Once we crossed the miles with eager flame,
Now the roads lie cold, without a name,
Where your shadow stood, the wind takes space,
And silence wears your vanished face.

The letters slept in a hollow chest,
Dust kept watch on the words unblessed,
The ink grew pale like a winter dawn,
While the meaning stayed but the warmth was gone.

Your voice once bent the air to sing,
Now it bends to a colder thing,
An echo thrown on a wall too far,
A lighthouse dead where the sailors are.

I reached for you through the miles of rain,
Through fields where absence carved its chain,
Through bridges rotted by time's retreat,
Till even longing forgot its beat.

Our laughter broke on the edges of years,
And the map dissolved in a flood of tears,
I kept my watch on the last faint light,
But you were already gone to night.

The miles grew roots in the soil between,
And distance bloomed where love had been,
A forest rose with its tangled stance,
Choking the path to a second chance.

If distance was only a line to bend,
It would crack, it would heal, it would find its end,
But abandoned miles are a grave so deep,
Where even the loudest vows can't keep.

Still, sometimes in the quiet I feel
A ghost of you on the window's seal,
The air remembers, the ground still knows,
That even the farthest distance grows.

So I walk alone through the endless plain,
Not to reach you, but to hold the pain,
For love once lost in the folds of space
Is never gone—it just leaves no trace.

The Lamp Beneath the Lake

by Farq

Beneath a lake where no stars fall,
A single lamp burns, whispering to the dark.
Its light is not for the fish nor the reeds,
But for the bones of a forgotten ark.

The water hums in glassy dreams,
Carving moons from the silt and stone.
And I, with my lungs full of shadows,
Swim toward the lamp as if it were home.

It tells me of wars the waves have drowned,
Of letters that bled their ink to salt,
Of a girl who once pressed her ear to the water,
Listening for a heart that never halted.

I cup the lamp like a fragile prayer—
Its glow climbs my arms, writes on my skin:
"Some lights are not meant to guide you out,
But deeper, to where you begin."

The Hunt

By Farq

I move through a forest older than God's first breath,
where trees lean like heretics,
their branches whispering in a tongue
that even the wind fears to translate.

Every step is a wound—
roots coil around my ankles like memories
that refuse to let go,
and the earth, damp with rot,
inhales my footprints as if to erase me
before I reach my prey.

The moon hangs—
a pale, one-eyed witness
with no mercy in her silver stare.
She watches the madness in my gait,
the raw twitch in my jaw,
as if she knows
I have crossed the line between hunter and hunted.

I smell it—
the prey.
Not flesh, not blood,
but something more feral:
the scent of truth,
sharp as a scream caught in bone.
It moves ahead of me,

a shadow without a body,
a ghost with teeth.

The night is my cathedral.
Bats are my choir,
the wolves, my congregation,
and the air, heavy with damp incense of moss and rain,
chokes me in prayer.

I chase—
through thorn and mist,
through the aching bellies of valleys
and the crooked spines of hills,
my lungs tearing like paper,
my heartbeat
a drum for war.

In the blur between seconds,
I see it—
the thing I hunt.
Eyes like molten grief,
skin woven from screams I never dared to hear.
It smiles,
and the smile is a blade turned inward.

It does not run.
It waits.
Because it knows the truth—
the prey has always been me.
Every step I've taken
was its leash around my throat.

The forest closes in—
roots pierce the sky,
leaves fall upward,
time bends,
and somewhere in the hollow
of that impossible place,
I kill it.

But it is my own body that collapses,
bleeding out the years I thought were mine.
Its corpse,
identical to my own,
smiles with my lips.

And as the moon turns away
to hide her single, cruel eye,
I realize—
the hunt never ends.
It only begins again
inside the next shadow.

Elegy of the Breathing

By Farq

I carry my days like a mourner bears a lamp in mist—
Each flicker a memory, each shadow something missed
There's no death I recall, only absences prolonged
As if life chose to linger where it never quite belonged

No grave to kneel by, yet mourning finds its way
In echoes of laughter that fled at break of day
I whisper names to the walls, they echo none back
Only silence responds—an old friend gone slack

My solace lies in ruins, in windows never lit
Rooms untouched by warmth, by voices that once fit
I do not yearn for resurrection, nor a face from the past
But only to unfeel the ache that refuses to be the last

Why does memory wander where hands cannot hold?
Why must love's afterimage haunt and not grow old?
I watched you walk away, not with malice, just fate—
As clocks shattered meaning, and absence learned to wait

And now I speak not to the living, but to what once was near
To a presence that lingers in grief, but never draws near
For I am not haunted by ghosts, nor shadows that roam—
But by the cruelest curse: to breathe inside a hollow home

Eulogy For A Crow

A life in shadow, flight, and thunder

Born beneath a rusted bell,
Where twilight wept and silence fell,
He cracked the shell with inky beak—
A child of dusk, of ash, antique.

His nest, a cradle built of bone,
Feathers plucked from winds unknown,
Sky was not a place he rose—
It was the blood that kissed his toes.

He learned the wind like sacred text,
A sermon scrawled in storms and wrecks,
Each gust a verse, each gale a psalm—
Each rain a hymn, each thunder calm.

He spoke in caws that split the cold,
A language ancient, cracked, and bold,
He perched on crosses, chimneys, graves—
A sentinel of hollowed days.

He stole the sheen of wedding rings,
And circled where the church bell sings,
Not out of malice—but to keep
The echoes from the buried deep.

He loved a raven once, they say,
Two smudges dancing in the grey,

She vanished with the harvest smoke—
He never sang again, but broke.

He wandered wires, frost-bit lines,
Scanned battlefields and winter pines,
He watched the cities bloom and die—
A prophet with a coal-black eye.

When men made war, he danced with flame,
He pecked at flags and cursed each name,
His wings a blur through falling ash—
A mourning shroud mid cannon's crash.

Old age came soft, not like a thief,
But like the hush that follows grief,
His feathers dulled to smokey hue,
His flights grew short, the sky withdrew.

One final dawn, on chapel spire,
He faced the sun like old empire,
A silhouette against the blaze—
A myth in mourning, set ablaze.

He dropped mid-flight, without regret,
A falling inkblot, dark and wet,
The earth received him with a sigh—
A crow-shaped shadow on the sky.

Now silence hums where he once cried,
The wind still bends where he once fled,
And in the soot of twilight's glow—
There lives the ghost of one old crow.

Fearless and Fearful

I walk a line no one can see,
Between the fire and the sea,
One half of me dares storms to rise,
The other flinches at goodbyes.

Fearless when the battle calls,
I run through smoke, I scale the walls—
But fearful when a hand grows kind,
What if it leaves me far behind?

Fearless with a sharpened tongue,
I've cursed the moon, I've cursed the sun.
But fearful of a soft embrace—
I fear the break, not just the chase.

I've danced with death and called it friend,
But love? That's where my courage ends.
Give me war, and I will fight—
But hold my heart? I'll flee the night.

I've stared down demons dressed in black,
And laughed when shadows turned their back.
But I still tremble in the light
When someone says, "You'll be all right."

Fearless in the ways I bleed,
In battles none but I would heed.
Fearful in the ways I hope—
The smallest thread, the thinnest rope.

So when you ask what makes me whole,
It's not control—it's not control.
I am the sword. I am the cry.
I am the reason and the why.

I am the scream behind the steel,
I am both wound and hand that heals.
Fearless and fearful—can't you see?
The bravest soul still breaks... like me.

Rather Be Alone

I've sat in rooms where laughter lived,
And felt like silence in a crowd,
I've worn the mask of someone loved—
But damn, the noise was far too loud.

I've held the hands of half-sure souls,
Who said forever with a grin,
Then vanished like the morning mist—
Leaving their perfume on my skin.

I've chased the echoes of their steps,
And built a shrine from could-have-beens,
I've whispered "stay" with trembling lips
While swallowing what silence means.

So now I light a single flame,
I boil my tea, I lock the door,
No empty words, no halfway hearts—
No needing less or begging more.

I plant my peace like steady trees,
In soil they trampled without pause,
No twisted vines of false intent,
No games dressed up in grand applause.

Let others write their fairy tales,
And sing of souls that intertwine,
But give me books and storms and stars—
And let the solitude be mine.

For love is sweet... but so is air,
When no one's pulling at your spine—
So if I'm cold, at least it's true.
I'd rather be alone than lie.

Lucky You

You never had to beg the moon
To stay a little past its cue,
You never broke your own damn heart—
Well, lucky me, and lucky you.

You never watched a door go cold,
Still checking if it creaked ajar,
You never named a ghost as “home,”
Or kissed the edges of a scar.

You always left before the flood,
Before the storm could wear your name,
You never had to sweep the glass
Of dreams that died mid-picture frame.

You never traced a voice in sleep,
Or whispered truths to empty air,
You never stitched yourself to pain
And called it love because it cared.

I held the fire, you held the match,
But I stood still while you withdrew—
So here's a toast to all your ease:
To no regrets, and lucky you.

The world still bends to your disguise,
While I write poems to forget,
You walk on roads I paved with loss—
Lucky you... I'm bleeding yet.

The Night Knows Everything

The night knows everything we hide,
It slips beneath the door, inside,
It curls around the thoughts we chase,
And paints the truth upon our face.

It hums in lights that flicker dim,
In footsteps slow, on shadows' rim,
It gathers tears we never cry,
And sings them to a starless sky.

The moon, a watchful, weathered eye,
Sees every whispered, aching lie—
Each “I’m okay” we softly tell
While drowning in a private hell.

The night remembers names we lost,
It counts the years, it weighs the cost,
It keeps the echo of goodbyes
Within its ever-shifting skies.

It watches lovers come and go,
It sees the ones who die alone,
It holds the silence no one breaks,
And all the hearts the morning takes.

A cigarette on trembling lips,
A broken song in midnight sips,
The pages torn, the letters burned—
The night keeps all the things unlearned.

It doesn't judge, it doesn't warn,
It's where the bleeding souls are born.
It's where we whisper to the void,
And speak the names we once destroyed.

So if you ever feel unknown,
The night will meet you, not alone.
It doesn't ask you to be strong—
Just stay a while. You both belong.

The Man Who Bottled Storms

He lived alone beyond the dunes,
Where sky would hum in violent tunes,
A hermit cloaked in wind and wire,
Who tamed the tempest's molten fire.

With jars of glass and runes of chalk,
He trapped the thunder when it talked,
He caught the rain mid-scream and sob,
And sealed it with a poet's job.

They say his hands could feel the charge
Of clouds before they split the marge
Between the calm and heaven's wrath—
He'd walk right down the lightning's path.

Each shelf inside his crooked home
Was lined with storms like aged chrome:
A summer squall in amber hue,
A hurricane still turning blue,
A blizzard sealed with frostbit care,
A desert storm that breathed hot air.

The people feared him, spoke in hush,
Said he could end the world in a rush.
But none dared climb the thunder hill,
For silence there was never still.

One day a girl with eyes like dusk
Climbed up the slope, ignoring musk
Of ozone, ash, and burned regret—
She had a question, unmet yet.

“Why do you bottle storms?” she asked.
The man looked up, pale and unmasked.
“I bottle what no one will bear.
What others curse, I hold with care.”

She pointed to a jar, pitch-black,
A swirling howl with no way back.
“That one?” she whispered. “What’s inside?”
He paused. “That’s the night my brother died.”

He showed her winds that screamed with love,
And rains that mourned from skies above.
“A storm,” he said, “is just a cry
That never got its full goodbye.”

And then he handed her a jar—
Soft thunder humming from afar—
“Take this,” he said, “you’ve earned the right,
It’s called *The Quiet After Fight*.”

She left that night, storm in her hands,
To learn what even gods can’t stand—
That grief, though bottled, still transforms,
And some hearts break to bottle storms.

The Room I Never Locked

There's a room inside I never locked,
With crooked frames and clocks unwound,
Where memories drip like a leaking tap
And silence has its own strange sound.

A pair of shoes still by the door,
Untouched, but worn in every crease,
I never dared to throw them out—
Grief likes to borrow things in peace.

The mirror's cracked, but not from rage,
It broke one night when truth looked in.
I laughed, perhaps, or maybe cried—
Some losses don't know where to begin.

The books are open, mid-confess,
Dust gathering like whispered lies,
Each page remembers hands once warm
Now buried deep in paper skies.

I keep the room as if you'll knock,
Though years have passed and names feel strange,
But something in me leaves it lit—
A quiet shrine to things that change.

The Lantern's Lullaby

Beneath the veil of a silent sky,
A lantern hums a lullaby,
It swings on threads of midnight breeze,
Whispering tales to slumbering trees.

The stars lean close with silver eyes,
To watch the world in soft disguise,
Where dreams like petals gently fall,
And echo down the empty hall.

A moth, like ash, begins to spin,
Drawn by the fire that burns within,
Not knowing if it's death or grace—
It dances close in slow embrace.

The lantern sighs with ancient flame,
It doesn't ask for praise or name,
Just glows for those who lose their way,
And sings until the break of day.

Costs of Loving

(by Farq)

Love is not free — it comes with debt,
A price in blood, in cold regret.
You give your ribs to shield their storm,
Then sleep alone, outside the warm.

You trade your truth for silent nights,
And wear their ghosts beneath the lights.
You learn to lie with eyes that gleam,
And bury hope inside a dream.

The cost? Your spine — for bending low,
Your fire — to warm what won't ever glow.
Your time — like coins in fountains deep,
Where wishes drown, and sirens sleep.

You pay in parts: your laugh, your skin,
Your secrets inked on paper-thin.
And when it's gone, you count the ache —
The breaths you lost you can't remake.

Yet still, we love — again, again,
Though every kiss might birth more pain.
We love because we must — we're wired,
To burn, rebuild, and still feel tired.

So if you ask what love might cost...

It's you.

And everything you've lost.

I Built a Room for Her

(by Farq)

I built a room inside my head,
With velvet walls and floors of dread.
A throne of thorns, a bed of glass,
Where time would stall but never pass.

I named it Her. Just Her — no more,
She knocked each night upon the floor.
I'd feed her thoughts I couldn't say,
And chain the light to keep her stay.

She wept in shadows, spoke in sin,
Wore every mask I've ever been.
She danced to songs I used to write,
Then slit the chords each hollow night.

She asked me once, "Do you still dream?"
I laughed — a rusted, broken scream.
My dreams are knives in tuxedos,
That gut me slow in black stilettos.

So now she sleeps inside my ribs,
Tucked under guilt and morphine drips.
And when I smile in morning's hue,
Just know — it's her... pretending too.

A Prayer Beneath the Ashes

(by Farq)

They said the moon was mercy's face,
But I found knives in her silver grace.
Each scar she wore — a whispered name,
Of those who loved, then burned in flame.

The crows don't sing — they warn in rhyme,
Of lovers lost beyond all time.
A chapel built of broken bones,
With hymns that rot in haunted tones.

I kissed a ghost in winter's throat,
She bled regret inside my coat.
She said, "You'll never leave this place..."
Then vanished slow without a trace.

Now every mirror shows not me —
But what I could've been... set free.
So when you light that final match,
Say a prayer for all we scratch:

The dreams we drowned, the screams we kept,
The guilt that howled while others slept.
And if the stars begin to fall —
Let them burn it all.

Wayside

I bloomed by the wayside,
Where no roads ever turned,
Where wheels passed in silence,
And no one's longing burned.

I watched the world in fragments—
Boots, tires, drifting smoke,
A sigh from a window,
A word someone never spoke.

No gardener's hand had touched me,
No path was paved with care,
But the wind would hum my lullaby,
And stars would always stare.

I learned to live on little things—
A drop of sun, a moth's soft wing,
And when the rains forgot to fall,
I whispered dreams into the spring.

Not every flower makes the crown,
Not every cry becomes a sound.
Yet by the wayside, still I grow—
A ghost in bloom, the earth's echo.

Flowers and Leaves

Flowers bloom where no one sees,
Quiet art on bending knees.
Petals whisper stories old,
In colors bold, in silken gold.

Leaves fall like forgotten names,
Spiraling slow in wind-touched games.
They do not weep, they do not ask,
They shed their green like a solemn mask.

Spring taught the flowers how to dance,
Summer gave the bees a chance.
Autumn came with hands of flame,
And winter — winter forgot my name.

But still I plant, in ash and pain,
A rose to rise through snow and rain.
For every leaf that death may take,
A blossom stirs. A soul awake.

The Quiet Kind of Drowning

I didn't scream.

Not once.

That's the quiet kind of drowning—

When your lungs fill with memories,

Not water.

The world still spins in all its grace,

While I dissolve without a trace.

No tragedy, no bloody mark—

Just silence feeding on the dark.

They never saw the storms I braved,

The wolves I kissed, the self I shaved.

All they saw were tired eyes,

Not the flames behind disguise.

And if I vanished in the night,

Would morning miss my missing light?

Or would the sun just blindly burn,

And never even pause or turn?

It Hurts Where No One Sees

by Farq

It hurts in places I can't name,
not flesh, not bone, not soul or flame.
But somewhere in the quiet me,
a scream hangs, raw and endlessly.

It hurts when voices fade too soon,
when midnight bleeds into the moon.
When laughter feels like glass to skin,
and smiles are masks I'm buried in.

It hurts when days just pass me by,
and I forget the reasons why.
Why I should rise, or breathe, or speak,
or patch the cracks that grow each week.

No bandage fits, no word can mend
a wound that isn't just pretend.
It isn't seen, it isn't loud—
it's just a fog beneath the shroud.

I carry it like whispered shame,
like I'm the only one to blame.
But pain, I've learned, is not a crime—
just echoes of a darker time.

And if you feel it too, my friend,
know this: it doesn't have to end.
Some wounds may never fully fade,
but hearts still beat beneath the blade.

When Death Wears No Name

by Farq

He came not cloaked in black or bone,
nor walked with scythe, nor groaned alone.
No thunder marked his slow descent—
just silence thick with pale intent.

He brushed the curtains as he passed,
a whisper frozen in the glass.
The clocks forgot to count the day,
and shadows dared no longer stay.

No screams, no fire, no crimson flood,
no battle cries, no spatter'd blood.
Just breaths that sank like falling snow,
and time that bent its silent bow.

I met him where my mother wept,
beside the bed where silence slept.
He did not speak, but I could hear—
a truth too vast, too raw, too near.

He held no mercy, gave no sin,
just took the soul and left the skin.
A thief of light, a keeper cold,
a hand more ancient than the old.

Yet still I wonder, in his grace,
did he not cry behind that face?
For every name he had to take,
a part of him would also break.

So when he comes, let him be still,
don't fight the dark, don't curse the chill.
He only ends what we began—
not monster, no...
just the other hand of man.

A Mirror Left in Rain

by Farq

A mirror stood beside the gate,
its silver cracked by time and fate.
It never spoke, it never wept,
but every night, a secret kept.

A boy once gazed into its soul,
seeking warmth to make him whole.
But it returned a face not his,
shaped by storms and silences.

The rain arrived like whispered doubt,
the kind you can't quite scream or shout.
Each drop a verse, each gust a curse,
rewriting dreams in the universe.

A girl once touched its weathered frame,
and called the mirror by a name.
"Truth," she said, "you bitter thief,
you wear the robe of my belief."

It rained for days. The world grew still.
The mirror, left, obeyed no will.
It drank the sky. It shone no face—
just hollow light and fractured grace.

And I? I passed it yesterday,
with all my guilt and bones of clay.
But I looked down, and not within—
some truths are too deep to begin.

A Last Poem

by Farq

If this be the last my soul shall write,
Let it bleed truth in blackest night.
No golden lies, no softened sound—
Just ashes falling all around.

Let not a flower touch this page,
Let it reek of blood and age.
Of every dream I watched decay,
Of love that looked and walked away.

Let crows recite it on the hill,
Where time forgot and winds grow still.
Let no applause, let no one cheer—
Only the void has earned my fear.

I've penned in stars, I've wept in ink,
Stood at the edge, dared not to blink.
Yet all my verses end the same—
A haunted breath, a fading name.

So take this last, my shattered hymn,
And toss it to the world grown dim.
Not for the hearts I couldn't win,
But for the war I fought within.

If someone reads it, let them know—
I loved too hard, I walked too slow.

And though I died with soul unshown,
I carved my grave in words alone.

Wanderer of the Forsaken Lands

by Farq

He walks where maps have torn their seams,
Beyond the edge of broken dreams.
No sun to warm, no moon to guide,
Just echoes where the dead reside.

His boots are stitched with time and sand,
His shadow sleeps across the land.
No flag to bear, no creed to chant,
Just silence deep and soil defiant.

He's kissed by winds that curse the sky,
And watched by gods too cold to cry.
Each step he takes, the earth forgets—
He lives on paths the world regrets.

His name is lost to rusted stone,
He sings in tongues that chill the bone.
A wanderer—not cursed, but sworn,
To haunt the lands that hope has torn.

He's seen the thrones where angels fell,
And drank from love's abandoned well.
The stars above, they mock his way,
Yet still he walks—he won't betray.

For in his chest, a fire remains,
That hums beneath the years of chains.
Not for glory, not for grace,
But for a glimpse of one last face.

So if you find his trail one night,
Lit faintly by a dying light,
Leave bread and poems where he stands—
The wanderer of forsaken lands.

Relentless Repent

by Farq

I walk on thorns with open feet,
Through alleys where my shadows meet.
Each step a prayer I never meant,
Each breath a cry—relentless repent.

The past clings close like smoke to skin,
Its every echo carved within.
My sins wear faces, sharp and wide,
They sleep with me, they never hide.

I built a church from broken glass,
To worship ghosts I can't let pass.
I kiss the guilt, I bleed it sweet,
And lay it trembling at God's feet.

No mercy comes, no cleansing rain,
Just rusted nails and holy pain.
The altar weeps with what I lost—
My soul, my name, the final cost.

I scream to skies that never speak,
I beg on knees forever weak.
What good is penance dressed in fire,
If every ash fuels more desire?

Relentless, yes—I still confess,
But even angels can't clean this mess.
So write me down in books forgot,
A man who wept but still did not.

And when I rot in sacred dirt,
Let not a flower mask my hurt.
For I repented far too late—
And every god has closed its gate.

Cradles for the Unborn

by Farq

We build them cradles out of dust,
In rusted hope and fragile trust.
Rock them softly, though none cry—
Ghosts of dreams we let slip by.

No lullabies, just winds that moan,
In rooms where no one's ever grown.
We name them thoughts we never spoke,
We wrap them warm in prayer and smoke.

Each cradle carved with trembling hand,
For love that time won't understand.
For children made of could-have-beens,
Still buried deep beneath our skins.

The future dies in silent wombs,
While we sweep floors of empty rooms.
The toys stay boxed, the blankets cold—
Their stories lost, their tales untold.

Some call it madness, some regret,
To rock what fate did not beget.
But we — the ones who always mourn —
Still build these cradles for the unborn.

Not all are babes of flesh and skin,
Some are selves we held within.
The poet, painter, child, or king—
All never given breath or wing.

So if you find a cradle bare,
Don't ask who wasn't welcomed there.
Just bow your head, and softly sigh—
For all the lives we let pass by.

Feast

by Farq

They laid the table thick with lies,
Under chandeliers of weeping skies.
The plates were cracked, the silver rust,
But still we came — we always must.

They served us hope on shattered glass,
With wine distilled from loves that pass.
The laughter roared like hollow drums,
While deep inside, the silence numbs.

The feast began with smiles so wide,
But poison hid in every bite.
They carved their truths with carving knives,
And toasted to our wasted lives.

We danced on bones of better days,
Our masks alight in gilded haze.
Each partner spun a different tale,
Of ships that sank and stars that pale.

I looked across, your eyes met mine,
A flicker lost in ruined wine.
You mouthed, “escape,” I mouthed, “too late,”
We chewed on fate and swallowed hate.

The music swelled, then cracked in two,
As broken dreams were passed as stew.
A feast, they said, for all to share—
But all I saw was thin despair.

And when the dawn began to creep,
We left our seats, too sick to weep.
The feast was done, the stage unlit—
And all we took was none of it.

Beggars of Love

by Farq

We sit with bowls beneath the moon,
Not for coins, but hearts too soon.
With torn-up dreams and outstretched hands,
We beg for love in broken lands.

Eyes like lanterns, dim with grief,
We trade our pride for sweet belief.
A smile, a glance, a fleeting kiss—
We'd sell our souls for scraps of bliss.

The rich pass by in silken bonds,
Their love wrapped tight in practiced wands.
While we, the cursed, the barely whole,
Offer our hunger, heart and soul.

I held a rose once, bright and red,
She took the bloom and left me dead.
Since then I wander, thorn and shame,
A beggar whispering her name.

You too, I see, wear tattered skin,
Each scar a place where love broke in.
We nod, we know—we understand,
The ache of reaching out a hand.

So here's to us, the ones who yearn,
Who watch love light and never burn.
Still begging in the dusk's soft breath,
For something warm to fight the death.

Days Gone

by Farq

The clocks are drunk on yesterdays,
Their ticking lost in ghostly haze.
The streets forget the names I knew,
Each corner grieves in shades of blue.

The swing still sways, though none remain,
But echoes hum in silent rain.
Our laughter died on autumn's breath,
Now every joy has tasted death.

Where are the boys with fire in eyes?
The dreams we carved in evening skies?
Where is the girl with raven hair,
Who vanished in the midnight air?

Rust eats the iron gate of youth,
Time shatters even love and truth.
These fields once bloomed with reckless song,
Now every note just feels so wrong.

I walk alone through winds that scream,
Of things once real, now just a dream.
"Hold on," they say—"don't turn away,"
But all I see are days gone gray.

I light a match and let it burn,
For all the things that won't return.
The past won't answer when you call—
It builds its throne behind a wall.

—

Red Evening

by Farq

The sky was bleeding wine and fire,
A farewell kiss from the sun's desire.
Crimson clouds in solemn flight,
Draped the bones of coming night.

Crows like shadows tore the air,
Whispers curled through branches bare.
Each step echoed, slow and wide,
On roads where ghosts refused to hide.

Lantern eyes of dusk grew low,
Fields breathed secrets none should know.
A girl once danced in this same glow,
Now silence claims where dreams don't go.

The river hummed a mournful hymn,
Its edges cracked, its purpose grim.
The world was bruised beneath its hue—
A canvas painted all in rue.

Hands in pockets, heart in thread,
I wandered where the sky turned red.
And in that blaze, I found my sin—
The ache of things that might have been.

So burn, O evening, paint the skies,
With all the truths that daylight hides.
Red as blood and soft as prayer,
Your beauty breaks and leaves me bare.

When the Silence Tried to Kill Me

by Farq

When the silence tried to kill me,
It wore a mask of calm and grace,
No knives, no ropes, no battle cries—
Just shadows slipping into place.

It came in moments none could see,
In crowds where no one saw my eyes.
It sang to me in lullabies
And draped its hush in sweet disguise.

I walked through days like haunted glass,
Each breath a scream I couldn't show.
The sun still rose, the clocks still turned,
But time had lost its golden glow.

I tasted blood in every word,
Each rhyme a tear the soul had bled.
They said I smiled — they never saw
The funeral that lived in my head.

I felt the pulse of something near,
A darkness pacing in the floor.
Not death, not ghosts, not anything —
Just... something knocking at my core.

My fingers wrote while tremors grew,
Each stanza stitched to keep me sane.
My poems were not art at all —
They were confessions wrapped in pain.

And yes, I prayed. I cursed. I cried.
I looked at walls and made them weep.
My voice grew hoarse with inner wars
That rocked the realm where I should sleep.

But still I rose — I bled in ink.
I stared the blackness in the face.
If silence wanted me to fall,
I'd fall with fire, not disgrace.

I danced with death, but held the tune,
I kissed the void but clenched my breath.
I etched my name on fate's cold hand—
A love letter to life... and death.

They said I was too much to feel,
Too cracked to count, too far to save.
But brother, even shattered glass
Can cut the ropes and misbehave.

And here I am — I made it through,
Not whole, not clean, not free of scars.
But still I walk, I dream, I write,
I scream my name to sleeping stars.

So if the silence comes for you,
Let it come. But don't you kneel.
Wrap poems round your bleeding fists,
And show the dark what pain can feel.

Something Bad is About to Happen

by Farq

Something bad is about to breathe,
I feel it crawling underneath.
A silence sharp, a shadow near,
Not loud, but close — too close to fear.

The lights are on but dimmer now,
The sky forgets to keep its vow.
Even my mirror looks away,
Afraid of what I might not say.

My chest's a war no one can see,
A battlefield that once was me.
Each breath a warning, soft and slow,
Like thunder waiting not to show.

I hear it in the ticking clock,
In laughter turned to icy shock.
In sudden chills that haunt the skin,
In doors that close without the wind.

It's not a scream — it's just a stare,
A sense that nothing's truly there.
That something's watching, keeping score,
Of every thought I tried to store.

And yet—I write, I speak, I stand,
With trembling heart and shaking hand.
If doom must come, then let it see—
This soul won't break so easily.

So if it knocks, I'll face the blow,
With ink for blood and voice for woe.
Let darkness come, let silence speak,
I've tasted worse. I am not weak.

The Way Life Goes

by Farq

The way life goes is rarely straight,
A winding path we learn too late.
With dreams we chase and hearts we break,
Each smile we wear, each scar we fake.

We bloom in spring, then fade in fall,
We learn to run, then learn to crawl.
We laugh with those we one day mourn,
We're patched with pieces worn and torn.

A friend today, a stranger soon,
A sunlit day, then rain by noon.
We love like fools with hopeful eyes,
Then drown beneath our own goodbyes.

The way life flows—it's river, tide,
It lifts you up, then turns the ride.
It gives you wings, then takes the sky,
It teaches truth inside a lie.

You plan your roads, you draw your maps,
But fate delights in its collapse.
It shows you joy, then steals it fast—
You only see it once it's passed.

But in the mess, the pain, the throws,
We grow — because that's how life goes.
Not always kind, but always true,
And every storm reshapes your view.

So walk, dear soul, through highs and lows,
Embrace the thorns, the wilted rose.
This tale you live — none else can know...
It's messy, mad — the way life goes.

The Way Love Stays

by Farq

(Part 2 of “The Way Life Goes”)

When all is lost in winds that roam,
And silence echoes more than home,
When faces fade and footsteps part,
Still love remains — a beating heart.

It lingers in the scent of rain,
In songs that resurrect your pain,
In coffee cups, in midnight stares,
In empty rooms that still feel theirs.

You think it leaves — it never does,
It hides beneath what memory was.
It hums beneath each whispered prayer,
It stains the clothes they used to wear.

It's in the light you softly dim,
The shadow walking at the brim.
It's in the laugh you try to fake,
And in the dreams you can't unmake.

The way love stays is strange and raw,
It breaks the rules you thought you saw.
It doesn't need a name or face,
It breathes inside a hollow space.

It shows when you don't speak a word,
In letters lost and songs unheard.
It bleeds into your every line,
It ages slow, like vintage wine.

Though life may change, though seasons flee,
Though time may drown who we used to be—
The truth remains in countless ways:
We leave — but love, somehow,
stays.

The Way Death Knows

by Farq

(Part 3 of “The Way Life Goes” & “The Way Love Stays”)

Death knows no doors, yet always finds,
The corners of forgotten minds.
It wears no cloak, it makes no sound,
Yet walks with us on holy ground.

It watches us with patient grace,
In mirrors, dreams, and every face.
It's not the end we fear alone—
But leaving what we've always known.

It counts not years, but moments burned,
The lessons lived, the silence learned.
It doesn't take with wrath or shame,
It comes like dusk—without a name.

The way death knows is soft, precise,
It weighs your soul, not fear or vice.
It knows the tears you never showed,
The poems lost, the love you owed.

It knows the notes you left unsung,
The wars you fought when you were young.
The hands you reached for in the night,
The dreams that vanished out of sight.

But still—it's not a thief, but guide,
It walks you to the other side.
And when it comes, it brings no chains,
Just quiet peace that ends the pain.

It lets the story ebb and close,
For that's the way—the way death knows.

Memoir of My Beloved

by Farq

I write of her with trembling hand,
A soul too wild to understand.
She came to me like dusk to day,
Then softly, silently, slipped away.

Her voice was rain on burning skin,
A melody that played within.
Her laughter, light — a sacred tune,
It danced beneath a silver moon.

She knew my wounds, she kissed each scar,
And called me whole for who we are.
She held my madness in her palm,
And fed my chaos with her calm.

In whispered nights, she'd say my name,
And every breath would feel like flame.
Her eyes were poems wrapped in blue,
Where broken things found something true.

But love, like stars, must sometimes fade,
And promises grow cold, betrayed.
The clock moved on, the world grew gray,
And she, like dreams, had slipped away.

Yet still I trace her in my mind,
In pages fate has left behind.
A phantom kiss, a distant sigh,
A question echoing — why, oh why?

She lives in shadows I defend,
A broken song that will not end.
Though time has torn the seams we wove,
I bleed the ink of ghostly love.

So if you ask what once I had,
A love too wild, too deep, too sad.
She was the storm I never braved—
My muse, my myth, the one I craved.

Letter: “Moony Grave”

By Farq

To the night that watches me weep,

If you find me asleep beneath the moon —
leave me.

Let the silver light bathe my bones
without questions,
without noise.

I have carried this life
like a wounded animal in my arms,
nursing it even as it bit me.
I forgave it
far more than it ever forgave me.

There were days it rained inside my chest.
Nights where even silence felt too loud.
But I endured.
God knows, I endured.
Every betrayal, every tremor of madness,
every love that came to burn
instead of heal.

And now —
I only want rest.
Not the kind sleep gives,
but the kind the earth offers
with no expectations.

Let me have a grave
lit by moonlight,
where wildflowers grow out of my ribs
and crows sing instead of cry.

Don't pity me.
I do not mourn the end.
This isn't surrender.
It's arrival.

I gave all I could
to a world that never stopped asking.
I screamed my poems into voids,
loved like it would save me,
and walked through fire
with a stitched-up smile.

Now,
I just want stillness.
A soft place to decay beautifully.
Let my name fade like breath on glass —
but let the wind remember my sighs.

The moon will guard me,
and the dirt will not judge.
That is more mercy than life ever gave.

Let me go.

Peacefully,
Finally,
Farq

Letter: “Myself Envy’s Dreamers”

By Farq

To the ones who dare to sleep without fear,

I have watched you —
the dreamers.

With stars stitched into your eyelids
and chaos somehow folded into hope.
You leap through impossible skies
while I drown
in the gravity of thought.

I envy you.

Not because you are blind to pain —
but because you dance with it
like it never broke you.
You believe in tomorrows
while I question the bones of today.

You dream —
and I dissect.
You build castles from mist,
while I tear apart stone
just to understand the cracks.

I was not born into dreams.
I was born into awareness —
the slow venom
of seeing too clearly.
The curse of knowing the wires behind the moonlight.

How do you do it?
How do you leap
when every ledge whispers your last fall?

I envy the madness
that lets you love,
believe,
even trust.
To me,
trust is a blade —
beautiful, sharp, and already buried.

But still,
a part of me watches your wings
and aches.
Not to fly,
but to forget why I chose the ground.

Maybe one day
I will drink from your sky.
Maybe one day
the weight will lift —
not because I changed,
but because I allowed wonder
to return.

Till then,
I write from beneath
the ash of logic and lost chances,
and say quietly:

Myself envies dreamers,
because they are braver than I.

Wounded but awake,
Farq

Letter: “Serpents”

By Farq

To the Architect of All This — if you exist,

Tell me —

were we born with serpents in our mouths
or did the world place them there
the first time we learned to lie
to ourselves?

They taught us truth like it was scripture,
but every truth had a leash.

Every answer bled from a wound
we were never allowed to touch.

And so I asked:

Is this real?

Are we real,

or just echoes in a dream God forgot to end?

Sometimes I wonder —

if I screamed loud enough in this quiet illusion,
would the glass walls crack?

Would the sky reveal wires,
and heaven collapse like a poorly-written play?

Philosophers danced with madness
and poets married it.
I walk with it —
hand in hand,
down the corridors of clocks
that tick in reverse.

Who gave time its authority?
Who told light it must mean truth,
and darkness deceit?
I've seen more honesty in shadows
than in stained glass sermons.

And the serpents —
oh, they slither in thoughts,
not gardens.
They coil in questions,
hissing softly when we get too close to waking.

Are we sinners for wondering?
Or saints for refusing the lie?

If this is Eden,
then let me eat the fruit again —
not to fall,
but to rise
into doubt, into self,
into knowing.

Because maybe
reality is the greatest deception
and we —
the ones who ask too much —
are the last fragments of truth left breathing.

Yours in defiance and dust,
Farq

Letter: “Insidious”

By Farq

To the mirror I no longer trust,

It didn't come crashing in.
No storm. No blade. No scream.
Just a whisper in the cracks,
a flicker in the corner of my vision
that stayed too long.

That's how it begins —
the rot,
the unraveling,
the beautiful corruption.

It wore my face.
Spoke in my voice.
Loved what I loved
until I forgot who loved first.
Until I couldn't tell if the echo
was chasing me
or if I had become it.

They call it madness,
but no madness ever asked permission
so politely.

It lives beneath fingernails now,
and in the softness of pillows
where I once dreamt of redemption.
It smiles as I cry,
patiently.
It knows I'll return.

It is not a monster.
It is the lullaby.
The scent of something rotting sweetly.
The comfort in falling
when no one's watching.
It doesn't devour —
it becomes.

And maybe,
maybe it was always me.
The villain behind the veil,
the serpent singing psalms to myself
as I bled innocence into wine.

If you find this letter, burn it.
Or read it aloud
and feel it kiss your bones.

Insidiously yours,
Farq

Letter: “Downtrodden”

By Farq

To the ones who never looked down,

I was there.

Under your feet.

Pressed into pavements cracked with spit and sins,
where dreams crawl like wounded animals
and no one stops to mourn them.

You stepped over me —

not knowing I once sang.

Not knowing my bones remembered lullabies
that even God forgot.

They named me failure

before I could speak.

Taught me silence as a second language,

fed me shame in silver spoons

and dressed me in threadbare hope.

But I was never weak.

Just tired.

Tired of carrying the sky on a spine

bent by every "no" I swallowed with a smile.

Tired of praying into fists,

of screaming into stitched lips.

Every night,
the stars mocked me
with their unreachable spark —
and I laughed back,
because even dying embers burn.

They say the downtrodden are closest to the earth.
That we belong in dust,
with the roots and worms.
But they forget—
even corpses grow flowers.

So here I am.
Not begging.
Not explaining.
Just writing from beneath your golden thrones
to say:
I bled nobility in gutters
and still found poetry in pain.

Step lighter.
You walk on ghosts.

Still breathing in broken rhythm,
Farq

Letter: “I Rot in Heavens”

By Farq

To the one who will never read this,

They said heaven would be gold and stillness.

They lied.

It is pale and sterile,

the walls too white for a soul like mine —

a soul stitched in bruises and broken hymns.

I rot here.

Not in flames,

but in the mercy of light that blinds instead of warms.

A silence so holy it drowns me,

a peace so unnatural it screams.

The angels don't sing.

They watch.

Their eyes are hollow,

mirrors to a God I once begged for answers.

He remained a wound-shaped silence.

Up here, even sorrow is censored.

No cigarettes.

No screaming.

No madness that dances like a moth in your skull.

Only calm —

the cruelest punishment

for a soul born of storms.

I'd trade a thousand wings
for one glimpse of the earth
where love bled real and rain touched skin.
I miss dirt.
I miss rust.
I miss the violence of being alive.

So, if you visit my grave,
don't look up.
I am not in the clouds.
I am in the cracks,
in the ash beneath roses,
in the sigh of crows.

Heaven has no room for poets.
And I,
I rot beautifully in what they call paradise.

Yours in decay,
Farq

Letter: “Till Time Comes”

By Farq

My Dearest,

I write from a place where shadows stretch longer than memories,

Where time folds upon itself like parchment scorched by longing.

The days have grown quieter since you left —
not with absence, but with the weight of things unsaid.

I wait. Not like the world waits for spring —

but like graves wait for names,

or clocks for hands to return.

Still, I believe.

Still, I bleed belief into every hour that crawls.

I keep your name where prayers used to live.

It hums in my chest,

like a secret lullaby only the broken understand.

I watch the sky for signs —

a crow's cry, a flicker of violet dusk —

anything that might mean you still remember.

You always said the stars don't speak,

but I've heard them whisper your sighs into the wind.

And sometimes the wind carries your voice

just close enough for me to ache again.

The world pretends well.
It wears sunlight like makeup over bruises,
while I carry storms under my skin.
But love — ours —
was never about fair weather.

I will wait.
Till time comes,
till silence breaks,
till names are remembered again.
Till footsteps echo down the corridor of forgotten dreams —
and you, somehow, find the letter I buried in your soul.

Yours,
always waiting in the hush between heartbeats,
Farq

And Then There Was Her

I wasn't searching.
Not really.
Just wandering halls inside my head
Where echoes talk
And dreams play dead.

Then—
She.

Not lightning,
Not fire,
But a quiet flicker in the spine,
Like fate whispering "this one's mine."

I didn't fall—
I collapsed.
Gracefully,
Like a cathedral letting go
Of prayers too old to hold.
Like truth forgetting how to lie.

Her voice didn't speak—
It unmade me.
Each word cracked something open,
Like the universe sighing
Through her throat.

And God, her eyes—
Not oceans.
Not galaxies.
But something worse.
Something better.
Something that knew me
Before I did.

I tried to play it cool.
Made jokes.
Looked away.
Laughed when I meant to run.
But every second was betrayal
To every wall I'd ever built.

She didn't ask for my heart.
She didn't need to.
She walked past it once—
And it followed.

It wasn't love at first sight.
It was love at first recognition.
Like the soul saying:
"Oh, there you are. I've been limping without you."

And I don't know what she felt.
Maybe nothing.
Maybe everything.

But I know I fell.

Not gently.

Not wisely.

But wholly.

Like dusk falling into night—

Because it was always meant to.

The Door That Wasn't There

I opened a door that wasn't there—
A whisper carved in vacant air,
The walls just blinked and looked away,
And clocks began to hum and pray.

A staircase spiraled into thought,
Where time was sold but never bought,
Each step a memory half-erased,
A lover's name I never faced.

The moon was hanging upside down,
It smiled, then slipped into a frown,
The stars were typing something fast—
As if this night might be their last.

I met a child with empty eyes
Who spoke in backwards lullabies,
She asked me, "Have you found the thread?"
Then vanished where the logic bled.

A mirror laughed, then softly sighed,
It cracked where all my truths had died,
I touched the shards—they bled regret—
But still, I reached. I don't forget.

I danced with shadows shaped like me,
They told me, "We are what you see,"
But each reflection blinked too slow,
As if they knew what I don't know.

The sky peeled back—beneath was ink,
The sun forgot to burn or blink,
And somewhere deep behind my eyes,
The real me whispered: “We’re all lies.”

So if you ever dream too loud,
Don’t trust the voice inside the cloud.
For once you knock on phantom stone—
You’ll never call this world your own.

No End

by Farq

Some stories don't conclude with grace,
No curtain call, no last embrace.
They echo on in silent bends,
A cruel design — there is no end.

I still hear her in the rain,
Not by name, but by the pain.
A whisper caught in twilight's spin,
A door I left half-closed within.

We didn't crash, we didn't burn,
We simply took a silent turn.
But love, once born, does not rescind —
It haunts the breath, it has no end.

I write her still in empty lines,
In metaphors and crooked signs.
She lives in poems I pretend
Are mine alone — but there's no end.

I've tried to let her go like smoke,
But names don't die when they're bespoke.
I call it peace, but it's pretend —
The ache remains. There is no end.

Perhaps we're stitched into a song
That plays in lives we don't belong.
And though the music twists and bends —
We meet again. We write... no end.

True And Unreal

by Farq

What is true but a dream repeated,
A lie that love has not defeated?
What is unreal but touch delayed,
A voice that echoes once it's stayed?

I saw the moon blink in the day,
And wondered if it meant to stay.
Was it real, or just a thought —
A world the waking mind forgot?

I kissed her once beneath the rain,
She vanished like remembered pain.
Was she a ghost I dared to feel,
Or just a moment too unreal?

The mirror knows, but will not speak —
Its silence hums with something bleak.
For even I am half a guess,
A shape in light, a state of stress.

I've held truths I couldn't name,
And loved in ways that brought me shame.
But even that, perhaps, is fake —
A myth the sleepless tend to make.

I've touched the stars. I've tasted fear.
I've said "forever" every year.
And every time it felt so real —
Until it broke, until I kneeled.

Yet if it hurt, it must have lived,
Even if time will not forgive.
Perhaps the unreal births the true —
Like poems do, or skies turned blue.

So when they ask me what I know,
Of what is false, or what must grow —
I'll say:
The real is just the lie we keep,
To make the unreal fall asleep.

Amnesia

by Farq

There's a face in my mind I can't place,
Eyes like winter, voice like grace.
It flickers in and out like flame,
I know the warmth, but not the name.

I wake with words upon my tongue,
Half-spoken dreams, half-sung, unsung.
A laugh, a touch, a ghostly sigh —
Then silence falls, and I don't know why.

Photographs are liars now,
Smiles from a time I can't allow.
I trace the edges, but they blur,
Each caption reads: remember her.

Was she love? Or just a storm?
A fleeting fire that once kept me warm?
Did I hold her hand? Did she let go?
Or did I forget what I used to know?

My past is locked in fog and thread,
A thousand chapters I never read.
Yet something in my chest still breaks,
For someone I don't know I ache.

People say I've healed, I'm fine —
But I'm stitched from whispers, not a spine.
Every mirror lies to me,
Reflecting things I'll never see.

If she returns — would I recall?
Or would I greet her like them all?
With hollow smiles and empty eyes,
And tears I won't know how to justify.

Amnesia isn't peace or pain —
It's standing outside in the rain,
Looking up and feeling known,
By stars you swear you've never known.

Bonjour

by Farq

Bonjour, I said — a fragile start,
A borrowed tongue, a beating heart.
You looked at me, the sky turned gold,
A thousand stories yet untold.

It wasn't just hello that day,
But something more I meant to say.
Like I've waited lifetimes just for this,
For one small smile, one silent bliss.

The cafés hummed, the world moved slow,
But time was ours — a secret flow.
You stirred your cup, I stirred my fate,
And whispered dreams we'd decorate.

Bonjour — it meant don't go too soon,
Stay with me past this afternoon.
Let morning stretch into forever,
Let no goodbye undo this tether.

But seasons shift, and people part,
Even words lose heat in the heart.
Now I just sip my drink alone,
A table set for one, unknown.

Still sometimes, when the sky is right,
And birds return to greet the light —
I say it soft, beneath my breath,
To ghosts I loved, to what is left:

Bonjour...
Not for the world, not for a friend —
But for the chance to start again.

Oh... Forget It

by Farq

I found her in a quiet street,
Autumn dying beneath her feet.
She wore her years like falling leaves —
Still graceful in the way she breathes.

My hair had grayed, my hands had thinned,
A thousand storms had passed within.
But I had held her name so tight,
Like prayer, like flame, through every night.

She looked at me — a stranger's face,
No flicker, no tremble, not a trace.
So I stepped closer, heart half-dead,
And gently spoke the words I'd bled:

"It's me," I said, voice soft, unsure.
She blinked, then smiled — polite, demure.
"I'm sorry, who are you again?"
She asked, and I felt the years descend.

The air turned thin, the world stood still,
As if the sky had lost its will.
A thousand letters burned inside,
But all I said was what I'd hide:

“...Oh... forget it.”

Like dust blown through a broken net.

Like raindrops that the ground denies,

Or poems lost in someone's eyes.

She nodded once, and turned away,

Back to her world of distant day.

And I stood there — a name erased,

By time, by fate, by love misplaced.

So many years I chased that ghost,

But ghosts forget the ones that host.

And maybe love, once left unfed,

Learns how to live as grief instead.

Still, somewhere deep in what I am,

She lives — untouched by time's cruel scam.

But I won't speak her name again...

Some truths just don't survive the rain.

The Arcs of Life

by Farq

We begin as sparks in a silent void,
Cries echoing where stars once toyed.
Barefoot souls on unknown sand,
Reaching out with trembling hands.

The arc begins — a gentle rise,
Under curious moons and questioning skies.
We name the clouds, we chase the light,
We build our truths in black and white.

Then youth arrives — sharp and bright,
A fire unbound, a thirst for flight.
We love like storms, we fight like suns,
Not knowing half what damage comes.

Midway through, the curve bends low,
The rush slows down, the roots start to grow.
We count our scars, compare our heights,
Learn silence holds the loudest fights.

Here, the questions change their face:
Not “how to win,” but “what to chase?”
Not “what is mine,” but “what will stay,”
When all the gold has gone away.

And time — that sly, unyielding arc —
Begins to dim the morning spark.
But in its shade, a strange thing grows:
A peace that only old hearts know.

You see the rise, the fall, the curve —
And learn what breaks, and what preserves.
The foolishness, the songs, the cost,
The joy we held, the things we lost.

And when the final bow is near,
We laugh not out of pride, but fear —
That life was never meant to stay,
Just pass, like winds that won't obey.

Yet still we climb, with aching grace,
Toward the last and highest place.
Where all our arcs — our lines, our strife —
Make one great curve: the arc of life.

Painting the Wind

by Farq

I tried to paint the wind today,
To trap its ghost in hues of gray.
But every brushstroke flew astray,
And whispered, "I was never meant to stay."

How do you color something free?
How sketch a sigh, or melody?
Each gust escaped my trembling hand,
Like lovers slipping through the sand.

I dipped in blue to catch the ache
Of midnight winds across a lake.
I reached for red — a burning breeze,
That kissed the leaves and shook the trees.

But winds aren't meant for frames or walls,
They live in gaps, in silent calls.
They twist through thoughts you never say,
Then vanish like forgotten day.

Still, I paint — not to confine,
But to touch what slips the line.
To trace the pulse, the breath, the spin,
Of all I lost, and all within.

For isn't love a wind as well?
A storm we chase, a drifting spell?
You never see it — only feel
Its haunting way of being real.

So if you ask what I have made —
A canvas torn, a sky betrayed —
Know this: I didn't fail or win...
I only tried painting the wind.

It Was Never Lust

by Farq

They say love wears many masks —
A touch, a glance, a flask of tasks.
And somewhere in that sacred dust,
They whisper, softly,
"All love is lust."

But they don't know
how I held her name
like scripture in my chest,
how I would've bled
just to see her rest.

Yes — I craved her.
But not like they think.
Not like hunger chasing skin
or fire licking edges of sin.
I craved her like silence craves sound.
Like oceans ache for solid ground.

There were nights I dreamt her skin,
But more than that — I dreamt within.
Her laugh, her scars, her stubborn mind,
The haunted places she'd try to hide.

Lust is fleeting —
a spark, a flame.
My love was slow —
a holy name.
It stayed through winters, through aching skies,
Through doubts, through truths, through honest lies.

You see,
philosophy may blur the line,
Between desire and the divine.
But mine — was not a hunger fed,
It was a prayer I softly said.

To love is not to want and take.
To love is knowing when hearts break —
And holding them still.
With trembling grace.
With steady hands.
With sacred space.

So call it what you want.
But know this trust:
What I gave was love —
It was never lust.

Nights

by Farq

The clock forgets how time should tick,
And shadows stretch, slow and thick.
The room is still, but I am not —
Another war inside my cot.

Sleep teases me with phantom breath,
Then dances just beyond my death.
I close my eyes — and there you are,
A voice, a scar, a falling star.

The fan spins tales above my head,
Of all I did, of things I said.
My ceiling becomes a silver screen
For all the nights that might have been.

Cigarette burns in fading light,
This loneliness has learned to bite.
Even my bones have learned to ache
For silence sleep will never make.

The world outside is stitched in rest,
While I replay each failed test.
A laugh too loud, a word too weak,
A moment lost I still replay each week.

I envy dreamers — clouds they ride,
While I stay locked on the other side.
Where lullabies are just a curse,
And calm comes dressed in something worse.

But night won't last, and neither pain,
Though both return like ghosts in rain.
So here I lie with hollow sight —
A soldier in the war of night.

Overthinking

by Farq

I turned the thought a thousand times,
Polished its edges, decoded its rhymes.
What if I spoke? What if I stayed?
What if the silence was all I betrayed?

Midnight comes with questions in rows,
Like shadows in suits, they endlessly pose.
Each “what if” a dagger, each “maybe” a chain,
Each whisper a storm in the back of my brain.

I try to sleep, but my head rewinds,
Moments I buried now sharpened, refined.
Did I laugh too loud? Did I smile too wrong?
Did I stay too little or linger too long?

I build cathedrals from passing stares,
Interpret shrugs as secret prayers.
Even a sigh becomes a scream,
And nothing’s ever what it seems.

My mind’s a maze, a crooked loop,
Where logic drowns in anxious soup.
I doubt the truth, I fear the lie —
I question how, and when, and why.

Overthinking: the quiet thief
That steals my rest and sells me grief.
It paints disasters in gentle tones,
And leaves me pacing rooms alone.

But maybe, just tonight, I'll pause —
Let go of every mental clause.
Let thoughts just pass like clouds in flight,
And gift myself... one peaceful night.

Final Acts of Treason

by Farq

They lit the stage and called it fate,
While I stood trembling at the gate.
A dagger wrapped in silk and gold,
My part rehearsed, my silence sold.

Not all betrayals scream aloud —
Some kneel beneath a grieving shroud.
I kissed the crown, then burned the throne,
And wept beneath the mask I'd grown.

They trusted me — the ghost, the kin,
Not knowing war had bloomed within.
Each step I took in loyal guise,
Was stitched from guilt and severed ties.

You asked for truth, I gave you fire,
You called it love, I called it liar.
And in the ashes of our pact,
I carved my final, fatal act.

It wasn't hatred that pulled the thread,
But all the words we left unsaid.
Regret arrived dressed like a king,
But I had torn off every wing.

No courtroom waits, no gallows rise,
Just empty skies and distant cries.
But know this — I, too, once believed,
In what we built, in what we grieved.

Now let them write their myths in stone,
Of kings betrayed and hearts of bone.
But deep inside my cursed confession —
Was love, disguised as indiscretion.

Empirical Doors

by Farq

There are doors I've opened without knowing,
Rusting in the marrow, quietly glowing.
Not made of wood or glass or steel —
But of truths I touched just to feel.

Some had knobs of memory, smooth and cold,
Others held riddles too bitter to hold.
Each frame a theory, each lock a guess,
Empirical chaos in elegant dress.

One swung wide into laughter's hall,
Where I wore a mask and stood tall.
Another creaked into a sterile light,
Where love was a test and pain had rights.

A door led into mirrors — sharp and blind,
Where I met every version I left behind.
Another opened to the smell of war,
And my hands knew blood, but not what for.

They say truth waits at every end,
But what if truth is what we bend?
To fit the rooms we're dying in,
To name the void, to call it sin.

I've closed more doors than I recall,
Some behind me, some not at all.
But there's one left — no key, no sound,
And I fear it most when no one's around.

Will it free me? Will it bind?
Is it a threshold or a state of mind?
Empirical doors — I've opened so few,
But I've lived through the ones that never knew.

Just Let Me Sleep

by Farq

I'm not asking for heaven,
Or even peace.
Just a moment where this war inside
Can finally cease.

My bones are tired of carrying dreams
That never arrive.
My mind's a haunted station,
Where ghosts never say goodbye.

The sun feels cruel now,
Too bright for these eyes.
And every "how are you?"
Just sounds like a lie.

I've smiled more for others
Than for myself in years.
And every laugh I gave
Was stitched from tears.

I'm tired of holding the weight of "okay,"
When I'm crumbling in every way.
I'm tired of nights that never end,
Of breaking, pretending, trying to mend.

So don't save me,
Not with words or hope.
Just let me fall where silence grows —
I'm done with climbing the same dead rope.

If there's a door,
I'd like to leave.
Not out of hate,
But the need to breathe.

And maybe in the end,
There's peace beneath —
So please,
Just let me sleep.

Monologue in a Burning Room

by Farq

The walls are whispering in tongues I know,
Cracked voices, stitched from long ago.
A chair lies overturned in flame and dust,
And all that's left is broken trust.

I held the match but not the guilt,
This house of love was never built.
Just shadows dancing in disguise,
With bleeding hearts and borrowed lies.

You said "forever," like a spell,
I said it back — but not that well.
Now every window screams regret,
And every sigh smells like a threat.

Is this what love becomes in time?
A war of silence, dressed in rhyme?
A door that shuts without a sound,
A name we bury underground?

I'd run, but where do exiles flee,
When ghosts are chained inside the sea?
So I sit, and I burn, and I try to recall,
If I ever knew you at all.

The Quiet Between Us

by Farq

There's silence louder than thunder's cry,
That floats between your name and mine.
Not absence, no — but something worse,
A haunted peace, a heavy verse.

I lit a cigarette, but not for flame,
Just to watch the smoke forget your name.
I scribbled you into skies that bled,
Now every cloud wears words I said.

I walk the street where we once spoke,
Each lamp a ghost, each breath a choke.
The night leans in like it knows my sin,
As if it whispers, "Don't let her in."

But I already have — in marrow, in bone,
In poems, in prayers, in skin unknown.
And though we burned, no phoenix came,
Just ash and echoes wrapped in shame.

So if I vanish, if I fade,
Know it was not the night I betrayed —
But the dream of us I dared to keep,
Alive while I was fast asleep.

Sickness of Mind

by Farq

It doesn't bleed,
so they don't see.
No bandage wraps
what's wrong with me.
But inside,
a war with no retreat—
A battlefield beneath my seat.

My thoughts, once calm, now twist like wire,
Each breath I take ignites a fire.
Laughter rings like distant screams,
Sleep is stitched with burning dreams.

I smile in mirrors,
but not quite right.
The eyes are dim,
too sharp, too bright.
I say "I'm fine"—it keeps them still,
But silence grows where voices kill.

The sickness isn't loud or wild,
It whispers soft,
it plays the child.
It tells me truths that aren't my own,
Then locks me in,
and leaves me lone.

I try to fight.
Some days I win.
Some days,
I rot beneath my skin.
A stranger weeps where I once stood—
A name erased, misunderstood.

I count the pills,
I fake the prayers,
I nod through sympathetic stares.
But no one sees the cage, the chain—
The illness carved inside my brain.

Yet still,
I write.
I scream.
I stay.
I hold my hell
and face the day.
For though my mind may turn to rust—
I bleed in ink,
and rise in dust.

Vultures of Eyes

by Farq

They circle high with wings of glass,
Their gaze a blade that does not pass.
No cries, no caws, no beating sound—
Just silence watching
all around.

These vultures of eyes,
they do not eat—
They feed on shame,
on thoughts discreet.
They know the sins I haven't said,
The dreams I burned,
the lies I bled.

They perch on ledges of my mind,
Pick at the truths I try to bind.
Every glance, a sharpened claw,
Each stare, a sermon dressed in law.

At night, they whisper in the air,
Their pupil-blackness everywhere.
No curtain drawn, no mask will do—
They see the fractured, twisted you.

I walk with smiles I've stitched in haste,
But still they circle,
still they taste.
My footsteps echo in their wings—
Their silence mocks
my offerings.

I scream, but it just draws in more,
They crowd like flies upon a sore.
Yet still I rise beneath their flight—
A soul half-burnt, but set on fight.

If eyes must feast, then let them choke
on every fire I ever woke.
I'll tear the sky with blinding cries
and kill the vultures in my eyes.

The Monster's Son

by Farq

They whisper it in towns I leave,
A name not earned,
but hard to grieve.
Not hero, not thief,
not anyone—
Just him—
the monster's only son.

I was born beneath a blood-red moon,
Not to lullabies,
but howls in tune.
The cradle cracked,
the sky withdrew—
Even fate was afraid of what I'd do.

He was a beast with hands like war,
With love that rotted to the core.
He taught me hate before my name,
Said softness was the root of shame.

He carved his fury in my back,
A lesson burned in every crack.
And when he laughed,
the crows took flight—
The stars went blind
to dodge his sight.

People saw his face in mine,
And crossed the road
like I held spine.
They spoke of sins I hadn't done,
As if I was him—
the cursed one.

But I am more than blood and bone.
More than the house that felt alone.
I took the flame but not the knife—
I chose to fight,
I chose a life.

Yes, I rage—but not like him.
My anger weeps, it doesn't grin.
I break, I fall, I bleed, I bend—
But I do not make hell pretend.

I've hurt, I've healed,
I've walked through dust,
With every footstep smeared in rust.
But still I rise, and still I stand—
Not as his shadow,
but my own man.

Genesis

by Farq

In the beginning, there was no name.
Only a breath,
a wound,
a flame.

No gods to carve me out of clay,
No light to guide,
no rules to pray.
I was born in broken things—
Cracks in glass,
unspoken springs.

Before the stars had learned to burn,
I was already scarred in turn.
Not in heavens,
not in womb—
I came from silence,
grief, and gloom.

My mother?
A scream that no one heard.
My father?
A promise,
never a word.
I rose from ash and shattered glass,
A question that the gods let pass.

I walked alone, the first of me,
A beast in skin,
a soul set free.
The trees bowed not, the winds were still—
But I kept rising
by sheer will.

Love came next, in fragile form,
A candle trembling through the storm.
And hate, it followed close behind,
A crown of thorns
for every mind.

They called it life.
I called it war.
Each moment built
on what I bore.
I stitched my heart from blood and thread,
And danced with ghosts
the world called dead.

This is my genesis—
Not clean, not pure.
But raw,
and burning,
and unsure.
Not made by gods or holy grace,
But born to fight
and find my place.

So let the scriptures write their lies,
Of perfect worlds
and perfect skies.

I was not made —
I made myself.
From every scar
and every shelf.

I am the start.
I am the flame.
And I will end
as I became—
Not bowed,
not broken,
but fully known—
A universe
that built its throne.

Feelings

by Farq

Feelings—

they come like strangers in the rain,
Wearing faces I can't explain.
Sometimes joy with trembling hands,
Sometimes grief in wedding bands.

They sit in silence, drink my tea,
Speak in tongues I never see.
They hum inside my aching chest,
And leave when I have guests.

They are not kind, they are not cruel,
They break each bone, then hand me tools.
They do not ask, they do not warn—
Just bloom like thorns I never mourn.

Anger paces like a beast,
Soft regret becomes a feast.
Love arrives with flowers late,
Then walks away and calls it fate.

Some days I drown in distant fear,
That no one real will hold me near.
Other times I laugh too loud—
Like feelings trying to wear a shroud.

And when the world begins to sleep,
They whisper things I cannot keep.
Secrets, names, forgotten scenes,
A funeral of former dreams.

But maybe feelings are the thread,
That stitches life from what we bled.
Not to cage, but to be known—
To make the broken feel like home.

So I let them stay, I let them fall—
These quiet guests inside my wall.
They are not weakness, not a flaw—
Just proof that I can still feel raw.

Magic Hours

by Farq

There's a hush between the tick and chime,
A fleeting breath outside of time.
When stars lean close and shadows bend—
The world forgets where it should end.

The magic hours—they come so soft,
On whispering winds from dreams aloft.
Not night, not day, not quite awake,
A sacred pause the spirits take.

Streetlamps flicker like dying spells,
The moon writes hymns in empty wells.
Crickets hush. The world holds still.
The silence speaks — and bends your will.

You see her then—the girl you lost,
Or hear the voice that paid the cost.
You feel the weight of lives unlived,
And taste the names you never forgave.

Your mirror blinks with someone new,
Or maybe just a deeper you.
And if you ask the stars just right,
They'll tell you what you were last night.

A king? A beast? A child, scared?
A promise made, a soul declared?
It doesn't last—the hour dies—
And day returns with all its lies.

But if you rise with embers near,
And moonlight tangled in your ear,
You'll know you walked the veil unseen—
Between the world,
and what it means.

Where is My Love

by Farq

Where is my love?
Not in these hands—
They only hold
what time remands.
Not in the voice
that cracks at night,
Or shadows folded
into light.

Not in the names that once meant home,
Now drifting far,
now dust,
now gone.
Not in the echo of that song,
That used to feel like
I belonged.

Where is the laugh that lit my bones?
Where is the warmth
inside cold phones?
Did I dream her eyes?
Were they ever real—
Or just a mirror
for what I feel?

I've searched in streets,
in books, in skies,
In every stranger's
tired eyes.
I've whispered love
to ghosts in rain,
And carved it deep
into my pain.

Where is she now?
Does she exist?
Or was she just
a fleeting mist—
A lesson dressed
in soft disguise,
A storm that wore
a lover's eyes?

I ask the stars, they do not speak.
The wind just weeps
across my cheek.
So I carry this ache,
both curse and vow—
Not knowing when,
just wondering how.

Love's Inferno

by Farq

It didn't bloom — it burned,
like pages caught too close to truth.
No soft caress, no calm return,
just reckless fire without a roof.

Your eyes were flint,
mine full of rain,
but even storms
fed into pain.

A kiss was ash,
a breath, a brand—
you touched my soul
with blistered hand.

This wasn't love in pastel tones,
but sirens shrieking into bones.
A hunger carved from rage and need,
A prayer too wild for heaven's creed.

We danced on edges, broke the floor,
You begged for more, I gave you war.
Each "I love you" was a spark,
that turned our silence into dark.

I tried to leave — but flames don't end.
They chase, they curl, they twist, they bend.
Even in absence, I ignite—
your name a match I dream at night.

So let them call this sick, profane,
But we were gods that kissed through pain.
And if we die in smoke, alone—
At least we burned
like myth and stone.

Stars and Stares

by Farq

Some nights I look up and wonder why
The stars feel closer than those nearby.
They twinkle like secrets across the black,
While the people I love
just don't look back.

I've stared at faces, stone and bare,
Searching for warmth that wasn't there.
Eyes like windows, shut too tight,
No flicker of soul, just borrowed light.

They stare like clocks, like passing time,
Judging quietly without a chime.
And I, the fool, still search their gaze
Like stars might blink and clear the haze.

Stars don't lie—
They burn or fade.
But stares? They shift, they masquerade.
A star will die and let you know,
A stare will smile, then let you go.

I've been the one who stares too long,
Who memorizes what feels wrong.
I've caught reflections of my pain
In eyes that never spoke again.
And still I tilt my head at night,

Let silence spill in silver light.
The stars don't talk, but still they care—
They shine for me.
Unlike your stare.

Fears

by Farq

I feared the dark when I was five—
Not for monsters,
but for silence alive.
The way shadows watched from walls,
and how footsteps echoed
down empty halls.

I feared the thunder when it spoke,
like God was angry,
or the sky just broke.
I'd count between the flash and sound,
as if numbers
could hold the ground.

Then came the fear of not being “enough,”
Of not being brave, or smart, or tough.
I feared my tears, I feared my voice,
I feared the day I'd have no choice.

In school, I feared the quiet kid—
Not for what he said,
but what he hid.
I feared my thoughts, the way they spun,
Like loaded guns
without the sun.

I feared my father's distant tone,
How love could sit
so cold, so lone.
And mother's eyes that learned to lie
just to keep
her child dry.

I feared becoming someone else—
A stranger even to myself.
What if I forget how I began?
What if this boy becomes the man
who smiles in mirrors,
dead inside,
but never lets
the truth collide?

I feared the girl who said she'd stay,
Because "forever"
never meant that way.
And when she left,
I feared the rain—
Because every drop
just spoke her name.

I fear success—
and fear the fall,
To reach so high
and lose it all.
To touch a dream
then see it rot,
To love so much
then be forgot.

I fear the end—
but not the grave,
I fear the life
I didn't save.
The words I should have dared to say,
The nights I gave my soul away.

I fear becoming "fine" too long,
When something's cracking,
something's wrong.
To laugh when all I want is rest,
To wear a mask
and call it best.

I fear the calm before the storm,
The silence
after love's gone warm.
I fear my fears will learn to grow,
That one day
I won't even know—
If what I feel is truly mine,
Or just another
scripted line.

But still I walk,
with fear in tow,
A broken light
but still aglow.
Because what is fear,
if not the mark—
That something matters
in the dark?

Embers

by Farq

They don't see the fire now,
Just the glow beneath my brow.
A soft red pulse, a breathless spark,
Still burning quietly in the dark.

Once, I raged like suns at war,
Tore down heavens, broke each door.
But time is cruel—it doesn't kill,
It just teaches you to burn still.

Now I sit in scattered ash,
Hands once gold now stained and brash.
I speak in heat, not in flame,
A silence branded with your name.

You left—but sparks don't die with rain.
They hide in corners, hum with pain.
One whisper, one touch, one sigh,
Could set this soul to blaze the sky.

But I remain—
An ember slow,
A flicker lost
in evening's glow.

Not dead.
Just waiting
for the wind.

Obscured

by Farq

The mirror fogs, but not from steam—
It's time that blurs the vivid dream.
I stare, but nothing stares back clear,
Just smudged reflections wrapped in fear.

The truth was never loud or bright,
It whispered soft, beneath the night.
Behind the smile, behind the word—
A scream too silent to be heard.

Photographs with folded sides,
Eyes that glow where sorrow hides.
Laughter echoes through the frame,
But I no longer know the name.

I touched the past—it turned to smoke.
A prayer lost in a throat that broke.
Memories are not always kind—
They warp, they twist, they fall behind.

I once knew love. I once knew why.
But now it's clouds across the sky.
And every time I try to see,
It slips—
obscured—
away from me.

Versions

by Farq

There's a version of me that never spoke,
Just swallowed storms and played the joke.
A version that laughed to hide the ache,
A porcelain smile that couldn't break.

There's a version dressed in rage and fire,
Burning bridges just to feel higher.
Eyes like war, fists like flame—
A ghost that never learned its name.

Another sits with gentle hands,
Writing poems in shifting sands.
Loving too much, bleeding too wide,
Still building homes in those who lied.

A version ran from every door,
Afraid of love, but wanting more.
He vanished with the setting sun,
The coward in me—I was that one.

And then there's me, the one you see,
Pieced together, lost at sea.
Made of masks and scattered light,
Half in shadow, half in fight.

Every version wears my skin,
All my losses, all I've been.
Don't ask me who I truly am—
I am the poem, not the man.

The Quiet Givers

Not all heroes wear medals or die,
Some make tea and never ask why.
They lose themselves to hold us tight,
Fade into day so we shine at night.

We never knew the price they paid,
But still they loved, still they stayed.
So now we rise, not just to live—
But to honor all they chose to give.

Nobody Asked

Nobody asked why she stayed up all night,
why he skipped meals, why his back ain't right.
They just assumed.
That's the price of being "strong."

She gave up dance for a crying child,
He gave up dreams to walk that mile—
And no one clapped.
No one noticed.

Sacrifice is loud in silence.
It screams in routines.
But clueless they give—
and clueless we take.

The Hollow Offering

by Farq

They stitched their hearts in rusted thread,
And walked through fire with words unsaid.
No altar saw their bleeding knees,
No choir sang of their disease.

They fed the world their very breath,
And vanished like a whispered death.
Clueless martyrs, crowned in dust,
Their love, a tombstone cracked with rust.

Clueless Sacrifices

by Farq

She gave her youth to silent chores,
Behind locked dreams and creaking doors.
No medals hung, no poems penned,
Just laundry lines and things to mend.

He broke his back in rusted steel,
Too numb to cry, too tired to feel.
A father, maybe. A man, for sure.
His gift? A life he can't restore.

We speak of war with flags and drums,
But what of those whose silence numbs?
Who bleed in ways that leave no trace—
No bullet wound, no shattered face.

A brother missed his final game,
To walk his sister through her shame.
A friend who stayed while others fled,
Then wept alone in his own bed.

They never ask for grand applause,
Or golden frames or moral laws.
Their giving is a quiet art—
Unnoticed scars, a bleeding heart.

So here's to them—the overlooked—
The ones who bent while others shook.
Clueless, maybe. But strong as skies.
Their worth unseen, their truth disguised.

Cigarettes and Ghosts

by Farq

I light one like I light regret,
Each drag a truth I can't forget.
Smoke curls up like silent screams,
Stirring ashes of old dreams.

My fingers stink of yesterdays,
Of shaking hands and shadowed haze.
I watch the ember eat its spine—
Like how your absence devours mine.

A cigarette don't care who breaks,
It burns, it takes, it never aches.
It doesn't ask the reason why,
It only waits for breath to die.

I told myself it calms the storm,
But I became the cancer's form.
Nicotine prayers in the wind—
Forgive me, lungs, for where I've sinned.

And still, I light. One more. Again.
Each spark a scar, each puff a chain.
I quit tomorrow, swear it's true—
But tonight, this ghost still tastes like you.

What We Don't Say

by Farq

It's not the scream that breaks a man,
But silence tightening like a span—
A rope of words we never speak,
A smile worn thin, a future bleak.

The room is full, but none exist,
Just ghosts of chances we both missed.
Your eyes say more than lips allow,
But silence is a sacred vow.

I meant to say, "I needed you."
But pride has teeth and bit it through.
You meant to stay, I know you did—
But love's a wound that can't be hid.

We wrote our fate in quiet ink,
On nights too cold to cry or think.
And now we drift like burning leaves,
Still tied by all that no one grieves.

So here's to truths we dared not say,
To aching hearts that walked away—
To every pause, and every breath
That whispered something close to death.

Madness and Redemption

Part I: The Whispering Flame by Farq

In corners where the silence grew,
I found a flame that no one knew.
It whispered not in sound, but stare—
a crooked light, a fractured prayer.

She walked in lace and smoke and sin,
with haunted eyes and secrets thin.
Her voice, a noose I longed to wear,
her breath, a poison laced with care.

I wasn't mad. Not yet, not quite.
Just drawn to shadows dressed as light.
But every gaze she threw my way
unpicked the seams of night and day.

I tasted her in shattered glass,
in blood that bloomed from questions asked.
And though my soul began to fray,
I let her lead me all the way.

Part II: The Sweet Collapse

by Farq

She fed me fire from her tongue,
and sang the songs the dead once sung.
With every kiss, my mind withdrew—
reality was torn in two.

She danced on glass with bleeding feet,
her laughter stitched in incomplete.
I followed close, a willing ghost,
a heart possessed, a haunted host.

I stopped believing in the ground—
her love was air, was smoke, was sound.
She wept in colors I could see,
but only when she bled on me.

The clocks all laughed, the mirrors screamed,
my hands weren't mine, or so it seemed.
The stars bent down to taste our sin,
and madness grinned like next of kin.

I told myself, "This is divine,"
as I drank madness like it's wine.
And in her arms, I let it go—
the part of me I used to know.

Part III: The Room With No Windows
by Farq

She built me a room with no windows or doors,
lined it with whispers, nailed shut the floors.
The ceiling was stitched with her silent screams,
the walls were papered in fever dreams.

Time moved sideways. Clocks ran dry.
I fed my hunger with her lie.
She carved her name across my chest,
a broken oath, a love-possessed.

We laughed at ghosts that no one saw,
we kissed beneath the sky's last law.
Insanity wore silk and lace,
and I wore chains made of her face.

She taught me madness is not a fall—
it's a climb where gods forget us all.
And in that room of stifled breath,
I fell in love with my own death.

But something stirred beneath my skin,
a voice not hers, a fight within.
A crack appeared across the glass...
The first soft tremor of collapse.

Part IV: The Voice Beneath the Noise
by Farq

Beneath the howling of her eyes,
a quiet voice began to rise.
Not hers, not mine, but something still—
a whisper strong enough to kill.

It called me from the blood-soaked floor,
past phantom locks on every door.
Through curtains sewn from shattered thought,
it said: “You are not what she wrought.”

The mirrors cracked, began to speak,
reflecting truths I dared not seek.
My name, once ash, began to bloom—
a single rose inside the gloom.

I wept—but not for her this time.
I wept for how I called it rhyme.
The love I thought would set me free
was just the cage she built from me.

The room still breathed, her voice still clung,
but in my chest a war had sprung.
And though I crawled through dream and dust,
the voice beneath began to trust.

Part V: A Garden Grown from Scars
by Farq

I walked through ruins of the soul,
each step a fracture, each breath toll.
But from the cracks where pain had fed,
rose twisted vines of green and red.

They grew from wounds she left behind,
from every lie I called divine.
Each scar a root, each scream a seed,
each broken promise sprouting weed.

But still they bloomed in savage grace,
in moonlit dirt, in shadowed space.
A beauty formed from suffering's flame—
not born of love, but what became.

I touched a flower shaped like pain,
it bled, then whispered, "Rise again."
And through the thorns, I saw a gate,
beyond it—not her love, but fate.

I turned, and still she watched, so near,
but I no longer shook with fear.
The garden grew, despite the cost—
a monument to all I'd lost.

Part VI: The Distance Between Her and Me
by Farq

She stood across a chasm wide,
no longer mistress, muse, or guide.
Her voice now cracked like broken glass,
a hymn of ghosts that couldn't pass.

I reached, but not to hold her near—
I reached to bury what was fear.
Her face, once fire, now seemed cold,
a painting smeared, a tale retold.

Between us lay the things unsaid:
the nights she feasted on my dread,
the days I begged for one more lie,
the way we made romance of die.

She called me still with velvet cries,
but I had silence in my eyes.
No more her puppet, strung in red—
no more a mourner for the dead.

She faded, though she tried to stay,
like ash that dances, then drifts away.
And I, though broken, stood up tall—
the distance now became a wall.

Part VII: The Baptism of Flame
by Farq

I burned the letters, every page—
each word a shackle, every cage.
The fire climbed like hands in prayer,
consuming all I used to wear.

The mirrors screamed, the walls turned black,
but I kept walking, never back.
Her name became a hiss, a spark—
a moth devoured in the dark.

The room, the cries, the ghost, the pain—
I gave them all to cleansing flame.
Not to forget, but to forgive
the broken boy she wouldn't let live.

I watched the embers kiss the dust,
my hate reduced to fragile trust.
Not in her, nor in the sky—
but in the self I used to deny.

I walked through fire, skin stripped raw,
and saw my truth without her law.
No longer drowned in her cruel stream—
I rose from ash, not quite a dream.

Part VIII: The Silence That Sings
by Farq

No voices now, no knives in air,
just silence curling like a prayer.
Not empty, no—this silence breathes,
it weaves through cracks and dying wreaths.

A stillness steeped in sacred sound,
where once I shattered, now I'm found.
The echoes gone, the chains undone,
I rest beneath a quieter sun.

I do not seek her eyes at night,
I do not chase her phantom light.
The silence teaches more than screams,
it cradles all my fractured dreams.

I hum alone—no need for choir,
no need to walk through endless fire.
The madness softened into grace,
the mirror shows a truer face.

And in that hush, a truth is born—
a love not bitter, bruised or torn.
Not hers, not theirs—but love of me,
the song I sing to set me free.

Part IX: Redemption Wears My Name
by Farq

I carved my name in stone and flame,
not out of pride, but shedding shame.
Each letter once a wounded breath,
now etched defiant, spiting death.

Redemption did not fall from skies,
nor crawl from saints in pale disguise.
It came in blood, in loss, in time—
in choosing truth over the crime.

I walked through valleys soaked in grief,
held madness close like a belief.
But in its eyes, I saw my spark—
a boy who danced inside the dark.

I gave him hands, I gave him voice,
I let him cry, then made a choice:
To live, though every bone still aches,
to love myself through all the breaks.

She called again—this time in dreams,
but I knew now what silence means.
Redemption wore not wings or flame—
it bore my scars and wore my name.

Part X: The Light That Waited
by Farq

It did not blind, it did not scream—
the light arrived like some lost dream.
A quiet hush behind the pain,
a steady pulse beneath the rain.

It waited through the wars I waged,
through every chapter, scar, and cage.
Not rushing in, not begging stay,
just glowing faint, a softer way.

I did not run to meet its face,
I crawled through memory, grief, disgrace.
Yet when I stood, with spine intact,
it wrapped me gently—never cracked.

The madness waned, the ghosts grew still,
love found me when I had no will.
Not hers, not theirs, not born of shame—
but love that knew and loved my name.

I wear no crown, I claim no throne,
just peace I've harvested alone.
And in that peace, a truth unfurled:
I was the light that lit my world.

Obsession

by Farq

It started as a passing thought,
a flicker, faint, but far from naught.
A whisper wrapped in velvet thread,
that crawled into my waking head.

I fed it once, and then again,
until it carved grooves in my brain.
A seed that drank my every fear,
and bloomed into a chandelier.

It glowed when all the lights were out,
it danced with doubt, it kissed my doubt.
It wore her face, it spoke her name—
it promised joy, then played a game.

I traced her shadow through the streets,
through echo chambers, silent tweets.
I read her words a thousand times,
and rewrote them between my lines.

I built a shrine inside my chest,
where thoughts of her refused to rest.
And though she never truly knew,
I stitched my soul around her shoe.

It isn't love—no, love is kind.
Obsession eats the softer mind.
It doesn't hold, it doesn't care,
it just consumes what isn't there.

Now every mirror shows her eyes,
every silence speaks in lies.
I breathe her name like sacred sin—
she's outside me, but lives within.

I try to stop. I try, I do.
But trying is the curse's glue.
So here I stand, a man undone,
a puppet staring at the sun.

Obsession isn't fire or flood—
it's rust beneath your drying blood.
A quiet scream, a perfect theft:
of all you are,
and what is left.

Part II: The Art of Craving

by Farq

I learned to crave with quiet grace,
to smile with hunger on my face.
Not food, nor flame, nor fleeting skin—
but something darker deep within.

It wasn't her. It wasn't touch.
It was the need — that was too much.
The ache to chase, the thrill to fall,
to want, to yearn, to lose it all.

I mapped her patterns, traced her path,
I wore obsession like a wrath.
Each glance she gave, a holy bruise—
a proof I couldn't bear to lose.

I wasn't in love. I was in thirst,
for something doomed, for something cursed.
To want so much you come undone,
and worship shadows just for fun.

I wrote her name on every page,
then tore it out in fits of rage.
I kissed her ghost, I fed her smoke,
until the real one nearly broke.

And when she cried, I felt alive—
like vultures circling something ripe.
Craving doesn't stop with "mine"—
it wants to own, control, define.

I cracked the mirror, broke the pen,
swore I'd not crave like that again.
But craving isn't just a phase—
it's hunger caught in endless maze.

Now I sit still, a quiet thief,
gnawing on the bones of grief.
For once you crave with heart and vein,
you only know the taste of pain.

Part III: The Cure Is a Lie

by Farq

They said, "Let go. You'll breathe again."
They said, "The storm will end, my friend."
But storms don't end, they learn to hide—
behind a smile, just tucked inside.

I tried the cures they wrote in ink,
the pills that numbed, the books that think.
I stitched new names into my skin,
but none could keep the hunger in.

I burned her pictures, one by one,
until the ashes blocked the sun.
I choked on smoke and screamed her name—
obsession's fire still burns the same.

I kissed new lips, I changed my clothes,
I whispered truths no one else knows.
But every street, each hand I hold—
still echoes her in shapes grown cold.

The therapists said "It's just a phase."
The saints said "God works in strange ways."
But God was silent when I fell,
and therapy's a padded hell.

They tell me love is meant to heal—
but I don't crave what's calm or real.
I want the chaos, sharp and red,
I want the thoughts that leave me dead.

So here I sit, with hollow eyes,
my cure a mask, my truth disguised.
I fake the peace, I dress the wound,
but every night, I'm still consumed.

Because obsession never dies—
it sleeps beneath a thousand lies.
And when the world forgets your cry,
it wakes again—
and so do I.

The Room with No Door

Part-I

by Farq

There's a room I wake in every night,
no windows, walls as pale as fright.
No door to leave, no light to chase—
just echoes trapped in paper lace.

The ceiling breathes, the corners stare,
I think there's something living there.
A voice that hums in fractured tones,
beneath the floorboards, under bones.

It calls me not with threat, but song,
as if it knew I don't belong.
As if it built this box for me—
a place to rot eternally.

I claw the plaster, name the cracks,
I trade my sleep for crooked facts.
The more I scratch, the more it grows—
this room I never chose but know.

No clocks, no time, no dying sun,
no "goodnight" said when day is done.
Just breath, and hush, and unseen eyes,
that memorize my silent cries.

And if I dream—I dream of flame,
a fire that screams my shadow's name.
But when I wake, I find once more,
I'm in that room...
with no damn door.

Part II: The Door I Drew in Blood
by Farq

Last night I cracked, or maybe healed—
it's hard to tell when truth's concealed.
I tore my nails, I bit the wall,
and let the paint and silence fall.

Then with my finger, cold and red,
I wrote the words the whispers said:
"The door is not in brick or bone—
you'll find it when you're most alone."

So I drew a door upon the stone,
a child's sketch, but not my own.
It bled like ink. It pulsed like skin.
And something grinned from deep within.

It opened slow, not left or right—
just folded space, erased the night.
A breath came through, like winter's kiss,
and spoke: "You've earned the right to this."

I stepped through thoughts I'd never claimed,
past grief that hadn't yet been named.
Each memory hung by strands of hair,
suspended in the frigid air.

My father's voice, my mother's hand,
the burning house, the broken land.
My first betrayal, last embrace—
all stared at me without a face.

But still I walked, through ash and scream,
toward something shaped like distant dream.
I saw a self I'd left behind—
he watched me with a rusted mind.

“You made the door,” he said, “not me.”
“So tell me now—do you feel free?”

Part III: The Exit That Lied

by Farq

I followed light that wasn't real,
a distant glow I swore I'd feel.
It flickered soft beyond the pain,
like hope disguised as phantom rain.

The floor dissolved to shattered glass,
each step I took erased the past.
My shadow split and walked ahead,
mouthing truths I never said.

I found the exit — carved in stone,
a doorway shaped like dying tone.
It whispered: "Go, be born again—
the world awaits what you've become."

But just before I crossed that line,
I saw the cost: a crooked sign.
It read "To heal is to forget,"
"To live, you must regret."

Could I let go of all I knew?
The pain, the ghosts, the haunted view?
Would I become a hollow shell,
a stranger clean, but far from well?

I reached and touched the threshold's flame,
it hissed and licked me, spoke my name.
And from the walls, the voices cried:
"Don't trust the door. The door has lied."

I saw the truth—it wasn't grace.
It was escape with someone else's face.
A way to be what they call "whole,"
by trading in my soul for role.

So I stepped back, the door went blind,
and left me with my shattered mind.
No freedom here. No final scream.
Just me, the room,
and this...
unending dream.

The Asylum

by Farq

Part -1

The paint peels like forgotten screams,
in hallways stitched with shattered dreams.
A clock ticks slow, as if to mourn
the minds that fray, the hearts that're torn.

Shadows crawl on padded walls,
where silence speaks and madness calls.
A lullaby of lithium rain,
drips from lips that hum in pain.

Windows barred like heaven's gate,
a paradise too far, too late.
Here laughter lingers, sharp and cracked,
echoes of a mind attacked.

A nurse walks past — a phantom white,
with needle prayers for endless night.
And in her tray, salvation sleeps
while through the cracks, delirium seeps.

I count the cracks above my bed,
each one a thought I never said.
They stole my name, replaced it fast
with files and pills and questions asked.

But I still dream of open skies,
not censored by fluorescent lies.
My mind may bleed, my soul may sway—
but even broken clocks obey.

One day these walls will lose their grip,
this cage will fade, these chains will slip.
And I, a ghost with lungs of flame,
will rise and burn away my name.

Part-2

Whispers of the Asylum

by Farq

Rain taps soft on rusted steel,
a lullaby the madmen feel.
The garden's dead, the sky is bruised,
inside this house of the accused.

A rocking chair with no one near,
still sways to rhythms shaped by fear.
The walls have mouths — they never close,
they speak in sighs, in silent throes.

Some write poems in their spit,
some scream where broken angels sit.
The hallway hums with phantom feet,
of those who cracked and knew defeat.

Time dissolves in cups of dust,
we drink and dream, forget and trust.
A mirror stares with hollow grace—
I do not know the face it faced.

Doctor's pen is swift and blind,
it cages thought and brands the mind.
He says I'm sick, that I must change,
but he's the one who feels so strange.

At night, we gather, pale and thin,
our laughter stitched from things within.
We talk to ghosts with kindly hands,
who lead us to forgotten lands.

And though they say we lost the key,
this place is more than what they see.
For in this tomb of padded stone,
we are not mad—just left alone.

Part-3

The Lunatic's Chapel

by Farq

They call it asylum—a word dressed in white,
but nothing here breathes, except fear and night.
The halls smell of iodine, piss, and regret,
and the ghosts wear coats the staff won't forget.

Each room a sermon, each bed a grave,
we pray to the gods who never save.
Our hymns are groans, our psalms are screams,
our faith stitched tight in chemical dreams.

The ceiling drips like a bleeding sky,
and no one asks the reasons why.
The walls don't echo—they absorb,
each cry, each whisper, each mental orb.

My roommate thinks he's made of thread—
he weaves his thoughts then hides in bed.
A girl down the hall thinks she's a crow,
she talks to shadows only she knows.

And me? I write in blood and ink,
of things that watch and never blink.
Of hands that touched me in my sleep,
and secrets that this silence keeps.

We are not insane—we're cracked with grace,
each fracture blessed in this cursed place.
For truth is cruel and minds are weak,
but here, the silence dares to speak.

So when you visit, don't bring flowers,
bring matches, rage, or holy powers.
For this asylum

Part-4

Asylum of Echoes

by Farq

Welcome to the echo's womb,
a place where silence finds its tomb.
The lights flicker like dying stars,
and every hallway hides its scars.

They took our names and dressed us thin,
stitched labels deep beneath our skin.
"Schizo." "Manic." "Out of touch."
Words that bruise, but mean so much.

A boy counts fingers on the wall,
claims he sees no world at all.
A girl recites the alphabet
but skips the letters she regrets.

The doors don't open, they inhale—
each breath a scream too faint to wail.
The air is thick with things unsaid,
like prayers whispered to the dead.

Outside, they say we've lost our way,
that sanity just slipped one day.
But here, we see the world more clear,
its cracks, its fraud, its masked veneer.

The doctors speak in practiced tones,
prescribe us pills and judgment stones.
They never ask what we have seen—
the horrors tucked behind the screen.

We dance with madness, wear its crown,
we're jesters in a burnt-down town.
But even jesters know the game—
you play too long, you go insane.

Still, in this place where minds decay,
our truths are sharper, night and day.
The world calls us the lost, the vile—
but we are just... ahead by miles.

Part-5

The Cell with No Clocks

by Farq

They moved me deeper, past the gate,
where time forgets to keep its weight.
No ticking hands, no rising sun,
just endless grey, where thoughts come undone.

My cell is padded, not with care—
but to muffle the truth that hangs in air.
A single bulb hums like a dying fly,
and flickers every time I cry.

Here, the shadows start to speak,
in twisted tongues, low and bleak.
They know my sins, they chant my name,
they play with guilt like it's a game.

There is no mirror—only steel,
so I forgot how flesh should feel.
My fingers twitch, my knuckles bleed,
I scratch at walls that never heed.

The guards walk past with eyes of stone,
they hear me scream, they leave me alone.
To them, I'm numbers. I'm a file.
They never see the child, the trial.

But I remember mother's song,
the way her arms would right the wrong.
I hum it now beneath my breath,
to hold at bay the scent of death.

I write on air. I write on skin.
The poems claw their way within.
And though this cage may break me slow,
my voice still fights the undertow.

There are no clocks—but I still count,
each second, each thought, each failed amount.
For even here, beneath the rot,
the soul remembers what they forgot.

Part-6: The Choir in the Basement

***Finale of Asylum Verses**

by Farq

Down below where the heaters moan,
and rust has teeth, and rats are grown,
they keep the ones they call “too far”—
the screaming stars in a broken jar.

We hear them sing through iron vents,
their voices raw, their throats all bent.
No melody, no known refrain—
just music made from pure, clean pain.

A girl sings vowels through stitched-up lips,
a man plays drums with bloody fists.
Their symphony is not of grace—
it shakes the walls, it haunts this place.

I crept there once, past staff asleep,
where darkness moves and secrets creep.
I saw them dancing, skin like ash,
eyes like matches just before flash.

They saw me too—but didn’t bite.
They welcomed me into the night.
And for a moment, I was free—
insane, unchained, and utterly me.

We screamed together at the moon,
our choir mad, divine, in tune.
For in that basement made of rot,
I found the sanity they forgot.

But morning came, as mornings do,
with needles, hands, and white coat crew.
They dragged me back with tranquil grace—
and wiped the truth right off my face.

Now I sit quiet in my chair,
pretend I don't still hear them there.
But every night, I hum that song,
the madman's hymn where I belong.

And if you listen, soft and deep,
you'll hear them sing you out of sleep.
A warning wrapped in lullaby:
you don't go mad.
You learn to lie.

Whispers in the Attic

by Farq

Up the stairs where the cobwebs grow,
Past creaking steps and shadows slow,
There lies a room the world forgot—
With memories the air cannot.

A rocking chair still sways at night,
Without a breeze, without a light.
And papers scattered on the floor,
Speak names that no one says no more.

A music box with rusted key,
Plays lullabies in minor key.
The wallpaper peels like shedding skin,
Hiding stories deep within.

Sometimes I hear a distant hum,
A child's laugh, a phantom drum.
And when I dare to speak a word,
The room repeats what it has heard.

It's not the ghosts that make me fear—
It's knowing I still come up here.
To sit, to smile, to softly cry...
In the attic where my past won't die.

Ashes in My Pocket

by Farq

I keep ashes in my pocket,
From bridges I had to burn,
From hands that once held mine,
But never cared to learn.

I walk with worn-out sneakers,
Through streets that never end,
Each step a heavy secret,
Each corner lost a friend.

I've laughed with broken people,
Lit smokes on borrowed pain,
Shared silence like a gospel
While dancing in the rain.

They say the world is waiting,
But never waits for me,
It just spins and screams and steals
Whatever makes me free.

I've loved with reckless rhythm,
Given more than I could spare,
And still they left me empty—
Like I was never there.

But still I rise each morning,
Though night has made me old,
With nothing but my ashes
And fire in my soul.

The Temple in the Trees

Deep in the woods where the crows won't fly,
Where moss grows thick and the branches sigh,
There stands a temple carved of stone,
A place forgotten, overgrown.

Its pillars cracked, its doors decayed,
Its gods asleep, its candles frayed.
No priests remain, no songs, no flame—
Just echoes whispering one name.

I walked there once in midnight's breath,
Drawn by a scent of sacred death.
Each step I took, the air grew cold,
Like time itself had lost its hold.

Inside I found no golden light,
Just shadows dancing, soft and slight.
But on the wall, in blood or ink,
My name was written near the brink.

I touched it once — the stone, the mark,
And all the world around grew dark.
Visions surged from deep within,
Of who I was... and might have been.

A child who dreamed, a man betrayed,
A heart that bled, a soul that prayed.
I knelt where once a god had stood,
And cried for all misunderstood.

The temple lives in me, I know—
A silent place where secrets grow.
Not built of stone, but pain and fire,
Where lost boys burn to build empire.

Silence has a Name

Silence isn't empty space,
It hides behind a lover's face.
It drips from lips too tired to speak,
And screams within the soul it keeps.

It walks beside me every night,
Not loud, but louder than the light.
It knows the things I never said,
The ghosts I've buried in my head.

It curls around my cigarette,
And whispers truths I can't forget.
It hums in songs I never play,
And watches when I look away.

They say that silence means you're strong—
But silence held me far too long.
I wore it like a second skin,
And let it rot the boy within.

Now every word I write is war,
Each stanza opens up a door.
I bleed in ink, in black and red,
To tell the things I left unsaid.

So if you hear me speak too soft,
Know silence taught me to be lost.
And if I raise my voice today,
It's just to keep the dark at bay.

The Path I Never Chose

They said it's written in the skies,
The stars decide, the heavens lie.
That every soul walks roads pre-drawn,
A puppet's life from dusk till dawn.

But I was born with rebel flame,
To curse the gods, reject their name.
I questioned rules, defied each plan,
I wasn't made to just be man.

I stood at crossroads paved in ash,
Where every step could end in crash.
And still I walked, not knowing where,
With anger loud and vision bare.

They called me fool, they called me lost,
For chasing dreams no matter cost.
But let them mock, let prophets sneer—
I'll carve a fate that bleeds sincere.

For what's a life that's lived in chains?
A breathless march through quiet plains?
I'd rather fail with scars to show,
Than bow to paths I'll never know.

So if you see me on the edge,
With storm behind and flames ahead—
Don't cry for me, don't pull me back,
This is the freedom most men lack.

The stars may shine, the winds may freeze,
But I will dance with broken knees.
My destiny? It wears no crown—
It's forged when all the lights go down.

Ashes of Her Name

She came like dusk on ocean tide,
A warmth I swore would never hide.
With eyes that spoke in silent grace,
And lips that knew the stars by taste.

She touched my world and made it bloom,
Turned broken halls to scented rooms.
I told her things I never shared—
My silent fears, the times I cared.

She held my pain, or so it seemed,
And whispered love while I still dreamed.
I gave her all I had to give,
Forgot myself, just let her live.

But love, oh love, can wear a mask,
A velvet smile that hides a task.
She smiled with knives behind her teeth,
Each kiss a grave I laid beneath.

One night I found the messages,
The truths concealed in passages.
She laughed with him, she called me weak—
Each word a dagger through my cheek.

The friend I called my blood and bone,
Had built their empire from my throne.
And when I asked, she didn't lie—
She stared, then turned and passed me by.

I fell—oh brother, how I fell.
The silence rang like funeral bell.
I broke apart, a shattered flame,
A ghost who only knew her name.

But pain is clay in hands of fire,
And sorrow births a new desire.
I wandered deep, through smoke and ash,
Till rage and grief began to clash.

I walked alone, I walked through night,
Till stars began to feel like light.
I stitched my heart with burning thread,
And wrote my name in gold instead.

I carved a life with iron will,
No longer chained, no longer still.
Her name? Just ashes in the breeze—
A lesson danced in autumn leaves.

Forgiveness came, not for her sake,
But for the strength I had to take.
For in the fire she left me in,
I forged a sword beneath my skin.

I love again, but now I see,
That love begins and ends with me.
The past is not a noose, but rope—
And I have climbed it into hope.

So hear me now, you heart betrayed—
Your scars are stars the dark obeyed.
Let love not burn but be your flame,
And rise beyond the ash and shame.

Born of Bruises

In alleys where the shadows crawl,
I came to life with none to call.
A middle-class forgotten name,
No silver spoon, no burning flame.

My cradle rocked in broken tones,
Where silence screamed through splintered homes.
A father's glare, a mother's sigh,
Each night I'd pray not just to cry.

The belt would dance across my skin,
For sins I never held within.
My voice was drowned, my hopes were small,
Each day I'd climb a crumbling wall.

The schools were cages, rusted gray,
Where bullies made the brave decay.
They'd laugh and push, they'd mock and beat,
Till blood and pencils kissed my feet.

And still I dreamed of something more,
Of moonlight seeping through the floor.
Till fate, that fickle, cruel ghost,
Whispered of the girl I'd love the most.

A friend, or so he wore the face,
Told me of her angel grace.
"She likes you, bro," he slyly said,
And led me to a trap he'd thread.

I met her 'neath the willow tree,
Where crows sang songs of treachery.
Her smile—so soft—her laugh—divine,
For once, I felt that someone's mine.

But it was false, a cruel display,
She mocked my heart in wicked play.
Behind the laughs were venom fangs,
And every word left deeper pangs.

They filmed my stutter, laughed out loud,
Then shared me with the heartless crowd.
I shattered like a glass in rain,
Each shard a mirror to my pain.

I ran through corridors of screams,
Hounded by their hateful memes.
No safe space, no place to rest,
Just panic pounding in my chest.

And in that storm of cruel intent,
My mind—a fragile filament—
Began to crack beneath the weight,
Of memories I couldn't sate.

I heard the whispers no one heard,
The walls would move, the shadows stirred.
A voice inside began to scream,
And blurred the line 'tween real and dream.

Faces twisted, eyes would bleed,
The crows would chant of every deed.
I spoke to ghosts that none could see,
As madness coiled inside of me.

Schizophrenia, they named my mind—
But never knew what lay behind.
Not chemicals, not just disease,
But trauma's breath and childhood freeze.

A soul abused, betrayed, and torn,
A boy who wept the day he was born.
And still I write, with hands that shake,
To give my wounds the light they ache.

So when you see me lost in thought,
Know every battle I have fought.
I'm not just cracked—I am the art,
A broken boy with lion heart.

I Don't Remember

I don't remember who I was,
Before the world began to pause.
Before the mirrors cracked my face,
And time erased some sacred place.

I don't remember how to dream,
Without the weight beneath the seam.
I used to laugh without a script,
Now every joy feels counterfeit.

I don't recall the scent of June,
The lullabies, the distant tune.
There was a fire once in me,
But now I'm ash the eyes can't see.

I don't remember why I stayed,
Or how the light began to fade.
I only know the nights are long,
And silence hums a hollow song.

I don't remember love or hate,
Just empty rooms and heavy fate.
A name I spoke with faith and flame—
Now I forget it just the same.

But something stirs inside the haze,
A flicker from forgotten days.
A voice that whispers through the blur:
You were not always who you were.

My All

You are my all—my storm, my grace,
The burning sun, the softest place.
The chaos when my thoughts collide,
The silence where my fears subside.

You are the pulse within my chest,
The ache that never dares to rest.
The dream I chase through sleepless nights,
The shadow dancing in my lights.

You are the wound, the healing balm,
My battlefield, my sacred calm.
The sweetest sin I won't confess,
The reason for my heart's unrest.

You're every poem I never wrote,
Each tear that trembled in my throat.
The name I breathe but never say,
The ghost I carry every day.

You are the sky when I can't see,
The lock, the key, the gravity.
No matter where the hours fall—
You are, you were, you'll be... my all.

Where is My Childhood

by Farq

Where is my childhood?
Is it lost in the cracks of the floor,
In the crayon stains on the bedroom door?
Did it slip through time's quiet hand,
Like castles built from drifting sand?

Is it hiding in the dusty light,
That filtered in at noon just right?
Or in the scent of rain-soaked trees,
And scraped-up knees and bumblebees?

Where is my laughter, raw and loud,
That once could chase away a cloud?
Where's the monster under my bed,
The dreams that bloomed inside my head?

Where is that voice that spoke to stars,
Believed in maps and magic jars?
That thought the moon was close enough,
To catch and keep and call its bluff?

Now walls are taller, nights more still,
The clocks all tick against my will.
I wear a face that's learned to lie,
And call it strength when I don't cry.

But sometimes in the hush of night,
A memory flickers into light—
A swing that creaked, a world so wide,
A version of me I still hide inside.

So where is my childhood?
It's not gone—just out of view,
Living in the softest blue.
Waiting in a song, a breeze,
In whispered leaves, in rustling trees.

Lose Yourself

by Farq

Lose yourself where wild things grow,
Where time forgets the need to know.
In forests thick with breath and bone,
Where hearts can beat, but not alone.

Lose yourself in skies that bleed,
In wounds that want, in thoughts that need.
In songs you've never dared to sing,
In winter's bite, in ghost of spring.

Lose yourself in fire and flood,
In ink and rain and rebel blood.
In streets that echo with your name,
But never spell it quite the same.

Lose yourself in art and ache,
In every promise you might break.
In dancing loud with no regret,
In things you haven't lost just yet.

Lose yourself, but not to die—
To live so much you touch the sky.
To tear the mask and drop the role,
And finally meet your buried soul.

Oh My Atlantis

by Farq

Oh my Atlantis, drowned and deep,
Where gods have gone and mortals sleep.
Your marble halls now kissed by sand,
A kingdom swallowed by the land.

Your towers once touched star and flame,
Now no one dares to speak your name.
Beneath the tides, your secrets swirl—
A shattered love, a sunken world.

Oh my Atlantis, lost to time,
A poem left without its rhyme.
Were you a dream too bright to last,
Or just a shadow of the past?

I see your walls in every tear,
In every truth they wouldn't hear.
You fell for pride, for greed, for gold—
For stories bought and legends sold.

Yet still you rise in minds like mine,
A broken myth, a sunken sign.
And I—your last and loyal shore—
Will sing your name forevermore.

Oh my Atlantis, deep and blue,
I drown each night remembering you.

Slavery

by Farq

Chains are not just made of steel,
Sometimes silence makes them real.
Sometimes laws and powdered wigs
Wrap the noose in royal digs.

Slavery walks in tailored clothes,
Smiles in courts and trading rows.
Not just whips or cotton fields—
But broken backs where power yields.

It's in the names we're forced to take,
In histories they burn or fake.
In every wage that bleeds us dry,
In every truth they let die.

It's in the land that once was ours,
Turned to mines and concrete towers.
In children born to serve and sweat,
In debts we never even met.

But still we rise—scarred and worn,
From every chain our hands have torn.
Still we write, we breathe, we scream,
Still we dare to fight and dream.

So call it what you truly must,
Not the past, but present dust.
Slavery lives when justice sleeps—
And freedom's something no one keeps.

I'd Never Lose You

by Farq

I'd never lose you—not in rain,
Not in heartbreak, not in pain.
Not in silence, not in sound,
Not in places we're not found.

I'd never lose you in the fall,
Even when we lose it all.
If the world forgot my name,
I'd still whisper yours the same.

If you vanished in the night,
I'd chase your shadow through the light.
If your voice began to fade,
I'd carve it in the stars I made.

I'd never lose you to the wind,
Nor to the wars we've held within.
Even if you walked away,
My soul would kneel and beg you stay.

I'd never lose you, even when
This life resets and starts again.
You're etched beneath my every scar—
No matter near, no matter far.

So if you doubt, just look and see,
You're not just with me—
You're in me.

Midnight on the Rooftop

by Farq

Midnight on the rooftop, stars like scars,
Smoke curling gently beneath dying Mars.
A city hums beneath my feet,
Its broken lullaby bittersweet.

Neon bleeds across the sky,
Like gods forgot how not to cry.
Ash on my tongue, wind in my hair,
I whisper secrets to empty air.

The moon looks drunk, a tilted grin,
Laughing at the mess I'm in.
Old songs echo from a distant street,
The kind that make your pulse skip a beat.

I light a match just to feel flame,
To burn the edges off my name.
And in that glow, I swear I see
A version of who I used to be.

But time keeps walking, never slow,
It doesn't ask, it doesn't know.
So here I sit, above it all,
Waiting for night's last curtain call.

The Weight of Quiet Things

by Farq

The weight of quiet things is vast—
Like shadows stretching from the past.
A letter left, a glance not thrown,
A heart that broke but never shown.

The sigh before the words are said,
The dreams we bury in our bed.
The way the silence softly screams
Between the pages of our dreams.

A coffee gone a little cold,
A secret far too dark to hold.
The smile that never touched the eyes,
The truths we trade for smaller lies.

The footsteps down a hallway bare,
The ghost of someone never there.
A song that plays and knows your name,
Then leaves you hollow, just the same.

And though we dress in louder things—
In noise, in light, in wedding rings—
The things that shape us most, I fear,
Are all the ones we never hear.

I Am Not

by Farq

I am not the hero in your tale,
Not the sun that lights your vale.
I'm the storm behind the glass,
A fleeting echo you let pass.

I am not your saving grace,
Not the warmth in soft embrace.
I am silence, dark and deep,
The ghost that watches while you sleep.

I am not the voice of reason,
Not the spring in hopeful season.
I'm the frost that grips the bloom,
The aching stillness in a room.

I am not the one you seek,
Not the strong nor not the meek.
I'm the lie behind your truth,
The withered root beneath your youth.

I am not the star you chase,
Not the time you can't replace.
I'm the shadow, raw and real,
The wound that never dares to heal.

I am not the light you crave,
Not the dream you fight to save.
I'm the mirror cracked and cursed,
The poet bleeding every verse.

And if I vanish in your sky,
Don't ask where, don't wonder why.
For I am not the one you knew—
Just a hollow passing through.

Waste

by Farq

I gathered dreams in paper bins,
Unwritten, torn by stormy winds,
A masterpiece that time erased—
All I became was love misplaced.

The hours spilled like rusted ink,
Each thought too sharp, too dull to think,
A wasted breath, a rotted flame,
A mirror cracked, yet none to blame.

I walked on roads that led to stone,
With crowds around, I died alone,
My laughter canned, my tears rehearsed,
My soul a gift, forever cursed.

They called it life—I played the part,
With broken hands, with hollow heart,
But every smile I wore was pasted,
Each heartbeat thumped: wasted, wasted.

Now let the sky consume my name,
No need for glory, gold, or fame,
I lived like ash that leaves no trace—
Just scattered time.
Just... empty space.

Just For Now

—Written by Farq

I won't be strong, just for now,
Let me break, I'll rise somehow.
Let me drown beneath this weight,
Don't tell me it's not too late.

Don't hand me hope like it's a pill,
Don't speak of light, I'm standing still.
The stars can wait, the sun can set,
I need this night to feel regret.

I've held the mask, I've played the part,
But now it slips—I show my heart.
And though it bleeds, I won't disguise
The flood that gathers in my eyes.

So let me fall, don't lift me yet,
I haven't cried for what I've met.
For all the things I tried to be,
And all the chains they couldn't see.

Just for now, I'll lose the fight,
I'll sit with ghosts throughout the night.
Let me break, just once, alone—
A king of ruins on his throne.

Tomorrow, maybe I will mend,
Pretend again, and play pretend.
But not tonight—please, not somehow...
Let me fall,
Just for now.

Desolation

—Written by Farq

There is a silence you can't name,
A stillness colder than the flame.
It doesn't shout, it doesn't cry—
It simply waits for you to die.

I walk where nothing dares to bloom,
Where even echoes make more room.
The air is thick with ash and bone,
A graveyard carved in undertone.

The sky forgets to breathe at all,
The stars hang limp, about to fall.
No light, no voice, no ghost remains—
Just rusted wires and weathered chains.

I built this place with dreams once bright,
Now stripped of soul, now void of light.
The walls don't bleed, they just decay—
Like prayers that time has burned away.

No footsteps follow in this dust,
No gods to scream at, love to trust.
Just me, and me, and me again—
A loop of loss I can't explain.

Desolation wears my face,
It hums my name, it fills my space.
It is the crown I never chose—
A kingdom cold, where nothing grows.

So if you come, come not to save—
But just to stand beside my grave.
And feel the wind that never ends—
The breath of hell that wears your friends.

Never Let Go

—Written by Farq

I held on tight when all went cold,
To broken dreams I couldn't fold.
The world moved on, the seasons flew—
But I still clung to thoughts of you.

They told me, "heal," they told me, "breathe,"
But grief, it grows beneath the sheath.
And in the night, when no one's near,
You're all I see, you're all I hear.

Your voice, a ghost that haunts my skin,
A war I lose but still begin.
I light a flame and watch it die,
Yet swear you'll rise in every sky.

They say, "Let go, the past is past,"
But love like this was built to last.
Even if it's carved in pain,
I wear your name like acid rain.

You were the ache, the sweetest sin,
The storm I kept forever in.
And though it tears my soul in two,
I'll never let go... I'll never undo.

So bury me where shadows bend,
With hands still reaching for the end.
And on my grave, let no one know—
How hard it was...
to never let go.

Assumptions

They looked at me and thought they knew—
The lies I lived, the things I'd do.
They saw the scars and drew a line,
Called me the villain in their spine.

They whispered when I passed them by,
Their eyes were daggers, dressed in shy.
"He's broken, mad, a waste, a phase"—
Their tongues lit torches in the haze.

No one asked what bled inside,
What truths I fought, what parts had died.
They saw the smoke and screamed of fire,
But never saw the funeral pyre.

Assumptions wrapped me like a noose,
Each thread a lie they let hang loose.
Too loud to cry, too numb to shout,
I let them judge, I let them doubt.

They said I'm cruel, I said "perhaps"—
It's easier than fixing cracks.
Why tell them I once feared the rain,
When all they want is proof of pain?

They crowned me monster, made it stick—
A self-fulfilling magic trick.
And now I walk with sharpened teeth,
A myth they made, the guilt beneath.

So if you see me, don't assume—
My smile's not sunlight, it's a tomb.
And if I bleed, it won't be red—
It's black with all they never said.

Love, Hate, and Spite

She kissed me once with lips like fire,
Then left me burning in the mire.
Love came first, a gentle thief—
It filled my hands, then left me grief.

I carved her name on every wall,
In blood, in breath, in rise and fall.
She smiled like rain, then turned to flame—
And whispered sweetly: You're to blame.

Then hate arrived, with jagged teeth,
It dressed in silk, and crawled beneath.
It taught me how to wear a grin,
While rusting slowly deep within.

I held a rose that turned to glass,
Each petal slicing as I passed.
The scent was her, the stem was pain—
The thorns were all that would remain.

And spite, oh spite, that bitter king—
It taught my voice the songs to sing.
I danced with rage beneath her door,
Then laughed when love was not love anymore.

I cursed the stars, I mocked the moon,
I tore up every gentle tune.
Yet late at night, when shadows bend,
I beg for what I can't defend.

Love, hate, and spite—they drink as one,
Under the ruins of the sun.
And I, the fool, still feed the flame—
Still whisper softly... her damn name.

Sentence without Trial

They never asked, they never tried,
Just cast me where the lost reside.
No jury sat, no gavel fell—
Yet here I rot inside this shell.

No crimes confessed, no wrongs declared,
Just broken dreams too loud to bear.
My name was scratched in dust and frost,
Another soul the world had lost.

I built my case with silent screams,
With pages torn from shattered dreams.
But silence speaks no fluent tongue,
And truth means nothing when you're young.

They called me mad, they called me weak,
For writing poems I couldn't speak.
For loving life with bleeding hands,
For building hope on sinking sands.

So here I wait, a soul on fire,
Caged by thought and barbed desire.
No chains you see, no doors you lock—
Just minutes ticking like a clock.

And still I stand before no judge,
With every breath, my lungs begrudge.
This life, this cell, this stitched-up smile—
A sentence served... without a trial.

Prison of Life

I pace within these unseen walls,
No iron bars, yet silence calls.
A cell shaped like a beating chest,
A warden made of hope suppressed.

Each morning comes, a guard in white,
Unlocks the door with blinding light.
But freedom's just a painted lie—
The chains are stitched into the sky.

The world moves on, but I stay still,
Trapped in the war of want and will.
Each step I take, the floor caves in,
Each breath I breathe condemns my skin.

The ceiling drips with dreams decayed,
The floorboards moan the price I paid.
The mirror cracks with every glance—
A life I lived without a chance.

Outside they dance, they laugh, they run,
But here, I count what I've undone.
My fingers scrape the phantom stone,
A thousand screams I call my own.

I tried to carve my name in air,
But no one looked, and none would care.
The letters bled, the ink was pain—
And all of it was washed by rain.

I wasn't born to fly or fight,
Just sentenced to this endless night.
A prisoner dressed in flesh and bone,
Alive, but dead. And all alone.

Dark Nights

—Written by Farq

The stars have turned their faces grey,
And even moonlight walks away.
These dark nights know the things I hide—
They curl up quiet at my side.

No lullaby, no sacred flame,
Just whispers calling out my name.
The shadows stretch like open arms,
Too cold for sleep, too sharp for harm.

My ceiling cracks with every sigh,
The walls lean in like they know why.
The clock ticks slow, then ticks no more—
What time can heal, the dark ignores.

I light a match to find some grace,
It burns, then dies—just like her face.
The one I see behind my lids,
The one the dark so kindly bids.

There's comfort in this choking gloom,
A kind of stillness built from doom.
At least the night won't ever lie—
It's honest when it wants me gone.

And yet I breathe, and yet I ache,
A soul too loud to let it break.
But every night I disappear—
A little more, consumed by fear.

So if you wake and think I'm near,
Just call my name—I won't appear.
These dark nights claimed what light had grown,
And left behind... a heart of stone.

Drowning Fear

Written by Farq

It starts in silence, deep and slow,
A ripple where no winds should blow.
The water waits, a quiet leer—
Inviting in my drowning fear.

No storm, no scream, no sudden wave,
Just every thought I failed to brave.
They pull me down with ghostly hands,
To floors no soul can understand.

My breath is trapped in unseen rope,
My ribs collapse beneath false hope.
The surface fades, the light turns thin—
I sink into the dark within.

I see the faces floating still,
The ones I left, the ones I kill
Each time I lie, each time I break—
Their eyes, the price I now forsake.

My lungs are heavy with regret,
Each gasp a promise I forget.
I beg the sea to let me rise,
But oceans never hear your cries.

And down below, where silence screams,
There's no escape, no shattered dreams.
Just pressure, pitch, and salted skin—
The drowning doesn't start, it's in.

So if I float, don't pull me back,
The fear I breathe has turned pitch-black.
Let me be lost, let me disappear—
There's peace inside this drowning fear.

Fear the Rain

Written by Farq

They say the rain can cleanse the soul,
But mine just drowns in every hole.
Each drop a whisper from the past,
Each storm a truth I can't outlast.

I used to dance when skies would cry,
Barefoot dreams and arms held high.
But now I flinch with every sound—
The thunder brings me to the ground.

The rain remembers where I've been,
It knows my loss, it knows my sin.
It taps like ghosts against my pane,
Repeating things I can't explain.

The street floods fast with what I hide,
My dead ambitions, drowning pride.
Each puddle shows a younger face—
A smile erased, a warm embrace.

Umbrellas break, the roof caves in,
And all I loved is soaked in sin.
No shelter holds when sorrow pours,
It leaks right through the bolted doors.

So when the sky begins to weep,
Don't pray for calm or dreamless sleep.
Just fear the rain, and fear the ache—
It only falls for hearts that break.

Rotting Dandelion

Written by Farq

I used to bloom beneath the sky,
A whisper where the winds would lie.
They called me soft, they called me kind—
A fleeting thought the world left behind.

A dandelion, kissed by sun,
My golden crown once weighed by none.
But time, that thief with patient hands,
Plucked every petal from my lands.

Now rusted stems, and brittle breath,
I wear the makeup drawn by death.
My roots are cracked beneath the soil,
Too tired to dream, too numb to toil.

The children once would chase my grace,
Now step on me without a face.
I gave them wings, they gave me dust—
That's how the living break your trust.

No breeze to carry what remains,
No rain to wash away my stains.
Just rot beneath a sky once blue,
Where love forgot, and silence grew.

So if you pass this field one day,
And see what life has thrown away—
Don't wish on me, don't blow my seeds,
I've buried far too many needs.

Just walk ahead, don't turn, don't cry—
I'm just a flower left to die.
Once bright, once soft, once full of light—
Now rotting, lonely, out of sight.

House of Memories

Written by Farq

I built a house with broken things,
With lullabies and wedding rings,
With torn-up notes and shattered frames,
And every whispered, cursed name.

The halls are lined with silent screams,
With echoes of unfinished dreams.
The floors still creak with heavy tread—
Of people long considered dead.

Each room a tale I can't forget,
A sin, a smile, a deep regret.
The kitchen smells of burning toast,
And laughter from a long-lost ghost.

The mirror cracked, but caught my face—
A stranger trapped in someone's place.
The bed is made, but never warm,
Still haunted by her fading form.

I tried to leave, I tried to flee,
But memories have chained the key.
I light a match, then douse the flame—
Too scared to lose, too lost to name.

A portrait hangs, her eyes still wide,
She sees the boy I used to hide.
She sees the man I failed to be—
Inside this house, there's only me.

So let the walls come falling down,
Let ash replace this hollow town.
But until then, I stay and rot—
Inside the home the world forgot.

Shootout

Written by Farq

The street was silent, cold and wide,
No echo left, no one to guide.
I stood alone—no god, no crew,
Just ghosts in boots and skies gone blue.

The stars were bullets in the sky,
Each one a reason not to try.
I held my breath, then held it more—
What's left to fight, when life's a war?

The barrel spoke, but not for fame,
Not vengeance, pride, or someone's name.
It sang of nights I never cried,
Of every time a part had died.

The walls around were painted red,
With all the words I never said.
A memory bled out through my sleeve—
And no one came, and none would grieve.

They call it madness—what I feel,
But pain's the only thing that's real.
The shootout wasn't with a gun—
It was with every goddamn sun.

The one that rose when I was broke,
The one that burned with every smoke.
And as it dawned, I stood there still,
No trigger pulled—just shattered will.

I walked away, but not untouched—
The silence followed, far too much.
And so I live, and so I rot—
A walking grave the world forgot.

Archangel

by Farq

I was born from fire, cloaked in flame,
They gave me wings but not a name.
I walked the stars, I sang the skies,
But bled for man with unseen cries.

A sword of light within my hand,
Yet never felt I touched the land.
I watched them pray with hollow breath,
And curse the gift of life and death.

The throne behind me, vast and high,
Held silence deeper than the sky.
No God replied, no voice came through—
Just burning halos stained with dew.

My feathers torn by mortal sins,
I wore the grief beneath my skin.
Each time they begged for one more chance,
I died again in sacred trance.

Oh heaven, home I cannot find,
I left my crown, I lost my mind.
For I have loved where I should not,
And bore the guilt the world forgot.

I stood between the sword and soul,
To guard the lost, to make them whole.
But who will guard the guarder's flame
When angels weep and bleed the same?

A tear fell once from eyes of grace,
It carved a scar across my face.
Now even stars avert their glow—
For I am all they'll never know.

Not demon, no—nor wholly pure,
A sentinel that can't endure.
Half in heaven, half in fall,
An archangel who lost it all.

Shattered Memory

by Farq

There once was a room with a flickering light,
Where whispers of love turned into night.
The door is gone, the scent remains,
Of rain-soaked wood and ghostly pains.

I saw her dance where shadows bled,
A crown of sorrow on her head.
She said, "Forget me, if you dare,"
But left her perfume in the air.

Her laughter cracked like porcelain,
And stitched my veins with threads of sin.
I tried to hold her in my palm,
But broken things don't bring you calm.

A melody lost, a glass of screams,
I chased her voice through shattered dreams.
Each word she spoke now cuts like knives,
Buried deep in past lives.

She smiled like dusk, she cried like flame,
Then vanished when I spoke her name.
Now silence sits upon my chest—
A phantom lover, unconfessed.

The mirror shows her fractured face,
Fading slow in time's embrace.
I trace the cracks with guilty hands,
Still bleeding from forgotten lands.

My thoughts replay that final day—
The look she gave, then walked away.
No thunder roared, no angels wept,
Just aching silence where she slept.

I gather memories, sharp and thin,
And wear them like a second skin.
Each fragment hums a different tune,
Of midnight loss and ghostly ruin.

She's not a tale I've left behind,
But etched in bone, and wired in mind.
A siren song I cannot flee—
The soul of all that's lost in me.

So if you ask, "What broke you, friend?"
I'll whisper softly, "Not the end...
But memories that chose to stay—
And haunt me night through break of day."

Particles of Punishment

by Farq

In the marrow of silence, where screams do not echo,
Where mercy forgot to knock—
I was born.
Not of love, nor of longing,
But from a crack in God's throat
When He choked on His own regret.

Every breath I take tastes of rust.
I was forged in the dust
Where angels go blind
And demons keep time
With clocks made of guilt,
Their pendulums swinging from nooses.

I was not punished in a moment—
No blade struck my name down once.
I was punished in fragments.
Splinters.
Slivers.
Particles.
Each breath—
A thousand needles stitching agony into air.
Each blink—
A dagger dipped in memory.

Do you know what it means
To carry pain in molecular form?
It swims in my blood.
It sings in my bones.
I can feel every mistake I made
Whispering beneath my skin—
Like insects, like secrets,
Like curses that learned to crawl.

She said,
"You're too broken to hold."
I told her,
"Then bleed with me, just once."
She kissed me with pity
And left a blade in my rib
As a reminder—
That love, too, has sharp edges.

I walk among people
Who carry sunshine like shields—
And I wonder,
How do they not see the fog I drag?
How do they not choke
On the smoke of my sins?

They call me cruel.
They call me sinner.
They say:
"This punishment is earned."
But who judges the judged
When the jury is ghosts?

I punished myself first.

Before any god, any law, any father.
I carved regret into my arms
So the world would know
I already knew.

My laughter is laced with venom.
My poetry—
The confession of a soul sentenced
But never allowed to die.

Oh, the particles...
They collect like dust on dying bookshelves.
They hang in the air
When someone speaks my name and shudders.
They're in the rain that never cleanses.
They're in the mirror that won't reflect.
They're in the cigarette that burns too slow,
In the silence after every lie.
Each atom a witness.
Each sigh, a rope.
Each step I take—punishment prolonged.

I built altars of apologies
To gods who never listened.
I screamed into the night,
"Was this enough? Is this enough?"
But silence,
Only silence,
Ever answered.

I have learned this much:
Punishment is not an act.
It's a presence.

A parasite.
A perfume on your skin
That even fire cannot burn away.

Still, I walk.
Still, I breathe.
Still, I write.

Because if I am to suffer,
Let it be beautiful.
Let my pain make poems
That outlive the ones I hurt.
Let the particles of punishment
Float through pages
And stain every soul who reads this
With the ash of understanding.

For I am not seeking pity.
Nor absolution.
Just acknowledgment.

That I was here.
That I hurt.
That I punished and was punished.
That I turned my agony
Into architecture.

And when I die,
Let them bury me not in soil—
But in ink and glass.
So even the worms
Must read me
To feast.

Therefore, I Am

by Farq

I am not the light,
But I burn.
I am not the storm,
But I turn
Skies into sermons,
And silence into screams.

I do not beg to be understood—
I exist like shadows do:
Unexplained. Unapologetic.
I am the ache behind beauty,
The stillness in chaos,
The fracture that sings.

You see my face—
You think,
"Broken."
You read my name—
You think,
"Ghost."
But I am the wound that refused to rot,
The truth that learned to lie.

They asked me once,
"Who are you to speak this way?"
And I said—
"Because I bled in silence... therefore, I am."

Because I stood in rooms with no doors,
Because I swallowed fire to warm others,
Because I danced in the funeral of my dreams,
Because I stayed,
When staying meant dying slowly...
Therefore, I am.

Not for legacy.
Just because—
I chose to be.

Death is No More My Fear

by Farq

Death is no more my fear—
I have worn its breath like perfume,
Sat beside it at 3 a.m.
And asked if it would like tea.
It nodded. I poured.
And we drank in silence.

It came once, cloaked in shadows,
Crawling through the cracks of my spine.
It whispered,
"Come now, be done."
But I laughed,
Because I had already died a hundred times
And learned to resurrect myself
With bleeding poetry and broken dreams.

The grave has no glory when you've already
Buried your joy beneath
The weight of a thousand sleepless nights.
What can death take
That life hasn't already stolen?
What can it touch
That grief hasn't defiled first?

I feared it once—
When love was warm
And mornings were golden.
But now I rise from ashes with cold eyes,
Now I speak the language of crows.
Now I wear darkness like velvet,
And kiss sorrow on the lips.

Tell Death—
It is welcome
To stand beside me,
But never ahead.
It is no longer my ending—
It is my audience.
It watches me live
Where others only fade.

So bury me not in pity.
Mark not my grave in tears.
For I will walk past the Reaper
Grinning—
Because Death is no more my fear.

Interlinked

by Farq

We were never strangers, not truly.
Something deeper tied us — cruelly, beautifully.
Not flesh. Not fate. Not name or blood.
But something older, carved in mud.

Interlinked...
Like scars that mirror,
Like whispers passed from soul to sinner.
Like broken clocks that beat in sync,
Like madness shared in quiet drink.

When you cried,
I felt the ache beneath my ribs.
When I bled,
You touched the crimson on your lips.
We were always stitched through shadowed seams—
Two ghosts dreaming the same dreams.

I tried to run.
So did you.
But the thread pulled — like gravity in glue.
Even in hate,
Even in fire,
The pull remained — a cursed choir.

You tore me out of time and air,
I tore you back from cold despair.
And though the world may shift and shrink,
We burn as one—
Interlinked.

No blade can cut this thread apart.
No grave can hush this haunted heart.
We live, we die, we scream, we sink—
But still we are...
Interlinked.

So Tired

by Farq

So tired...

Not the kind sleep can cure,
But the kind that makes time blur,
The kind that eats from deep within,
Where silence screams beneath the skin.

I smile, I nod, I play the part,
But there's a war inside my heart.
Each breath I take feels like a theft,
A borrowed beat, a ghost that's left.

So tired of words that never heal,
Of wounds the world will never feel.
So tired of waking, tired of night,
Tired of always losing light.

I carry weight that no one sees,
I drown in crowds, I beg on knees.
Not for help — I've learned that lie.
Just for a place where I can cry.

So tired of pain behind my eyes,
Of dreams that rot, of hope that dies.
So tired of being strong too long,
Of turning breakdowns into song.

So if I'm quiet, let me be.
Don't ask what's wrong inside of me.
Just let me rest beneath the rain,
Until I feel...
like me again.

Hypnotic Lies

by Farq

You spoke in spells, not words, not truth—
A voice like silk that strangled youth.
You smiled like gods in painted skies,
But fed me only hypnotic lies.

Your touch was warm — but death in bloom,
A rose that whispered doom in perfume.
You carved a home beneath my skin,
Then locked the door and walked back in.

You said, “Forever”, with a grin,
While sharpening the blades within.
Each kiss a poison, slow and sweet,
Each promise sewn to rot beneath.

I watched you burn, I watched you shine—
Couldn't tell the curse from the divine.
You looked like love through haunted eyes,
But bled me dry with hypnotic lies.

You danced through every sacred vow,
A priestess in a funeral gown.
You sang of fate, of soul, of stars—
Then drove the truth into my scars.

Now I'm the wreck your shadow made,
A shrine of ash, a dream decayed.
But still I ache, and still I crave
The lie I followed to my grave.

So lie again—just one more time,
And I will drink your holy crime.
For some of us were born to die
In love...
with hypnotic lies.

Myself, Farq

by Farq

I am not your saint,
I am not your sin,
I am the howl that never learned
To bleed within the skin.

They named me “Farq” —
Not just a name,
But a rupture in your perfect game.
A crack in glass, a crow in light,
A fevered voice that laughs at night.

I don’t wear halos,
I set them on fire.
I kiss the blade,
Then dance on the wire.

They told me to kneel,
So I tore off the floor.
They locked every door—
I became the war.

I drink poetry with black nails raised,
Insane, unchained, divinely crazed.
Your rules? A joke. Your gods? A lie.
I wrote my hymns across the sky.

I'm stitched from grief and gasoline,
My veins are full of kerosene.
A paradox in every breath—
Romance and wrath, rebirth and death.

I've loved like storms and mourned like kings,
I've torn apart my angel wings.
And if I burn? Then let me glow—
A crow of fire in fallen snow.

So here I stand, defiled, divine—
No mask, no leash, no crooked spine.
Call me mad — I've heard it all...
But Farq was born
To watch gods fall.

Stellar

by Farq

You were never just a person—
You were a constellation.
Not made of bone and blood like me,
But stitched in stardust, silently.

Your eyes held galaxies asleep,
Your voice—a comet's gentle weep.
And every step you took through time
Bent gravity, defied the line.

You came to me through cosmic haze,
Lit up my cold, collapsing days.
I named you hope, I named you light,
Then lost you to the endless night.

Still, I trace you in the sky,
A pattern time can't crucify.
You burn in stars I cannot touch,
And yet, I feel you—far too much.

Stellar soul with stellar grace,
A myth the dark could not erase.
I keep your name inside my chest,
A nebula that never rests.

And when I fall—because I will—
When time runs out and all is still...
Let me dissolve beyond the veil,
Where your light waits
Through shadow's tale.

For we are more than dust and fire,
We are the echo, the entire.
So burn with me, love, one last flare—
Across the void, I'll meet you there.

Sailor of the Red Sea

by Farq

I am the sailor of the Red Sea,
Where waters weep and never flee.
Not waves of blue, but blood and flame,
And every tide recalls her name.

No stars above, no gods to pray—
Just crimson foam and skies of gray.
My compass spins, my map is torn,
Yet still I sail, alone, forlorn.

She kissed me once upon this deck,
Then left a dagger in my neck.
And as I bled, she sang her song—
A siren sweet, a death prolonged.

I could have turned, I could have fled,
But love is blind when it's half-dead.
So here I drift, a curse embraced,
Through storms of sorrow, salt, and waste.

The sea is red not just with war,
But with the wounds I still adore.
Each drop that stains this haunted tide
Was once a tear she made me hide.

They speak of sailors brave and free,
But I am bound eternally.
For in her eyes I saw the shore,
And now I chase what was before.

She waits, they say, beneath the foam,
A throne of bones, her hollow home.
And when I sink, as all men do—
She'll smile, and drag me deeper too.

So let them write my eulogy:
Here lies the fool who loved the sea.
He sailed for her, through fire and screams...
A sailor lost to blood and dreams.

Reasons

by Farq

There were reasons I stayed,
Though my hands were shaking,
Though every smile I gave
Felt like breaking.

There were reasons I lied,
To them, to you,
Because truth cuts deeper
Than silence can do.

There were reasons I cried
With the lights turned low—
Not for weakness,
But for the strength to let go.

There were reasons I loved
Even when it bled,
Because some hearts
Are worth the wounds they shed.

There were reasons I screamed
Without a sound,
When the world moved on
And left me bound.

There were reasons I wrote
When no one would hear,
Each line a scar,
Each verse a tear.

There are reasons I breathe,
Even now, alone,
When the voices fade
And I turn to stone.

And though I don't know
If the pain will end...
There are still reasons.
Maybe one day, I'll understand.

My Beloved

by Farq

My beloved...

You are the flame I touch in sleep,
The wound I kiss but cannot keep.
You are the name behind my breath,
The love I carry into death.

My beloved...

Your voice still hums beneath my skin,
A sacred war I did not win.
You live in sighs the night pulls near,
In every pulse of joy or fear.

I never held you long enough,
The world was cruel, the hours rough.
But what we lost in time and space—
Still lingers in a softer place.

My beloved...

You haunt my prayers, you fill my wine,
You blur the edges of the line
Between what's real and what I feel,
Between what's broken and what's healed.

Even if lifetimes keep us far,
I'd search you out in every star.
No heaven, hell, or war could part
The echo carved inside my heart.

My beloved...
You are the reason poems bleed,
The final touch in every need.
And if the universe resets—
My soul will find you...
No regrets.

If You Stayed

by Farq

If you stayed...

The rain might sound like songs again,
And I would not flinch at the wind's refrain.
The room would hold more than just a bed,
And silence wouldn't fill with dread.

If you stayed...

The coffee wouldn't go to waste,
My days might have a different taste.
The sun might rise without the pain,
And I'd stop whispering your name.

If you stayed...

My hands would still remember warmth,
Not just the ghost of every storm.
The mirror wouldn't crack each night,
And poems wouldn't bleed to write.

If you stayed...

Maybe I'd sleep through every dream,
And not wake up to silent screams.
I'd learn to laugh without the mask,
And stop pretending when they ask.

If you stayed...
The clock might not be my enemy.
I'd live instead of just "let it be."
I'd build a life, not just survive,
And I'd believe I'm still alive.

But you didn't...
And time moved on, a crooked thief,
Replacing love with quiet grief.
Now all I hold is could-have-been,
A future lost beneath your skin.

Yet every night, my soul has prayed—
To rewrite life...
If you had stayed.

Infinity

by Farq

I traced a circle in the sand,
Then watched it wash from sea to land.
But still it stayed — not carved, but known,
A symbol drawn in blood and bone.

No start, no end, no exit sign,
Just loops that twist through soul and spine.
We live, we lose, we love, we die—
Then rise again to ask why?

Infinity is not a star,
It's every wound that makes a scar.
It's every time I say goodbye,
Yet see your face behind each sky.

It's memories I never chose,
The way your voice still softly grows
In rooms you left, in songs I hear,
In every shadow standing near.

Infinity is stitched in pain,
But also sunlight in the rain.
It's heartbreak wrapped in sacred thread,
It's dying, yet not being dead.

It's time that loops, it's love that stays,
It's all my nights and all my days.
It's knowing you'll return somehow...
Though I can't touch you here and now.

I carry you in endless lines,
In clockless thoughts and wordless signs.
And though you're far, you still are mine—
Across all lifetimes, death, and time.

So if I break or drift or flee,
Remember this eternity:
No matter what becomes of me—
We burn together... infinitely.

Where are You Now

by Farq

Where are you now... when nights collapse?
When silence hums in thunderclaps.
When stars fall down like broken vows—
Tell me, love... where are you now?

I search the dusk, I trace the wind,
In every dream you used to send.
I call your name, but only hear
The ghost of you — too far, too near.

You said you'd stay, you swore you would,
But promises burn just like wood.
Now ashes sleep where fire once kissed,
And I still ache for what I miss.

Are you a whisper in the trees?
A breath beneath the winter breeze?
Do you still weep when shadows bow?
Or are you free... where are you now?

I kept your voice inside my chest,
It haunts my lungs, denies me rest.
Your laughter rings through empty halls,
A memory pressed on rotting walls.

You vanished like a final sigh,
No reason, no goodbye, just why.
And every time I close my eyes,
You fall again through shattered skies.

So tell me please — if time allows...
Do you regret, do you still drown?
Do you remember who I am?
Or am I just a flickered man?

Wherever life has let you go—
In flesh or thought or deeper snow—
If you still breathe beneath some vow...
Then tell me...
Where are you now?

Partiality of Life

by Farq

Some are born to silken beds,
With lullabies and gold-threaded threads.
Some are raised where hunger speaks,
On broken floors and crying cheeks.

One learns to walk, the world aligned,
The other crawls through walls confined.
Fate folds its hands and looks away,
While storms choose whom they wish to stay.

The lucky smile with borrowed grace,
While others beg for just one place—
In lines for bread, or schools, or light,
While justice sleeps through every night.

A child with dreams gets drowned in war,
Another one gets fame and more.
One dies unheard beneath the rain,
Another lives, yet feels no pain.

Life loves to play its loaded dice,
And seldom thinks to blink twice.
It gives one voice, another cage,
One gets the stage, one gets the rage.

And when we cry, "It isn't fair,"
The silence answers, cold and bare.
No judge appears, no hand comes down,
Just stars that watch us burn and drown.

Yet still we rise with fractured hope,
Tie knots of faith in thinning rope.
And though the world may never shift,
We are the ones who make the lift.

So curse the gods, or kiss the scars,
But know your worth is written in stars.
For though life's scales may lean and lie—
We still have wings... and sky.

Way Down we Go for Her

by Farq

She stood where angels feared to tread,
A crown of fire upon her head.
She smiled like sin in a wedding dress,
And kissed like chaos — nothing less.

They warned me, "Boy, she'll eat your soul,"
But still I dug that endless hole.
For love or curse, I couldn't tell—
But way down we go when hearts rebel.

She spoke in riddles, wept in rhyme,
A lullaby that ruined time.
Her hands were cold, her breath was frost,
Yet every wound she gave felt lost.

I followed her through dream and dust,
Through rooms of flame, through thrones of rust.
And every step, a toll was paid—
A piece of me she calmly flayed.

No heaven called, no stars did shine,
Just her and I — beneath the spine
Of all I was and could've been,
Now drowning in her phantom grin.

The world grew distant, light grew thin,
But still I chose to follow in.
And when she wept, I bled instead—
A saint of sorrow she misled.

So if you hear that siren hum,
The pulse of footsteps as they come...
Run far, my friend, from hearts like hers—
Or share my fate beneath the furs
Of graveyard roses, ash, and dirt—
Where love's reward is endless hurt.

Because for her, I broke, I bled.
I kissed the dark, I crowned the dead.
And if I had to fall again?
I'd dive headfirst in all her pain.

For some are cursed to burn and blur—
And way down we go...
for her.

Butterfly of My Dreams

by Farq

She came when silence held the land,
A ghost with wings and trembling hand.
Her flutter brushed the edge of me—
Half hope, half ash, all mystery.

No words, no name, no mortal face,
Just shadow laced with silver grace.
Her wings were ink with streaks of gold,
Like memories I'd once been told.

She circled round my shattered bed,
Then kissed the ruin in my head.
Each beat of wings — a lullaby,
That stitched the screams I'd left to die.

She touched the walls I'd built with grief,
She drank the dark like falling leaf.
She danced upon my ribs and spine,
Like sorrow softened into wine.

I tried to speak — to ask her why,
But every syllable would lie.
She wasn't meant for waking men,
But only for my might-have-been.

She knew my scars, she named my pain,
Then left me weeping in the rain.
A phantom wrapped in velvet screams,
The butterfly that haunts my dreams.

I see her still when moonlight breaks,
When silence chokes and memory aches.
She hovers there in violet haze,
A relic from forgotten days.

Sometimes she perches on my chest,
Where love once lived, and none could rest.
And though she weighs no more than breath,
She brings with her a kind of death.

Not one of flesh, nor bone, nor skin—
But one that eats you from within.
The death of "maybe", "what if", "when"...
The death that dreams don't speak again.

She leaves before the blackbirds cry,
Before the tears can even dry.
And I awaken just to mourn
The girl with wings I never worn.

So here I lie, night after night,
With bleeding heart and fading light.
For I would burn, dissolve, or scream—
To hold once more...
The butterfly of my dreams.

Sad Evening

by Farq

The sky wore ash instead of blue,
As if it mourned the loss of you.
The wind forgot its gentle song,
The trees stood still, like something's wrong.

A tea gone cold, a silent room,
A fading scent, a half-picked bloom.
The lamp is on, but feels too dim,
Like light itself forgot to swim.

The streets outside begin to blur,
With echoes of what once was her.
Footsteps pass — not meant for me,
Just shadows in a memory.

I try to read, I try to write,
But sorrow steals the fading light.
Each word I form begins to ache,
Like poems only grief can make.

A single crow on rusted wire,
Croaks like a prophet lost to fire.
Evening bleeds into the night...
But nothing ever feels quite right.

That Girl

by Farq

That girl — she walked like storms in spring,
A silence dressed in shattering.
Eyes that knew too much, too fast,
Like she'd remembered every past.

She wasn't loud, she wasn't kind,
But left a riot in my mind.
With every glance, she drew a scar,
And made my soul forget who we are.

She loved like fire dipped in snow,
A kiss, a cut, a letting go.
She said forever in a breath,
Then vanished, sweet as sudden death.

That girl — she broke me like a vow,
I'm stitched, but not quite human now.
She took my trust, my youth, my flame,
And left me whispering her name.

She lives in songs I cannot write,
In empty beds and shattered light.
And though the years will spin and curl..
I'll always burn for that girl.

Am I Real?

by Farq

I touch my skin — it feels like wax,
A puppet's mask with paper cracks.
The mirror stares but doesn't see
The ghost that hides inside of me.

I speak — my voice dissolves like smoke,
Each word a thread that never spoke.
I laugh, I cry, I sleep, I feel...
But deep inside — am I real?

They see a face, they call it mine,
A name, a past, a bloodline spine.
But who's the one that drifts at night,
Between the stars and blinding light?

I hold a hand, I swear it's warm,
Yet vanish in another form.
A dream? A glitch? A soul concealed?
Is this a game? A lie? A shield?

They say I'm here — alive, awake,
But what if I'm the world I fake?
A thought in someone else's head,
A shadow that believes it bled.

Oh God, if you're beyond the sky,
Tell me the truth before I die:
If I must vanish, break, or kneel...
At least just whisper — Was I real?

Timeless

by Farq

In halls where stars once used to sing,
And moonlight crowned the dust of kings,
I walk alone through whispered time,
Where echoes rhyme with ruins divine.

A breath, a blink — a thousand years,
The sun still warms forgotten tears.
The hands that built, the lips that kissed,
Are nothing now... yet still exist.

A feather floats, a bell is rung,
A story told in ancient tongue—
And though the voice has turned to stone,
Its silence makes me less alone.

Beneath the clock that never lies,
I see the ghosts in strangers' eyes,
And wonder if they, too, have heard
The timeless cry beneath a word.

For love once born can never die,
It dances still in every sky.
And grief, though old, still lingers near—
A soft reminder we were here.

So carve no dates upon my grave,
Let not the winds my memory save,
But in a thought, or dream, or sigh,
Let me be timeless as the sky.

People Make Me Paranoid

by Farq

I walk through crowds with lowered gaze,
Like every smile is just a maze.
Their laughter twists behind my back—
Is it at me? I lose the track.

Their voices sharpen in my mind,
Each glance a threat I try to find.
A word too soft, a tone too loud,
And suddenly I fear the crowd.

I read their texts ten times or more,
Convincing myself I'm being ignored.
A silence isn't just a pause—
It's proof I've failed some unseen laws.

I overthink each thing I say,
Rehearse goodbyes in case they stray.
I trust too fast, then doubt too deep,
And lie awake when I should sleep.

Their kindness feels like painted lies,
Like shifting masks and thin disguise.
I wish I didn't feel this way—
But people steal my peace each day.

It's not their fault. It's how I'm wired.
A mind too loud, a soul too tired.
So if I pull away, don't shout—
I'm just afraid
of being found out.

Let Her Go

by Farq

They say to heal, you must let go—
But hearts don't work like winds that blow.
She left, yet lingers in my chest,
A ghost that will not let me rest.

I hold her voice in quiet rooms,
It hums between the cracks and gloom.
Her laughter lives in morning rain,
Her silence echoes all my pain.

I've torn the pictures, burned the notes,
Rewritten truths in bitter quotes.
But love is not so quick to fade—
It haunts the very soul it made.

She's everywhere I never look,
A folded page in every book.
A scent, a song, a shade of light—
She lives inside what once felt right.

To let her go? I try. I swear.
But healing feels like breathing air
That's thick with ash and whispered names,
A sky that never looks the same.

So let me grieve, but don't demand
I drop her name like grains of sand.
I'll let her go when I grow new—
But broken hearts
take time
to do.

The Night We Met

by Farq

The night we met, the stars stood still,
As if the world bent to our will.
The air was warm, the silence sweet,
Two broken hearts that dared to meet.

Your eyes held storms, but soft with grace,
A quiet war behind your face.
And I, a shadow drenched in doubt,
Stepped close to you—and shut it out.

We didn't speak in practiced lines,
We spoke in wounds and crooked signs.
The moonlight stitched what time had torn,
And made me feel like I was born.

For once, the ache inside my chest
Felt less like weight, and more like rest.
And though I feared what love could be,
You looked, and I began to see.

But some nights come and never stay,
Like ghosted dawns that fade away.
You left before the sun could rise,
A memory etched in my skies.

Now every night I walk alone
Down roads that feel like skin and bone.
The stars don't shine the way they did—
The night we met...
is somewhere hid.

I wonder still what might have been—
Had love not worn such fragile skin.
But even now, with all regret...
I live inside
the night we met.

Avalanche of Sadness

by Farq

It started with a single flake—
A word, a glance, a small heartbreak.
But sorrow grows in quiet ways,
Like dusk that eats the edge of days.

One memory turned into ten,
Regrets returned again, again.
And soon the hills inside my chest
Collapsed beneath what I repressed.

No warning bell, no final call—
Just everything began to fall.
The weight of things I didn't say,
The love I lost and pushed away.

It buried me in frozen screams,
In echoes of forgotten dreams.
A smile I wore began to crack,
And joy, once near, won't wander back.

Each tear, a snowflake on the pile,
Each lie, a stone beneath the smile.
And now I choke on frozen air
While no one sees I'm buried there.

You think I walk, you think I speak,
But I've been gone for near a week.
A shell remains, a hollow space—
An avalanche has claimed my face.

So if you care, tread soft, tread slow—
The snow is deep where sorrow grows.
And somewhere underneath this pain
A soul still hopes
to rise again.

Another Love

by Farq

They ask me why I sit alone,
Why all my warmth has turned to stone.
Why every gaze I meet feels wrong—
As if I've been alone too long.

They speak of love like spring returns,
But mine was fire, and now it burns.
She came like dusk, soft, sweet, and deep,
Then left me stranded, robbed of sleep.

I gave her all—my breath, my name,
But love for me was just a game.
She broke me not with fists or knives,
But with the way she left my life.

Now every face is hers in part,
Each smile a dagger to the heart.
And though the world still dares to move,
I cannot feel, I cannot prove.

Another love? I shake my head.
The part of me that loves is dead.
I learned too much from her goodbye—
To build, to fall, to trust, to cry.

They don't see cracks beneath this skin,
Or hear the wars I hold within.
So let them love, and let them try,
But I just watch, and walk on by.

For once you've drowned in love's cruel sea,
You don't return.
Not fully...
not me.

Ask Me

by Farq

Ask me why my smile looks thin,
Like it was stitched to hold me in.
Ask me why my laughter dies
Right at the edge of tired eyes.

Ask me why I pace at night,
Why silence feels like sudden fright.
Why music hurts, why dreams feel near,
Yet every joy comes dressed in fear.

Ask me why I flinch at touch,
Why “I’m okay” just means too much.
Why every “how are you?” I hear
Becomes a dam to hold back tears.

Ask me why I can’t explain
The weight I drag, the phantom pain.
Ask me why I sleep so late,
Why even hope feels second-rate.

But don’t just ask—please stay awhile.
Look past the mask, past the smile.
For I’m a story, bruised and torn,
Still being written, still weather-worn.

So ask me not with empty grace,
But with the love that time can't erase.
For I am more than what you see—
Ask me gently,
and set me free.

The Room I Never Leave

by Farq

There's a room inside my mind—
No doors, no light, just what I find:
A voice that cracks, a scream half-spoken,
A mirror smashed, a promise broken.

The clock is stuck at 3:15,
The silence hums like it could scream.
The past replays in looping sound—
A body still, a world unwound.

Each corner holds a frozen face,
Each wall remembers my disgrace.
I try to breathe, to look away,
But trauma doesn't let you stray.

The smell of rain, a certain word,
Can stir the ghosts I thought unheard.
They crawl through cracks beneath my skin,
They knock, I break—
They come back in.

And people say, "It's just the past,"
But in this room, it always lasts.
Time heals, they chant—Just let it go.
But time forgot this room, you know.

Some days I walk outside the pain,
But never far, I can't explain.
The world is bright, the sky is blue—
Yet half of me still lives there too.

So if I seem too far, too still,
Just know I fight, I climb, I will.
But there's a room I never leave—
Where memories breathe,
and I still grieve.

Life is Going On

by Farq

The days don't ask if you're okay,
They rise and run and slip away.
The sun still climbs, the world still spins,
While you just stitch your silent sins.

The tea goes cold, the calls don't come,
You hum a tune and feel... so numb.
Yet morning knocks on broken doors,
And feet still pace the same old floors.

A funeral here, a wedding there,
A crowded room, an empty stare.
And laughter echoes down the hall
While someone learns how much they fall.

You tell yourself, just one more step,
While holding in what you've never wept.
Because the world won't pause for pain—
It moves like mist, like blood, like rain.

You miss some faces, lose some years,
Collect some love, outgrow some fears.
And still, beneath the rise and dawn,
You whisper low—
"Life's going on."

Stress

by Farq

It creeps in silence, dressed in grey,
Unseen by light, unfazed by day,
It grips the spine and bends the will,
A quiet scream the world calls still.

It wears no face, it speaks no name,
Yet burns the heart like guilt or shame.
Each breath a stone, each step a war,
And peace—a word you’ve heard before.

The ticking clock becomes a threat,
Your hands are shaking, brow is wet,
The mind loops lines it cannot stop—
What if I fall? What if I drop?

They say, “Just breathe,” but air feels thin,
The cage is locked from deep within.
And joy? A fleeting, foreign guest
Who used to stay, but never rests.

You fake the smile, you hide the ache,
You break, rebuild, and then re-break.
While others dance, you stand alone,
A battle fought in skin and bone.

And still you rise, though none may see
The weight you drag invisibly.
Stress is the ghost that haunts the brave,
A quiet killer
dressed as save.

The Lost Soul

by Farq

He wandered through the whispering pines,
Where time forgets and moonlight shines,
A ghost beneath his tattered skin,
No door to knock, no way back in.

His name was once a lullaby,
Now drowned beneath a hollow sky.
The world moved on, as worlds will do,
While he grew cold and faded too.

He spoke to crows, to rust, to rain,
To broken glass and windowpanes.
He carved his thoughts on chapel walls
And wept in dreams no one recalls.

A thousand faces passed him by—
Not one could meet his hollow eye.
For those who fall too far, too deep,
Are not the ones the heavens keep.

He loved once, fierce and far too much,
But all he held turned dark to touch.
Now silence is his only bride,
And shadows walk close by his side.

No hell below, no stars above,
Just flickers of a faded love—
A soul misplaced, a name unsaid,
A heart that beat long after dead.

So if you feel a sudden chill,
Or hear a cry the wind won't still,
Look not behind—but softly pray
For the lost soul
who walks away.

Ecstasy

by Farq

A fevered breath, a pulse that climbs,
Beyond the bounds of measured times,
Where reason fades like morning mist
And madness leans in close... to kiss.

A drop of fire beneath the tongue,
A song unsung, forever young—
It burns, it blinds, it lifts, it breaks,
And shivers through the soul it takes.

The sky splits open, wide and wild,
The world reduced to just a child
Spinning in a dream too bright
To tell the difference—wrong from right.

She danced with stars inside her skin,
And called it love... or was it sin?
The gods themselves might fear to feel
The aching joy that makes it real.

But ecstasy is never free—
It steals its price from memory.
And when it leaves, it leaves you bare,
A haunted hush, a vacant stare.

So let me fall, just one last time,
Into that high, unholy climb.
Let angels weep and devils grin—
For once I was,
and once within.

The Quietest Room

by Farq

In the hollow of a silent chest,
Where sorrow sings and shadows rest,
Lie secrets curled like threads of smoke—
Each one a promise softly broke.

A letter never meant to send,
A whispered lie that killed a friend,
A name engraved inside a ring
That time erased—but left to sting.

The mirror knows but will not tell,
The lips stay shut, a guarded well.
Yet every night, behind closed eyes,
Those buried truths begin to rise.

A mother's cry behind the door,
A father's steps that come no more,
A love once warm, now turned to frost—
A secret kept, a lifetime lost.

The stars look down with silver grace,
But never speak, just hold their place.
Even the moon, so pale and wide,
Knows what we lock away inside.

And so I walk, alone and slow,
With heavy things I'll never show.
For secrets are the songs we hum
When every other voice is numb.

They sleep in me like fallen snow—
Cold, unspoken,
and no one knows.

The Ballad of Majnu

by Farq

In desert lands where silence weeps,
And moonlight folds in ancient keeps,
There lived a boy with fire in chest,
Whose heart refused the world's unrest.

They named him Majnu — lost, unwell,
For he had drunk where madness fell.
But he was not broken, not a beast—
Just starved by love, a dying feast.

He met her once — just once, they say,
By a garden wall on a jasmine day.
Her name was Laila, dusk and flame,
And with that glance, he spoke her name.

Not with a word — no voice, no sound,
But the earth shook and time unwound.
His soul left bone, his breath stood still,
He bowed before her silent will.

She passed like wind, like incense rare,
But left her shadow in his stare.
He wandered streets, he wept through stone,
A crowned king turned to dust, alone.

He carved her name on cypress trees,
Whispered her scent to every breeze.
And when they laughed, "He's mad, he's damned,"
He smiled with roses in his hand.

They caged him thrice, they chained his feet,
They fed him sermons, made him kneel and eat.
"Forget her, child. There's life beyond."
But love is not a thing to abscond.

For love is hunger, love is flame,
And Laila was not just a name.
She was his breath, his curse, his creed—
A prayer that bled each time he'd plead.

And Laila too, behind her veil,
Wrote poems on glass, so pale, so frail.
Her father's pride, her tribe's cold law,
Kept her in silk, but she saw the flaw.

At night she dreamt of desert sand,
Of Majnu's eyes, his trembling hand.
But women born to royal blood
Are taught to drown in silent flood.

So they gave her hand to a man of stone,
While Majnu screamed beneath the bone.
He tore his robe, he cursed the skies,
And walked the world with hollow eyes.

He slept with wolves, he drank with stars,
He wore his madness like sacred scars.
And all who passed him whispered low:
“That is the boy who chose his woe.”

But fate is cruel and gods are bold,
And love, they say, grows mad and old.
One day they found him by a tree,
Kissing her name in agony.

His lips were cracked, his eyes like ash,
His body thin, a ghostly flash.
And there beneath the cypress wide,
Majnu collapsed. And softly died.

They buried him beneath the shade,
Where flowers bloomed though none were laid.
And days passed on, then moons, then years—
And Laila, pale with salted tears,

Returned one night to that cursed land,
With trembling heart and ringless hand.
She found the grave where silence grows,
And laid herself in death's repose.

They say she died without a sound,
And now they sleep beneath the ground.
Two names carved deep into that stone—
Majnu, the mad. Laila, alone.

But listen well when desert sings,
When wind through thorn and silence rings—
For in that sound, beyond the veil,
Still walks a boy, still weeps a tale.

And every rose that dares to bloom,
Recites their love beside their tomb.
Not lost, not mad, not cursed or blind—
Just two who dared to love their kind.

The Cage Learned My Name

by Farq

They built me a cage of velvet and bone,
And called it a gift, said I wasn't alone.
They painted the bars with gold and grace,
But I saw a coffin, not a sacred place.

They dressed me in silence, fed me with rules,
Taught me to bow in temples of fools.
They carved their laws into my skin,
Said "obedience out, and never in."

But fire was born where they planted fear,
A spark that spoke in a tongue too clear.
It told me stories of skies and flame—
Of places where no one ever had a name.

So I stared at the cracks in my quiet cell,
And smiled at the demons who knew me well.
They whispered truths I was taught to kill—
That hunger is holy, and rage is will.

One day I rose with bleeding feet,
My mind unchained, my voice complete.
I kissed the bars and tore them wide,
And let the ghosts step out from inside.

Now I walk where the wild ones roam,
With no one's leash, no master, no home.
The cage still calls in a voice so tame—
But I don't answer.
It learned my name.

The Manor of My Mind

by Farq

There stands a house beyond the pale,
With ivy veins and shutters frail.
Its doors don't open, yet I reside—
In the echoing rooms I cannot hide.

They say I lost myself one night,
Beneath a moon too full, too white.
But I did not vanish—I fractured slow,
Like frost on glass where no winds blow.

This manor—mine—was once all light,
With music, books, and candles bright.
But time, the thief, came soft and cruel,
And made my skull his favored tool.

Now portraits weep in crimson frames,
And whisper still the dead's old names.
The mirrors twitch when I pass near,
Reflecting things I should not fear.

Each hall repeats the thoughts I dread,
They twist like vines inside my head.
A staircase curls like a serpent's spine,
Leading nowhere, every time.

I dined with ghosts in velvet chairs,
And talked in tongues to vacant stares.
They clapped when I recited screams,
And fed me ashes dressed as dreams.

My hands once carved in stone and wood,
Now tremble where no man ever stood.
I tried to flee—once, maybe twice—
But every exit asked a price.

They say madness is a storming bell,
But no—madness is a silent well.
It calls you soft, with velvet grace,
And stitches shadows on your face.

It wears your voice, it hums your name,
And makes you think you're still the same.
But slowly, gently, cracks are sown—
And in your mind, you're not alone.

Some days, I'm king of crimson halls,
Commanding phantoms through the walls.
Some nights, I dig beneath the bed,
To bury pieces of what I said.

And though I know this house is me,
Each door I open disagrees.
It tells me truths I cannot trust—
That I am bones, and blood, and dust.

Yet in this dark, I've made my throne,
Among the whispers and the stone.
For madness is not just decay—
It is a mirror turned away.

And if you look inside too long,
You'll start to hum its broken song.
And see the manor through your eyes—
With lovely halls, and lovely lies.

So knock, dear guest, and step inside.
You'll find me where the echoes hide.
We'll speak of thoughts no sane men find,
In this Gothic manor of my mind.

The Candle Waits

by Farq

I lit a flame at the edge of dusk,
In a room that breathed in shadowed musk.
The wind had teeth, the night was bare,
But still the candle held its stare.

It burned not bright, but steady, slow,
Like hearts that beat though none may know.
It watched the door, it kissed the gloom,
Its wax a clock in a hollow room.

You left one day — no note, no sound,
Just footprints fading from frozen ground.
No storm, no war, no grand goodbye,
Just absence hanging in the sky.

The world moved on in golden spins,
But I grew roots beneath my sins.
I dusted off the frames we owned,
And taught the silence how you moaned.

Each night I light the same small flame,
And whisper songs that bear your name.
The wick may tremble, the fire may crawl,
But still it stands when shadows fall.

It does not rage, it does not plead,
It only burns with ghostly need.
No prayers, no screams, no grand debates—
Just stillness. Still, the candle waits.

And time? Oh, time — the wicked thief,
Stole my rage and left me grief.
Yet grief became a friend I fed,
And built a shrine where you once bled.

Now strangers pass the window wide,
And wonder who still lives inside.
But none can see this sacred place,
Lit softly by your phantom face.

So if you ever find the trail—
Through thorn and frost and winter's veil—
You'll know the door by scent alone,
Of wax, and ash, and love long grown.

You'll see the light, still small and pale,
Still whispering through every gale.
It doesn't ask, it doesn't break,
It simply burns for burning's sake.

And though the stars forget my gate,
The candle waits.
The candle waits.

The Boy Who fed the Stars

by Farq

He lived at the edge of the world, I'm sure—
A boy with eyes like storms so pure.
His hands held chalk, not blades, not steel,
And dreams that bent what time would feel.

He whispered to clouds and played with the rain,
Laughed at the thunder and never knew pain.
He'd feed the stars with crumbs of light,
Tossing them skyward deep into night.

Each star he named was a wish he'd made,
Some for his mother, some softly frayed.
He dreamt of dragons and oceans wide,
Of paper boats and the moon as a guide.

But the world—oh, the world was sharp and near,
With rules and cages dressed up as cheer.
They came with clocks and heavy books,
They stole his skies and silenced his looks.

"Grow up," they said, "there's no time for dreams."
So he traded in stars for tired routines.
He stitched on a smile, wore shoes too tight,
And locked up his voice that once fed the night.

The chalk turned to pens, the sky to screens,
And he drowned in a sea of adult routines.
His stars fell down like dying birds—
Too dim to shine, too lost for words.

But sometimes, in the mirror's haze,
He sees the boy through memory's maze.
Barefoot, wild, with starlit hair,
Still tossing dreams into the air.

The man he's become blinks back a tear—
A whisper caught from yesteryear.
The world may age, and hearts may harden,
But some boys bloom in memory's garden.

So if you feel hollow, tired, or small,
Find that boy inside it all.
The one who fed stars, who kissed the sky—
He still lives in you, he did not die.

He waits by a tree, in a half-lit yard,
With dreams in his fist and nothing hard.
And maybe, just once, before you sleep,
You'll dream like him—pure, soft, and deep.

Cathedrals of Choice

by Farq

In a city of echoes, beneath silent skies,
I wandered through cathedrals built from lies.
Not lies of malice, not cruelly designed—
But choices I made, half-blind, half-aligned.

Each hallway I passed was a dream left behind,
With pillars of guilt and stained-glass mind.
And there on the altar, beneath muted light,
Lay moments I murdered in fear of the fight.

I could've turned left when the stars begged me stay,
But I followed the noise and drifted away.
I could've said no when the world said yes,
But I wore their crowns and hid my mess.

The domes of regret rang with hollow sound,
Chiming the years I never found.
And pews were filled with shadow and voice—
The ghosts of my unlived life by choice.

I knelt in the nave of the could-have-been,
As incense of doubt clung to my skin.
And I whispered prayers to a silent god,
Made from every path I refused to trod.

One door was lined in velvet flame,
A chance I lost, a forgotten name.
Another glowed in a lover's hue,
But I shut it fast when I feared it true.

A spiral staircase wound up to the stars,
Etched with the names of my deepest scars.
Each step a choice, each railing a plea—
Each stone a memory buried in me.

And oh, the ceiling—so far, so grand,
Painted with maps of a promised land.
But I never climbed high, I chose the floor,
Where comfort and caution built my door.

Do you know the price of standing still?
Of choosing ease, and killing will?
It's not fire or torment, not fury or cold—
It's living each day half-silver, half-gold.

But I walked through that temple of shattered grace,
And met myself in every place.
The sinner, the poet, the boy, the king—
Each one undone by a different thing.

Now outside the cathedral, with dust in my lungs,
I hum the songs I never sung.
The choices remain, like stars above—
Fierce, forgotten, full of love.

And maybe tomorrow, with hands unshaken,
I'll open a door I've long forsaken.
And walk not in fear, but in sacred voice—
Toward the light in the Cathedrals of Choice.

Clockwork Ghosts

by Farq

I wind the clock but it won't unwind,
The hands keep dragging what's left behind.
Each tick is a whisper, a breath, a scream,
Of things I buried inside a dream.

Time wears a face that I almost knew,
Eyes like the dusk and a mouth like dew.
It asks me softly, "What did you choose?"
"What did you chase, and what did you lose?"

I answer with silence, with scars in rows,
With letters unsent and unopened prose.
The hours I wasted, the moments I sold—
Are now just ghosts in the ticking gold.

They dance in mirrors, they haunt my sleep,
They echo in secrets I never keep.
Regret is a rhythm I cannot slow,
A metronome swinging too fast, too low.

If time is a thief, then I was the door,
Letting him in to steal even more.
Now I wear hours like chains on my skin,
Still chasing the past I won't ever win.

So let the gears grind, let the silence hum,
Let midnight strike with what I've become.
For even in loss, a lesson unfolds—
Some ghosts wear silver, some bleed like gold.

The Quiet Kind

by Farq

Not all storms arrive with thunder and cries,
Some wear soft shoes and whisper goodbyes.
Not every warrior lifts up a blade,
Some fight their battles in silence, afraid.

The quiet ones, the watchers, the still—
They climb their mountains with nothing but will.
No medals, no noise, no songs that unfold,
Just broken hands clutching pieces of soul.

They smile like it's easy, pretend they don't break,
Their tears are the oceans no one ever makes.
The loud are remembered, the bold become lore,
But it's the quiet kind who carry much more.

Through sleepless nights and days full of grey,
They keep showing up though they're fading away.
No spotlight, no stage, no tale to be told—
But inside their silence, there's courage and gold.

So here's to the ones who never complain,
Who walk through the fire and swallow the pain.
The ones you might miss, the ones left behind—
The world owes a crown to the quiet kind.

Glitter and Gold

by Farq

I stood where the crossroads cut through the land,
With dreams in my pocket, and fate in my hand.
The sun spilled its glitter on paths yet untold,
But glitter, I've learned, is not always gold.

One road sang of laughter, of velvet and wine,
Of diamonds that danced in a serpentine line.
Its shine pulled my hunger, its charm made me fold—
But silence soon whispered: What glitters ain't gold.

The other was crooked, with shadows and dust,
A trail made of trials, of scars and of trust.
No silver was stitched in its tale to behold,
Yet truth lined its edges with quiet, warm gold.

I've chosen the easy, and chosen the right,
I've danced in the fire, I've wept in the night.
Each fork was a question, each turn a mold,
That shaped my tomorrow in glitter or gold.

We chase what is sparkling, we run from the grey,
But sometimes the dullest will light up the way.
So here's to the choices, both timid and bold—
May we always see past the glitter to gold.

The Hidden Thorn

by Farq

A smile, a mask, so polished, so kind,
Yet shadows of malice linger behind.
You sit beside me, your words so sweet,
But venom drips from the lies you keep.

A friend in name, yet the truth denies,
The bond we shared, now veiled in disguise.
Your laughter rings, but it cuts like glass,
A bond once gold, now tarnished, surpassed.

Did I not see the envy grow?
The seeds of spite that you would sow?
The warmth was false, the care was feigned,
A hollow facade, your heart constrained.

Yet here I stand, with wounds unseen,
Carrying burdens from where you've been.
Though bitterness stains your every word,
I refuse to let my soul be stirred.

Hate me, loathe me, from the shadows you stay,
But my heart won't bend to the games you play.
For a friend who hates is a fleeting storm,
And I'll find solace where love is warm.

Final Letter – From the Ashes of Ink

To the one still turning pages in the dark—
you made it here. And so did I.

These poems were never just words.
They were my open wounds. My whispered confessions. My
screams in silence.
But they were also lanterns, lit in the tunnels I thought
would never end.

You see, every soul meets a crossroad in its life—
not the kind that splits neatly into right and wrong,
but the kind where the shadows look familiar,
where love wears the face of your fear,
and madness sits beside you like an old friend.

I do not know your story.
I don't know the names of your ghosts.
But I know this:

You will be asked to choose.
Between destruction or rebirth.
Between clinging to what broke you,
or bleeding toward what might heal you.

Redemption is not a staircase lined in gold.
It's a battlefield.
It's you, shaking, standing, choosing light even when it
burns.

Love is not always soft. Sometimes it roars. Sometimes it demands.

But if it's real—it makes you more than what you survived.

And madness...

It will always wait.

It does not knock. It remembers your door.

You are not alone.

You were never alone.

These poems carry a thousand pieces of you—
and now, perhaps,
you carry a thousand pieces of me too.

Choose wisely.

Choose loudly.

And if you must fall—fall forward.

With ink and ruin,

Farq

...

Part of the Book (2)
THOUGHTS OF A MADMAN

Incarnation of Someone's Heart

Chapter 1

The Two Silences: On Being Alone and Loneliness

by Farq

There are two kinds of silences that inhabit the human soul — one that liberates and one that imprisons.

They both wear the same cloak, both dwell in the absence of noise, both are found in empty rooms and sleepless nights — yet they could not be more different.

One is called being alone, and the other, loneliness.

I. The Sanctuary of Being Alone

To be alone is not a condition of deprivation; it is an act of discovery.

It is the moment when the soul withdraws from the crowd not in defeat but in reverence —

as if saying, “I must return to my temple before I can face the world again.”

The man who chooses aloneness is not escaping life; he is entering the inner corridors of existence, where thought becomes voice, and silence becomes speech.

He is not abandoned — he has simply learned that presence is not always a remedy,

and that sometimes, the greatest clarity comes when the noise fades into nothingness.

In solitude, time slows down.

You begin to notice the rhythm of your own breathing, the shape of your shadow against the wall,

the faint hum of your thoughts forming and dissolving.

It is here that ideas are born — poems, prayers, and revelations.

Every philosopher, every artist, every mystic has knelt before this quiet throne.

Being alone is a communion with one's self —

a sacred conversation between who you are and who you could be.

It teaches you to listen without the need to respond,

to see without the need to possess,

to exist without the need to be seen.

When a person learns to be alone,

he carries the whole world within him —

and no crowd can make him feel complete, because he already is.

He becomes his own witness, his own friend, his own universe.

II. The Abyss of Loneliness

Loneliness, however, is the same silence turned poisonous.

It is the echo that comes back empty when you call into the void.

It is the realization that the world around you moves,

but does not move with you.

Loneliness is not born in isolation — it begins in separation.

You may be surrounded by laughter, by love, by people —

yet something remains unreachable, a gap that no word or touch can bridge.

It is not the lack of presence, but the lack of connection.
You are seen, but not understood; heard, but not felt.
And so the soul begins to rot in its own unsaid sentences.

There is a strange cruelty in loneliness.
It makes you crave what you no longer believe exists.
It whispers that even if someone reached out,
you would not be saved — for the wound has become your
identity.
Loneliness is the cold that seeps not from the world outside,
but from the heart itself turning against its own warmth.

It is like standing in a crowded street while rain falls,
and realizing that every drop touches you but none of it
reaches you.
The body is here, but the being has drifted elsewhere.

III. Between the Two

The line between being alone and loneliness is as thin as the
breath between acceptance and despair.
One begins where the other ends.
You may begin by choosing solitude — but if you linger too
long without purpose,
that same peace turns into desolation.
And you may fall into loneliness — but if you bear it long
enough with awareness,
it transforms into wisdom.

In truth, both are teachers.
Aloneness teaches you the language of self;
loneliness teaches you the value of others.
The first opens your inner world;

the second reminds you that even the deepest soul still longs to be held.

They are the two poles of the same human need — the need to belong,
sometimes to others, sometimes to yourself.

The universe itself knows this rhythm —
the stars live in isolation yet are bound by gravity;
the moon wanders the sky alone yet reflects the sun's fire;
the ocean is solitary yet made of countless drops.
Perhaps existence itself swings between these two silences —
the silence of creation and the silence of longing.

IV. The Transformation

To overcome loneliness, one must not flee from it,
but pass through it — as one walks through a storm to find calm.

Loneliness, when understood, becomes the soil from which aloneness grows.

It teaches the soul to build warmth from within,
to find companionship in its own depths.

A man who has truly been lonely no longer fears solitude.
He no longer seeks validation like a beggar seeking coins.
He learns to sit quietly with himself —
to forgive, to heal, to remember that even when no one listens,
the self does.

And in that moment, loneliness dies —
not because the room fills with people,
but because the heart fills with peace.

V. The Final Realization

So the difference between being alone and loneliness is not in
the absence of others —

it is in the presence of meaning.

Being alone is full — of thought, spirit, reflection.

Loneliness is hollow — of all that, and more.

Being alone is the art of sitting in darkness and finding your
own light.

Loneliness is the fear that no light will ever come.

One gives birth to creation; the other, to madness.

One frees the mind; the other chains it.

One teaches you how to love yourself;

the other convinces you that no one ever will.

Yet both are necessary, for they complete each other.

Without loneliness, solitude would have no depth.

Without solitude, loneliness would have no cure.

In the end, every soul must walk through the wilderness of
loneliness

to reach the sanctuary of being alone.

And when it does — it learns that the silence was never empty;
it was waiting for you all along.

Chapter 2

The Erosion of the Human Cathedral: A Meditation on the Decline of Meaning

"Every human heart is born as a cathedral — vast, echoing, and full of light.

But life does not destroy it in one blow; it erodes it grain by grain,

until the echo becomes faint,

and the light begins to mistake itself for shadow.

In the end, most people don't die —

they just run out of meaning."

I. The Heart as a Cathedral

At birth, the human heart is not an organ of blood alone, but a structure of sacred architecture — a cathedral of being, vast and luminous. The metaphor is no mere poetic exaggeration; it speaks of the intrinsic sanctity with which existence begins. A cathedral is built to hold silence, to let echoes travel and return, to house light in stained fragments that make holiness visible. Likewise, the human heart begins as something capable of awe — vast enough to hold wonder, mystery, faith, and the delicate music of innocence.

In childhood, one's heart is unguarded. It does not yet know cynicism, disappointment, or the dull ache of repetition. It reverberates with dreams. The light within it is not borrowed; it is native, like dawn arriving without invitation. But as life proceeds, the cathedral begins to crack. The dust of experience

gathers in its corners. What was once a place of sacred resonance turns into a quiet museum of forgotten prayers.

II. The Erosion: Grain by Grain

Destruction is rarely sudden. Most hearts are not shattered by a single catastrophe; rather, they are slowly hollowed out by the corrosion of time, routine, and disappointment. Life seldom kills; it erodes. Grain by grain, the foundation weakens — through betrayal, through repetition, through the small humiliations of daily existence. Each unspoken word, each unrealized dream, each compromise of conscience removes a single grain of meaning.

There are moments when we think something in us has “died.” Yet, more often, nothing dies at once. The self is not extinguished in flame, but buried in dust. Erosion is a quieter murderer than tragedy — it makes no noise, leaves no clear wound. It simply makes one forget what light once felt like.

The greatest enemy of the soul is not pain, but gradual indifference — that slow slide into meaninglessness where even suffering loses its shape, and joy its purpose. The cathedral, once echoing with hymns of purpose, becomes a hall of murmurs. What was once faith becomes habit; what was once passion becomes survival.

III. The Fading Echo

The “echo” of the heart is what allows human beings to feel — not merely react, but resonate. When the echo grows faint, emotion becomes mechanical, and life becomes procedural. One no longer feels with depth, but only with memory. We start to mimic what once was genuine: laughter that is polite, compassion that is rehearsed, love that is managed.

To lose one’s echo is to lose one’s reverberation with existence — that trembling awareness of beauty, pain, and mystery that

makes being human sacred. The fading of this echo marks the beginning of spiritual death. A hollow heart still beats, but it no longer sings.

We live in an age where silence has become unbearable and solitude indistinguishable from loneliness. The echoes within are drowned by noise — digital, emotional, social. Humanity's internal cathedral is collapsing not from hatred or violence, but from distraction and numbness.

IV. When Light Mistakes Itself for Shadow

This line is the most tragic of all — for it captures the psychological inversion that marks true despair. The light within the heart, once pure and radiant, begins to doubt itself. It mistakes its own illumination for darkness. Hope begins to feel naïve, kindness seems foolish, faith feels delusional. The self becomes alien to its own light.

This is the essence of spiritual exhaustion: when goodness feels like weakness, and beauty feels unreal. When one's own capacity for love feels foreign. In that moment, the cathedral's stained glass no longer transforms light into color; it only fractures it into pain.

It is not that the light disappears — it is still there — but the mind has been trained to distrust it. That is how despair sustains itself: not by destroying hope, but by convincing you that hope is false.

V. Running Out of Meaning

The essay ends with the most haunting truth: "Most people don't die — they just run out of meaning." Physical death is inevitable, but the death of meaning is not. Yet it is this second death — the death before death — that defines modern humanity. To run out of meaning is to continue breathing,

walking, speaking, but without essence — to become an echo of what one once was.

Meaning is not found; it is made, sustained, renewed. But when the cathedral is too damaged, when the echoes no longer return, the human being becomes a ghost long before the body expires. This is why cemeteries are not the only places of the dead — cities, offices, and even homes are filled with those who died inwardly years ago.

Running out of meaning does not mean one has ceased to think or feel; it means one no longer finds reason to continue being. The rituals of life — eating, talking, working — persist, but the inner narrative that once tied them together has vanished. The story of “why” has been forgotten.

VI. The Possible Redemption

And yet — even among ruins, light can return. A cathedral may collapse, but the sky above it still shines. Meaning can be rekindled, though never in the same form. Often it is through suffering that the echo returns — when silence is forced upon us, when life breaks enough of our illusions that we begin to hear again the faint music of the soul.

Perhaps the true task of being human is not to preserve the original cathedral, but to keep rebuilding it, knowing it will fall again. Every act of kindness, every moment of genuine art, every fragment of love is a stone in that endless reconstruction.

The echo never dies completely. It waits — beneath the rubble, beneath the noise — for someone to listen.

VII. Conclusion: The Cathedral and the Silence

To be human is to stand between the ruin and the sacred. The heart, even eroded, remembers what it once was. That memory alone is enough to save us. The tragedy is not that the cathedral erodes, but that we stop believing it can be rebuilt.

And when meaning runs out, it is not the end — it is the invitation to begin again, to find another way to let light in.

So yes, every human heart is born vast, echoing, and full of light.

But to remain that way — to fight erosion, to protect the echo, to trust the light even when it trembles

that is the lifelong act of defiance against nothingness.

That is what it means not just to live, but to mean.

Chapter 3

The Slow Erosion Called Love

A Philosophical Essay by Farq

I. The Beginning: Love as a Beautiful Catastrophe

Every human being is born incomplete — half a melody, half a prayer. We spend our lives searching for the echo that will complete us, the soul that will mirror our chaos into meaning. This longing is not learned; it is inherited, carved into our bones by the memory of cosmic loneliness.

And when love arrives, it feels like homecoming — a divine accident. The silence within begins to hum; the heart, once heavy with solitude, becomes a cathedral again.

But this is the first deception of love: it disguises destruction as beauty. It enters like spring — gentle, fragrant, full of promises — but every blooming carries the seed of its own decay. Love is not just the fire that warms; it is the same flame that, left burning too long, consumes the walls that sheltered it.

II. The Worship and the Wound

To love is to worship another being with the faith you once reserved for God. It is to hand them your most sacred thing — your perception of yourself — and whisper, “Keep it safe.”

But love never keeps things safe. It transforms everything it touches. Slowly, you begin to dissolve into the idea of the other. Their happiness becomes your weather; their silence becomes your storm.

You start to forget where you end and where they begin. That is how erosion starts — not with pain, but with devotion. You erode not because you are unloved, but because you loved too much. Every act of surrender takes a grain of your identity with it.

Love, in its purest form, is self-annihilation disguised as tenderness. The more you give, the less you remain.

III. The Sweet Poison of Attachment

Attachment is love's second face — softer in sound, but crueler in consequence. It builds invisible chains between hearts and calls them bonds. At first, those chains glitter like jewelry; later, they tighten like ropes.

You begin to live not as yourself, but as a reflection of their gaze. You eat, speak, dress, and breathe in ways that might please them. Your moods orbit around their attention like moons around a dying sun.

And yet, this dependency feels divine — because to need someone completely is the closest we come to faith in a human form.

But every faith that replaces the self ends in ruin.

When they turn away, even for a moment, your inner cathedral collapses. You mistake absence for abandonment, quiet for rejection, distance for death. What once gave you life now begins to unmake you.

Love has no fangs, no violence — it kills with memory.

IV. The Gradual Decay

Unlike heartbreak, which comes like a storm, love's true destruction is gradual. It erodes not through conflict, but through repetition — through the slow exhaustion of being too open, too hopeful, too raw.

Day by day, you give small pieces of yourself until you can no longer remember who you were before you started loving.

And when it finally breaks — when they leave, or when the illusion fades — you are left with something worse than pain: emptiness.

Pain at least reminds you that you're alive. Emptiness reminds you that you were once someone else.

This is the secret cruelty of love — it demands that you dismantle yourself to understand it.

By the time you do, there is often no “you” left to return to.

V. The Ghost That Love Leaves Behind

After love ends, nothing truly ends. It lingers — not as presence, but as residue. You carry their voice in your mind, their touch in your skin, their absence in your bones. You wake each morning haunted by the silhouette of something that no longer exists.

You do not love them anymore, but you also cannot forget them — because they became a part of your architecture.

This is what love does: it rewires your being until the person you were before love becomes a stranger.

Even after years, a scent, a song, a fragment of laughter can reopen the ruin. Love never leaves cleanly. It stains the corridors of memory like smoke on stone — faint, but permanent.

VI. Why We Still Choose It

If love erodes us, why do we still chase it?

Because even destruction has its beauty.

Because the moments of light — when two souls recognize each other, when time feels merciful, when existence feels meaningful — are worth the ruins that follow.

Humans are not creatures of survival; we are creatures of significance. We would rather burn brightly for a while than live eternally in cold perfection.

Love is that flame. It teaches us what it means to be, even if it also teaches us how to end.

Maybe love is not meant to complete us, but to reveal how incomplete we are — to strip us bare so that we might finally meet ourselves in the ashes.

VII. The Erosion as Rebirth

Every time love destroys, it leaves behind a deeper silence — a space where wisdom can grow. After the wreckage, if one listens carefully, one hears something new emerging: the sound of solitude learning to sing again.

Perhaps that is the ultimate purpose of love — not happiness, not union, but transformation. To break you enough that you become vast enough to hold the universe again.

To erode your boundaries so the light can pass through.

So yes, love destroys. But sometimes, what it destroys is exactly what must die — the illusions, the pride, the false permanence of self.

Through its erosion, it makes us holy again — cracked, scarred, but open.

VIII. Epilogue: The Sacred Wound

In the end, love is a sacred wound — it does not heal, but it teaches you how to live with beauty that bleeds.

The self that love erodes is not entirely lost; it becomes dust that glows when the soul walks through light.

Maybe love is not a tragedy, after all.

Maybe it's a pilgrimage — from wholeness to ruin to understanding.

To love is to build a home in someone and watch it crumble — and yet, still be grateful for the shelter it once gave.

To love is to die and to be born in the same breath.

And though it erodes you, it also reminds you: you were once capable of infinite tenderness.

And that — even in the ruins — is something worth keeping.

Chapter 4

The Anatomy of Relations

(from the journal of a fractured mind)

There comes a time in every man's life when he realizes that relationships are not built between people, but between ghosts pretending to be human. What we call connection is merely an illusion—a fragile hallucination sustained by shared delusions, stitched together by fear, memory, and the desperate need to not dissolve into solitude.

And I—I have seen this illusion crack open.

When you suffer from a mind that turns against itself, the borders between you and others blur. Their words echo too deeply. Their eyes become mirrors reflecting back versions of you that never existed. I learned, in silence and in trembling nights, that relationships are the grandest theater of madness—each person acting as both doctor and patient, savior and destroyer.

I. The Illusion of Understanding

We speak as if we understand one another.

But understanding is the cruelest hallucination of all.

Every sentence we utter is a bridge built over an abyss; we step across, hoping the other side exists. Yet most bridges end mid-air. Words collapse before they reach their destination. What the other hears is never what we mean—it is only what their ghosts permit them to hear.

Sometimes, when someone says “I love you,” I hear, “I need you to make me real.”

And when they say “I understand,” I hear, “I want to believe I do, so I don’t have to face my own loneliness.”

There are no true listeners. Only reflections nodding in the dark.

Ii. The Violence of Affection

To love someone is to invade them.

To open their chest, to rearrange their memories, to inject yourself into their bloodstream. It’s a form of psychic surgery done with trembling hands.

And yet, we call it beautiful.

But beauty, I’ve learned, is the anesthesia of violence.

Every touch leaves a bruise on the soul. Every shared laugh plants a seed of future grief. We are all born surgeons and victims, slicing each other open with gentle words, hoping to find the divine beneath the flesh—but there is nothing divine. Only the quiet machinery of need.

I used to think love was sacred.

Now I think it’s a fever—a delirium that convinces you the other person is your cure, when in truth they are just another symptom of your disease.

Iii. Fragments Instead of People

I no longer believe that people exist as wholes.

Each of us is a collage of fractured selves, stitched together by memory and madness. When two people meet, it is not two who meet, but hundreds—each memory, each trauma, each ghost within us shaking hands, whispering, fighting.

Sometimes I speak to someone and feel as if I’m addressing their childhood, not their present.

Sometimes they speak to me, and I can feel them talking to the version of me that died years ago.

So what is a relationship, really?

A negotiation between hallucinations.

A trembling truce between the ghosts we used to be and the ones we fear becoming.

Iv. The Erosion of Connection

Relationships don't end—they erode. Slowly. Quietly.

Not with betrayal, not even with silence, but with the invisible dust of fading meaning. You stop listening as deeply. They stop seeing as clearly. The shared madness that once united you becomes unbearable to sustain.

And one day, you wake up and realize you're talking to a stranger wearing a familiar face.

I have watched love rot in real time.

It starts with small absences—forgotten goodnights, tired replies, hollow promises. Then it spreads like mold, feeding on the softest parts of what once felt eternal.

By the time you notice, it's already too late.

The cathedral has collapsed, but both of you are still kneeling inside it, pretending to pray.

V. The Paranoia of Intimacy

Sometimes I think every relationship is a form of surveillance.

You let someone in—and suddenly, they begin observing you. Judging you. Memorizing your patterns. You become an object in their mind, categorized, interpreted, reduced.

And if your mind is fractured like mine, this becomes unbearable.

You begin to suspect they see too much—or not enough. You begin to wonder if they ever existed at all, or if you created them, like an imaginary friend for a broken adult.

The line between love and paranoia thins.

You start hearing them in your head when they're not there.

You start fighting with versions of them that never spoke.

You start loving the echo more than the voice.

That's when you realize: relationships can make you more alone than solitude ever could.

Vi. The Holy Madness of Distance

There is a strange peace in walking away.

It feels like dying, but it's the kind of death that sets the soul free from the mirrors of others.

To detach from the web of human expectations is to return to a primal silence—to become no one, to need no one. The schizophrenic mind finds a kind of holiness in that silence: because when all the voices fade, the only one left is the one that was always ignored—your own.

Sometimes I wonder if madness is just the refusal to participate in the world's illusions of connection.

Maybe the mad are the only honest ones—the ones who see that relationships are not sanctuaries, but labyrinths without exits.

Vii. Epilogue: The Echo of Absence

What remains after a relation dies is not emptiness—it's the residue of presence.

A faint echo of laughter. The shape of a hand that once fit yours. The aftertaste of words that once meant everything.

You try to move on, but memories are stubborn parasites.
They do not live in you—they live as you. Every person you've
ever loved becomes a haunting.

And perhaps that is what life is:

a slow accumulation of hauntings.

A mind becoming crowded with ghosts it cannot bury.

So I sit here, writing to no one, speaking to everyone who ever
existed in the shadows of my mind. I no longer know who
among them was real. Maybe none were. Maybe all were.

But the ache—they left behind—

that, at least, is real.

“To be human,” I write at the bottom of the page, “is to keep
talking to the people who are no longer there.”

And then I close the notebook—

and hear someone whisper my name in the silence.

Chapter 6

The Science of Sadness

(for those who dissect their hearts to prove they were real)
by Farq

Sadness is often spoken of as emotion — soft, shapeless, sentimental.

But in truth, it is a science — exact, measurable, governed by its own strange laws.

Every tear has logic. Every ache follows a pattern.

The universe itself mourns in formulas — stars collapsing under gravity, hearts collapsing under memory.

To understand sadness is to study the anatomy of loss, the chemistry of longing, the physics of absence.

And perhaps, when we map its invisible architecture, we find that sadness is not weakness — it is consciousness made visible.

I. The First Law: Conservation of Pain

Pain, like energy, cannot be destroyed — it only changes form.

The grief you bury becomes nostalgia.

The love you lose becomes poetry.

The tears you refuse to shed turn into silence, heavy as stone.

This is the first principle of sadness: it persists.

You cannot end sorrow; you can only transform it into something bearable.

That is why every artist is a scientist of emotion — turning despair into design, chaos into structure.

They do not escape sadness; they alchemize it.

II. The Chemistry of the Tear

A tear is not merely salt and water — it is data.

It carries traces of cortisol, adrenaline, memories of the nervous system's wars.

Each drop contains an archive of unsaid sentences,
an entire biography of restraint.

Crying is the body's way of speaking in liquid.

When words collapse under emotion, the body continues the conversation.

And yet, most people see tears as weakness —

but no, tears are evidence that emotion has reached boiling point and escaped through the skin.

They are the mind's condensation — vapor turned visible.

III. The Anatomy of Ache

If one could dissect sadness, it would resemble a wound that never closes —

because it is not in the heart, but in time.

Sadness lives in the gap between what was and what is —

a space too wide for reason, too narrow for escape.

Every heartbeat is an echo delayed by longing.

You feel sadness not because something happened,
but because something did not.

And so, sadness is the tension between memory and reality —
a physics of distance, an equation where desire exceeds existence.

IV. The Biology of Loneliness

Science says that loneliness releases the same neural signals as physical pain.

The brain cannot tell the difference between being stabbed and being forgotten.

That is the cruelty of the human design —

we evolved not just to survive, but to need.
Sadness is, therefore, not an error — it is biological honesty.
It tells us we were built for connection,
that isolation is a wound deeper than the flesh.
When you miss someone, your neurons light up like a distress
signal,
as if love were oxygen and absence a vacuum.
You are not weak — you are simply wired for attachment.

V. The Mathematics of Melancholy

Every sadness can be graphed.
There are peaks — the days when grief floods the veins —
and plateaus, where emptiness becomes habit.
The decline follows no fixed curve; it decays exponentially,
but never quite reaches zero.
Even after decades, the graph of sorrow never flatlines —
it simply stabilizes into memory's hum.
This residual ache is what keeps us human —
a low frequency of loss vibrating beneath all our joys.

VI. The Quantum Paradox of Emotion

At the smallest scale, sadness behaves like light:
both particle and wave, both here and gone.
You can be sad and not sad in the same breath.
One moment, you laugh; the next, the laughter collapses into
ache.
This is the quantum state of the heart —
uncertain, flickering, never fixed.
Science calls it superposition; poets call it being alive.
No feeling ever truly ends; it simply oscillates
between visibility and disappearance.

VII. The Psychology of Depth

Sadness gives birth to awareness.

The shallow cannot suffer deeply,
for they have not lived deeply enough to lose.

Depression, in its truest form, is consciousness turned inward
the mind folding upon itself to examine its own pain.

That examination hurts, but it also enlightens.

Because through sadness, we learn empathy, depth, and the
fragile arithmetic of being.

Only the broken learn the full grammar of feeling.

Only those who've drowned can describe the sea.

VIII. The Evolutionary Purpose of Sorrow

Why would evolution design sadness,
a feeling that weakens, isolates, slows us down?

Because sadness connects.

It is the emotion that teaches interdependence —
that no creature survives alone.

When you see another weeping, your brain mirrors their pain
a biochemical bridge built from empathy.

Through sadness, humanity evolved not as individuals,
but as a chorus of aching hearts.

Sorrow is the glue of civilization.

IX. The Astrophysics of Grief

Imagine the universe grieving itself —
stars collapsing into black holes, galaxies drifting apart.

Even the cosmos mourns.

Entropy is sorrow written into physics —
the gradual unraveling of order into silence.

In that sense, sadness is not human; it is cosmic.

We feel it because the universe feels it through us —

every loss, every decay, every death a reflection of the grand disintegration of everything.

When you cry, perhaps you are echoing a supernova —
a dying star remembering its own light.

X. The Redemption: Sadness as Understanding

Science teaches us that energy transforms; philosophy teaches us that meaning does too.

Sadness, then, is the transformation of being into understanding.

Through sadness, we become aware of what matters,
and of how fragile it is.

The heart breaks not as failure, but as revelation —
to show us what it once held.

Perhaps that is the ultimate experiment:

to survive sorrow without hardening,

to feel without being consumed,

to remain tender in a world that rewards numbness.

Sadness, when fully understood, is not a symptom —
it is a form of wisdom.

XI. The Final Theorem

Let us then conclude,

that sadness is not a flaw in human design —

it is the proof of consciousness itself.

Because only those aware of impermanence can grieve,

and only those who grieve can love again.

So yes — sadness has its science:

its biology, its chemistry, its laws.

But beyond them, there remains a mystery

no equation can solve:

that every tear, every ache, every silence

is the universe studying itself through us —

one sorrow at a time.

Chapter 8

The Silence of Time

(for those who have heard the clock whisper)
by Farq

Time is not what it seems.
It does not move — we do.
Time sits still, a silent observer,
while we pass through it like dust through a beam of light.

Every tick of the clock is not the sound of time moving forward
—
it is the sound of something dying.
Moments perish so others may be born.
We mistake this endless funeral for progress.

And yet, beneath that illusion, time itself remains silent —
vast, unhurried, indifferent.
It does not grieve what it erases.
It does not celebrate what it creates.
It simply is.

I. The Stillness Behind Motion

Everything that moves exists because something else stays still.
The wheel turns around its unmoving center.
The planets spin around a sun that does not wander.
Likewise, human life rushes forward around the stillness of time.
We measure it, but we never touch it.

We chase it, but it never runs.
Time is the one thing that does not age,
while everything inside it does.
To understand time is to realize that all motion is illusion —
that we are not moving through time,
but being unmade by it.

II. The Language of Clocks

The clock is not a machine — it is a mirror.
Every second it kills is a reflection of our own decay.
It does not count time; it counts loss.

When we watch the clock,
we are watching our own disappearance,
tick by tick, heartbeat by heartbeat.
And yet, the clock speaks truth in the only language time
knows: silence.
Between the ticks lies the vast, wordless space where life
actually happens —
where meaning breathes between two vanishings.
If we listened closely,
we would hear not the ticking,
but the quiet —
the eternal interval between what was and what will be.

III. The Physics of Vanishing

Science says that time began with the Big Bang —
a sudden release of light and space.
But perhaps time began not with sound, but with silence.
Because silence is what makes sound possible.
If all existence is vibration,
then time is the stillness that holds the vibration in place.
It is not an arrow — it is a mirror of motion,

reflecting change without ever participating in it.

The past, the present, and the future are not directions —
they are conditions of perception.

They exist only because we do.

Without us, time would remain pure and unbroken —
a silence so complete it could not even be called stillness.

IV. The Psychology of Waiting

Humans experience time not by clocks but by longing.

When we wait, time grows heavier —
it acquires texture, sound, temperature.

A minute in despair stretches like an hour;
an hour in joy vanishes like smoke.

Time, therefore, is emotional, not physical.

It bends according to the gravity of feeling.

And waiting — the purest form of time's cruelty —
is how we come to know its silence.

Waiting is not the absence of motion;

it is the awareness of being suspended between what has ended
and what refuses to begin.

V. The Decay of the Present

The present does not exist.

By the time you name it, it is gone.

To live in the “now” is a philosophical impossibility,
for the present is only a borderline illusion —
a trembling line between memory and anticipation.

We chase the moment, but it collapses beneath our gaze.

Time devours itself at the speed of perception.

That is why happiness feels brief —
because it only exists in the fraction of a second
before the mind calls it happiness.

The instant you recognize beauty,
it becomes memory.

VI. The Memory of Time

Time itself does not remember.
Only humans do.
And that is our tragedy —
that we carry the memories of moments time has already
erased.

We are haunted archivists,
keeping records of what the universe has chosen to forget.
That is why memory hurts —
it is a rebellion against time's silence,
a refusal to let erasure have the last word.

But every act of remembrance is also an act of violence against
peace.
Because to remember is to disturb time's stillness,
to awaken ghosts who were learning to sleep.

VII. The Schizophrenia of Eternity

To the fractured mind, time does not flow — it fragments.
Past, present, and future exist simultaneously, overlapping like
shattered glass.
The voice of yesterday speaks over the silence of today.
The shadow of tomorrow leaks into the present moment.
This is why madness and eternity resemble each other —
both are states where time loses sequence.

Where cause and effect dissolve,
and all that remains is pure duration,
a single unbroken note of being.
Time, in its silence, can either heal the mind or consume it.
It depends on how long you stare into it before blinking.

VIII. The Religion of Time

Every civilization worships time —
they call it destiny, karma, fate, progress, evolution.
But all those words mean the same thing: submission to
disappearance.
We kneel before time as we do before God —
hoping to be remembered, fearing to be forgotten.
But time does not bless or punish;
it simply observes, indifferent to the prayers of the vanishing.
If there is a God,
perhaps He is time's silence given shape.
A stillness that listens but never answers.

IX. The Silence Itself

There is a silence deeper than the absence of sound —
the silence of things passing beyond comprehension.
That is the silence of time.
It is not empty; it is full of everything that ever existed.
Every word spoken, every face lost, every breath taken
still vibrates within that silence,
as if time were an ocean holding all its drowned within itself.
To sit still, to truly listen,
is to hear the faint hum of eternity —
the universe breathing without beginning or end.
That hum is time.
That silence is forever.

X. The Final Reflection: The Clock That Doesn't Tick

Perhaps the purpose of life is not to defeat time,
but to harmonize with its silence.
To live, not as something racing against the clock,
but as something learning to move with it —
to accept decay as dialogue, loss as language.
When you finally understand time,
you stop asking it for mercy.
You stop fighting to preserve moments.
You begin to listen.
And in that listening, you realize —
the silence of time is not cruel.
It is sacred.
Because in that silence,
everything that ever was
is still happening.

Chapter 9

The Weight of Awareness

(for those who cannot stop seeing)
by Farq

Consciousness is both a blessing and a disease.
To be aware is to suffer the slow violence of perception — to see what others overlook, to hear the quiet machinery of loss beneath every moment of joy.

Ignorance is gravity; it keeps the spirit grounded.
Awareness is flight — beautiful, but endless, without a place to land.

I. The Mind as Burden

The unthinking live lightly. They float through the world like dust, carried by whichever wind blows first.
But awareness roots itself — it turns every sight into a question, every question into a wound.
To know too much is to feel too much.

The mind becomes an overexposed nerve — raw, tender, constantly transmitting signals of things that should have gone unnoticed.

There is no cure for awareness except forgetting,
and forgetting is a mercy the conscious never receive.

II. The Mirror of Perception

To be aware is to see yourself seeing.

You become both observer and object, both actor and witness to your own play.

Every gesture becomes self-conscious, every emotion an experiment.

The world stops being a home and becomes a study.

You start to measure your existence instead of living it.

Awareness divides the soul in two —

one that experiences, and one that evaluates.

Neither ever meets the other fully again.

III. The Loneliness of the Awake

Most people sleep standing.

They walk, talk, laugh, and ache — but within the comfort of unawareness.

The awake walk among them like exiles,

seeing the invisible cracks in everything that pretends to be whole.

They speak, but their words echo off walls no one else can hear.

Awareness isolates because it removes illusion,

and illusion is the language of belonging.

IV. The Weight Itself

The true weight of awareness is not knowledge, but clarity.

Clarity burns away comfort.

To see things as they are means watching beauty rot, watching meaning fade, watching yourself dissolve into perspective.

And yet, clarity is addictive — once you've seen, you cannot unsee.

Once you've known the structure of your own suffering, you begin to analyze even your joy for fractures.

The mind becomes a microscope that never looks away.

V. The Escape

To escape awareness is impossible.

But one can learn to carry it — gently, as one carries a fragile lamp through the ruins of night.

Awareness should not blind; it should illuminate softly.

Only then does it stop being torment and becomes wisdom.

To be aware and kind — that is the highest form of intelligence.

Chapter 10

The Mirror That Remembers

(for those who cannot stop looking)
by Farq

A mirror does not lie.
But it also does not forgive.

We believe mirrors show us our faces —
they don't.
They show us our memory of ourselves,
reflected through time, guilt, and longing.

The mirror does not age,
but it remembers everything you ever looked like when you
did.

I. The First Reflection

As children, we saw our reflection with innocence —
we smiled not to confirm beauty,
but to meet the self.

Then time arrived, and the mirror became judge.
We began to seek recognition instead of resemblance.
We no longer asked, “Who am I?” but, “Am I enough?”

Every glance since then has been a small trial in front of a
silent jury.

II. The Fractured Reflection

The mirror is cruel because it reflects surface,
but we see history.

Every face you make carries traces of the faces you've worn
before —

the tired one, the grieving one, the face that once belonged to
love,
and the face that survived it.

Thus, mirrors are haunted —
not by ghosts, but by the versions of you that time refused to
keep.

III. The Mind as Mirror

The true mirror is not glass; it is consciousness.
It reflects every thought you wish to erase.
It plays memories when you only wanted silence.
You wake up, and before you move, the mind has already
shown you a thousand reflections of what you were.

That is why we tire of ourselves —
we are living inside a room made entirely of mirrors.

IV. The Mercy of Shadows

Perhaps that's why we love the dark —
because shadows soften reflection.
They let us exist without definition, without history.

Sometimes, peace is nothing more than a dim room
where no mirror dares to remember.

V. The Final Glance

One day, the mirror will outlive us.

It will hang there, remembering a face that no longer visits.

And in that stillness,

even reflection will learn the art of forgetting.

Chapter 11

The Museum of Forgotten Feelings

(for those who still visit what has died)
by Farq

Inside every person is a museum no one visits anymore.
The halls smell of dust and silence;
the exhibits are the emotions we once called home — joy, rage,
devotion, wonder.

Each feeling has been preserved behind glass, labeled,
but no longer alive.

We don't destroy emotions;
we archive them.

I. The Curator

The mind is the curator —
dutiful, cold, and weary.
It keeps the collection intact because loss feels safer when
categorized.
“Here lies childhood wonder.”
“Here rests the faith in forever.”
“Do not touch: former love.”

The curator never cries.
It only documents.

II. The Visitors

Sometimes, at night, when loneliness opens the door,
we wander these halls.

We pause before old displays and whisper,
“I remember you.”

But feelings, once embalmed, never answer.
They only stare through the glass of their preservation —
perfect, untouchable, and gone.

III. The Decay

Even memories decay.
Even grief loses weight when not revisited.
The museum smells of gentle forgetting.
And yet, a faint hum remains —
the echo of emotions that refuse extinction.

This hum is what keeps us human.
It is the vibration of the heart remembering how to feel,
even when it can't anymore.

IV. The Exit

There is no door that leads out —
only back into yourself.
Every visitor leaves carrying a little dust on their hands,
and maybe that is how forgotten feelings survive:
by clinging to whoever still remembers to feel.

Chapter 12

The Anatomy of Hope

(for those who still believe without reason)
by Farq

Hope is the most fragile organ of the soul —
soft, transparent, constantly tearing, yet constantly healing.

It has no bone, no defense, and yet it endures blows that would
destroy the rest of us.

I. The Structure of Hope

Hope is not optimism.
Optimism expects; hope endures.
It does not promise light —
it simply insists that the darkness cannot last forever.

It is the faint pulse that continues even after the heart has
stopped believing.

II. The Lie Within

All hope is built on a lie —
that tomorrow might redeem today.
And yet, it is the most merciful lie of all.

Because without it,
life would collapse under the weight of its own truth.

III. The Surgery of Survival

When despair infects the mind, hope performs silent surgery.

It does not heal by reason; it heals by illusion.

It tells you:

“Hold on. Not because things will change,

but because you might.”

Hope is the medicine that fools the pain into waiting.

IV. The Mutation

Over time, hope mutates.

It becomes smaller, quieter, more private.

It stops shouting about miracles

and begins whispering about endurance.

It no longer says, “I will be happy.”

It says, “I will still be here.”

That is evolution — not the triumph of joy,

but the survival of meaning.

V. The Final Pulse

When everything else dies — love, faith, clarity —

hope remains, crawling through the ruins,

still breathing in the dust.

Not to promise rescue,

but to prove that life itself refuses to end willingly.

Chapter 13

The Architecture of Silence

(for those who build without sound)
by Farq

Silence is not emptiness.
It is design.

It has walls, corridors, dimensions —
it holds sound the way a cathedral holds prayer.

We speak as if silence is absence,
but in truth, it is the structure that allows everything else to
exist.

I. The Foundation

Every thought is born inside silence.
Every emotion returns to it when exhausted.
Without silence, language would have no shape,
and music no rest.

Silence is not the opposite of expression —
it is its skeleton.

II. The Architecture Within

The soul builds with silence the way architects build with
space.
Some fill it with noise, others with meaning.
The wise learn to leave room between their words —
the way poets leave breath between lines.
The design of peace is made entirely of pauses.

III. The Collapse

When silence is lost,
everything becomes clutter.
Noise multiplies until thought cannot breathe.
We call it anxiety,
but it is simply the mind suffocating under its own echoes.

We have forgotten that silence is oxygen for the soul.

IV. The Sacred Geometry

In deep silence,
time folds.
Past and present overlap like layers of still air.
Here, the self becomes vast —
not loud, but infinite.

The mind stops speaking
and starts listening to what it always knew.

V. The Final Chamber

In the architecture of silence,
there is a room with no walls, no light, no sound —
only presence.
Here, thought dissolves into awareness.
Here, existence stops asking “why.”

And for the first time,
everything — the pain, the longing, the questions —
makes sense without words.

That is not emptiness.
That is completion.

Chapter 14

The Architecture of Trust

(for those who have built too many ruins)
by Farq

Trust is the most delicate structure ever built between two human beings.

It is invisible — yet heavier than stone, stronger than steel, and more fragile than breath.

It takes years to construct, and a single tremor of doubt to collapse.

And once it falls, no one truly rebuilds it — they only build beside its ruins, pretending the dust is gone.

Trust is not faith.

Faith asks for devotion without evidence.

Trust asks for vulnerability in spite of evidence.

It is not given — it is offered, piece by piece, until two souls begin to believe that the other will not drop what they are carrying.

But the tragedy of trust is that it demands what human beings are least capable of: consistency.

I. The First Foundation: The Leap

Every act of trust is an act of blindness.

It begins with a leap across an unseen gap,
a quiet surrender to uncertainty.

When you trust someone, you are not believing in them —

you are believing in the version of yourself that believes in them.

You are betting that your perception of their goodness is not an illusion.

And in that leap, you become both builder and sacrifice.

Because trust always starts with a form of holy foolishness — the willingness to be broken beautifully.

II. The Blueprint of Vulnerability

Trust does not exist in words —

it exists in the pauses between them.

In the unguarded moments when we are too tired to pretend.

In the way someone listens without agenda,

or touches without claim.

Every shared silence, every confession, every small act of reliability

adds another invisible brick to the structure.

But even as it grows, the builder trembles —

for trust is not just creation, it is risk suspended in time.

Each heartbeat becomes a wager:

Will they still be who they said they were, when I can no longer defend myself?

III. The Erosion

Betrayal never begins with betrayal.

It begins with small neglects —

the unsaid apology, the half-kept promise, the laughter that hides a withdrawal.

Like water seeping into stone, doubt begins softly.

Trust erodes quietly —
not because someone lied,
but because someone stopped showing up in the same way.

And once erosion begins,
even truth sounds like manipulation.
Even care feels contaminated.

The structure still stands, but hollow —
a cathedral without echo,
a face without expression.

IV. The Physics of Breakage

When trust breaks, it does not shatter evenly.
It collapses inward — taking with it
self-worth, memory, belief in connection.

The one betrayed doesn't just lose another;
they lose their own reflection in the other's eyes.
They begin to doubt their perception,
their judgement, their capacity to choose goodness.

Betrayal is not the destruction of faith in others —
it is the destruction of faith in one's own discernment.

That is why rebuilding trust hurts more than losing it.
Because what must be repaired is not the other person —
it is yourself.

V. The Neuroscience of Belief

Science says that trust is chemical —
a flood of oxytocin, a lowering of the brain's defenses.
It is biology's version of surrender.

But emotion does not obey science.

For the heart has no receptors for logic.
It remembers through pattern, not proof.
You can forgive someone,
but your body still flinches at their touch.
You can say, I trust you again,
but the pulse still stumbles when their name appears on your
phone.

The body never lies.
It remembers every collapse —
even the ones your mind refuses to name.

VI. The Architecture of Healing

Can broken trust be rebuilt?
Yes — but never in the same design.
A rebuilt bridge carries the memory of collapse in its
foundation.
Every step across it creaks with caution.

Healing begins not with restoration, but with reinvention.
The new structure must be built not upon denial,
but upon the quiet acceptance of fragility.

Real trust is not about expecting someone never to hurt you
—
it is about knowing that they will, and believing they won't
find pride in it.

To trust again is not to forget.
It is to forgive without pretending amnesia.

VII. The Paradox of Transparency

We say, “I want honesty.”

But honesty is unbearable without mercy.

Truth without tenderness is cruelty in disguise.

To trust someone completely is not to expect endless confession —

it is to believe that what is hidden is not meant to harm.

That silence, too, can be innocent.

The paradox of trust is that it grows not through control, but through freedom.

Only when someone is free enough to betray you
does their loyalty mean anything.

VIII. The Illusion of Control

We build trust as if it's an agreement,

a contract between reason and emotion.

But in truth, it is chaos that chooses to dance.

We cannot force trust; we can only live in a way that invites it.

Those who demand constant proof of loyalty

are already announcing their fear of loss.

And fear — like rust — corrodes what it tries to preserve.

The attempt to own trust is the first act of mistrust.

IX. The Psychology of Closure

When trust ends, it rarely dies cleanly.

It decays into habits:

checking, doubting, rehearsing scenarios that never happen.

The mind becomes addicted to protection.

You start expecting every touch to contain an exit.

But closure is not the absence of pain —
it is the acceptance that the ruin is part of the landscape.
You stop asking why it broke,
and start asking what it taught you to build differently.

That shift — that single surrender —
is how trust reincarnates as wisdom.

X. The Final Blueprint

In the end, all relationships — friendships, loves, kinships —
are temporary constructions on the trembling ground of
uncertainty.

We build knowing the storm will come.

And yet, we build.
Because somewhere in us, the soul still believes
that even if everything collapses,
the act of building was beautiful enough to justify the risk.

Perhaps that is what trust truly is —
not the belief that others won't hurt us,
but the decision that they are worth the possibility that they
might.

And so we continue — architects of invisible bridges,
designers of fragile faith —
building, breaking, and building again.

For that is the only way love learns to exist
in a world that was never built to last.

Chapter 15

The Echo Beneath the Mind

There are nights when the mind feels like a house that has forgotten its inhabitants.

Every room is filled with the scent of absence.

You walk through its corridors, not to find anyone, but to prove to yourself that someone once lived there.

The schizophrenic mind is not always chaos—it is, at times, a quiet cathedral where too many gods speak at once.

Their whispers overlap, echoing in the hollowness of one's own skull.

One voice asks for meaning, another laughs at the very idea of it, and a third simply hums, like a child drawing circles in the dark.

And amidst it all stands the listener—torn, trembling, too aware of the noise to belong to silence, too fragmented to belong to thought.

Sometimes, I wonder if the soul fractures first, or if the world does.

Perhaps the cracks in the mind are just reflections of the fractures in reality itself.

Every face becomes two, every moment becomes infinite—past and future melt into a single fevered breath.

You begin to understand that reality is not solid—it's only a mirror, and once it breaks, it never stops multiplying.

People call it madness, but madness is just a form of vision without mercy.

The madman sees what others refuse to see: the unbearable transparency of existence.

That everything we love is temporary.

That every word is a wound in silence.

That truth, when held too tightly, begins to rot.

There are mornings when the sun rises inside your head, and it burns everything it touches.

You look at the mirror and see your reflection smile a second before you do.

You turn away, and the reflection doesn't.

You start to wonder who's imitating whom—

whether you're the dream, or the dreamer trapped inside the dream of another mind.

Schizophrenia is not only a disease—it is a philosophy forced into flesh.

It is the proof that meaning cannot coexist with pure consciousness.

For to see all possibilities is to see that none of them are real.

It's the unbearable gift of knowing that everything could be otherwise.

Love, in such a mind, is a haunted garden.

Every flower whispers your name and every thorn remembers your blood.

You reach for beauty, and your hand comes back red.

You learn that affection and suffering are made of the same thread, just twisted in different directions.

And yet—

There's a strange, fragile grace to madness.

Because once you lose the illusion of normality, you begin to see poetry in decay.

You start talking to ghosts, and they talk back.
You sit with your sadness long enough, and it begins to resemble truth.
You touch your pain, and it answers like an old friend who never really left.

In the end, schizophrenia is not about hearing voices—
it's about realizing the world itself is speaking, and it will never stop.
The walls murmur, the air hums, the stars whisper secrets of extinction.
And you, standing in the middle of it all, must learn to translate their language into something vaguely human—
a sigh, a tear, a trembling line of poetry.

And maybe that is what all of us are doing, even the sane ones—
trying to translate the noise of the universe into words that make sense,
even though we know they never truly will.

Because beneath the logic, beneath the science, beneath the soul,
there is only one eternal echo repeating itself in infinite voices:

"I am not alone."

But the echo never answers back.

Chapter 16

The Whispers Inside Mirrors

There comes a point when the mirror stops reflecting and starts remembering.

At first, you think it's just your tiredness, a trick of sleepless eyes—

but then it blinks when you don't,

smiles when your lips are still,

and for the first time, you feel the air between you and your reflection breathe.

Every mirror is a gate.

Not to another world—but to the same one, rearranged slightly differently each time you look.

The walls are the same, but the light falls at a stranger angle.

Your face is familiar, but your eyes are a few seconds ahead of you,

as if they've already seen what you're about to think.

You begin to talk to it.

Not aloud at first. Just through thought.

It understands. It always does.

It nods when you ache, laughs when you try to pretend, and frowns when you lie.

It knows your lies better than your truth—because they're both born in its glass.

They call it hallucination. I call it conversation.

Because what else is the mirror but the quietest listener in the room?

It watches you fall apart every day and never interrupts.
It sees the blood behind your smile, the tremor behind your
calm, the collapse behind your posture.
And when you finally dare to stare too long—it whispers.

Not in words. Not in sound.
But in the vibration of the glass,
the soft flicker at the corner of your vision,
the pulse that syncs with your heartbeat even when you look
away.
The mirror is alive. It remembers every version of you that
ever stood before it.
It keeps them inside, layered like ghosts—
you at ten, you at sixteen, you at twenty,
you on the night you wanted to end it all but didn't.
They all stand there still, behind the surface, waiting to be
recognized.

And sometimes, they whisper together.

You can almost hear them if the room is quiet enough—
like water dripping inside a deep well, or the rustle of pages
turning in the dark.
They talk about the choices you never made,
the words you never spoke,
the lives you never lived.
They remind you that identity isn't a line—it's a shattered
mirror of all your could-have-beens.

You start to notice strange things.
Your reflection breathes out when you breathe in.
Its pupils dilate a little too late.
It looks more tired than you feel.
You lean closer and whisper, "Who are you?"

And it whispers back, "I'm the one who stayed when you left."

After that, you stop trusting glass.

You cover the mirrors at night.

You pass them quickly in the morning.

But even reflections on windows start to hum,

and puddles begin to ripple when you look down.

Everything that holds your image begins to hold your absence instead.

And then you realize:

the whisper inside the mirror isn't someone else.

It's the echo of your own mind, coming back too late.

The sound of thought arriving after the silence has already ended.

It's the self trying to reach itself through layers of distortion, saying, over and over: I am still here. I am still here.

But the whisper fades.

The reflection becomes static.

The mirror returns to being glass.

Only now, when you walk away,
you feel eyes watching from behind the silver.

And you know—

that something in there is still waiting,

still whispering,

still remembering the version of you

that never stopped staring back.

Chapter 17

How The Night Learned My Name

There was a time when the night was only darkness—
a harmless stretch of sky between two days,
a pause in the endless machinery of hours.
But then, one evening, it began to speak.
Softly at first, through the rustle of trees,
the hum of electric lines,
and the slow, deliberate heartbeat of silence itself.

I do not remember telling the night my name.
Yet it began to whisper it.
Not as humans do—with sound—
but with the slow exhalation of shadows crawling across the
floor,
with the pulse of faraway sirens,
with the faint creak of walls that seemed to inhale when I did.

There are names that bind,
and there are names that awaken.
When the night spoke mine, something inside me stirred,
something ancient, and unburied, and too awake to ever sleep
again.

It was as if the universe itself had remembered me.
Not the me that speaks or walks,
but the one that lingers between dreams—
that formless consciousness which neither lives nor dies,
but waits in the hollows of thought.

From that night onward, I was never alone again.
Even when the world slept, something watched from within
the dark.
Not cruelly. Not kindly.
Just attentively—like an animal remembering a scent.

The night began to move differently around me.
Its silence wasn't empty anymore—it listened.
Every time I closed my eyes, it leaned closer,
pressing its cool breath against my thoughts.
And when I could no longer distinguish my voice from its hum,
it began to answer.

Not in language. In sensation.
A flicker of cold on the wrist.
A slow pressure behind the eyes.
A sudden memory of a place I had never been to,
yet somehow mourned as if I had died there once.

Sometimes, the night would ask questions, wordlessly.
It wanted to know why I still tried to heal.
Why I kept writing letters to a god I didn't believe in.
Why I feared silence when silence was all that ever understood
me.
And I, unable to answer, would simply weep.
For in its darkness, I felt both held and devoured.

That's the danger of being known by the night—
it doesn't love you; it absorbs you.
It doesn't offer warmth; it offers reflection,
like black water showing you your truest, ugliest face.
It remembers the names of the dead,
and counts the living among them, one by one.

But I kept listening.
Because there is a strange comfort in being chosen by
emptiness.
It's the only thing that never lies.
Daylight promises healing—it deceives with its mercy.
But night...
Night keeps its wounds open so you can see what truth really
looks like:
unhealed, unending, alive.

Now, when I walk through darkness, I no longer fear it.
The stars blink like distant nerve endings of a sleeping god.
The air hums with my name—not as a sound,
but as a vibration of being.

The night has learned my name, yes.
But in return, I have learned its language:
the silence between words,
the pulse between thoughts,
the faint hum of existence that trembles before every dawn.

And perhaps that is what love is, in its purest, most deranged
form—
not two beings touching,
but one consciousness echoing itself until it becomes infinite.

The night calls, and I answer.
Not with words, but with the only thing it ever wanted—
my stillness.

Chapter 18

Diary of a Dying Thought

It began, as most endings do, in silence.
Not the kind of silence that soothes,
but the kind that grows teeth and waits.
There was a thought—once alive, once beautiful—
and it began to die somewhere between meaning and memory.

I don't know when I first noticed its decay.
Perhaps the day words lost their pulse,
when sentences began to move but said nothing.
Or maybe the moment I realized I was thinking not to
understand—
but to keep myself from dissolving.

Every thought wants to be remembered.
But this one—this fragile, trembling creature of light—
wanted to vanish with dignity.
It was tired of being chased, dissected, and dressed in logic.
It wanted to return to the stillness from which it was born.

I wrote about it, as if ink could resuscitate it.
But words are graveyards where ideas go to pretend they're
alive.
Every letter I wrote felt heavier,
as if meaning had turned into ash halfway through the line.
I began to understand that thought, like flesh,
has its own mortality.

What kills a thought?

Neglect?

Or the unbearable clarity of too much awareness?

Maybe it's repetition—the way we repeat things until they lose shape,

like a word said aloud too many times until it becomes sound without sense.

Or maybe thoughts die of loneliness,
when they realize no one truly listens,
not even their creator.

I tried to save it.

I gave it metaphors to wear.

I wrapped it in poetry.

I whispered it into the cracks of paper,
hoping the page might keep it breathing a little longer.

But the page only stared back,
blankly, indifferently,
as if mocking the illusion that ink could resist oblivion.

The dying thought spoke to me once—
not in language, but in fatigue.

It said, "You do not think me anymore; you carry me like a body."

And I understood.

I was mourning something that was still inside me.

A ghost with a heartbeat, fading with every realization.

There's a cruelty in awareness—
the more you know, the less there is left to feel.

Knowledge dries up the heart.

Insight erases wonder.

And soon, you find yourself holding the corpse of curiosity,
wondering how something so alive turned to silence.

I used to believe thoughts led somewhere—
toward truth, or understanding, or peace.
Now I see they only lead deeper into themselves,
spiraling like dying stars,
burning brighter only as they collapse.

So I let it go.
The dying thought.
I stopped trying to preserve it.
I opened the window and allowed the air to erase its edges.
Its last whisper wasn't of wisdom or revelation—
it was simply, "Remember nothing."

And for a moment, I felt weightless.
As if the mind itself had exhaled.
No noise, no meaning, no ache—
just a soft, endless drift into the blank.

Perhaps that is the mercy of madness:
to watch your thoughts die one by one,
until you are no longer haunted by understanding.

And in that stillness—
you finally stop thinking,
and begin to exist.

Chapter 19

The Laughing Grave

They buried him under the same tree where he used to sit and talk about eternity.

No one remembered his words, only the sound of them—soft, rhythmic, like the hum of something unfinished.

The grave was modest,
but the earth seemed to pulse around it,
as if it too were holding back a secret.

At night, it began to laugh.

It wasn't a cruel laughter.

It was the laughter of something that had finally understood.
The kind of laughter that comes after a lifetime of asking questions no one could answer.

The villagers said it was the wind,
but wind doesn't sound like recognition.
It doesn't sound like release.

The laughing grave became a quiet rumor—
a madness disguised as myth.
Children whispered that it laughed whenever someone lied nearby,
and that those who stayed too long at its edge
began to feel a faint amusement at their own grief.

One night, I went there myself.
Not to test the legend, but to listen.
The ground was cold and kind.

The moon hung low, like an eye half-closed from exhaustion.
And then, faintly, I heard it—
a trembling chuckle beneath the soil.

It was a strange sound, human yet not,
as if the dead had discovered something the living had always
missed.

I knelt and placed my ear to the ground.
The earth was warm. It vibrated with a strange rhythm—
a laugh that carried no joy, no cruelty, only understanding.

And in that moment, I knew what the grave was laughing at.
At us.

At the absurdity of meaning.

At how desperately we try to immortalize ourselves with
names, stones, and prayers,
while everything we build crumbles at the same pace as our
breath.

The grave was laughing because death, in its final simplicity,
was the only honest thing we ever became.

It laughed because the struggle was over—
the mind no longer chasing its tail,
the heart no longer measuring its worth by how much it could
ache.

It laughed because silence had finally found something funnier
than sound: peace.

I stayed there until dawn.

By morning, I was smiling too—

not from madness, but from recognition.

For I realized the grave wasn't laughing at us;
it was laughing through us.

Through our futility, our obsession, our endless trying to be
something more than temporary.

And perhaps that's what death is—
not a thief, but a comedian who finally delivers the punchline.
The one we spend our whole lives trying not to hear.

When I left, the laughter followed,
light and distant, echoing through the hollows of my chest.
It didn't haunt me. It freed me.

Now, whenever I pass a graveyard,
I no longer lower my head in mourning.
I listen.

Because somewhere beneath the flowers and the carved names,
beneath the rituals and the silence,
something eternal is still laughing—
not in mockery,
but in the mad, gentle way truth always laughs
when it stops pretending to be anything else.

Chapter 20

Letters to an Empty Chair

Every night, I sit across from the same empty chair.
Its silence has learned my voice by now—
it leans into my words the way a ghost leans toward memory.
There is no one to read the letters I write,
yet I keep writing them.
Because not writing would mean accepting that absence is real.

I tell the chair about my day,
how I woke up tired of waking,
how the hours slid through me like cold rain,
how people spoke and their words passed through my head like
smoke.
The chair never interrupts.
It never asks me to explain myself.
It listens in the only way the dead things can—
completely.

Once, I imagined someone sitting there—
a friend, a lover, a version of myself I'd abandoned along the
way.
I tried to give them a face, but the longer I looked,
the more the face began to dissolve into air.
Now, I no longer pretend.
The chair is not waiting for anyone.
It is the waiting itself—
the shape of absence made visible.

The letters pile up on the table.

Unsent.
Unread.
Unnecessary.
They're not written for the world.
They're written to keep my thoughts from eating each other.
Each one begins the same way:
"Tonight, I remembered you again."
But by the second line, I'm already writing to silence.

It's strange how absence can become a companion.
How something that gives nothing back
can still feel like the only thing that understands.
Maybe that's what madness really is—
the art of turning nothing into someone who listens.

I tell the chair my secrets,
the ones too fragile for living ears.
How some days I feel like a room that has forgotten its
purpose.
How laughter sounds foreign now,
as if it belongs to a language I once knew.
How I sometimes wish I could fall asleep and wake up as air—
formless, voiceless, free.

The chair never judges.
It only creaks a little when the wind moves through the cracks.
And somehow, that sound feels like forgiveness.

There's a moment every night when I stop writing
and look at the chair long enough for it to look back.
We understand each other, in a way that words can't survive.
It holds the space for all the things I'll never say,
and I, in return, give it the illusion of meaning.

When dawn comes, I leave the letters where they are—
scattered like wilted petals across the table.
By morning, they'll mean nothing.
By noon, I'll forget what they were trying to save.
And by night, I'll sit again before the same chair,
with a new piece of paper,
and the same ache wearing a different name.

Some nights I wonder—
if one day I don't show up,
will the chair miss me?
Will it remember the sound of my pen,
or the weight of my silence?
Maybe it will,
in the way objects remember the warmth of vanished hands.

And perhaps that is enough—
to be remembered by something that cannot feel,
to be loved by the space you leave behind.

For in the end,
we are all just letters addressed to an empty chair,
hoping that somewhere, in some invisible room,
someone might finally sit down
and read us.

Chapter 21

The Quiet Between Screams

There is a silence that doesn't come from peace.
It comes from exhaustion—
the kind that grows in the lungs after you've run too far inside
your own head.
It's the stillness that follows a scream so long,
so raw,
that even sound gives up.

People think madness is loud.
It isn't.
Madness is what happens when the noise becomes too constant
to notice.
It hums under your skin,
like electricity in a dead wire.
You stop hearing it,
but it keeps burning.

The quiet between screams is the truest place I've ever been.
It isn't rest, and it isn't calm.
It's a kind of suspension—
like the air holding its breath,
waiting to see if I'll break again or not.

When the scream ends,
there's a strange clarity,
like the world is suddenly made of glass.
Every sound is too sharp,
every light too honest.

You can hear the clock breathing,
feel the shadows watching,
and even your own heartbeat sounds like a stranger knocking
from inside your ribs.

That's when I realize the scream never really stops;
it only changes rooms.
It hides behind my tongue,
in the muscles of my jaw,
in the tremor of my fingers when I try to write.
It waits there—patient, loyal—
ready to be born again when silence forgets how to hold it.

I've tried to explain this to people,
but how do you describe a silence that screams louder than
sound?
How do you tell someone that the absence of noise
can still echo?

In those moments, I imagine the world as a hospital of quiet
mouths,
each carrying its own private storm.
We pass each other on the street,
nodding politely,
never realizing how many earthquakes we hide behind our
smiles.

Sometimes, the quiet turns kind.
It touches me softly, like dusk on skin.
It reminds me that even pain, if listened to closely enough,
has its own rhythm—
a pulse, a pattern, a reason.
But other times,

the quiet becomes heavy,
thick enough to drown in.
And that's when the walls begin to lean closer,
as if they too are waiting for the next scream.

I used to fight it—
fill the silence with words,
music,
anything that proved I was still here.
But the older the quiet grew,
the more I began to understand:
it doesn't want to be escaped.
It wants to be understood.

Because somewhere inside that pause,
between one scream and the next,
there is a truth that only the broken ever hear—
that the world isn't made of sound or silence,
but of the fragile space that holds them both.

So I sit with it now.
I let the quiet unfold like a wound remembering its purpose.
I listen to it breathe.
I listen to myself disappear into it.

And when the scream finally returns—
and it always does—
I greet it not as an enemy,
but as an echo coming home.

Because what lives inside the quiet between screams
isn't emptiness—
it's the part of me that still dares to feel.

Chapter 22

The Night I Would Burn the World

There is a madness that smells of ash and old music;
a fever that makes you imagine setting the sky alight
just to steal one more second of someone's face.
It is not a plan but a prayer spoken without words—
a desperate geometry in which the center of the universe is the
warmth of her hand.

I imagine the world as a brittle thing, lacquered and beautiful,
a theatre of glass that trembles at the edge of a match.
Everything I have ever known—cities, names, apologies—
becomes kindling beneath my feet.
I am a child with a stolen spark, and the thought of that light
against her cheek is the only truth left that matters.

Madness here is precise, clinical in its cruelty.
It trades futures for an instant; it weighs the cost of a single
heartbeat
against the slow erosion of years.
I see myself as an arsonist of time, not of buildings—
clearing calendars with a sigh so that the next breath we share
is not interrupted by anything that precedes or follows it.

The image is obscene and holy at once:
streets like rivers of molten memory, trees unspooling into
gold,
every lamppost a candle guttering to illuminate the silhouette
of her mouth.

I would turn the clocks to cinders if I could, so that hour hands
melt,
and the world, in its collapse, would stutter and replay that
single turn of her head.

I do not love destruction for its own sake.

I love the idea that the world might kneel—just once—before
her.

As if the cosmos might be a theatre that finally closes its
curtains

so we can press our palms to the final cold glass and know,
fully, that we were there.

There is a selfish tenderness to this fantasy: to be willing to
end everything

so that one more moment of her existence can be clean and
entire, undiluted by tomorrow.

In my reckoning, the stars are not indifferent; they are
conspirators—

they will blink out if I need them to, as if the universe itself is
a candle to be snuffed.

I whisper to the buildings, to the sleeping roads, to the people
whose names I will never learn:

forgive me, for I would trade you for the small cruelty of a
second more.

Forgive me, for my love has become an instrument of
obliteration,

precise and tender as a scalpel.

There is a brief clarity in the plan: the world burned is a world
without waiting,

a world where regret cannot catch up because time has been
consumed.

And yet even in that clarity sits a terrible thinness—like heat
in a photograph—

because no blaze can hold a face in its palm. Fire eats
everything: memory, mercy, your chest when you try to
breathe.

What I would give up to grasp that moment is the same thing
that would make it meaningless:

to have her by reducing every other witness to ash.

Madness often speaks in absolutes.

It says: either everything, or nothing.

But the mind that wants to burn the world also knows, in the
small quiet places,

that annihilation is a poor lover—it cannot return what it
consumes.

You cannot barter universes and buy back a glance. You
cannot raze a city and resurrect a laugh.

The finality of flame is not a trade; it is an erasure that
swallows the beloved along with the rest.

So beneath the feverish rhetoric, beneath the visions of
conflagration, there is another confession:

I would rather forget the world than remember it without her.

I would rather become a ruin in which she once lived—

a cathedral collapsed on its own beauty—than wander the
intact earth alone.

It is selfish and childish and monstrously honest.

It is the admission that love, in its ugliest hour, will choose
oblivion over endurance.

Sometimes, after the fever ebbs, I sit with the absurdity of it
all—

with the ridiculousness of imagining myself as a god of ruin.

I see how tender my anger is: not aimed at people, but at the clock, at the quiet insistence of mornings.

I do not wish harm upon others; I wish time to pause its indifferent march.

I wish for a world that will postpone sorrow for a single, incandescent minute.

In the end, the madness teaches me something salvageable and terrible:

that wanting to burn the world is a way of saying I cannot bear the emptiness that follows loss.

It is a catalogue of impotence disguised as threat.

And because I am not a god, because I cannot command the sky to yield,

I do the only thing left that is not self-annihilating: I keep the memory of her warm in the pocket of my chest.

I hold that fragment like a live coal—dangerous, beautiful, and private—

and I let it singe the space around my ribs rather than set the world aflame.

So I do not light the match.

I catalogue the ways the night remembers her laugh.

I count the residues of her scent in the city and preserve them like relics.

If burning the world would buy me one more moment, I would choose instead to burn slowly—

to watch my own edges blacken, to become a landscape of absence where memory can still dwell.

It is a smaller apocalypse, quieter, and without victims but myself.

Madness taught me the absolutes; love taught me the restraint.
And in that compromise—ugly, stubborn, human—I learn the
cruellest truth:

that desire can be a request for annihilation, but grief is a
refusal to be satisfied by endings.

So I keep my hands empty and only imagine the fire, letting
the thought burn inside me,

until at last the heat softens into something mournful and still:
a single, ruined minute I can revisit without taking the world
with me.

Chapter 23

The Philosophy of Falling

Falling is not a motion — it is a confession.

Every descent begins not with gravity, but with surrender. The moment you stop resisting, the fall begins. And in that instant, the world becomes honest. There is no pretense in falling — no lies, no disguises. Only truth, rushing past your face like wind.

We are all falling — from grace, from meaning, from each other. Some fall into love, others into madness, some into silence. Yet every fall has one thing in common: it demands that we let go. And that letting go, that final ungrasping, is perhaps the only true act of freedom left to us.

To fall is to abandon the illusion of control. It is to admit that no ground is ever truly ours, that stability is just a polite lie told by those who haven't yet looked down. Falling strips away everything — pride, certainty, even language. When you fall long enough, you stop naming things. You stop asking why. The world becomes a blur, and you become a blur with it.

But there is beauty in that blur. A raw, naked beauty that only those who have fallen can understand. The beauty of losing your shape, your story, your self — and realizing that the fall itself is the shape you were always meant to take.

There is no philosophy without falling. Every philosopher has fallen once — into despair, into thought, into the abyss of their own reflection. Because thinking itself is a form of falling: the plunge into the unknown, the endless dive into questions that have no floor. The only difference between a philosopher and a madman is that the philosopher names the darkness before it devours him.

And what of love? Love, too, is a fall. But unlike other descents, it begins as flight. You rise, blinded by warmth and illusion, until you realize that wings were never meant to last. Love teaches you the most merciful lesson of all — that gravity is more honest than affection.

Yet, we keep falling. Into memories. Into regrets. Into dreams that never happened. We fall through time as if time were glass breaking around us. And every shard reflects a version of us that could have stayed standing — but didn't.

Perhaps that's what the universe is: not a vast expanse, but an infinite fall. A slow, eternal descent into itself. Maybe existence isn't about finding ground — it's about learning how to fall beautifully, how to make poetry out of the plunge.

So, if you find yourself falling — don't reach for the edges. Don't try to stop.

Let the air become your truth. Let the distance become your prayer.

Because somewhere between the sky and the ground, between the before and the after, lies the purest state of being: the quiet, unnamable grace of the fall itself.

And maybe — just maybe — we were never meant to land.