

Silfira

silent fire

*a collection of poems by
srishti*



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*To my 12 year old self
who read to dream and wrote to feel.
Thank you for picking up the pen that night.
I'm proud of you.*

There is a fire within us all
not loud
but steady,
It moves in silence.

Some fires live in the shadows of our hearts
we carry them through
every wound
every dream.

That fire has a name
Silfira
and within us,
it lives.

~We are all Silfira in our own ways.

I.

All we want is to be understood
but we forget
that all minds
are shaped differently.
We yearn
We crave
We ache
We search for someone to blame,
forgetting that chaos
belongs to no one.

2.

Do the right thing.

The right path
rarely shouts.
It waits
quiet,
hard,
alone.

But walk it
with pride
even when it aches
even when no one sees.

Right is still right
Even when it hurts

And you
you'll sleep in peace.

3.

In 24 hours, give yourself just 2 minutes.
Breathe—deeply, fully, like you matter.
Because you do.

Your body needs rest.
Your soul needs softness.
You've carried pain no one sees,
held trust that broke in silence.
So pause.
Not to escape—
but
to return to yourself.

4.

*A season I wish never ends
gentle rain
warm sun
soft breeze
A season I wish never ends.*

So I'm pretty enough to be *sexualised*
but not pretty enough to be loved?



6.

*You are the peace after wars,
the smell of petrichor after a thunderstorm,
the breath between sobs
and
everything which comes after
abyss.*

7.

I can't stop but revisit my past.
Not the choices I made,
I don't repent over my choices.
but the way
'they'
made me feel so special and needed
and then a while after
made me feel
worthless
as if my own existence
was nothing but
false
How do I overcome that?

I asked my father,
My hands clinging to him like the last raft in the storm,
My tears carving rivers down his chest.
He held me
Silent and steady
And then

He said,

When you drive,
You look ahead
The road,
the turns,
the light,
It's all in front

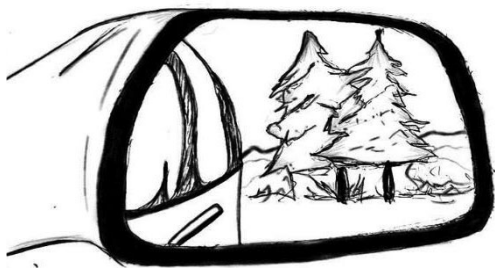
The rear view?
It's just a glance
If you look too long,
You'll miss what's coming for you.

And something in me cracked open,
Not in agony,
But in understanding
The biggest truth about life.

The past isn't home.
It's a ghost town.
Meant to be passed through,
not lived in.
I was never empty.

*Their departure only echoed louder
in a heart that had too much love.
I was whole
Even when they couldn't see it.*

~The only man who loved me without asking why,
Papa.



8.

Let the past be in the past,
You're a *butterfly* now
You've *shed skin*
Not to *crawl back into your cocoon*
But
To *fly*.

9.

He cupped my face
in his rugged hands
and
looked right into my eyes
but little did I know
he pierced through my soul,
just how a bullet pierces through flesh.



IO.

Stop waiting for a sign,
be
that
fucking sign.

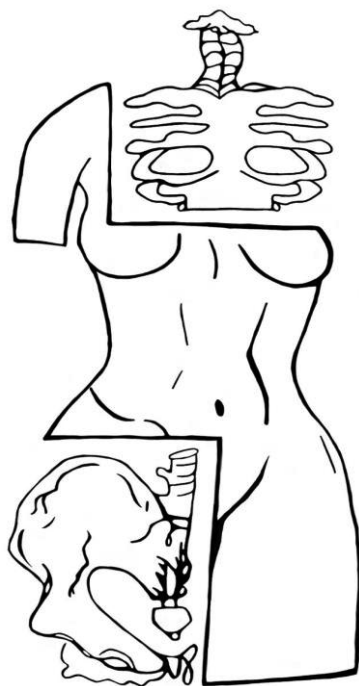
II.

Yes, you will rise—
but only after the flames.
This part, *love*,
demands courage.

I2.

How shall I get rid of this void?
It has begun to spread so *rapidly*

yet I can still sense it so *profoundly*,
in every bone of my body.

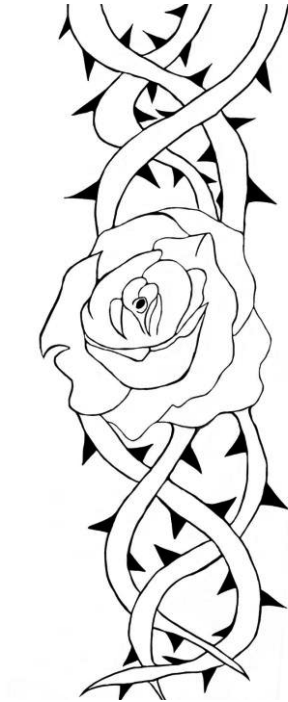


13.

I would let you break my heart
a million times over,
not because
I want you to
but because
I would let you.

I4.

I am strangled
in the chains of my own making
trying to reach out for the door knob,
so close to breaking out free
yet still held back
due to the chains
which drag me
ruthlessly,
back to my prison.



15.

Maybe the truest things
are meant to taste bitter,
because that's how we know
They're real.

~A cup of black coffee

16.

'The way she held him'

He had learned to live without softness—
called it strength.
Built walls so high,
even his own reflection felt like a stranger.

He moved through love
like it was smoke.
Untouchable,
Unreal,
always slipping through his fingers
before it ever reached his chest.

But *she*—
she didn't try to break him open.
She simply stayed.

Listened to the silence between his words.
Held his gaze when he tried to look away.
Loved him in the quiet,
not to prove a point,
but to prove him wrong—
gently, with love.

And slowly,
he found himself
craving the
warmth
he used to flinch from.

Craving her presence
like breath
after holding
too much in.

He let her see the parts
he never let himself feel—
not because he stopped being afraid,
but because.
her love
was bigger than
his fear.

It wasn't sudden.
It wasn't easy.
But piece by piece,
his walls began to remember
what it meant to be a door.

And maybe,
for the first time in forever,
he believed:

Love didn't always mean losing,
that softness wasn't weakness,
and that even a man who gave up on love
could still be found
by the kind of woman
who saw him
before he saw himself.

~A note to the heart: don't hold back, Love.

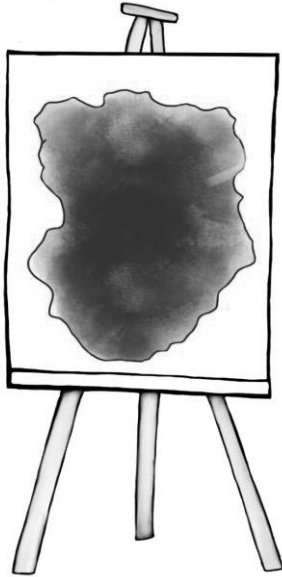
17.

Light fades,
clutch tightly onto it
or
sink in
the
dark.



18.

Distance is not a divide,
but
a canvas where the heart paints
it's true picture of closeness
faint but undeniable
in every thought,
in every memory.



19.

Why does it feel as if it all was nothing but just a dream?
Because it was too pure for humankind to experience
that it felt so surreal
yet so authentic.

Contradictions

strong,
yet breaking.
loved,
yet lonely.
whole,
yet unravelling.

We are poems
written in opposites —
and still,
we endure.

21.

I mistook
love for
Infatuation
and
infatuation for
love.
I wish
I could have realized the difference earlier,
I would have salvaged love.

22.

I'm merely always an afterthought.

They stripped me off
 They stripped me off my confidence
 My willpower to fight
 The skin which finally grew and the wounds
 which healed after years,
 of being a battler of all the wronging's I faced.

Was it hard?
 Did you fail?
 Did you fall down on your knees and crumble?
 Did you deteriorate into numbness and an
 unconventional person

I suppose.

*They tried to break me
 But I rose,
 not the same as before
 but stronger.*

*They couldn't strip me off
 because I found power
 in standing bare,
 rebuilding in silence*

*Did I fall?
 Yes.
 But only to rise wiser and wilder,
 Empowered and resilient.*

*I am not who I was,
I am not what they expected,
I am more.
Braver.
Stronger.
Bolder.
Unshakable.*

24.

Stop waiting for a sign,
be
that
fucking sign.

25.

*In order to be vulnerable,
you've to let your guard down.*

Shakespeare's women—
power draped in pain,
unyielding,
yet quietly shattered.



27.

Hurt me again
because with every strike
you are tightening the rope around your neck
and closing the door between us,
soon you'll be banging the door with torment
you shall carry
in your heart
just to find it
locked
for good.

~A note slipped through the gaps of a closed door

They found joy in crumbs
we drowned in abundance,
starving for meaning
they thank the rain
we curse the weather.
They have little
but we are the ones
without
enough.

As children,
we carried the weight of not knowing.
As teenagers,
the weight of needing to be enough.
As adults,
the weight of responsibility.
And in old age,
the weight of memory
of all we carried
and all we let go.

The weight never disappears.
But we grow into it,
and somehow,
with time,
we learn to carry
even heaviness
with a smile.

Taught how to stand like stone
and how to heal like earth.

~Mom



31.

There are days, too many, if I'm being honest.

All I do these days is dig my fingernails
into my palms, pressing hard.

Like I'm trying to anchor myself to the moment
as if the pressure might somehow drain the ache
that won't name itself.

And then
I write.

Not gracefully
not even with any purpose at times,
but with desperate honesty.

I write until my fingers tremble,
until my back stiffens from stillness,
until the night slips into morning
and

I am still sitting there
caught in the storm of everything I've carried for too long.

Thoughts tangle.

Emotions blur.

Memories becomes metaphorical.

*And somewhere in that quiet chaos,
my heart ends up on the page.*

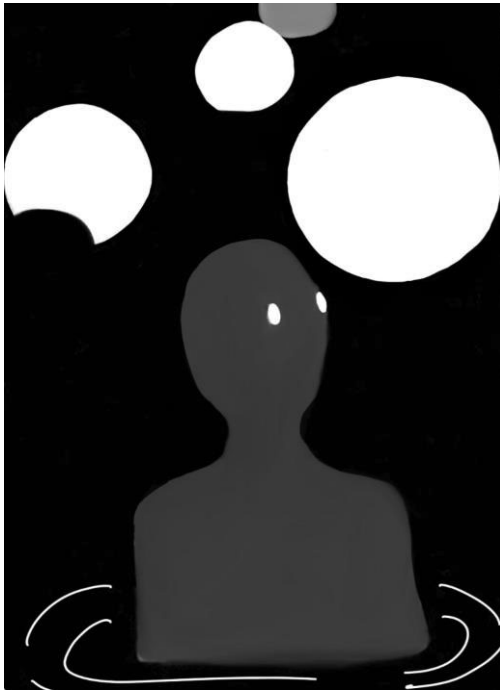
I write because there are things inside me too heavy to hold
because feeling too much in a world that feels too little is both a
curse and a calling.

Every word I bleed onto paper is
a fragment of something I once couldn't say out loud.
And now, if you're reading this,
If these words have made it to your hands
then you are holding
not just a story but
a soul laid bare.

This isn't just effort.
This isn't just art.
This is everything I couldn't carry anymore
folded into pages,
and left here
for you.

Love is like the moon pulling on the ocean tides
so far apart
yet strong enough
to pull each other
from a distance.

*In transit
I'm weary of drifting
through versions of myself
no map or plan
just momentum
a fragile belief
that it leads
somewhere true
a place
I belong.*



34.

Rules of life

A blueprint for strength, for those who are learning to rise after being shattered, to love again after being torn, and to walk forward without looking back.

- **Let go of who broke you. Fully and Quietly.**
Closure isn't always kind. Sometimes healing means *never hearing sorry*. Sometimes peace is giving yourself the apology you never got. *Stop reopening wounds just to prove they hurt*. You know it, they do. Choose yourself. That's more than enough.
- **Outgrow the versions of you that were built to survive 'them'.**
You were softer once, and then they hardened you and that's okay. That version of you, the one who begged, the one who dimmed your light just to be tolerated, thank them. Then bury them. You don't need them anymore. You're not surviving now. *You're Rising*.
- **Don't confuse comfort with happiness.**
Just because you've gotten used to pain doesn't mean you're okay. *Growth is NOT comfortable, but neither is staying small*. If it costs you your joy, your fire, your future, your well-being, it's too expensive. Let go, not worth it.

- **Success starts the day you stop seeking permission.**
Stop waiting to feel “ready.” You don’t need perfect conditions, the right support, or a green light from the people who never believed in you. Begin anyway. Build quietly. *Then make those who doubted you wish they had shut the fuck up.*
- **Discipline will save you on the days motivation forgets.**
Not every day will feel good. Do it anyway. The strongest people aren’t always inspired. They’re committed. *Show up, especially when it’s hard.* That’s where transformation begins.
- **Your happiness will offend the ones who never wanted to see you healed.**
Smile anyway. Love anyway. Thrive anyway. Grind anyway. Your joy is your sweet revenge, your freedom, your loudest declaration that *you made it without them.*
- **Protect your energy like your life depends on it, because it does.**
Be ruthless with your peace. *You do not owe access to people who weaponize your vulnerability.* Let them call you cold. You’re not cold, you’re healing. You’re protecting what you almost lost: *yourself.*
- **There is no shame in starting over.**
Whether it’s a dream, a relationship, or a version of yourself, starting again does not mean failure. It is courage. It means you still believe in more. *Hold onto that, it’s precious.*

- **Real happiness is quiet.**
It's peace of mind. Safe love. Work that fills your spirit.
Solitude without loneliness. If you're still chasing
chaos, ask yourself, *do you want love or do you want
familiar pain?*
- **You are allowed to outgrow people, places, and
patterns.**
Let them say you changed. You're supposed to.
Growth is not betrayal. Staying small to make others
comfortable is. Don't shrink. Expand.
The sky isn't even close to being the limit.

Maybe it was fate.

Maybe a blunder.

Maybe just
two lives colliding
wild
reckless
and
unprepared.

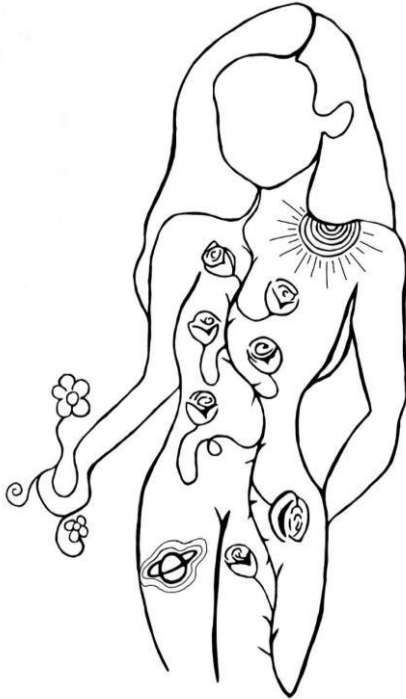
Call it a disaster,
unexpected and untamed.
But whatever we were
*there were magnets in my bones
pulling towards the iron in his blood.*



36.

Can love ever truly perish
if it's forever woven
into the fabric of our souls
stitched to us
beyond measure?

She was the most beautiful flower,
but she bloomed in the wrong hands
who claimed her
for her beauty
then cast aside
the moment they felt her thorns.



They will
degrade me
insult me
but they can
never
ever
strip away the person I have become
after all the battles
I have fought.

39.

Wants and needs

Needs carve hollow spaces
quiet
urgent
bare.
Wants build loud places
never full
never satisfied.

The difference
between
wants and *needs*
is the silence
we refuse
to
hear.

40.

It was a late afternoon

In the middle of June
they wandered
an hour and a half away
to a place that offered
tranquility,
and held secrets known only to lost and forgotten hearts.

She recorded the moment
he smiled
looked into her brown eyes
and though he said nothing,
his eyes whispered 'forever'

she knew his heart too well
and maybe that's why
she feared
she would break it

so she looked away
and kept recording.

4I.

I am more than what you choose to see.



42.

I hope your heart quivers,
every time you sense a genuine connection,
I hope every love you find is shaded with mine,
I hope you taste my absence lingering on your tongue
each time you whisper
someone else's name
so that
it feels like a lie to your soul.

Happiness is the outcome
of a
painful
lonely walk,
but sometimes the walk
was the only
way
out.



What is Love?

*Love is witnessed at it's extremity
when*

in the face of a million obstacles,

You choose one another.

*When everything says to let go
you hold on.*

In the face of

every twist,

every turn life has given to face,

you face it as one

and that's how you know

It's love.

~The art of staying

45.

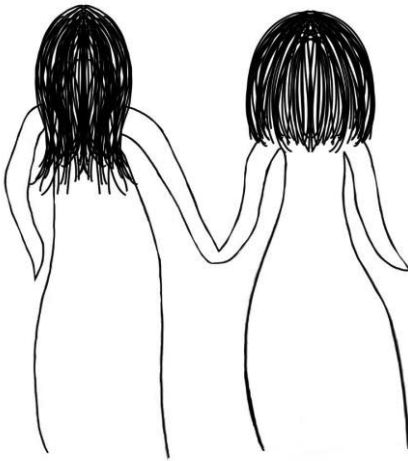
Now or Never

No reprieve
no backward glance
death whispers through a fractured dance.
There's only one life
a fleeting breath,
A silent plea
embrace the edge
or
cease to be
it's now or never.

46.

*Sisterhood lives
in the heart
not in blood*

*~The girl who stuck through fire and water,
this love will always be yours.*



47.

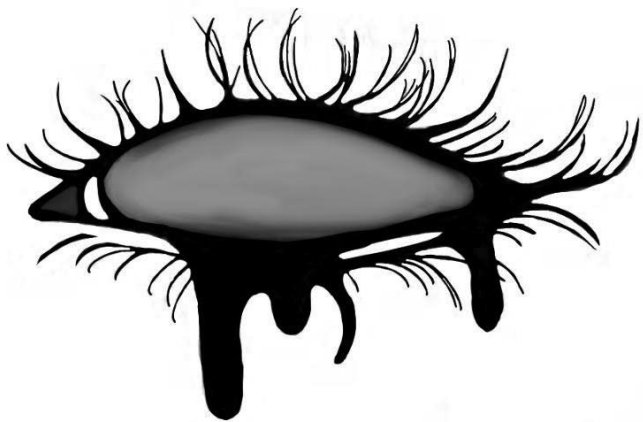
6:08pm

Tears overflowing my eyes
making my vision blurry as every second drips by,
grabbing my diary
I ran to the only place
that feels closest to nirvana
The rooftop.

I stood lifelessly gazing at the sunset

*Wondering if this suffering would ever meet it's end
Wondering if this sorrow would ever meet it's end
Wondering if this strain which has me wrapped around so
effortlessly, would ever meet it's end.
I don't know,
I have fallen prey to numbness.*

He fell in love with her deeply
but
her guilt
was
deeper than
his love.



49.

No means no. It means stop,
it means to respect every boundary that has been
placed forward.
It's a declaration of a person's choice.
'No'
should be understood without
any interrogation
as it is a refusal
and
not an invitation to
push further.

You were never mine to hold
yet I carried you inside
through every corner of my heart
haunting every broken part.

Now,
I let you go
and mend my broken heart.

51.

It was so pure that it felt
surreal
yet it had never been so
authentic.

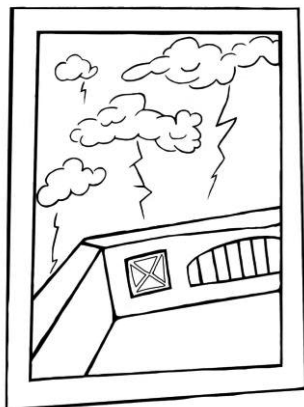
~Those moments don't come back.

You've rewritten my story,
words I cannot seem to erase.
Like ink spilled through each page of my chapters
how should I remove the ink?

~Tear out the pages

I look outside
as the monochromatic clouds
churn and growl
the storm swells slow and steady
lightning rips through the dark and heavy sky.
It's ironic
how the weather is so synced
to the chords of my heart
to the tender ache beneath my soul.

*So with every downpour,
I hope you find me there
in the soft, familiar scent of petrichor
and in the gentle rhythm of
falling rain.*



*Some bonds remain
some don't
apart
yet close
like polaroids
in the back of a drawer.
Some bonds remain
no matter where we are.*

Never let yourself be defined
by how
and
by whom
you were wronged.
Define yourself by
how you rise from it
how you choose to reclaim yourself
how you choose to live with bravery and courage.
You are not a victim
you are a Survivor.

You captivated my heart
and cast a spell
I don't know how to break out of.



Maybe when the time is right,
I'll find you again
But this time
you'll carry a piece of me with you.

Keep it safe,
because I showed you parts of me
I didn't know existed inside me.

I'm just an ordinary chapter of your life
but for me
you're the entire book.



Through highs and lows
through every twist and turn the journey goes
you'll always be my constant
the quiet in my restless world.

~Friends who make life bearable

I froze
because my body knew silence
better than resistance
I stayed quiet
not because I enjoyed it
but
because I didn't know if
'no'
would make it worse
I froze when he touched me
I stayed when I wanted to run
I kept quiet while my lungs burned to scream
because
my body knew silence
better than
resistance.

~When silence felt safer

61.

He gazed at me
as if I was nothing
but an illusion
one that caught his eyes
so profoundly.

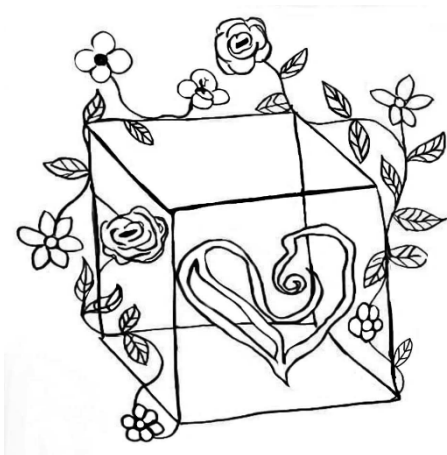
That one guy

He was the flame that burned
without scorching,

he was the dawn to my endless dull nights
the warmth which met my hands
on wintry cold evenings,

he was that quiet touch
that taught me to feel
without feeling uneasy,

and in his silence
I found an echo of my own truth
fragments of myself
which I had abandoned,
slowly reclaiming
the wholeness
that time had stolen.



63.

It's you.
It's always been you
and
it will always be
You.

She is strong.

She is Fierce.

She is Bold.

She is equivalent to the fire that forges mountains

but

once upon a time

she was.

She was as soft as the touch of silk on bare skin

She was as gentle as the petals of a rose after the rain

She was as fearful as a child lost in a crowd facing the unknown

She was as fragile as a half burnt candle flickering out.

What made her this way?

What made her this way was the

cruelty of a world

that demanded her softness,

then shattered it with it's

harshness

strong not from choice

but from necessity.

Now she wears both

grace

and

scars

-To all the women who are soft in soul, steel in spirit.

65.

From a woman's perspective
when love first rushes through her veins
it feels magical
but
the aftertaste lingers
and
she becomes someone
she never imagined
she could be.

66.

You changed me
in ways I can't undo.
Now that I'm away from you
I know more than ever
I can't be happy without you.

67.

She was like a cup of freshly brewed coffee
the eccentric touch needed on slow mornings
and her smile
'*Oh my god, her smile.*'
It lit up my darkest days,
brighter than the northern lights ever could.

*No wonder,
I love my coffee black,
no wonder,
I love her.*

~A piece of his heart.

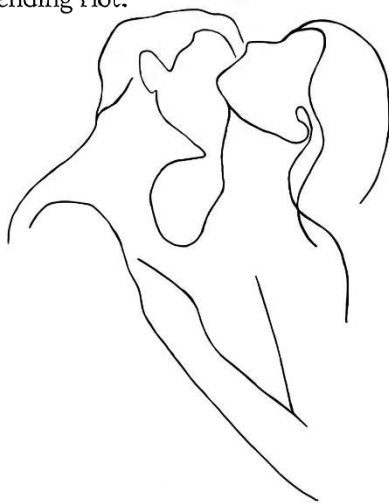
68.

My darling
I can never unlove you
you live in places of me
I cannot reach
and that's how
I know
You're here to stay.

I'm not afraid of failing
but I'm
afraid of
never trying
not giving my best
living with no meaning
and
becoming someone
who
I'm not proud of.

I guess we're both a little fucked up.
Who am I kidding?
We're a wreckage wrapped in skin
a riot with no reason
no rules
no brakes
nothing less than a chaos set loose
that's just how you and I are.

And yet, in my eyes
you, me, us
we are perfect
a beautiful mess.
One colossal, never ending riot.
A perfect riot.



71.

A heart that never asked for anything in return
a heart that loved without
hesitation or demand
giving away what it had, so freely.

Love teaches us things we don't understand
and
stays with us as a silent reminder
of how love is meant to be.
*~I'm proud of you for holding on to love
in a world that doesn't always return it*

*Don't betray
the part of you
that knows
what's right*

*that part
is your spine
Don't break it.*

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