
As If the Night Was Infinite

PALLAVI ADAVIKOLANU



BlueRoseONE^{.com}
Stories Matter
New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

India | U.K.

Copyright © Pallavi Adavikolanu 2026

All rights reserved by author. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the author. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the publisher assumes no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

BlueRose Publishers takes no responsibility for any damages, losses, or liabilities that may arise from the use or misuse of the information, products, or services provided in this publication.



For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

ISBN: 978-93-7542-017-0

Cover design: Anuj

Typesetting: Tanya Raj Upadhyay

First Edition: May 2026

I owe this collection to the quiet moments that held me
together when words were all I had.
To the nights that felt endless, yet whispered stories into
my soul... thank you.
To my heart, for feeling so deeply—even when it hurt.
To every memory that lingered like moonlight on still
water, shaping these verses into existence.
To the people who stayed, and the ones who left traces
behind—
you have all, knowingly or unknowingly, become poetry.
And to the reader,
for holding this book in your hands—
may you find pieces of yourself hidden between my lines.

And so, these pages come to an end—
but not the feelings they carry.
Every word written here was once a heartbeat,
every verse, a moment I couldn't hold onto...
so I let it live here instead.
If you've made it this far,
maybe you found a piece of yourself between my lines—
in the longing, the love, the silence, or the soft chaos of it
all.
This isn't a goodbye,
just a quiet pause...
like the night before it turns into dawn.
Because some stories don't end—
they linger,
they echo,
they stay.
And maybe,
somewhere between these words and your heart,
mine will continue to exist.

I wandered lost in crowded streets,
In shadows where the daylight retreats. A spark, a glance,
and suddenly,
The world aligned and spoke to me.

I had chased the wind, I had chased the sun, Never
knowing my race was undone.
Until your hand reached, soft and true, The storm
subsided—until I found you.

The night hums softly, the wind in pause, A fleeting glance
becomes a cause.

Footsteps echo where none remain, Yet memory dances, a
sweet refrain.

Time bends lightly, a whispered theft, Moments captured,
then left bereft.

And though the world spins loud and fast, This quiet storm
is ours to last.

Your smile steals mornings, Your laughter, the dawn.

In every fleeting second, My heart is drawn.

Eyes that wander, lips that speak, Moments stretch and
never peak. Yet in this dance of what's to come, I simply

say—you are the sum.

In the quiet corners, your laughter lingers still. A touch, a
glance, the unseen thread,
Pulling softly at what's left unsaid.

Through crowded streets or silent skies, Your presence
whispers, never denies. Not just a spark, but warmth
profound, In your echo, I am found.

Where should I hide the secrets I dwell? The intoxication
in your eyes is rare,
How could I ever put it into words, how could I share?

The moon itself bows to your glow,
Even flowers bend when your fragrance flows. Each
moment feels you're close to me,
Yet my lips can't speak what you mean to me.

This journey of my heart begins with you,
In every heartbeat, your essence rings true. If you could
hear the silence I keep,
You'd know my soul has spoken deep.

Don't turn away just yet,
the night still hums your name. The stars lean closer to
listen,
afraid the silence won't be the same.

Your laughter lingers in the air, like a song unwilling to
end.

One step away feels like a lifetime,
one moment more—my heart will mend.

Stay, till the dawn learns to glow, till the sky forgets its
sorrow.

Let me hold this fleeting hour, and borrow love from
tomorrow.

I see you like the only tulip
in a mesmerizing bouquet of roses. I admire you the way
people admire sunsets—
soft, endless, unforgettable.

You feel like the ocean on a full moon night,
while your fingers intertwine with mine in quiet rhythm.

I enjoy staring into your eyes the way I marvel at
a nineteenth-floor view

The way you look at me
when I fall asleep on video calls, the way you hold on
to every moment of us.

The way your eyes sparkle, even when I act silly, sending
you little updates from every corner of my day.

The way you get excited over the smallest things,
the way you make me feel special with just a laugh,
at my foolish jokes.

And yet, you still wonder— why did I choose you?

This is why.

This is why I did.

I wish I could be the face you see
when the sun first rises,

I wish I could be the breath you kiss,
the silence that softens your sighs.

I long to be wrapped in your fragrance,
before the hour demands another goodbye.

I wish we could return to each other's arms, after the
longest day, despite the miles, despite the distance.

The sky bends low to kiss the ground, In your presence, no
chains are found. Every silence between our eyes, Holds a
thousand unsaid sighs.

The stars lean closer when you are near, Their shimmer
softens, their glow turns clear. Each breath I take is
touched by you,
A rhythm eternal, steady and true.

In the stillness where shadows stay, Your soul lights
gently, showing the way. No words remain, yet all is
known,
Two hearts entwined, yet wholly grown.

Without you, the moonlight turns dim, The sky itself drifts
into sorrow.

The glow hidden in the night's veil, Fails to shine without
your smile.

The wind passes, hollow and weary, Even flowers bloom
yet remain silent.

On the strings of my heart, only silence plays, While the
shadows of your memory take shape.

Without you, even the sun sets too soon, And light itself
feels a little darker.

Every joy loses its soul, Life becomes incomplete.

I like the mornings painted in gold, Stories whispered,
secrets untold. I like the stars that guard the night,
And the soft moon keeping it bright.

I like the songs that make me sway, The gentle winds that
drift away.

I like the dreams that all come true, But most of all—
I like you.

He moves with a quiet flame,
A strength unspoken, beyond all name. Eyes like the dusk,
deep, profound, Where silence breaks, his voice is found.

Not just handsome, but steady and true, A light the storms
cannot subdue.

In his presence, the world feels whole, The keeper of fire,
the bearer of soul.

The ocean hums a ghostly song, As twilight pulls my soul
along, A crimson moon begins to weep, Above the dark
and endless deep.

I stand alone where dreams collapse, A silhouette of fading
maps, The waves erase my footprints' cries, While stars
stay hidden from the skies.

In silent storms, my heart is tossed, Between the shores of
found and lost, Yet in the red horizon's gleam, I plant the
seeds of one last dream.

I pulled up a chair where the sea likes to sigh, Wore robes
of the dusk and a salt-scented tie. No flesh, just a frame, yet
my heart's still aglow-I waited for love where the lonely
waves go.

The sky turned to ink, but I stayed in my seat, For even
old bones dream of someone to meet.

Beneath the moon's hypnotic gaze, she spun through velvet
haze, A spectral bride in stardust laced, adrift in twilight's
maze. He reached with wonder, heart aglow, through
echoes worn and wide, As midnight stitched their fleeting
love where dreams and dusk collide.

The tombstones hummed a lullaby, beneath the astral
mist, Her laughter swirled like silver smoke, a moment
heaven-kissed. Through rifts in time and shadowed light,
their souls began to trace, A mortal's vow and phantom
waltz, in fate's ethereal embrace.

Love is scary— What if he goes,
Leaves behind silence Where laughter once rose? Shivering
hands,
A heart out of breath, Eyes that forget
What joy even meant.

An empty stomach, But not for lack of food, Just hollow
aches
In every mood.
A chest so heavy With words unsaid— Love is scary
When it's half-fed.

A blood-red moon, a broken sea, The night unfolds what's
left of me.

No stars, no sound, just endless skies
And all my dreams the ocean sighs In silent storms, my
heart is tossed, Between the shores of found and lost,
Yet in the red horizon's gleam,
I plant the seeds of one last dream.

You are the spectral lull my whirlwind yearns for— the
arcane rhythm my essence was fated to unveil— a
resplendent haven cradled in every ephemeral sigh.

We are like fire and ice, destined to burn and freeze but
never merge, forever entwined in opposing forces, yet fated
to shape the world from distant edges of existence.

We were two paths that longed to converge, bound by a love both tender and tumultuous. I stayed, you departed, our vow fractured. Now I drown in quiet anguish, your memories scorching my soul like an unrelenting storm.

Raindrops race down the windowpane, World blurs behind
in a silver chain.

Streetlights bloom like fallen stars, Skies reflect on resting
cars.

The wind hums songs we've never known— Outside the
car, the night has grown.

I wanna be the warmth you keep,
In silent nights when dreams run deep. Your shadow in the
morning sun,
The stillness when the day is done.

I'll be the pause between your sighs, The echo soft behind
your eyes.
Not just a wish, not just a plea— I wanna be yours,
entirely.

Dust on the glass, a fading song,
Road signs we passed, we sang along. Finger trails on
foggy panes,
Hearts once full, now left with stains.

The world outside still looks the same, But every turn
whispers your name.

You were the blue that waited quietly, like sunlight resting
on pages left unread, like a breeze brushing past shy
hearts.

I didn't plan to fall—
but every smile you gave felt like spring. In hallways filled
with echoes,
you were the calm in all my noise, the soft in all my storms.

And I, a sky still learning its light,
kept tracing your warmth like a secret path. We spoke in
glances, in moments that lingered

In the hush between dusk and dawn,
I stitch stars to the silence you left behind. Your name still
hums in moonlit winds, Like a song half-sung, but fully
mine.

We are threads across time's fragile seam, Red-stitched
hearts in a fading dream.
Even apart, you burn in my skies, A forever written in soft
goodbyes.

In storms of doubt and winds so wild, Love walked
ahead—tender and mild. No sword, no war, no fire it
threw,

Yet hearts it won, and skies it grew.

No crown it wore, no throne it sought, Yet every tear and
smile it caught.

Prema, soft—yet strong as flame, In silence spoke, and
still, it came.

It rose not loud, but deep and true, A quiet light the
shadows knew.

No army stood, yet all did bow—
To love's pure truth, it won somehow.

I painted beauty on my skin, To hide the fear I held within.

A mask of blush, a secret face,
Chasing love in borrowed grace.

They saw the glow, not tears I shed, But you looked past
the lines I'd thread. With just one glance, you saw it all—
The clumsy girl behind the wall.

You held my truth, you didn't flee, And that's when I
began to see:
That beauty lives where love is true— And I was always
enough for you.

I watched the world with quiet eyes, A mask of calm,
where sorrow lies. Too many truths I dared not show,
Afraid of scars they'd come to know.

But then you came, all smiles and grace, With clumsy
charm and barefaced faith. You saw the boy behind the
name,
And loved me still, not seeking fame.

I pushed away, yet hoped you'd stay, In moonlit halls and
light of day.
For even silence finds its voice,
When hearts like yours make broken girls rejoice.

I miss you in the morning bell,
The shared glance only we could tell. In quiet laughs and
secret games,
In calling out each other's names.

I miss you in the empty seat, The echoes of our running
feet.
Though time moves on and roads divide, You still walk
quietly by my side.

Oh, the wind may blow and the tides may turn, But for
your smile, my heart will yearn.
Across the waves, through storm or sea, A part of you still
sails with me.

Each star above, each ocean song, Reminds me where my
dreams belong. No shore so far, no night too deep—
Your name's the anchor my soul will keep.

In rooms where shadows gently dance, We sway in a soft,
haunted trance.

Time dissolves, and walls give way, Night becomes our
endless day.

Your fingers brush like fleeting flame,
I call your ghost, but you call my name. A waltz between
what's lost and known, A rhythm felt in bone and bone.

The river hums a secret tune, Underneath a silver moon.
A whisper travels, soft and near, Calling what I hold dear.

Time bends lightly, the night is wide, But in your gaze, the
world can hide. A fleeting touch, a silent vow,
I am yours, only here and now.

A night without its own aroma. Every shadow stretches
long, Every silence sings a song.

I wander through the quiet street, Searching for the pulse,
the heartbeat. And in the void your absence leaves,
I gather dreams, like falling leaves

Your smile steals mornings, Your laughter, the dawn.

In every fleeting second, My heart is drawn.

Eyes that wander, lips that speak, Moments stretch and
never peak. Yet in this dance of what's to come, I simply

say—you are the sum.

Some look at the stars to admire its beauty, Some to hold
back their tears.
And in that grief, acceptance grows, A silent river the
night bestows.

Eyes meet, a spark, then gone, The silence hums its secret
song.

A pause between the breaths we take, A world exists in the
space we make

Dust on the glass, a fading song, Road signs we passed, we
sang along. Finger trails on foggy panes, Hearts once full,
now left with stains.

Raindrops race down the windowpane, The world blurs
behind in a silver chain. Streetlights bloom like fallen stars,
Skies reflect on resting cars.

The world outside still looks the same, But every turn
whispers your name.

The wind hums songs we've never known-
Outside the car, the night has grown.

I missed you in the fall of the sky,
I missed you as the moon drifted by. Waves spoke your
name along the shore, And I missed you, quietly, evermore.

A heart stitched with memories, now tangled in grief.
Eyes that once held golden fire, now cradle an ocean of
longing. The burden has grown into an endless thorn,
Yet here I stand, sharp as fate, blazing through time and
belief.

His eyes like the oceanic waves in the blanket of moonlight,
His eyes, like the verse of stars, I would fall for
His eyes, they feel like the full moon night,
As if we cannot fathom their depth even in an eternity of
glances

Sunlight drapes the windows, Catching gold in his gaze.
The sun spills bright, yet his eyes Outshine the day.

A quiet glance, a gentle pull—
A world bends softly around him. Eyes like that,
And suddenly, everything feels whole

His eyes grace the maze of my heart, Fleeting glances
bathed in moonlight. That soft blush drifts in a void of
crimson, His gaze, deeper than the Pacific,
Where every glance spins me into a daze.

He came in hues the skies once knew, With songs that
stitched the morning dew. The breeze became his gentle
sigh, A whispered love the flowers reply.

Blush of bloom on every tree, As if the earth hummed,
"Stay with me." In every note the robins sing, I hear his
heart - the melody of spring.

I gave all I could to make you stay,
but you slipped away— vanishing like the moon on a new-
moon night, leaving the sky empty, without a second
thought.

I wandered through a world half-lit, Where every smile
just didn't fit. Love was a song I'd never heard, A fading
sky, a caged-up bird.

But then you came-a softer hue, The kind of light that
seeps right through. You weren't a spark, you were the
flame, The ache I felt but couldn't name.

I swore off love, I closed the door, But fate had traced you
in the floor. And every breath, now warm and true-Was
just a whisper... until I found you.

The moon, a ghost in silver skies, Sees through the mask of
my goodbyes. Its glow, a witness to my pain, As I search
for you in falling rain. Each drop a whisper, soft yet true,
Of nights I spent just missing you.

I wait outside, though you're long gone, Like headlights
fading with the dawn.

A passenger in love's cruel game, Hoping you'll still call
my name. Yet silence lingers, cold and bare-A weight too
heavy to repair.

The rain keeps falling, moon aglow, A quiet guide to what I
know. Though we collide and can't remain, Your memory
hums through joy and pain

Your gaze—
once a tender flame— burns my skin now,
a care turned into hauntings.
What was love
has become a silent ache, a hollowed place inside me, a void
only you
were ever meant to fill.

You were the gentle rain, and I, the iron beneath.
I cherished your touch, believing it would nourish me.
Never did I foresee
that the drops I longed for would be the very force to
make me rust.

The last candle flickers low,
wax pooling where warmth once lived. A silence settles
between breaths, like pages closing themselves.

The road bends out of sight, footsteps no longer walk in
twos. What once was music in the air is now the hush after
the song.

You are a rose to me.
Even when your words and actions pierced me like thorns,
I still saw you, still loved you,
as beautifully as the bloom itself. But to you,
I was nothing more than a withered petal, falling
unnoticed.

You are the oxygen that feeds my fire,
yet your actions fall like rain— dousing my flames,
leaving me smoldered, half-consumed, burning only in
silence.

We are like trees— rooted, reaching, growing. And love is
the thunder:
a spectacle of beauty,
yet a force that shakes us to our very core
when it arrives.

I long for your gaze so deep; in every breath,
your love I keep.

A boundless desire that time cannot erase. In moonlit
nights,
I find your face— a soothing joy,
a tender ache.

You are mine, yet still,
my heart breaks.

In the quiet of night, memories echo like whispers, love
lingering in spaces
where your presence once lived.

A heart once woven in movement now unravels in
silence—
yet still clings on, even against its will.

If loving you were water, I'd be the boundless sea. If loving
you were time, I'd be an endless dawn. In every shape,
in every form,
I would still choose to love you— infinitely more.

Not just in words, but in every sigh, I want to linger where
you lie.

To be the silence, the touch, the song, A quiet place where
you belong.

Let the world tumble, let it spin,
I'll be your anchor, your soft within. No grand gesture, no
shining sword, Simply, always—I wanna be yours.

The headlights carve the night in gold, Stories whispered,
quietly told.

Your laughter spills across the hum, The world outside
becomes undone.

Each turn a secret, each street a chance, We drift together
in soft expanse.

The dark surrounds, but warmth is near, In this small
world, I hold you here

Some look at the stars to smile at their shine, to believe in
wishes, in something divine.

And some look up, broken and small, holding back tears
that threaten to fall.

For the sky has seen both joy and despair, and still it
glows, as if unaware—
teaching the heart, however it aches,
that even the shattered can cradle the stars.