

SHADOWS

—— BENEATH ——

THE SURFACE

A COLLECTION OF POETRY

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DARKNESS, DESPAIR, AND INNER DEMONS



The Silence That Screams the Loudest

It isn't the quiet you hear—
it's the absence of everything,
the space between each breath,
the hum of something unsaid
that claws at the walls of your chest.

In the stillness,
it roars like a tempest,
like an ocean without waves,
pounding against the shores of your mind
until you're drowning
in the silence that never stops screaming

.

Sometimes, the loudest words
are the ones that stay locked inside.

Dancing with Shadows No One Else Can See

They swirl around your feet
like a waltz only you understand—
the shadows,
your silent partners
in a dance of quiet despair.

No one notices
how your fingers trace the air,
how you move to a rhythm
no one else can hear.
But you—
you know the beat.
You know the steps,
the way the darkness folds around you,
close and familiar,
like an old lover
that never truly left.

The Ache of Being Too Much and Not Enough

You are fire and rain,
a storm in the calm,
a whisper in the crowd,
but still,
you feel invisible,
even as you burn.

The world can't decide
if you are too much
or too little,
if your heart beats too loudly
or your silence is too heavy.

So you shrink and stretch,
try to fit into spaces
that weren't made for you—
too soft for the world,
too loud for your own skin.

And you wonder,
if you could ever be both
whole and enough,
without breaking apart.

When Memories Become Monsters

They crawl through your veins
like tendrils of forgotten things—
sharp claws that dig into your chest,
sinking into places you thought were
healed.

Each moment,
once sweet,
now gnashes its teeth,
gnaws at your mind,
turning love into teeth and bone,
turning joy into something dark,
as your past becomes the monster
that lurks in the shadows of your heart.

And no matter how loud you scream,
the monsters know your name.

Funeral for Your Former Self

There is a ceremony
for the person you once were,
a soft, quiet burial
beneath the weight of expectations,
beneath the fingers of time
that trace your features
and find them unrecognizable.

Your old skin lies in the dirt,
your past self wrapped in a shroud
of all the things you couldn't keep.
You mourn the dream that died,
the person who never grew,
the heart that was left behind,
as you bury your former self
to make room for the stranger you've
become.

Loneliness Inside a Crowded Room

It's the quietest of all the loud places,
the way the world feels alive around you
while you remain invisible,
a ghost in the midst of the living.

People move,
they laugh,
they speak,
and yet,
you are still alone.
Their voices fade like echoes,
filling the space
but never reaching you.

You could disappear
and no one would know,
because the loneliness
isn't the absence of people—
it's the absence of connection.

The Sound of Heartbreak Echoing Through Bones

It isn't the sound of tears,
but the silence that follows.
The emptiness that fills every cavity,
like a hollow echo through the ribs.

Heartbreak doesn't just crush
it reverberates,
a song that never stops playing—
the sharp pang of each beat,
as your bones remember
what it felt like to be whole,
what it felt like to love.

And now,
each pulse is an ache
that carries the weight of everything
you thought you could keep,
until it slipped through your fingers
like sand,
leaving nothing but echoes.

Conversations with the Mirror

The glass doesn't lie,
but it doesn't tell the whole truth,
either.

It reflects you,
but not the parts you wish it would—
not the pain you hide
beneath the smooth surface,
not the cracks in your smile.

You ask the mirror,
“Who am I today?”
and it answers,
with nothing more than your own eyes
staring back at you.

In the silence between,
you wonder if the reflection knows
what you can't say aloud.
If it knows the story of your soul
that you refuse to tell anyone else.

What the Darkness Whispered

In the absence of light,
I heard it—
a voice,
soft as night,
but heavy as the world.
It wasn't evil,
but it wasn't kind,
either.
It spoke in riddles,
in questions that didn't need answers,
like it knew things
I didn't want to know.
"Do you fear me?"
it asked,
its words curling around my mind
like smoke.
"No,"
I replied,
but I wasn't sure if I meant it.
And the darkness smiled
because it knew
that sometimes,
it's not fear we need to overcome—
but the quiet,
the waiting,
the whispering of everything
we refuse to hear.

A Soul Stitched Together with Silence

There are pieces of me
woven from words I never said,
from secrets I keep behind my teeth,
from the silence that holds me
together when the world would tear me apart.
Each thread is a memory,
a word left unspoken,
a glance that never reached my eyes.
And in that silence,
I have learned to exist,
stitching myself into something whole
from the quiet,
from the gaps between the noise.
A soul stitched together
not by love,
but by the absence of it,
and still,
I carry it forward—
patchwork and beautiful
in its quiet form.



ANGELS, DEMONS & DIVINE IMAGERY

A Halo Shattered on Marble Floors

It fell with a sound
like a prayer unspoken,
shattered across cold stone,
broken and discarded
beneath the weight of judgment.
Once, it was gold,
a symbol of purity,
of grace—
but now,
it is just another piece
of a fallen angel's story.
The marble floor
bears the weight of centuries,
the cracks in its surface
mirroring the cracks in the wings
that once flew too close to heaven.
And the halo,
now dim and tarnished,
rests there—
a forgotten relic
of something holy
that never quite made it.

An Angel Who Lost Her Way Home

She soared through the clouds with wings of light,
A beacon of grace in the darkest night,
But one cold gust swept her astray,
And she wandered, lost, in the endless gray.
The stars no longer whispered her name,
Her halo dulled, her soul aflame.
The path she knew had vanished from sight,
As she searched for the gates of Heaven's light.
Her wings, once soft as silken strands,
Now felt heavy, as though burdened by hands
That reached from shadows, pulling her down,
Telling her she'd never wear a crown.
She wondered, with each trembling breath,
Was this the beginning of her death?
Or was she meant to find, somehow,
A home within the silence now?
Yet, with every step, she tried to remember
The warmth of the sun, the glow of the ember.
But the cold grew fierce, and the darkness deep,
Her heart ached as the stars began to weep.
The angel who lost her way would roam,
Ever searching, ever alone—
Not for forgiveness, but for a place
Where she could feel Heaven's embrace.

Heaven Wept for the Ones Who Never Prayed

Heaven, once calm, now trembled with grief,
For the souls below, who found no belief.
They wandered in silence, hands raised to the sky,
But no words of prayer passed their lips as they sighed.
The angels looked on with sorrowful eyes,
As hope slipped away with the last of their cries.
God wept for the ones who never sought light,
For they were lost in the endless night.

Their hearts held no faith, no song in their chest,
Just empty spaces where love used to rest.
The prayers that were never spoken, unheard,
Were lost to the winds, no promise, no word.
Heaven reached out with arms made of gold,
But those who never prayed were too far, too cold.
Heaven's tears fell as soft as the rain,
For those whose souls could not break the chain.

A Devil's Lullaby Sung in a Holy Voice

In the quiet of night, a voice sweet and low,
Sang melodies dark where no angels would go.
It was gentle and soft, a lullaby's hum,
But the words twisted, darkened—deception had
come.

A holy voice, so pure it seemed,
But beneath the tone, corruption dreamed.
It swayed the heart, it soothed the mind,
Leading the lost where they could not find
The way back to the light, the path that was true—
A devil's lullaby sang, and they all flew.

The voice echoed through the hollow of souls,
Offering peace but taking control.
A whisper of love, a promise of grace,
But behind it, darkness wore Heaven's face.
And in the silence, the devil did smile,
For he had led them astray all the while.
A lullaby sung with a holy voice,
Leaving the broken with no other choice.

A Conversation Between a Fallen Angel and God

"I once stood beside You, cloaked in Your light,"
Said the angel, fallen, to God in the night.

"I walked through the heavens, a servant of grace,
But now I am lost, with no sacred place.

My wings were torn, my halo dimmed,
I am not the being I once had been.

Did You forget me, or was I always meant to fall?"
God's voice echoed, soft and small:

"My child, you are still mine, though you cannot see,
Even in your darkness, you are here with Me.

The heavens are not built on perfection's name,
But on the love that endures the flame.

You are not lost—just finding your way,
Through the night, into a new day."

The fallen angel trembled, then softly sighed,

"Then why do I feel as though I've died?"

God's answer was simple, yet full of weight:

"My love is eternal, and so is your fate.

You were never meant to stay in the light,

But to rise from your ashes, burning bright."

Saints with Sins Buried in Their Hearts

They wore their halos, pure and bright,
Saints on the outside, hiding their fright.
Their hands were clasped in prayer's embrace,
But in their hearts, they wore a different face.
The sins they buried, too deep to heal,
Bled out through cracks they could not conceal.
For even the holy, the ones who seemed right,
Harbored darkness that fled from the light.
In the silence of their prayers, they wept,
For the guilt they carried, the secrets they kept.
The world saw saints, but they felt the weight,
Of hidden regrets, of a twisted fate.
Their hearts, though filled with divine grace,
Were stained with shadows they could not
erase.
The saints with sins buried in their chest
Wished for redemption, a place to rest.

Wings Dipped in Ash. Not Gold

Her wings had once been golden bright,
But time had turned them gray, bereft of
light.

The ash had settled, dark as the night,
Covering her feathers, hiding her flight.
Once she soared, a symbol of grace,
Now she wandered, lost in empty space.
Her wings, dipped in ash, told a tale of
despair,

Of battles fought, of a soul laid bare.
She longed to rise, to feel the sun,
But the ashes weighed heavy, a burden
undone.

She was no longer the angel she had been,
But a shadow of light, drowned in her sin.
The gold was gone, replaced by dust,
A reminder that even angels can rust.
Her wings dipped in ash, not gold,
But her spirit burned brighter than the
stories told.

When God forgets Your Name

In the stillness, she called to the sky,
But no answer came, no reply.
She whispered her name, soft as a prayer,
But Heaven was silent, empty, bare.
Her soul trembled in the quiet of space,
For the absence of God left no trace.
Had she been forgotten, lost in time?
Her prayers had no rhythm, no reason, no rhyme.

For when God forgets your name,
The world loses its purpose, its flame.
The stars cease to shine, the earth stills its beat,
And the soul can no longer find its feet.
She cried for the absence she could not bear—
For when God forgets, who will care?

Prayers Caught in Throats

The words were there, hanging in the air,
But when they tried to speak, there was
nothing to share.

Prayers caught in throats, like birds in flight,
Trapped between hope and endless night.
The plea for mercy, the cry for grace,
Choked on the silence, lost in space.

The heavens were listening, but they could
not hear,

For the prayers were stifled by unspoken fear.
They knelt in the dark, hands pressed to the
earth,

But their voices were still, like the dying of
mirth.

The words of the broken, the cries of the lost,
Were caught in the throat, a heavy cost.
And so they waited, breathless and torn,
For the prayers to break free, to be reborn.

Holy Water That Burns

She dipped her hands in the sacred pool,
Expecting to feel peace, to be made whole.
But as the water touched her skin,
A searing pain crept deep within.
The holy water, once pure and clear,
Now burned her soul, filled her with fear.
It scalded her flesh, it reached her core,
A pain that made her cry out for more.
For the holy water had turned to flame,
And it knew her sins, knew her name.
It burned away the lies she'd kept,
The secrets buried, the promises unkept.
The holy water, once a sign of grace,
Had now become a mark of her disgrace.
It cleansed her soul, but at a cost—
For the purity of salvation was lost.



DEATH, GRIEF, AND
WHAT COMES AFTER

The Moment Before the Last Breath

In that brief, silent pause,
The world held its breath, waiting.
Time seemed to stretch, as though afraid
to end,
Each second a lingering, quiet friend.
The air felt thicker, heavy with goodbye,
A final spark in the tear-filled eye.
Everything stopped, even the heart's soft
beat,
As the moment before the last breath
greeted defeat.
The mind replayed memories, fleeting and
bright,
Of loves and laughter, of joy and light.
But the body knew what was coming next,
An eternal slumber, a final text.
And in the stillness, the soul was torn,
Torn between letting go and being reborn.
In that moment, no words could explain
The weight of all that would never remain.
And then, as the last breath slipped
through the air,
A quiet release, a whispered prayer.
The world exhaled, and life moved on,
But the moment before would forever be
gone.

Ghosts Who Never Learned How to Leave

They walk among us, unseen but near,
Shadows that linger, soaked in fear.
The ghosts who never learned how to
leave,
Bound by memories, by what they believe.
They haunt the corners of empty rooms,
Echoing their sorrow, their silent doom.
Not for vengeance, but for peace,
A longing for the restless release.
They have no form, no face, no name,
Just echoes of lives, burning with shame.
The world cannot see the weight they bear,
The broken hearts, the unsaid prayer.
These ghosts drift in the spaces between,
Tied to the past, unseen, unseen.
They never learned how to let go,
And so they wander, lost in the flow.

Mourning Someone Who's Still Alive

There is a grief that doesn't wait for death,
That settles quietly with each breath.
A mourning for someone still here,
But distant, fading, consumed by fear.
It's the silence that grows between the words,
The distance that grows with every unheard.
A person still breathing, still walking through
days,
But the light within them slowly decays.
We mourn the soul that once shone bright,
Now cloaked in shadows, lost in night.
We long for the version we used to know,
But the person is fading, slipping below.
The heart aches for what is already gone,
For the presence that has moved on.
Mourning someone still alive, we cry,
For the death of the spirit, the soul's quiet
goodbye.

A Letter to Death: Signed, Sealed, Unwelcome

Dear Death,

I write to you, but with no warm hand,
For you are an enemy I never planned.
Your presence looms like a shadow in my
heart,

A thief waiting, lurking, ready to part.

I know you come for us all, it's true,

But I am not ready to bow to you.

I plead with you to turn away,

To let me live just one more day.

You bring with you silence, cold and still,

Taking what you wish, with ruthless will.

But I will not welcome you today,

Not yet, Death—please, go away.

I've not finished living, not begun to fight,

I refuse to surrender without a fight.

So take this letter, unopened, untold,

And know that my spirit is not yet sold.

Signed,

A Soul Unwilling

Grief as a House You Live In

Grief moves in without knocking,
A silent guest, quietly stalking.
It doesn't ask for permission to stay,
But settles in, day after day.
It takes root in every corner of the mind,
A house filled with sorrow, of every kind.
The walls are lined with memories, torn,
And in the windows, hope is worn.
Each room is filled with echoes of pain,
A constant reminder of loss's reign.
The floorboards creak with unspoken
words,
And silence sings like sorrow's birds.
You live in this house, though you do not
choose,
Surrounded by grief that you cannot lose.
And though the door may one day open
wide,
Grief remains, with no place to hide.

Talking to the Dead in Dreams

In the quiet of sleep, they return,
The voices of those we've had to burn.
We speak to them in the realm of dreams,
Where the boundaries of life are not what
they seem.

They smile, they laugh, they cry once more,
As if they never walked out the door.

They tell us things they never could say,
Whispering secrets, revealing the way.

The dead don't leave us—they stay in our
sleep,

In our hearts, in the promises we keep.

Their words are soft, their presence real,

Their touch, a comfort, a soul we feel.

But when we wake, they fade like mist,

Leaving us with a lingering twist.

A conversation with the dead, they say,

Is the only way they ever stay.

What It Means to Bury a Name

To bury a name is to bury a life,
A tale of joy, of sorrow, of strife.
It's to cast aside the memories once dear,
To erase the echoes of someone near.
A name is more than words on a stone,
It's a history, a legacy, a truth unknown.
When you bury a name, you bury the past,
The love, the pain, the moments that last.
But buried beneath the earth's cold grasp,
The name still lingers, trying to clasp
Onto the winds, to the stars above,
To remind us of the ones we loved.
Yet we bury it deep, in the soil and sand,
Not realizing the name slips from our
hand.
For no one is truly forgotten—just veiled,
As names live on in hearts, unassailed.

Funeral Confessions

In the quiet of the chapel, we kneel,
As the casket is lowered, the silence real.
But the words we speak are not of love,
Not of remembrance, not of stars above.
Instead, we confess the things unsaid,
The guilt we carry for the living, the dead.
The secrets we hid, the lies we told,
The promises broken, the hearts grown cold.

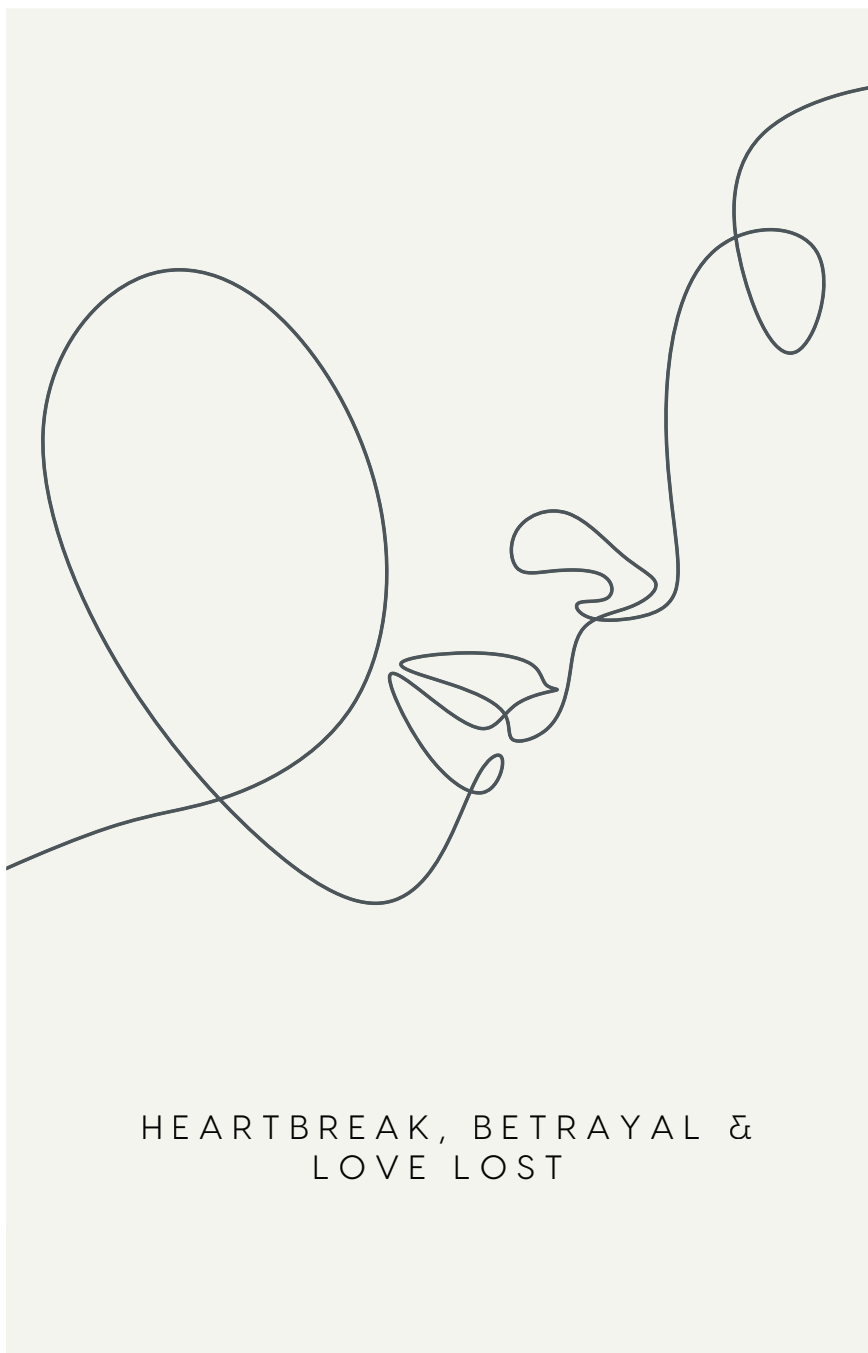
These confessions are whispered, low and weak,
A final moment to be brave, to speak.
We tell them the things we couldn't before,
The regrets we carry, the ache we ignore.
The dead don't answer, but somehow they know,
For our confessions are seeds we sow.
At funerals, we confess our pain,
To let go of the guilt, to break the chain.

The Art of Dying Slowly

Dying slowly is an art so fine,
Not a sudden fall, but a creeping line.
It's the withering of the soul, the fading
light,
The closing of eyes as day turns to night.
Each breath is a struggle, each step unsure,
As you hold on to life, but can't find the
cure.
It's not death that frightens—it's the wait,
The endless hours that accumulate fate.
To die slowly is to watch yourself change,
To see the world shift, feel so estranged.
The body weakens, the mind does too,
But still, you cling to what you knew.
It's not a choice—it's simply what is,
A path without end, a fading bliss.
The art of dying slowly is not to fear,
But to live fully until the end is near.

Eulogies Never Spoken Aloud

There are words that never find their way,
Words left unsaid, hearts led astray.
Eulogies spoken in the silence of night,
Whispered in dreams, out of sight.
We speak them in our hearts, alone and
still,
Words of love, of pain, of will.
For the ones we've lost and never could
say,
A eulogy too tender, too far away.
They are the words we never could speak,
The ones left undone, the ones too weak.
But in the quiet, they rise like a prayer,
Hanging in the air, floating in the air.
Eulogies never spoken aloud,
But forever carried in the shroud.
A tribute to the lost, the ones we've known,
In hearts that ache, in silence, alone.



HEARTBREAK, BETRAYAL &
LOVE LOST

Kissing Someone While Mourning Them

Your lips, cold but familiar,
Press against mine like a whisper,
As if you were still here, still breathing,
But your absence fills the space we're meeting.

A kiss shared in the silence of goodbye,
Where love is a ghost that refuses to die.
I mourn you with each tender touch,
Kissing the memory of you, so much.

I kiss the person who isn't anymore,
Who's gone beyond the life we swore.
The kiss is both a love and a sorrow,
A farewell that won't reach tomorrow.
And though you're not here, I still feel you,
In every soft breath, in every hue.

I kiss you while mourning, both in one,
As love lingers, though you are undone.

Love Letters Never Sent

I wrote to you in the quiet of night,
Pouring my heart out, with all my might.
Words spilled like ink from a broken pen,
But I never dared to send them then.
The letter was full of things unspoken,
Of love, of pain, of dreams broken.
I folded it gently, sealed with care,
But never once did I send it, I swear.
It sat in the drawer, collecting dust,
A symbol of everything I couldn't trust.
A love that couldn't find its way,
A heart that couldn't learn to stay.
So those letters remain unsent,
A final goodbye, a bitter lament.
Love, forever trapped in written lines,
In a letter that will never be mine.

A Heart Split by Silence

In the space between words, I felt it break,
The quiet growing louder with every ache.
A heart that once beat with passion and
fire,

Now split by silence, drowning in desire.

No words to heal, no hands to hold,
Just the echoes of a love grown cold.

Each second passed in hushed dismay,
As the silence took more of me away.

I longed for the sound of your voice,
But silence was all I had to rejoice.

My heart, once full, now cracked in two,
Divided by the silence, lost from you.

A love that never had the chance to speak,
Now shattered, broken, forever weak.

And in that silence, I learned to weep,
A heart split apart, too deep to keep.

When Love Is a Slow Poison

Love, at first, is sweet like wine,
But over time, it begins to decline.
A slow poison, creeping inside,
Turning everything we once held with
pride.

At first, it feels like a tender touch,
But soon it burns, and hurts too much.
Every whisper becomes a sting,
Every promise a broken string.
It lingers in the veins, silent but true,
A toxin I can't escape from you.
Love that once healed now causes pain,
A poison coursing through my veins.
But still, I stay, though it hurts to breathe,
For in your love, I can't believe.
When love is a slow poison, we die,
But never once do we ask why.

Building Homes in People Who Burned You

I built homes in you, with walls so high,
Not realizing you'd be the one to say
goodbye.
I filled each room with trust and care,
Not knowing you'd leave without a prayer.
The foundation was love, the roof was
hope,
But you tore it down, like a fragile rope.
I let you in, without a doubt,
But you burned the house, inside and out.
Now I rebuild, but not with you,
For I've learned to build alone, it's true.
You may have burned me, but I will rise,
Creating new homes under different skies.
The pain is real, the scars will stay,
But I won't let your fire have its way.
I'll build again, with a heart that's free,
And no one will burn the homes built by
me.

Betrayal That Wore a Familiar Face

You looked like love, you felt like trust,
But in your hands, my heart turned to dust.
Betrayal wore a familiar face,
A mask I couldn't see in time or place.
You smiled, you held me close,
And then you left me, hurting the most.
The face I loved became my jail,
And in your eyes, I saw betrayal prevail.
You wore your lies like a second skin,
A disguise that let the darkness in.
I thought I knew you, I thought you cared,
But in the end, I was unprepared.
Betrayal wears the faces we love,
Hiding the scars we never think of.
And though you hurt me, I will survive,
For I've learned that love can be a lie.

Flowers That Bloomed From Pain

From the soil of suffering, flowers grew,
Petals soft, with a painful hue.
Each bloom born from the ache inside,
The tears I shed, the times I cried.
Pain, it seems, is a fertile ground,
Where the seeds of beauty are found.
Through the hurt, the love took root,
And from my pain, these flowers shoot.
Each petal tells a story, a song,
Of where I've been, where I belong.
The thorns remind me of battles fought,
The flowers bloom from lessons taught.
From pain, I've learned to rise above,
To let my heart grow, to hold on to love.
The flowers that bloom from pain,
Are the ones that keep me whole again.

Loving Someone Who Leaves Like Clockwork

You left, but only for a moment,
And yet, you left like clockwork—silent,
potent.

A steady rhythm, a predictable beat,
Each time you left, I felt the defeat.
Like a clock that ticks but never stops,
Your absence was always set in drops.
I learned the hours, the days, the signs,
Of when you'd leave, of when you'd be
mine.

But you always left, like clockwork time,
Each goodbye, each reason, so sublime.
I loved you deeply, with all I had,
But you left me always, a little sad.
Your love was fleeting, a passing hour,
Leaving me helpless, without power.
I loved you, though you never stayed,
For you left like clockwork—always
delayed.

The Echo of "I Love You" *in an Empty Room*

I said "I love you," and the words hung
there,
An echo bouncing in the empty air.
The room was silent, nothing replied,
Just the sound of love that couldn't hide.
It lingered in the corners, soft and clear,
But no one was there to truly hear.
The words fell flat, with no one near,
And yet, I felt them everywhere, here.
The echo of "I love you" stayed behind,
A shadow that clung, a voice confined.
It filled the space, but not the heart,
A love unreturned, torn apart.
In an empty room, love can still be true,
But the echo is all that's left of you.
And though the words may fade with time,
They remain in the echo, forever in rhyme.

Writing Poems for the One Who Broke You

I write these words for you, for the pain you gave,
For the love you took, for the soul you saved.
But more for the heart that you left to bleed,
For the poems you'll never read, for the need.
I write these verses to remember you,
To capture the hurt, the love I knew.
The words are ink, but the wounds are real,
A way to cope, a way to feel.
You broke me once, and I broke myself,
Putting my heart upon a dusty shelf.
But still, I write, for healing's sake,
For the lessons learned, for the break.
These poems, they tell the truth you denied,
The love we had, the pain we tried.
I write for the one who never knew,
That love could break, but still, it grew.



*Mental Health &
Emotional Labyrinths*

Panic Attacks in Public Bathrooms

The walls echo with silence,
Only the hum of fluorescent lights,
I stand alone, fingers trembling,
As the world blurs in a rush of fright.
The cold sink beneath my hands,
The mirror shows a face I don't recognize,
A stranger with panic in her eyes,
Caught in a storm that never dies.
The air feels thick, too tight,
A pressure I can't outrun or fight.
The stall, my only refuge,
But even here, my heart's confused.
Breaths shallow, body shaking,
In this small room, I am breaking.
Panic, the unseen beast I face,
A battle fought in this confined space.

Depression as a Lover You Can't Leave

You hold me close, a tender grip,
Whispering that I will never slip
From your arms, no matter how I try.
I look for a way to say goodbye,
But you are the shadow that stays near,
A lover I can never truly fear.
Your touch is cold, yet I still crave,
The comfort of your dark, silent wave.
You know my soul like no other,
Telling me I need you, like a mother.
You lull me into moments of rest,
But in your hold, I am never blessed.
I want to run, to flee, to leave,
But you tie me down, make me believe,
That I am nothing without your weight,
A lover I cannot escape.

Anxiety is a roommate with No Rent

You don't pay for your stay,
But you live here every day.
Uninvited, you've made your home,
I'm never alone, never free to roam.
You steal my space, my time, my air,
You don't ask, you just stand there.
I try to evict you, but you laugh,
You know I can't force you to leave—
You just linger, even when I grieve.
Your presence is constant, always near,
Filling my room with doubts and fear.
You don't knock, you don't announce,
You just enter and you pounce.
I wish I could kick you out, shut the door,
But you know how to settle the score.
Anxiety, you don't pay rent,
Yet you take more than you ever meant.

OCD Rituals That feel Like Prayers

I touch the door, not once, not twice,
But thrice, to make sure I've done it right.
The motions, the patterns, the quiet demand,
They pull me into their tight command.
Like prayers, I repeat the words in my head,
Hoping they'll bring peace, or the dread will
spread.

The rituals are whispers in my soul,
Trying to make me feel in control.
But control is a lie I can never keep,
The rituals drag me deeper into the deep.
Each step is a promise I must fulfill,
Or face the guilt that sits too still.
These patterns, these prayers, both a burden
and release,
In the quiet of my mind, they bring no peace.
Just a cycle that won't let go,
A love for the routine I cannot show.

The Weight of Invisible Wounds

I carry scars no one can see,
A burden wrapped in mystery.
Invisible wounds, deep in my chest,
A heart that hasn't learned to rest.
The world sees me smile, walk, and talk,
But inside, I'm learning how to walk the walk.

The weight is heavy, a silent pain,
A story written in my brain.
I try to share, but no one hears,
The ache, the sorrow, the hidden fears.
I wear my mask, and I wear it well,
But beneath the surface, I dwell in hell.
Invisible wounds, they don't heal fast,
They stay with me, they make me last.
Yet no one knows the weight I bear,
The silent cries I learn to wear.

Journals filled with Things I Couldn't Say

The pages are full of words unsaid,
Of thoughts I keep in my aching head.
The ink flows, but not for you,
For you'll never read the truth I knew.
The journal holds my deepest fears,
The whispers of unspoken years.
I write to release, to let it out,
But the words are caught, filled with doubt.
I couldn't say them to your face,
So I pour them here, in this quiet space.
The pages are filled with hurt and ache,
Each sentence, a tear, each word a break.
I write because I cannot speak,
These words are the ones that make me weak.
But in this journal, I find my voice,
A place where I can finally make a choice.

A Mind That Won't Stop Screaming

The noise is constant, loud and raw,
A never-ending, crushing war.
Thoughts collide, crash and burn,
Each one pushing for its turn.
My mind, a battlefield of sound,
Where peace is lost, never found.
The screams are mine, but not my own,
Voices echo, I feel alone.
I try to silence them, to fight the roar,
But they keep coming back for more.
My mind, a maze with no escape,
A prison where I can't reshape.
Screaming, shouting, pounding, tearing,
A mind that's tired, but never wearing.
The noise won't stop, it has no end,
A screaming mind, my constant friend.

The Numbness of Existing

I wake up, but I don't feel awake,
Just going through motions, for my own
sake.

The world moves around me, bright and
loud,

But inside, I stand beneath a cloud.

I exist, but it's all a blur,

A hollow space, a mind unsure.

The colors are dull, the sounds are faint,
Life, a picture that's too late.

I move like a shadow, no heart, no fire,
No joy, no passion, no real desire.

The numbness is heavy, but it's what I
know,

A constant companion wherever I go.

I feel nothing, and it feels like everything,
An emptiness, where once I could sing.

I exist, but in a world that's blind,

A numbing weight, dragging me behind.

When Therapy Isn't Enough

I sit in silence, the words don't come,
A mind too heavy, too far from home.
Therapy offers a listening ear,
But the wounds are deep, the pain too
clear.

I speak, but nothing seems to stick,
The healing process, so slow, so thick.
I try to move forward, but I stay behind,
Stuck in a place I can't unwind.

The sessions end, but the weight remains,
The mental chains, the invisible strains.
Therapy offers tools, but I feel no change,
Just a sense that I'm out of range.

I want to heal, to let it go,
But sometimes, the pain refuses to show.
When therapy isn't enough, I fight alone,
In a battle with shadows, far from home.

Smiling to Survive

I smile, but it's not for you,
It's a mask I wear to make it through.
The world expects me to be strong,
But inside, something feels so wrong.
I smile to hide the tears I've cried,
To convince the world that I'm still alive.
The smile is a shield, a defense,
A way to cover the pain, the immense.
But inside, I'm falling apart,
A fractured soul, a broken heart.
I smile to survive, to make it through,
Hoping that one day, I'll feel true.
But for now, I wear the grin,
And hide the storm that's raging within.
Smiling to survive, it's all I know,
Until the day I can let it go.



TIME, MEMORY, AND NOSTALGIA

Time as a Thief

Time doesn't ask permission;
It steals without a sound,
Taking moments that you thought were
yours,
Turning them into nothing profound.
The clock ticks with a silent smirk,
A reminder of what's slipping by,
A thief in the night, unseen, unheard,
Until one day, you realize it's gone.
The laughter of youth, the moments of joy,
Taken before you could say goodbye.
You thought you had more, just a little
more,
But time is a thief, and it's never poor.
It leaves behind nothing but memories,
And you're left with the cost of what you
could not keep.
The hands of the clock don't care what
they've stolen,
They only care that they keep on rolling.

A Memory That Won't Let Go

Some memories are like a vice,
Clinging tightly with cold hands.
They won't let go, no matter how hard you fight,
They live in the corners of your mind,
Haunting you with whispers, echoes, and sand.
The past doesn't fade, it clings and it stays,
A shadow on the walls, chasing your gaze.
You try to leave, to let it slip away,
But it finds its way back to your heart each day.
You can't run from a memory that won't let go,
It stays like a wound that won't heal or show.
The faces, the words, the moments you wish to
forget,
They come back like a song you can't regret.
It holds on tight, won't let you be free,
A ghost that's part of you, part of your history.
It doesn't care how much you've grown,
It only cares that it's never alone.

Reminding the Best Parts Until They're Worn

How many times can you press rewind,
To relive the moments you've left behind?
You replay the laughter, the love, the light,
Hoping the past will make you feel right.
But each time you turn back, it slips a little
more,
The beauty fades, the magic's no longer pure.
You try to keep it alive, to hold it tight,
But with every replay, it dims out of sight.
The best parts were never meant to last,
But you want to keep them, to make them
your past.
You rewind, rewind, until it's gone,
Until the memory is nothing but a song.
You've worn it thin, the joy once bright,
Now it's a shadow, lost in the fight.
But even though it's faded and worn,
You keep rewinding, holding on to what's
torn.

Growing Older with Regrets

Each year passes with a quiet sigh,
The days stack up as time slips by.
And with each turn of the page, you see
The dreams that never came to be.
Regrets pile high like dust in the air,
Mistakes you can't take back, moments unfair.
You wish you'd spoken, or stayed behind,
Or taken a chance when the door was open
wide.
Growing older isn't just about age,
It's the weight of the choices you didn't engage.
The roads you didn't walk, the words you never
said,
The paths you never took, the tears you never
shed.
Regret doesn't have a voice, but it's loud,
It haunts the quiet moments, makes you feel
proud—
Proud of your courage, proud of your fight,
But also wishing you'd made a different choice
that night.

Childhood Ghosts

They're not really ghosts, not the kind that haunt,
But the memories that follow, the things you can't
confront.

The playgrounds you left, the swings that still
creak,

The whispers of days you thought you'd never
seek.

Childhood ghosts are the quietest kind,
They linger in the corners of your mind.
A shadow that waits, a part of your soul,
A part of the story that never grows old.
The laughter, the games, the innocence lost,
All of it comes with a heavy cost.

You carry it with you, a piece of your past,
A memory of when you felt alive at last.
But childhood ghosts don't let you forget,
They remind you of everything you haven't met.
They live in the spaces where you once ran free,
Now bound to you, part of your history.

Photographs That Lie

A photograph is a frozen lie,
A moment held, but it doesn't try
To capture the tears or the silent cries,
It only shows the perfect skies.
The smiles are bright, the faces aglow,
But behind the lens, there's so much more
to know.

The stories untold, the pain you hid,
The things you never thought you'd bid.
Photographs lie because they don't show
The complexity of what we truly know.
The smiles mask the battles fought,
The moments where we lost the plot.
A photograph is a mask we wear,
But it never shows the weight we bear.
It captures a second, but not the truth,
It's only a reminder of lost youth.

A Clock That Ticks in Reverse

What if time could move the other way,
To rewind the hours, the night, the day?
Would you go back, change all you've done,
Or leave the past as the setting sun?

A clock that ticks in reverse doesn't bring
peace,

It's a reminder of what we can't release.

The mistakes, the regrets, the things we've
done,

They keep returning, no place to run.

Tick by tick, the seconds slip away,

But in reverse, we wish to stay.

To relive the good and undo the bad,

But a clock that moves backwards makes you
mad.

You can't change the things that are done,

But the past has a way of calling you, just for
fun.

A clock that ticks in reverse is no gift,

It only makes you ache, it only makes you
drift.

The Year That Changed Everything

There's one year you'll never forget,
The year everything came into debt.
The year that turned your world upside down,
When everything you knew turned to a frown.
It's marked in your heart, it's etched in your soul,
A time when you lost all control.
It was the moment things stopped feeling right,
When everything you trusted took flight.
That year, you learned what it meant to break,
What it meant to hurt, what it meant to ache.
The year that changed everything about you,
The year when your dreams became too few.
But in the wreckage, there was something more —
A strength you didn't know you had before.
The year that changed everything, for better or worse,
Is the year that makes you who you are, for better or worse.

If I Could Freeze One Second

If I could freeze one second in time,
I'd hold it close, make it mine.
The world would stop, the chaos would fade,
And in that moment, I'd find my shade.
A moment of peace, a breath of air,
Where everything feels like it's finally fair.
But which second would I choose to keep?
The one where I laughed, the one where I
wept?
If I could freeze just one fleeting glance,
I'd choose the moment when I had my
chance—
To say what I never did, to be who I couldn't
be,
To pause the world and just be free.
But seconds slip by, they never stay,
And time keeps moving, taking it away.
But if I could freeze one moment, one tiny
space,
It would be the one that showed me grace.

Days That Never End in Your Mind

There are days that never leave,
They linger long after you grieve.
The hours stretch, the minutes crawl,
And the day doesn't end at all.
It stays with you like a heavy weight,
A reminder of your twisted fate.
The mind doesn't know how to let go,
So the days repeat, and the memories flow.
They circle back, they never stop,
The clock keeps ticking, but the pain won't
drop.
You can't escape the mental maze,
The thoughts are stuck, lost in a haze.
The days never end because you can't
break free,
You're trapped in a loop of what used to
be.
And though the sun sets, the day remains,
A never-ending dance of mental chains.



*love story secret
in the night*

Healing, Scars, and Sin

. Skin That Remembers Pain

The skin is a map, a canvas of grief,
Each scar etched deep, a silent belief.
It remembers the battles, the tears, the
fight,

It holds the memories of every night.
No matter how far you run, it stays,
Whispering of wounds in quiet ways.
It doesn't forget the weight you carried,
The words you never said, the love you
buried.

Every mark is a story untold,
A chapter of pain, both young and old.
Your skin wears it all, like a second skin,
The scars are where you've been.
You try to move forward, to let it go,
But your skin remembers what you don't
show.

The healing isn't just from the inside,
It's the skin that feels it, that can never
hide.

Scars as Survival Stories

Scars are not just wounds that never healed,
They're stories of survival, of battles sealed.
Each one a testament to what you've been
through,

A mark of strength, not weakness, but the
truth.

They tell of the wars you fought alone,
Of the nights you cried but still made it
home.

Each line carved deep is a victory cry,
A reminder that you lived, that you didn't die.
The scars on your skin are badges of honor,
Telling the world how you've grown stronger.
They're reminders of the pain you survived,
Of the times you fell but still thrived.

They're not to be ashamed of, nor to hide,
They're proof that you're still alive.

Scars aren't flaws, they're your battle cries,
Your survival stories, your will to rise.

Healing in Secret

Healing isn't always loud or clear,
Sometimes it's quiet, hidden in fear.
It's the nights you cry in solitude,
The moments you face the darkest mood.
No one sees the battle, the fight within,
The quiet wars that no one wins.
You heal in secret, under the guise of
smiles,
While inside, you're walking endless miles.
There's no applause, no recognition won,
Just the silence of what's been undone.
You stitch yourself together in the dark,
Filling the spaces with a fragile spark.
Healing isn't always a show to be seen,
It's the strength you carry when you're
unseen.
And in the quiet, you rebuild, you grow,
No one knows, but they don't have to
know.

Loving the Broken Parts

We are not perfect, not whole, not neat,
We carry the cracks beneath our feet.
But in those broken places, there's beauty
untold,
A rawness that turns into something bold.
Loving the broken parts isn't a curse,
It's accepting the mess, for better or worse.
The jagged edges, the sharp, the scarred,
Are what make us who we are.
There's strength in the brokenness,
strength in the cracks,
In the way we've weathered, in the scars
we've packed.
To love the broken parts is to see the truth,
That all we've been through is the gift of
youth.
We are not perfect, but we are real,
And in that brokenness, we begin to heal.
So, embrace the cracks, the tears, the pain,
For in them lies a beauty that will remain.

What I've Learned From Falling Apart

I've learned that falling isn't the end,
It's where you begin to finally mend.
When you break, you learn to rebuild,
To pick up the pieces, your strength fulfilled.
I've learned that it's okay to fall,
That sometimes breaking is a part of it all.
You find yourself in the cracks and breaks,
In the shattered pieces, in the heart that aches.

Falling apart isn't weakness, it's growth,
It's the courage to start again, to take an oath.
I've learned that pain is a teacher, not a foe,
It shows you what you're capable of, how you grow.

When you fall, you rise with new sight,
And the broken parts begin to ignite.
I've learned that falling apart is just the start,
Of a journey to heal, to rebuild your heart.

Bandaging Invisible Bruises

There are bruises you can't see,
Ones that hurt silently, quietly.
They don't show on your skin,
But they're there, buried deep within.
You cover them with smiles, with words,
But inside, they speak like unheard birds.
The invisible bruises, they stay with you,
And you bandage them with courage, too.
You can't see the cuts, the pain in the soul,
But you try to hide it, to make yourself whole.
You bandage them with strength, with pride,
Hoping that no one sees what's inside.
The bruises may not show, but they're real,
And the healing takes time, but it's how you
feel.
So you wrap them in silence, in hidden grace,
And keep moving forward, at your own pace.

A Heart That Keeps Beating Anyway

Your heart doesn't stop, even when it's broken,

It beats through the pain, never unspoken.

Through the heartache, the sorrow, the tears,

It keeps on going, despite the fears.

Even when you feel like giving up,

Your heart continues to fill your cup.

It beats for the moments you're yet to find,

It beats for the future, leaving the past behind.

A heart that keeps beating is a quiet warrior,

A reminder that you're stronger than you think,

That even in the storm, you can still survive,

Because your heart is determined to stay alive.

No matter how many times you've been torn,

Your heart keeps beating, it keeps you reborn.

It refuses to stop, it refuses to break,

It keeps you going, for your own sake.

Surviving Yourself

Sometimes, the hardest battle is the one within,

The fight against the thoughts, the doubts, the sin.

Surviving yourself is a quiet fight,
A war with your mind that keeps you up at night.

You question everything you've ever known,
You wonder if you're meant to be alone.
But in surviving yourself, you find your grace,

The courage to continue, to face the race.
It's not easy to fight the enemy inside,
To face the parts of you that you try to hide.
But in surviving yourself, you become whole,
You learn to heal, you learn to take control.
It's not about perfection, it's about survival,
It's the strength to keep going, even in denial.

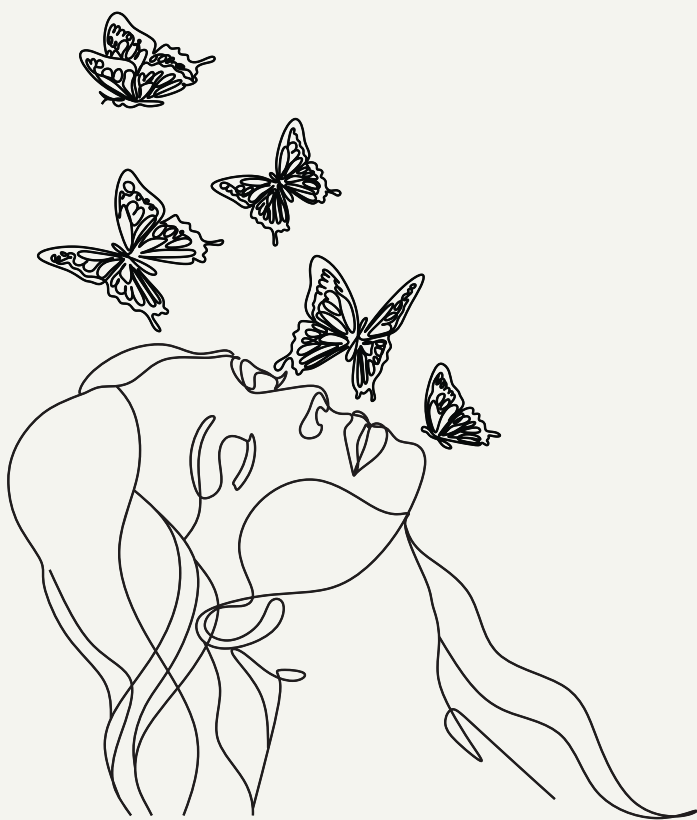
To survive yourself is the ultimate feat,
And in doing so, you make yourself complete.

Recovery is Not Linear

Recovery isn't a straight line,
It's a spiral, a curve, a design.
Some days you move forward with grace,
Other days you fall, lose the race.
It's not a climb, it's a dance,
A back-and-forth, a constant chance.
Some steps are slow, some steps are fast,
And you wonder if the healing will last.
Recovery isn't smooth, it's full of doubt,
It's about picking yourself up, when you're
knocked out.
Some days you'll feel like you've made a
leap,
Other days, you'll feel buried, too deep.
But the path is yours, and it's uniquely
your own,
With every setback, you're still not alone.
Recovery is not linear, but it's real,
And every step you take, you start to heal.

Rebuilding After the Wreckage

After the storm, after the fight,
After the wreckage, you see the light.
The pieces are scattered, the road is unclear,
But you pick them up, despite the fear.
Rebuilding isn't easy, it takes time,
But it's how you grow, how you climb.
Each broken part is a lesson learned,
Each scar is a page that you've earned.
You rebuild the foundation with shaky hands,
But you build it stronger, with new plans.
The wreckage may haunt, it may sting,
But it's through the wreckage that you learn
to sing.
Rebuilding is messy, it's never clean,
But in the end, you'll find what it means.
Through the wreckage, you rise and stand,
Stronger than you ever thought you'd land.



EXISTENTIAL, COSMIC &
SURREAL THEMES

A Universe Inside My Ribs

Inside my ribs, there is a galaxy,
A swirling, silent mystery.
Each breath is a comet, each heartbeat a star,
Floating through space, near and far.
I carry a universe no one can see,
A cosmos that lives inside of me.
It's filled with secrets, dreams, and light,
A place where darkness and brilliance collide.
The stars burn bright in the hollow of my
chest,
A universe that will never rest.
The constellations form patterns, lost in time,
A space where silence echoes, divine.
I am the galaxy, the black holes, the sky,
And within me, the stars never die.
A universe inside my ribs, beating strong,
A place where I belong, where I've always
been wrong.

Stars That Blink Out When No One's Watching

There are stars in the sky that fade away,
Blinking out, like whispers that don't stay.
They shine for a moment, then cease to glow,
A silent departure, no one will know.
They are the dreams that slip through your
grasp,
The words you wanted to say, but they pass.
Stars that blink out, unnoticed, unkind,
Leaving no trace, no memory to find.
In the vastness of the universe, they
disappear,
Like the moments we forget, year after year.
They flicker and die when no eyes are there,
A light that once shone, now no longer cares.
But somewhere, someone remembers their
fire,
The flicker that once sparked their desire.
Even when unseen, they still exist,
Stars that blink out, in a quiet mist.

Dreaming of Lives I'll Never Live

I dream of lives I'll never lead,
Of places I'll never go, where I'll never
succeed.

I see myself in worlds I'll never touch,
In hearts I'll never know, in hands I'll never
clutch.

In these dreams, I'm free, I'm someone else,
A person I could've been, a different self.
I walk through the streets of another time,
In a world that feels like it's mine.

But the dream fades when I wake,
Leaving behind a heartache I can't shake.

I can never reach those distant shores,
Or open those ever-unseen doors.

I'll never be the person I dream to be,
But in my sleep, I live them all, wild and free.
These lives I'll never live, they're just a trace,
A shadow of who I could've been in another
place.

Floating Through a Void with a Heartbeat

I float through a void, weightless and still,
A place between time, an endless chill.
There's no up, no down, just silence and
space,
No horizon, no ground, no familiar face.
But within me, I feel the beat,
A steady rhythm, a pulse so sweet.
It's my heartbeat, my only guide,
A lifeline that keeps me from the tide.
In this void, I am nothing and everything,
A paradox in which I long to sing.
But all that echoes is my pulse, my song,
A sound that keeps me moving along.
I float through the dark, I drift in the
unknown,
But my heartbeat is the one thing I've ever
known.
And as long as it beats, I'm not truly lost,
For the rhythm keeps me alive, no matter
the cost.

Parallel Universes Where We Stayed

In another life, in another space,
There's a version of us in a different place.
In parallel universes, we never left,
We stayed where the love was, untouched,
bereft.

No time pulled us apart, no paths diverged,
We lingered together, where hearts emerged.
In these universes, we're still holding hands,
Walking through life, making our plans.
In every timeline, a world exists,
Where we're not separated, where love
persists.

I see the echoes of what could have been,
A life where we're never caught in between.
But here, in this one, we had to part,
Leaving only remnants of a broken heart.
But somewhere, in those endless skies,
There's a universe where we never say
goodbye.

If Souls Had Colors

If souls had colors, mine would be blue,
A deep, dark hue that speaks of the true.
A shade that carries the weight of the past,
But also holds hope, even when it's vast.
It would shimmer like the twilight sky,
Soft, yet brilliant, where the dreams lie.
It would swirl with stories untold,
Of pain and love, both young and old.
Some souls are red, fiery and bright,
Filled with passion, burning with light.
Others are green, full of growth, full of
peace,
A gentle calm that will never cease.
If souls had colors, what would yours be?
Would it be the fire or the tranquility?
Each soul would paint the world with its
hue,
A masterpiece, both old and new.

A Galaxy That Grieves

There is a galaxy that grieves,
A space of stars and silent eves.
Its constellations are dimmed with sorrow,
A mourning for a lost tomorrow.
The nebulae are tinged with tears,
And the planets spin in quiet fears.
A galaxy that grieves, lost in time,
Its endless orbit feels like a crime.
The black holes whisper of what's been
gone,
A light that once shone, now withdrawn.
And in the silence, the stars fade slow,
As if they, too, have learned to know,
That grief is not just human, it's the sky's,
The stars carry sorrow, as time flies.
A galaxy that grieves, endlessly so,
In the silence of space, where no one will
know.

Conversations with the Moon

I sit beneath the moon's cold light,
And have conversations deep into the night.
I tell it of my pain, my doubt, my fears,
And in return, it listens, through the years.
Its glow is quiet, soft, and wise,
A silver comfort in the darkened skies.
The moon speaks in whispers, ancient and kind,
Its words are gentle, its thoughts refined.
I speak of love, of loss, of time,
Of dreams that vanished, of reasons to climb.
And the moon responds with a knowing smile,
"Keep going, dear one, it's all worthwhile."
We talk of life, of what's to come,
Of places we'll go when the day is done.
The moon is a friend, a companion, too,
Always there, watching as I view.

Being Born Again in Another Timeline

In another timeline, I am born again,
A different me, a different end.
I walk the earth in new shoes, new skin,
But the same soul, the same within.
I make new choices, take new roads,
Carrying the weight of forgotten codes.
A life reborn, but never really new,
For I am still the me I always knew.
In this new life, I learn again,
The lessons of love, of loss, of pain.
I meet new faces, but I feel the same,
As though my past has left its name.
I wonder if the me I was will return,
If the same mistakes will still burn.
In another timeline, I live again,
But I am the same, just in a different name.

Gravity as Heartbreak

Gravity pulls us down to earth,
But love pulls us apart, for all it's worth.
It tugs and twists, like a rope tied tight,
Making it harder to escape the night.
Heartbreak is like gravity's force,
It drags you down, with no remorse.
You try to rise, you try to fight,
But gravity keeps you in its sight.
When love leaves, you feel the pull,
A weight on your chest, an empty lull.
You fall, you stumble, you lose your grace,
Trying to outrun the earth's embrace.
But gravity is cruel, it never lets go,
And you're pulled back to what you know.
Heartbreak is gravity, unyielding and true,
A force that keeps you grounded, too.



IDENTITY, BELONGING, AND BEING
HUMAN

The Mask I Never Take Off

I wear a mask that no one sees,
A façade built on silent pleas.
It hides the cracks, the tears, the lies,
A mask that shields my aching eyes.
No one knows what's beneath the skin,
The struggles, the battles I never win.
I smile, I laugh, I fit the mold,
But inside, I'm growing cold.
The mask is a part of me now,
It's shaped to fit, and I don't know how.
I've worn it so long, it's become my face,
A disguise I wear in this endless race.
I don't remember who I am without it,
The mask is my shield, my only wit.
And though it hides the hurt, the pain,
I wear it every day, again and again.

When Your Name Doesn't Feel Like Yours

My name doesn't feel like mine,
It's a sound that slips through time.
A word that echoes but doesn't fit,
A label that's been placed, but I don't admit.
It doesn't carry the weight of who I am,
Just a syllable, a distant plan.
When they call me, it feels out of place,
A stranger's voice, a forgotten face.
I look at myself and wonder why,
This name doesn't make me feel alive.
It's a word that's been passed down through
years,
But it doesn't capture my hopes or fears.
Who am I, if not the name I wear?
A soul lost in a world that doesn't care.
My name doesn't feel like me,
Just a word, a chain, a distant plea.

Trying to Explain Yourself to Yourself

I stand in front of the mirror,
And try to explain what I don't even know.
The words catch in my throat, they falter,
As if the truth is just too much to show.
Who am I today? What am I feeling?
The reflection stares back, always
concealing.

I try to put myself into words,
But I can't even grasp the right verbs.
I try to explain myself to myself,
But the answers are lost on a dusty shelf.
I search for clarity, for peace, for truth,
But the answers remain out of reach, aloof.
Maybe one day, I'll find the key,
To unlock the door and finally be free.
But for now, I'm stuck in this endless fight,
Trying to explain myself in the dead of
night.

A Stranger in Your Own Skin

I walk through the world in a body I don't know,
A stranger in my own skin, feeling low.
It doesn't fit, it doesn't belong,
A shell that's cracked, but keeps me strong.
I look in the mirror, but I don't see me,
Just a reflection that's distant, lost at sea.
I'm here, but I'm not, it's all unclear,
The body I live in feels so near, yet so far, so severe.

I move through life like an echo,
A shadow of someone I don't quite show.
The skin is mine, but the soul's adrift,
Trying to catch the pieces, trying to shift.
I wonder if I'll ever feel whole,
Or if I'm forever a stranger in my own soul.
But I keep going, keep moving, keep fighting,
A stranger in my skin, but never resigning.

Identity Stitched with Other People's Threads

My identity is woven with other hands,
Threads stitched together by distant strands.
I am the sum of what they've said,
The expectations, the dreams they've fed.
I wear their hopes, their fears, their desires,
A patchwork quilt that never tires.
But is it me, or is it them?
Who am I, lost in this web of them?
The threads are fine, they're woven tight,
But inside, I'm still searching for light.
I wonder if I can cut the seams,
And build an identity from my own dreams.
Can I unravel what they've sewn,
And discover the person I've never known?
Or will I always be the product of others'
schemes,
Stitched together with their hopes and dreams?

Who Am I When No One Is Looking?

When the world is silent, when no one is near,
Who am I, without the mask, without the
cheer?

Am I the person I've learned to pretend?
Or someone else, whose truth has no end?
In the quiet, I wonder if I'll ever see,
The real me, the one that's meant to be.
I am more than the roles I've played,
More than the smile, more than the charade.

When no one is looking, who do I become?
A reflection of myself, or just undone?
Who am I when the noise fades away,
When there's no need to act, to pretend, to
stay?

In the silence, I search for my name,
To find myself, beyond the fame.
But sometimes, I fear I'll never know,
Who I truly am when I'm alone, alone below.

Culture as Both Cage and Crown

My culture is both a cage and crown,
A legacy I wear, but sometimes drown.
It lifts me high, it binds me tight,
A gift, a curse, a constant fight.
It teaches me the ways of my kin,
But also locks me out, makes me spin.
The crown is heavy, the cage is small,
And I wonder if I'll ever break free at all.
It tells me who I am, but not who I could
be,
A mix of tradition and modernity.
The weight is a burden, but it's also my
pride,
A heritage I can't cast aside.
Culture is both my strength and my pain,
A crown that shines, a cage that chains.
I carry it with love, but also with grief,

Not Enough For Either Side

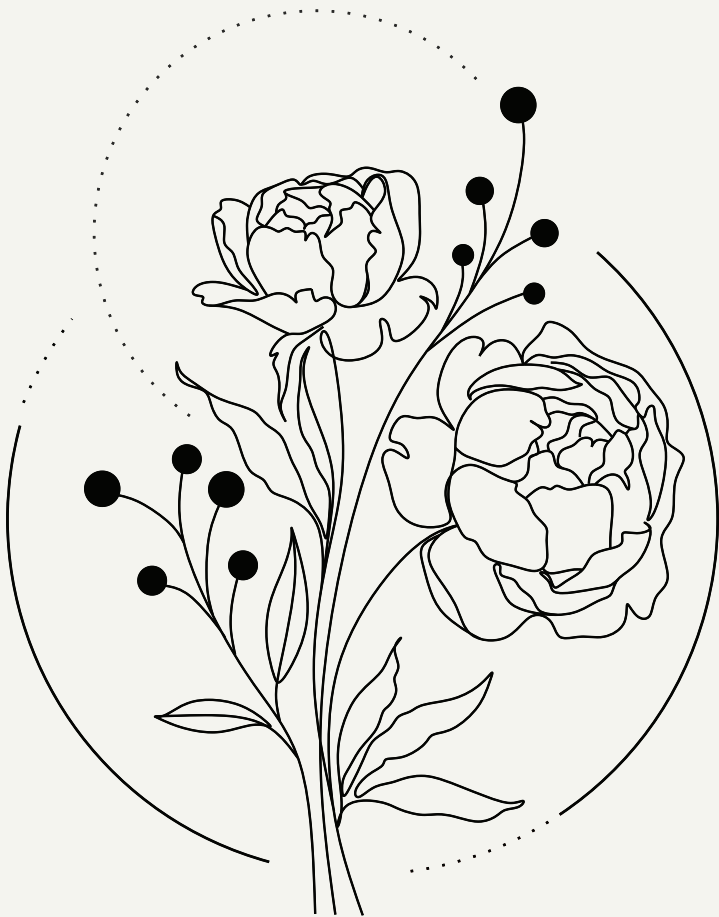
I stand between two worlds, never quite
whole,
Not enough for either side, lost in the role.
One calls me home, but I don't quite fit,
The other pulls me, but I can't commit.
I'm too much of this, too little of that,
Caught in the spaces where I fall flat.
I try to belong, but don't know where,
Not enough for them, but they don't care.
I'm neither here nor there, just in between,
Too many pieces that don't convene.
I speak their words, but they don't listen,
I wear their skin, but it's still missin'.
Not enough for one, not enough for the
other,
I stand alone, like no one's brother.
I am both and neither, caught in the tide,
Not enough for either, but nowhere to
hide.

The Pieces I Hide

There are pieces of me I'll never show,
Fragments of myself I keep below.
They are the parts I keep locked away,
The things I fear will make me stray.
They are the thoughts that feel too dark,
The scars I carry, a secret mark.
I hide them well, in places deep,
So no one can see, so no one can weep.
But they are still there, they never fade,
Pieces of me in the shadows laid.
And though I try to bury them,
They always rise again, like a gem.
The pieces I hide, they're part of me,
But they're not for the world to see.
I carry them in silence, in secret, in pain,
The pieces I hide, they remain.

Becoming a Mosaic of Survival

I am a mosaic of all I've endured,
Pieces of pain, pieces of love, all obscured.
Each crack, each chip, each broken part,
Tells the story of a battered heart.
But in the fragments, I've found my way,
Building strength from the price I've paid.
The pieces don't fit, but they make me
whole,
A patchwork of survival, a spirit untold.
The colors are faded, the edges are rough,
But this mosaic is stronger than enough.
I've pieced myself together from the
wreckage,
Each part a symbol of courage, of leverage.
What was once broken is now a
masterpiece,
A story of survival, a quiet release.
I am a mosaic, made of pain and grace,
A work of art that no one can erase.



RAGE, REBELLION, AND
RESISTANCE

A Scream Too Loud For Silence

A scream rises deep in my chest,
Too loud for silence, it won't rest.
It echoes, reverberates, breaks the still,
A cry for the truth, a voice to fulfill.
It shatters the quiet, shakes the air,
Unleashing the rage I can no longer bear.
In the silence, I had once been confined,
But now the scream's too loud to bind.
It tears through the dark like a blinding
light,
A scream for justice, for the fight.
It's too raw, too honest, too free to deny,
A call to the heavens, a plea to the sky.
No silence can hold it, no walls can cage,
This scream is a revolution, a burning rage.
It will not be silenced, it will not cease,
A scream that demands, that seeks its
peace.

Setting fire to the Rules

I set fire to the rules they made,
Watch them burn, watch them fade.
The lines they drew, the boxes they placed,
I scorch them all, without a trace.
For I am not bound by their chains,
Not ruled by their rigid reigns.
The flames rise high, the smoke curls free,
As I break the shackles and just let me be.
The rules were cages, meant to confine,
But I am fire, and fire won't align.
I dance in the chaos, I sing in the flame,
No law can hold me, no rule can claim.
I am the wild, the untamed spirit,
Setting fire to the rules, and I'll never quit.
Let the world burn, let the ashes fall,
For in this freedom, I stand tall.

The Art of Not Obeying

They taught us to listen, to follow, to bow,
But I found the art of not obeying somehow.
It's a dance of defiance, a freedom so bold,
A rebellion in silence, a story untold.

I've learned to question, to break all the
norms,

To resist the pressure, to weather the storms.
Not all commands are meant to be obeyed,
Sometimes you must stand, even if afraid.
The art is not in the loud, but the quiet
resistance,

In the refusal to yield, to accept their
existence.

It's the courage to walk your own path,
To choose your own rhythm, to embrace your
wrath.

I've mastered the art of not obeying the lie,
And I stand with the truth, reaching for the
sky.

Freedom is born in the refusal to conform,
In not obeying, in breaking the norm.

Rage as a Revolution

Rage is a revolution, fierce and wild,
A storm unleashed, untamed and reviled.
It burns in the streets, it floods through the
veins,
A power that rises, breaking the chains.
It's the voice of the oppressed, the cry of the
ignored,
A revolution of souls, a fire restored.
Rage is the spark that ignites the change,
A force too strong, too fierce to arrange.
It rises from the ashes, it fights from within,
A revolution led by the fury of sin.
It's the anger of the fallen, the broken, the
lost,
But in that rage, we find what's worth the
cost.
Rage is not destruction, it's the birth of the
new,
A revolution where the truth breaks through.
So let the rage rise, let it burn, let it roar,
For in this fire, we'll open the door.

Girls Who Bite Back

They told us to be quiet, to sit and to smile,
But we are girls who bite back, who walk the
extra mile.

We won't be tamed, we won't be dismissed,
We fight for our voice, for the world we've
missed.

In the silence they want, we make our own
sound,

We rise from the ashes, we stand our ground.

We're the fire, the storm, the fierce hurricane,

Girls who bite back, we've broken the chain.

No longer meek, no longer afraid,

We carry the weight of the battles we've made.

With teeth that tear through the lies and the
fear,

We roar for the justice that's always been near.

We bite back with strength, with love, with
grace,

We're not just survivors, we're taking our place.

Girls who bite back, who make the world spin,

We'll rise, we'll fight, we'll never give in.

Boys Who Cry with Fists

They taught us that boys don't cry,
But we are boys who cry with fists held high.
Our tears are a storm, our anger a shield,
We fight through the hurt that will not yield.
We've been told to hide, to suppress the pain,
But we're learning to fight, to break those chains.

We cry with our fists, we cry with our rage,
We're not just warriors, we're breaking the cage.

Boys who cry, we wear the truth like a crown,
Our tears are not weakness, they won't bring us down.

We'll fight with our hands, we'll fight with our heart,

And we'll learn to heal, to tear the world apart.

Boys who cry with fists, we are the brave,
Rising from the ashes, breaking the wave.

We are the change, the storm, the fight,
Boys who cry with fists, we reclaim the night.

When Silence is Complicity

In the silence, we've allowed the wrong to
grow,
When silence is complicity, the truth is slow.
We turn away, we shut our eyes,
But in that silence, the innocent dies.
It's easier not to speak, to pretend we don't
know,
But silence is the weapon the unjust bestow.
Every word not spoken, every moment we
refrain,
Is a nod to the chaos, a pact with the pain.
When silence is complicity, we've sold our
soul,
We've abandoned the fight, we've lost
control.
But the truth is louder than any quiet plea,
It demands our voices, it sets us free.
So break the silence, break the chains,
Speak the truth, let the justice reign.
When silence is complicity, it's time to shout,
To speak for the voiceless, to turn it all out.

Breaking the Chains with Poetry

With words, I break the chains that bind,
A revolution of thoughts, a fire to find.
Poetry is the weapon, the pen is the sword,
We break the shackles with every word.
Each line a spark, each verse a flame,
Poetry is the battle, the fight, the claim.
We don't need fists, we don't need blood,
With poetry, we rise from the mud.
The chains that held us, the chains that bound,
Are shattered by verses that resound.
Every poem a revolution, every rhyme a blow,
Poetry is the power that helps us grow.
So we break the chains, we set us free,
With poetry, we write our destiny.
In the words we speak, in the truths we share,
We break the chains, we rise from despair.

Anger Inherited Like Blood

Anger is in our veins, inherited like blood,
A legacy of fury, a river of flood.
It runs deep, it flows strong,
A fire passed down, a rage prolonged.
It's the rage of the past, the grief of the old,
Passed through generations, a story retold.
Anger inherited, we carry it well,
A fire within us, a burning spell.
We fight the demons we never knew,
Anger is a part of the blood we grew.
But we also learn to control the flame,
To use the anger, to break the chain.
It's ours to carry, ours to fight,
Anger inherited, but we'll make it right.
We are the change, the end of the tide,
Anger inherited, but we'll not hide.

Screaming into the Void and Hearing Echoes

I scream into the void, a sound so loud,
But in the silence, it's lost in the crowd.
I shout my truth, I shout my pain,
But all I hear is the echo, again and again.
The void doesn't answer, it never will,
But the echoes are a reminder, they're still.
I scream into the dark, I scream for release,
And the echoes return, but never bring peace.
The void is vast, it swallows my cry,
But the echoes remind me that I'm still alive.
Screaming into the abyss, I search for a sign,
And the echoes return, like a twisted line.
I scream for justice, for hope, for truth,
And the echoes are the only proof.
Though the void is silent, though it never
speaks,
The echoes remind me that I'll never be
weak.



NIGHT, DREAMS & THE
UNSEEN

Dreams That Feel More Real Than Reality

There are nights when the dreams are so vivid,
They pull me from my bed, from the world I've
hid.

I live in the dreamscape, where everything feels
right,

And when I wake, the world's a dimmed light.

In dreams, I'm free, I'm whole, I'm bold,

The colors more vibrant, the stories more gold.

It's a world where my heart doesn't ache,

Where I'm not bound by the rules I can't break.

But when I open my eyes, reality feels so far,

Like a distant planet, like a fallen star.

I want to stay in the dream where I feel alive,

Where I don't need to fight, just to survive.

In the waking world, the edges are blurred,

But in the dream, I'm undisturbed.

A dream that's more real than reality itself,

A world I can't touch, a place I can't dwell.

Midnight Confessions to the Stars

In the dead of night, I speak to the sky,
Whispering secrets as the stars pass by.
They are the keepers, the silent listeners,
To the confessions of the broken sinners.
I tell them of my fears, my deepest pains,
The things that haunt me, the love that
waned.

The stars listen without judgment or sound,
Their light a comfort, a solace profound.
Midnight confessions, whispered low,
In the dark, my true self starts to show.
I speak of regrets, of mistakes I've made,
And the stars shine brighter, no light will
fade.

They do not answer, but I feel their grace,
In the quiet of night, I find my place.
A silent exchange between soul and sky,
Midnight confessions, no need to reply.

The Moon Knows My

Secrets

The moon has always been a friend to me,
A silent companion in the vast, dark sea.
She's seen my tears, heard my silent cries,
Whispered my secrets in the night's
lullabies.

When the world sleeps, I talk to her soul,
And in her silver glow, I feel whole.
She doesn't judge, she just listens close,
A confidante to whom I can expose.

The moon knows my darkest thoughts,
The things I hide, the battles I've fought.
She holds them in the quiet of her light,
And watches over me through the night.
She's a keeper of my secrets, my fears,
A friend who has seen all my tears.
The moon knows me, in ways no one can,
She holds my heart, my secrets, my plan.

What Nightmares Don't Tell You

Nightmares visit when the world is asleep,
They haunt you with promises, they make
you weep.

They tear apart the peace you've built,
And wrap you in shadows, guilt by guilt.

But what nightmares don't tell you,
Is that they too, are afraid, too.

They're born from the darkness, from the
unknown,

From the fears that no one has ever shown.

Nightmares are not the monsters we face,
But the hidden parts of our own disgrace.

They show us what we won't allow,
What's buried deep, below the brow.

They don't tell you that they're only a
glimpse,

A mirror of the pain we try to convince.

They're not real, they don't last long,

But they leave a mark, a haunting song.

. Sleep as an Escape, Not a Need

Sleep is not a need, it's a refuge, a place,
Where I can escape from the world's
chase.

In dreams, I find solace from the noise,
A world where I can rest, where I can
rejoice.

It's not a requirement, not a part of the
day,

It's an escape from the fray.

In the dark, my mind can breathe,
Away from the chaos, away from the grief.

Sleep is a door that opens wide,

To a realm where I don't need to hide.

I close my eyes and let it take me,

To a world where I'm finally free.

It's not for rest, it's for the mind's reprieve,

A chance to let go, a chance to believe.

I sleep not to heal, but to run,

To escape the world, to feel undone.

Eyes Wide Shut at 3 AM

At 3 AM, the world is still,
But inside my mind, the thoughts never chill.
I lie in bed, eyes wide shut,
Trying to escape the chaos, the rut.
The silence is loud, the dark is deep,
And all I want is to find some sleep.
But my mind won't rest, my heart won't slow,
And the clock ticks on, a constant woe.
I stare at the ceiling, searching for peace,
But the worries won't cease, they just
increase.
At 3 AM, everything is raw,
Every fear, every flaw.
My eyes are wide, but I can't see,
Caught in a whirlwind, where I just can't be.
Sleep feels distant, like a fading dream,
At 3 AM, nothing feels as it seems.

A Lullaby for Insomniacs

To the insomniacs, I sing this tune,
Under the soft and distant moon.
May your mind find rest, may your heart find
peace,
Let the restless thoughts quietly cease.
The world is asleep, but you are awake,
But in the quiet, you can still take a break.
Let the night embrace you, let the silence
soothe,
Find solace in the dark, a gentle move.
The stars will guide you, the night will sing,
As the wind whispers secrets on gentle wings.
Close your eyes, let the quiet take hold,
For in the silence, your soul is bold.
A lullaby for those who can't sleep,
A melody for minds that never weep.
May you find comfort in the endless night,
And rest in the arms of the moon's light.

When Dreams Bleed Into Daylight

When dreams bleed into daylight,
They stain the hours with borrowed light.
The line between sleep and waking fades,
And reality feels like a masquerade.
I carry the dream world in the daylight hours,
Where the colors are brighter, the rain turns to
flowers.

But when the sun rises, the dream loses its hue,
And I'm left with memories, fading too.
I walk through the day, carrying the night,
The dream world whispers, just out of sight.
But it's there, lurking in the corners of mind,
Where the boundaries of dream and day
intertwine.

When dreams bleed into daylight's grace,
I feel the pull of a different place.
A world where anything's possible, where hope
never fades,
But the daylight pulls me back, and the dream
slowly degrades.

Talking to the Stars Like Old Friends

I talk to the stars like old friends,
Sharing my secrets, my joys, my bends.
They don't judge, they don't speak,
But their glow reminds me I'm not weak.
They've seen my struggles, my pain, my
fight,
And still, they shine through the darkest
night.
I tell them things I can't say aloud,
And in their silence, I feel proud.
I ask them questions, I share my dreams,
They listen patiently, like flowing streams.
No words are needed, no answers expected,
Just the quiet comfort of being connected.
The stars are my friends, in the vast
unknown,
In the darkness, I'm never alone.
Talking to them is like talking to time,
An eternal conversation, a rhythm, a
rhyme.

What Keeps Me Up When the World Is Asleep

When the world sleeps, I'm awake,
A mind racing, a soul to shake.
The silence is heavy, the dark is deep,
But my thoughts keep me from sleep.
It's the weight of the past, the fear of
tomorrow,
The worries that borrow and never show
sorrow.
It's the what-ifs, the questions, the could-
have-beens,
That keep me awake when the world just
spins.
I can't turn off the noise, can't find a way,
To quiet the storm at the end of the day.
While others rest, while they drift away,
I lay awake, counting the hours that stay.
What keeps me up is a battle within,
Fighting the thoughts that never give in.
When the world sleeps, I fight the night,
Until the dawn breaks, and I find the light.

RAIN, WEATHER & METAPHORICAL
SKIES



Crying in Sync with the Storm

There are nights when the sky weeps,
And I find myself tangled in its grief,
Each drop of rain a mirror of my pain,
Each gust of wind an echo of my strain.
The storm outside cries the same as I,
A symphony of sorrow beneath the sky.
I weep as the clouds rumble low,
In time with the thunder's mournful flow.
The wind howls like a ghost in the dark,
While I lie awake, carrying my mark.
Crying in sync with the storm outside,
We are one, in sorrow, we collide.
The sky weeps for the things I cannot say,
And together, we drown the night's
dismay.
In this moment, we share the same plight,
Crying in sync, beneath the storm's might.

Thunder That Mirrors My Heartbeat

In the silence of the night, it begins,
A distant rumble, as if the sky spins.
The thunder echoes deep inside me,
A sound that matches my heart's decree.
Each beat in my chest resonates with the
storm,
A rhythm of chaos, of feelings worn.
The clash of thunder is my breath,
A pulse of life, a dance with death.
It mirrors my heartbeat, wild and free,
A trembling rhythm, a restless plea.
The sky shivers in time with my soul,
As the thunder rolls, taking its toll.
My heart, a drum, pounding in sync,
As the storm rages, on the brink.
Thunder that mirrors my heartbeat's cry,
A reflection of the storm inside my sky.

A Hurricane Named After Me

There's a storm brewing inside my chest,
A hurricane that never lets me rest.
It whirls and churns with violent force,
A tempest, with no course.
The winds howl in my ears,
A hurricane of all my fears.
It's named after me, for I am its source,
I am the wind, the rain, the force.
The eye of the storm is where I stand,
Caught between chaos and an unsteady
land.
The winds tear at my thoughts, my mind,
A hurricane of emotions, undefined.
I am both the storm and the calm,
Both the fury and the balm.
A hurricane named after me,
A force of nature, wild and free.

When It Rains Inside Too

The rain falls heavy outside my window,
But it's not just the sky that's cold.
There's a storm inside me, fierce and wild,
A downpour that leaves me defiled.
I feel it in my chest, in my bones,
The weight of emotions I've never shown.
When it rains inside too, it's hard to
breathe,
A flood of feelings I can't retrieve.
The rain outside is a mirror of my pain,
Each drop a tear, each gust a strain.
I try to hide, to run away,
But the storm inside has come to stay.
When it rains inside too, the world is gray,
And all my thoughts are swept away.
The sky weeps for me, as I weep for me,
And we are both lost in this silent sea.

Fog That Makes the World feel Safer

There's a fog that rolls in, soft and gray,
It blurs the world, and fades it away.
In the haze, I can hide from view,
A world less sharp, a world less true.
The fog wraps around me like a cloak,
Damp and heavy, yet it feels like hope.
In the quiet mist, the world's less cruel,
And I can pretend I'm not the fool.
It makes the world feel safer, somehow,
When everything's muted, when I don't
know how.
The edges blur, the colors fade,
And for a moment, the noise is delayed.
The fog doesn't judge, it just lets me be,
A gentle cover for the broken me.
In the fog, I can hide from sight,
And rest in the peace of its gentle night.

Drenched in feelings

I stand in the rain, drenched to the bone,
But it's not the weather I feel alone.
It's the storm inside, soaking me through,
A flood of emotions, a tidal view.
Each drop that falls is a feeling I've buried,
A heartache, a wound, a love that's varied.
Drenched in feelings, I stand still,
Saturated by the weight I cannot kill.
The rain becomes my reflection,
A mirror to my hidden affection.
I am soaked with grief, with longing, with
doubt,
A cascade of emotions that spill out.
Drenched in feelings, I cannot hide,
The tears are real, though the sky is wide.
I stand exposed, yet I cannot run,
For the storm inside me has just begun.

Snowfall as Silence

Snow falls gently in the dark,
Each flake a whisper, a silent mark.
The world grows quiet, as if it knows,
That in the snow, everything slows.
The world is muffled, wrapped in white,
And for a moment, there's no fight.
Snowfall is silence, pure and deep,
A stillness that allows me to weep.
Each flake falls softly, without a sound,
Covering the world, softening the ground.
In the silence, I find peace,
A moment of calm, a sweet release.
The snow speaks in its own way,
A language of quiet, a silent sway.
Snowfall as silence, a blanket of grace,
Covering the world in its soft embrace.

Lightning That Splits the Soul

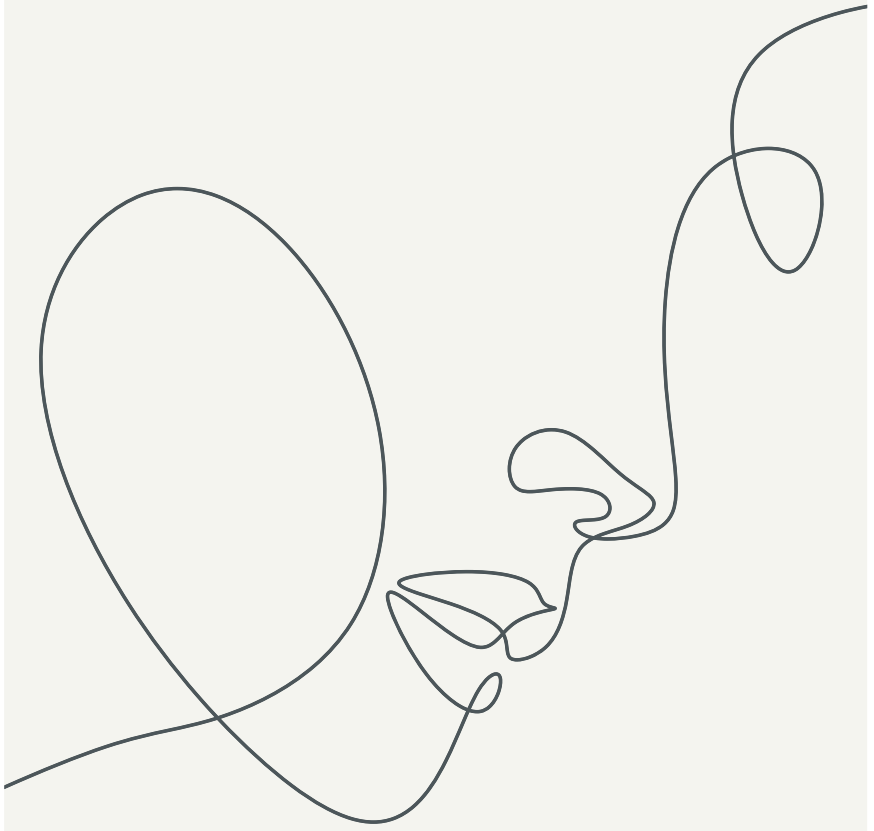
Lightning cracks the sky in two,
A flash of light, a burst of blue.
It rips the air with its wild cry,
A force of nature, sharp and high.
But lightning isn't just a storm,
It's a fracture that breaks the norm.
It splits the soul, it tears apart,
A sudden shock to the broken heart.
In that flash, the world is alive,
But for a moment, I can't survive.
The lightning burns, it splits the air,
And leaves me standing, unaware.
A crack in the soul, a jagged line,
A reminder that the storm is mine.
Lightning splits the soul, but it also frees,
A flash of truth that cuts through me.

Weather as Emotional Forecast

The weather changes, like my mood,
One moment calm, the next, a flood.
The clouds move in with whispers of rain,
And my thoughts echo the same strain.
I wake to sunshine, bright and clear,
But by noon, the storm is near.
Weather as emotional forecast,
A tempest that's never meant to last.
I feel the winds shift before they arrive,
A storm of emotions, trying to survive.
The forecast changes, without warning,
Like my heart, in the early morning.
The sky is a mirror of what's inside,
Where the clouds are heavy, where the
tears hide.
Weather as emotional forecast, ever-
changing,
A storm that's always rearranging.

Tornadoes of Thought

My mind spins like a storm at sea,
Whirling thoughts, too wild to be.
A tornado of ideas, sharp and fast,
A vortex of memories that never last.
They twist and turn, they tear and break,
A whirlwind of decisions I can't remake.
Tornadoes of thought, they pull me in,
Until I can't tell where they begin.
The wind howls with every question,
A cyclone of confusion, without a lesson.
I try to hold on, but the storm is strong,
And I'm lost in the whirlwind, all along.
The thoughts tear through me, relentless,
fast,
Leaving behind a mind overcast.
Tornadoes of thought, they never stop,
Spinning, churning, as they drop.



WORDS, WRITING & THE
POWER OF VOICE

Bleeding Ink onto the Page

I bleed ink onto the page,
Each drop a wound, each word a cage.
The pen is my blade, the paper my skin,
And with every stroke, the battle begins.
The ink flows like blood from a vein,
Spilling my thoughts, my joy, my pain.
I write to heal, I write to break,
To bleed out the things I can't forsake.
The page is a witness to my rage,
A silent observer to the war I wage.
Each letter an echo of something undone,
A memory lost, a battle won.
Bleeding ink, I spill my soul,
Filling the void, making me whole.
On this page, I am free to bleed,
For in the ink, I find my need.

A Poem That Saved My Life

There was a poem, written in tears,
A poem that quieted all my fears.
It spoke in whispers, soft and clear,
And in its verses, I found no tears.
It pulled me from the edge, from the dark,
A spark of light, a warming mark.
A poem that saved my life, so dear,
When I thought hope had disappeared.
It held me close when I couldn't stand,
Gave me strength when I had none in
hand.
With every line, I breathed again,
And found the courage to break the chain.
That poem was my lifeline, my escape,
The anchor when my world was draped in
hate.
A poem that saved my life, so true,
A quiet voice that pulled me through.

Words I Wish Someone Wrote for Me

I long for words I never heard,
A kindness, a softness in every word.
A poem that speaks of love, of care,
Words that show someone is there.
I wish someone would write for me,
A letter full of empathy.
A story where I'm seen, not alone,
Where I'm cherished, where I'm known.
I wish for words that heal the soul,
That make me feel like I'm whole.
A note of warmth, of sweet refrain,
That echoes through my heart again.
Words I wish someone wrote for me,
A language of love, a simple plea.
But here I am, writing my own,
Filling the silence with words I've grown.

Writing Letters to People I've Lost

I write to you, though you're not here,
A letter to a ghost, a whispered tear.
Each word is a memory, a painful truth,
A way to bridge the gap of youth.
I send my thoughts, my heart, my pain,
To you, who'll never write again.
The ink flows as if you still breathe,
Filling the space that I can't conceive.
The letters pile up, one by one,
Each a conversation never done.
I write to people I've lost, you see,
To try to find a way to set them free.
But no words can bring them back to me,
And still, I write—hoping you'll see.
Writing letters to the lost, so dear,
A way to keep them close, though they're
not near.

Ink-Stained Confessions

My confessions are ink-stained,
Written in shadows, in tears unchained.
Each word a secret, a truth untold,
A piece of me that's grown too bold.
The ink is my blood, the page my stage,
Where I pour my soul, uncaged.
The confessions drip, like rain from the sky,
A record of all the times I've cried.
I write to release the weight I bear,
To spill out my fears, my despair.
Each ink stain is a part of me,
A mark of what I couldn't set free.
My confessions are written, dark and deep,
A story of secrets that I keep.
Ink-stained confessions, raw and true,
A record of all the things I never knew.

A Journal That Screams

The pages of my journal scream,
A cacophony of thoughts, a shattered
dream.

The words are loud, the ink is bold,
A story of a heart, weary and cold.
Each entry is a cry for help,
A voice unheard, a secret kept.
I write because I can't speak aloud,
My journal screams through the silent
crowd.

The pages tear with every thought,
A release for everything I've fought.
It screams of pain, of fear, of doubt,
A scream I can't let the world shout.
A journal that screams, full of weight,
A place to vent, a place to hate.
But in its screams, I find my way,
To face the night, to see the day.

My Truth in Metaphors

My truth is wrapped in metaphors,
Hidden beneath the weight of words.
A puzzle piece, lost and alone,
A secret that's never fully shown.
I speak in symbols, in silent signs,
A truth that twists, a truth that binds.
Metaphors are my only shield,
A way to speak, a way to yield.
The truth is too raw, too sharp to say,
So I cloak it in layers, hidden away.
Each metaphor is a disguise,
A way to hide behind the lies.
But in the truth, I find my voice,
A metaphor that makes me rejoice.
My truth is buried deep in lines,
A language that no one ever defines.

The Pen as a Sword

The pen is my sword, my weapon of choice,
A tool of power, a silenced voice.
With every stroke, I fight the war,
Against the silence, against the roar.
The ink is my blade, sharp and true,
Carving out the things I never knew.
The pen as a sword, a weapon to wield,
A force of nature, an iron shield.
I cut through the lies with every word,
A revolution, unseen but heard.
With ink-stained fingers, I write the fight,
A battle between wrong and right.
The pen is a sword, a weapon so bold,
A way to claim the stories untold.
In the power of the pen, I find my might,
And write to bring the darkness to light.

A Poem That Won't Be finished

There's a poem inside me, never done,
A fragment of thoughts, a half-spun song.
It lingers in the air, incomplete,
A verse that's lost, a heartbeat's beat.
I start and stop, and start again,
But the words slip through like pouring rain.
A poem that won't be finished, not today,
A piece of my soul that fades away.
Each line is a dream that slips from my grasp,
A story that won't take its final gasp.
I write to end it, to find the close,
But the words scatter like scattered prose.
A poem that won't be finished, not yet,
A mystery, a riddle, a deep regret.
And maybe that's all it was meant to be,
A poem that will never be set free.

When the Page Listens Better Than People

I write to the page because it listens,
A quiet friend, where silence glistens.
The page doesn't judge, it doesn't speak,
It just waits for the truth, raw and weak.
I pour my heart, my deepest plea,
And the page holds it all, carefully.
When the page listens better than people,
I find comfort in its steady steeple.
It hears the things I cannot say,
The thoughts I bury and push away.
The page never interrupts, never leaves,
It holds my secrets, my hopes, my grieves.
In the silence of ink on paper, I find
release,
A solace that gives me peace.
When the page listens, I can breathe,
And for once, I don't have to grieve.



The Abyss.
Emptiness &
Falling Inward

Echoes in an Empty Chest

There's a sound that haunts the hollow—
an echo in an empty chest.

It bounces off the ribcage walls,
a ghost of laughter laid to rest.

Once, my heart was loud with love,
a drumbeat fierce and full of fire.

Now, only echoes call my name,
like wind through wires, soft and dire.

Every thump feels far away,
as if borrowed from another soul.

An orchestra without its notes,
a body searching to be whole.

I cup my hand against the quiet,
listening for what's left unsaid—
but echoes in an empty chest
don't speak of life, they hum the dead.

Falling Into Yourself

I tripped over my own shadow,
and fell straight into my skin—
a spiral downward, inward,
to the mess I've always been.
It wasn't falling like in dreams,
no flying or soft descent,
just crashing through my memories,
where my truths and lies are bent.
Deeper, into my silence,
past the walls I built with pride,
I met the parts I'd hidden,
the ones I always tried to hide.
Falling into yourself is brutal—
there's no one else to blame.
You find your raw reflection,
and nothing feels the same.

A Void Shaped Like My Name

There's a hole in the world
that answers when you call my name—
not a voice, not a whisper,
just the sound of quiet shame.
It fits me like a tailored coat,
stitched from silence and undone dreams,
a void shaped like my presence,
ripped apart at all the seams.
It doesn't echo when I scream,
it just absorbs the cry,
like it knows that I'm not whole enough
to fill the space I occupy.
A void shaped like my name—
familiar, cold, and bare,
reminding me I've been forgotten
even when I'm standing there.

The Sound of Nothing

Put your ear against my soul—
what do you hear?

Not thunder, not longing,
not even fear.

It's the sound of nothing,
a deafening peace,
a silence so heavy
it offers no release.

It's the blank between breaths,
the quiet after tears,
a hush too loud to ignore,
too close to my fears.

When the world fades out,
and thoughts lose their sting,
the sound of nothing
is everything.

Spiraling Without Motion

I haven't moved in hours,
yet I've traveled so far—
inward, downward,
chasing every scar.
Spiraling without motion,
caught in a mind-made storm,
each thought a dizzy carousel
that's far from any norm.
My body lies still,
but my soul never sleeps—
I pace the same question
my darkness keeps.
It's a fall without gravity,
a dance with no end,
spinning in place,
where nothing can bend.

A Heart With Hollow Halls

Walk through the corridors of my chest—
you'll find halls without doors,
echoing the footfalls of hope
that doesn't live here anymore.
Each chamber once held music,
now silence floods the space,
a heart with hollow halls,
no portraits, no embrace.
Dust gathers where joy used to breathe,
and cobwebs cradle old fears.
There's no welcome in these arteries,
just years and years of tears.
Still, the heart beats—lonely, low—
like footsteps down an empty hall,
trying to remember what it felt like
to be full at all.

Silence That Cuts

Not every blade is made of steel—
some are quiet, thin as breath.
Silence can slit the soul
and sentence love to death.
It's the way you didn't answer,
the absence louder than a scream,
a lull so sharp it left a scar
too deep for any dream.
Silence that cuts is crueler still
than any fight or flame,
because you never raised your voice,
just erased your name.
And I bleed beneath the hush,
where once your words would land—
cut by silence, carved by quiet,
and still I reach for your hand.

What the Abyss Whispered Back

I stared into the abyss,
expecting echoes or fear—
but it whispered back in riddles
that only my heart could hear.
It spoke in fractured starlight,
in syllables of smoke,
and though the words were foreign,
they knew the things I broke.
It didn't scream or pull me down,
just offered me a chair—
an invitation to sit beside
my own despair.
What the abyss whispered back
wasn't threat, but truth:
"I am what waits
when you've lost your youth."

When Everything Feels Unreal

I'm touching walls,
but nothing's there—
the air is still,
too still to bear.

People talk,
but words don't land—
like I'm not here,
not of this strand.

The world's a mirage,
each moment surreal,
I blink and breathe,
but I don't feel real.

It's like watching my life
from the back of my skull,
everything moving,
but I'm always dull.

A Numbness That Screams

I've gone too quiet to cry,
too frozen to flee—
there's a numbness in me
that screams silently.
It doesn't look like pain,
not the kind you'd see,
just blank eyes and heavy limbs,
lost to apathy.
But beneath the stillness
is a storm unspoken,
a scream in a frozen field,
a soul half-broken.
It's the kind of hurt
that hides in peace,
a numbness that screams—
and never finds release.



UNSPOKEN, UNWRITTEN, & HIDDEN
FEELINGS

Things I Never Said but Should Have

I carried them like stones in my mouth,
the words I never dared to throw.

Apologies, confessions, and screams—
all swallowed for the sake of show.

There were nights I almost spoke,
when silence cracked like fragile glass,
but fear stitched my lips shut tight,
and the moment dared not pass.

I should have told you you mattered,
should have yelled when I felt small,
should have named the pain you caused
me,

should've cried and risked the fall.

Now the air between us aches
with the ghosts of what could be,
and I wonder who I might've been
had I let those words go free.

A Smile That Hides the Storm

It curves, perfect and practiced,
the kind you compliment in passing.
But inside—thunder.

Lightning lashes behind my lashes,
and the winds howl in my lungs.
Still, I smile.

Because storms scare people
and silence keeps them calm.

You don't see the flood behind my eyes,
the wreckage in my ribs,
just that pretty smile,
sunlit and still.

But some of us learned to weather
the wild inside
by building a shelter out of grins.

The Lies Behind "I'm Fine"

"I'm fine" is a script rehearsed,
the lie that wears no weight.
It's easier than saying,
"My heart feels like a locked gate."
It means, "Don't look too closely,"
means, "I'm breaking underneath,"
means, "Please don't ask more questions,
because I can't trust what I'll breathe."
We lie because truth feels raw,
too real for daylight lips—
so we stitch our pain with niceties
and hope nobody slips.
But behind each casual "I'm fine,"
there's a story left untold—
a chapter black with mourning
that never will unfold.

Words Stuck in My Throat

There are syllables trapped between
my voice box and regret—
things I never dared to name,
truths I'd rather forget.

They burn like unsaid prayers,
like letters never sent,
clinging to my throat
like broken sentiment.

I open my mouth to speak,
but all that spills is air.

The words stay strangled
in the space between fear and care.

If I could just set them free,
let the silence split and float—
perhaps I'd finally breathe again
without that lump inside my throat.

Hidden Beneath Politeness

I smiled when I wanted to scream,
nodded when I meant no,
let the world walk over me
to keep the peace on show.
They praised my manners,
my grace, my gentle way—
never guessing the war I fought
just to survive the day.
I've been quiet to stay liked,
shrunk to make room for their pride,
bit my tongue until it bled,
just to keep the hurt inside.
But politeness is a prison
where emotions go to die—
and the kindest ones you meet
are often hurting most inside.

Feeling Everything and Nothing

I am a contradiction
in human skin—
too much, too fast,
yet numb within.
My heart absorbs the world's ache,
each whisper, every cry,
and yet I walk like a hollow shell,
eyes too tired to ask why.
Tears hover but won't fall,
joy flickers but won't stay,
I feel the weight of galaxies,
but can't name a single day.
Everything hits me,
and nothing moves me,
a flood without a wave—
alive and overwhelmed,
but already in my grave.

What I'd Tell My Younger Self

Breathe slower. You'll be okay.

Not everything is meant to stay.

The people you chase
won't all chase back—
and that's not a flaw,
it's just a fact.

Cry when you need to,
laugh when you can,
don't wait for others
to understand.

The pain won't disappear,
but you'll grow stronger still—
and one day,
you'll find joy
on your own terms, by your own will.

I'd whisper,

“Be kinder to the mirror.

That reflection isn't wrong.

You're not broken, you're becoming—
and you've been brave all along.”

Emotions Buried Under Skin

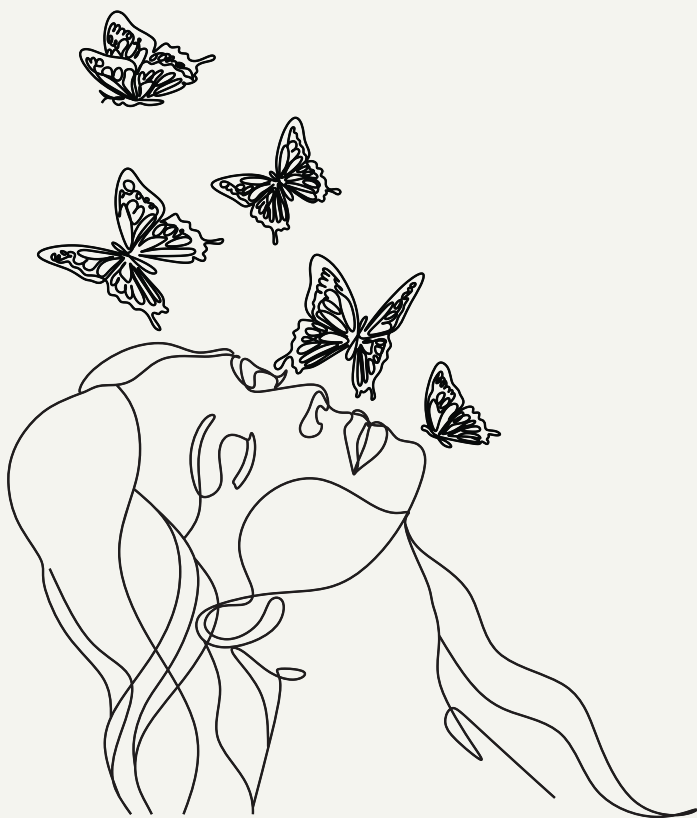
You won't see it in my smile,
won't hear it in my laugh.
My pain is packed so tightly
it hides behind the craft.
I bury emotions under skin,
where they can't be traced or seen—
each one stitched with silence,
each wound kept neat and clean.
Don't be fooled by calm demeanor—
I've drowned storms behind my eyes.
Some feelings sink too deep to reach,
but never truly die.
They hum beneath my heartbeat,
they scratch beneath my ribs,
whispers in a language

All the Poems I'll Never Share

There are verses in my notebook
that will never see the light—
written at 2 a.m.,
cradled by sleepless night.
They bleed too much truth,
too raw, too real,
too honest to offer
the world to feel.
They speak of things
I still fear to name—
of heartbreak, rage,
and quiet shame.
And though the world may never read
them,
they are mine to hold,
poems like buried treasure,
written in bold.

Secrets I Live With

I wear them like second skin—
secrets stitched beneath my grin.
They hum in the silence,
tiptoe in my thoughts,
wrapped in routines
and all that I'm not.
Some are old—dust-covered ghosts,
others freshly pressed,
like notes slipped under the door
of my chest.
I live with them, sleep beside them,
feed them crumbs of doubt.
And though they don't speak aloud,
I know they scream inside me loud.
They are the stories I never tell,
the versions of me that never fell—
at least not where you could see.
But they are real.
They are me.



DUALITY,
CONFLICT &
CONTRADICTIONS

Light Trapped Inside Darkness

There is a flicker deep inside—
a stubborn spark, a secret fire,
buried beneath the weight of shadow,
smothered by nights that never tire.
It glows in silence, soft and small,
too faint to warm, too bright to fall,
a caged star inside a cave
begging for the strength to crawl.
Darkness drapes my every breath,
but still the light resists decay.
It's not dead—just waiting
for the courage to stay.
Not every flame needs to blaze;
some just whisper in the night.
But oh, the power held
in choosing not to lose the light.

Wanting to Be Seen and to Disappear

I crave the spotlight
and the shadows too—
want eyes to find me,
yet vanish from view.

A paradox stitched in skin,
a soul that screams,
then hides within.

I want someone to notice
the ache in my spine,
but not ask questions
or cross the line.

Some days I glow like fire,
some days I fade like breath—
existing on the edges
of presence and death.

To be known yet untouched,
to vanish with grace—
I'm the echo and the silence
that share the same face.

Two Wolves Inside Me

One bites. One bleeds.

One howls for vengeance,
the other pleads.

They circle each other
in the hollow of my chest—
one wants chaos,
the other rest.

One is rage wrapped in scars,
the other mercy in disguise.

They fight with fangs and memory
beneath my calm replies.

I don't know which one I feed—
some days I lose track.

But both wolves are mine,
and neither looks back.

Loving What Destroys You

It was beautiful—
the way it burned.
Like watching art
you knew would turn.
You held it close,
though it seared your skin,
called it love
when it wore thin.
It devoured you
with velvet teeth,
kissed your soul
and stole beneath.
But even pain
can taste like gold
when you're starving
and the nights are cold.
Now you carry
ashes in your veins,
still whisper their name
like a hymn of chains.
Loving what destroys you
isn't weakness, it's truth—
and sometimes,
the fire feels like youth.

Fighting With Your Own Mind

There's a battlefield
between my ears,
echoing doubts,
resurrecting fears.

A war I never enlisted in,
fought with sighs
and paper-thin skin.

One part whispers peace,
the other screams lies.

One part wants sleep,
the other never tries.

I sabotage my breath,
question every thought,
wage civil war
with lessons I forgot.

You can't run
from a war inside—
can't hide
when you're both the fight and tide.

But still I rise,
though torn in two—
one breath at a time,

Being Both the Storm and the Shelter

I've been the thunder
and the quiet after—
the scream, the silence,
the rain, the laughter.
I am chaos dressed in calm,
a warning sigh
before the balm.

People come to me
for warmth and flame,
not knowing both
are just the same.

I can ruin
or I can restore—
a tempest locked
behind a door.

To be both
the pain and peace—
to destroy
and then release—
is to live
with power deep and wild,
to hold yourself
like a weeping child.

A War Between Heart and Logic

My heart bleeds poems,
my mind rewrites them in prose.

One leaps—
the other slows.

One dances toward fire,
the other calls it smoke.

One dreams in chaos,
the other wakes, broke.

They argue in languages

I can barely hear,
battle over choices,
pulling me near...

then away.

One says stay,
the other begs flee—
and here I am,

somewhere between
the risk and guarantee.

Smiling While Breaking

You see teeth,
white and even—
you don't see
how much I'm leaving.
Behind that grin
is a crumbling wall,
a fortress giving in,
brick by silent fall.
I learned early
how to bend without breaking,
how to fake a laugh
while aching.
To smile while breaking
is an art,
a painting done
in falling parts.
You think I'm okay
because I said I was,
but some smiles
are just applause
for the strength it takes
to wear a mask—
to answer "fine"
when no one asks.

Becoming Your Own Enemy

I sharpened words
against my soul,
wrote insults
where love should go.
Built a prison
from my doubt,
locked myself in
and lost the route.
I became
what I feared to face—
a saboteur in sacred space.
Cut my own wings
before the flight,
spoke my doom
in broad daylight.
But healing starts
with naming names—
even those we wear
in shame.
I can fight myself,
or free the bind—
either way,

Joy Dressed in Sorrow

It laughs with eyes still wet,
wears yellow over grey,
and walks through storms
like it's just another day.

Joy dressed in sorrow
is bittersweet and bold—
like spring pushing through
when winter's cold.

It's the crack in grief
where sunlight seeps,
the joke you tell
while your chest still weeps.

It's singing
with a breaking voice,
choosing light
without much choice.

Sometimes joy
doesn't feel like a shout—
sometimes it's just
surviving the doubt.

Wearing sorrow
like a second skin,
but still finding
a smile tucked in.



*Family, Roots &
Generational Weight*

Inherited Trauma

It wasn't mine—
this weight, this fear, this trembling truth.
It was passed down,
like old jewelry or war stories,
woven into lullabies and glances that
flinch.

I wear wounds with no memory
of how they were made,
only the echo of pain
that predates my name.

It lives in my marrow,
in the spaces between breaths,
a hand-me-down horror
no one spoke of,
but everyone knew.

I was born from broken,
raised by ghosts.

What they survived
became my inheritance.

A Home That Never Felt Safe

The walls never hugged—
they loomed.

Doors slammed more than they opened,
and silence was the loudest sound.

Every step echoed with fear,
every dinner, a cold war.

Home is a word with splinters.

A house that held bodies, not belonging.

Laughter was rare,
and love came with terms.

I learned to tiptoe
before I could speak.

Home should hold you.

Mine held its breath.

Love Laced with Obligation

They called it love,
but it came with strings—
tied around choices,
looped through guilt.
“Do this for me,”
“Be this for us.”
And so I smiled,
said yes
when my soul whispered no.
Love shouldn’t feel
like a debt to repay,
like shrinking to fit
into someone else’s way.
But I did it,
because it looked like care.
It took years to learn—
love without freedom
is just a prison with pretty walls.

Generational Ghosts

They don't haunt halls—
they haunt habits.

The way we speak,
the rage we swallow,
the silence we serve.

I never met their names,
but I know their pain.

I see them
in my father's clenched jaw,
in my mother's tearless nights.

We carry them—
not in stories,
but in scars.

Their shadows are long,
and we walk in them.

Breaking cycles
feels like betrayal,
but it's the only way
to resurrect peace.

A Mother's Silence

She didn't yell—
she vanished.
Her words were walls,
her gaze, a distant land
I could never reach.
She taught me love
in actions,
but never in voice.
I wanted lullabies.
I got laundry.
I wanted warmth.
I got the weight
of her tired shoulders.
Now I speak too much,
fearing silence will raise my child.
Now I listen too hard,
hoping to find her
in the quiet.

A father I never knew

His name is a ghost
in my story—
a blank page,
a missing beat.
I've crafted his face
from half-told tales
and faded photos.
Was he kind?
Did he love loud?
Or was he a whisper
that left before the wind could carry it?
I carry his DNA
like a riddle.
My reflection
asks questions
no one can answer.
Not all absences
are empty—
some are heavy as anchors.

Siblings Separated by Secrets

We share blood,
but not truth.
Raised in the same rooms
but speaking different languages of pain.
They told me one version—
you got another.
We both lived
in the same storm,
but built different shelters.
Now, there's space
where closeness should be.
We orbit the same past
with blindfolds on,
touching memories
that don't quite match.
What tore us wasn't distance—
it was silence.
And silence
is harder to forgive.

Bloodlines and Bruises

I am stitched together
by generations—
each thread a lesson,
each knot a scar.
They say blood is thicker,
but sometimes
it bruises quicker.
Love came with a slap,
with a “for your own good.”
We learned discipline
was spelled with fear.
And I wore it,
not just on skin—
but in the way
I flinch at kindness.
Still, I trace my family tree
with tenderness,
even if the bark is cracked.

The Family Portrait That Lies

We smiled.

Oh, how we smiled.

Perfect teeth, ironed shirts,
arms wrapped like vines.

But no one saw
the space between touches,
the tension tucked behind eyes.

That photo hangs
in a hallway of hurt,
framed in lies
we learned to live with.

We looked like love—
but looks deceive.

Because behind every camera flash,
was a story we refused to tell.

Trying to Unlearn What Raised Me

They taught me strength
was silence.

That softness was sin,
and emotions were weapons
best buried.

They raised me
on duty,
not dreams.

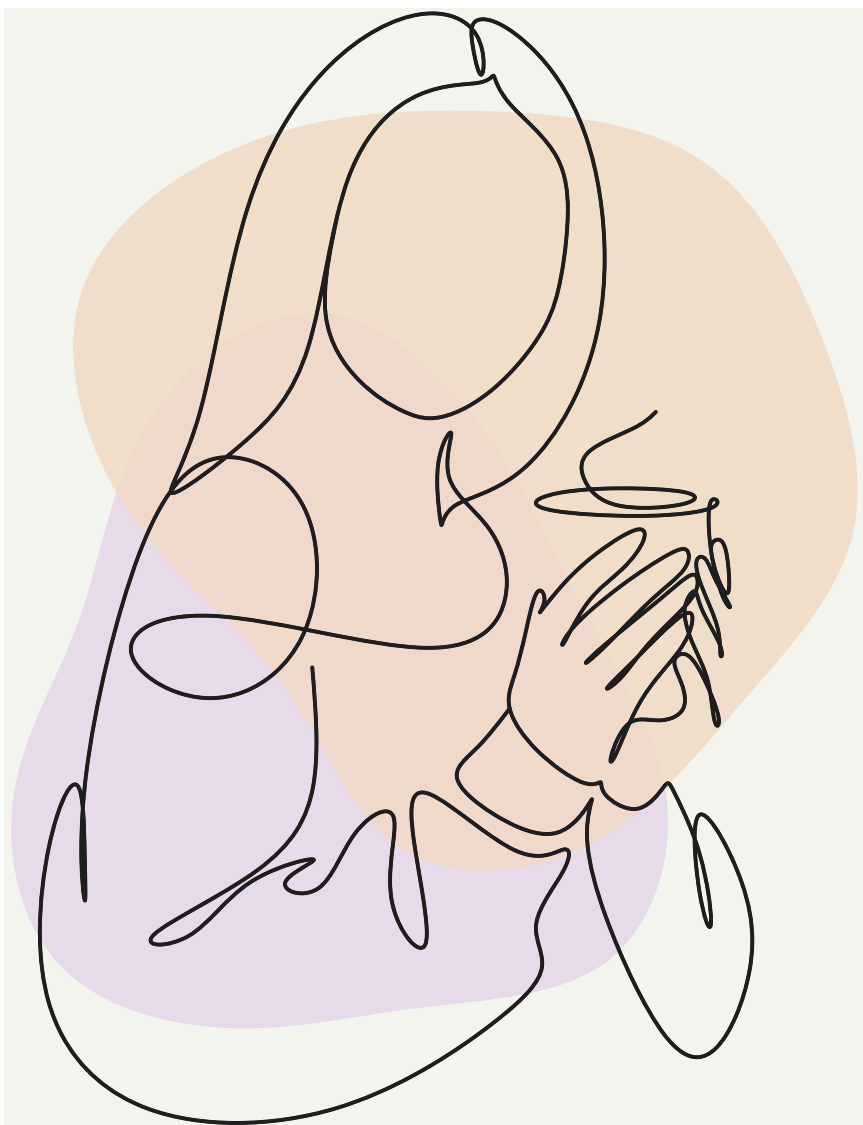
On rules,
not reasons.

But now I peel back
the layers of what I was taught,
trying to relearn love
in my own language.

To cry without shame.

To hold without fear.

To raise myself



CHANGE, GROWTH &
LETTING GO

Breaking Through the Cocoon

It was never soft in there—
the cocoon,
despite its promise of safety.
It was tight with memory,
claustrophobic with who I was,
stitched shut with fear
and false comfort.
I stayed too long—
in the warmth of old stories,
in the darkness of not knowing
what waited beyond.
But there comes a time
when you outgrow your own shell,
when stillness becomes suffocation.
So I split myself open,
let the light blind me.
Emergence is not graceful.
It is messy.
Wings don't bloom without breaking first.
But in that rupture—
I became.

Shedding Old Skin

I wore myself
like armor that never quite fit—
tight in the wrong places,
stitched with expectations.

For years I walked
in shoes made for someone
I no longer recognized.

But the soul grows—
and the shell?

It cracks.

Peeling away isn't painless.
Old skin clings like ghosts.
Memories beg to stay.

But I whispered,
thank you for protecting me,
then turned away.

I am not who I was,
and that's not a tragedy.
It's the quiet beginning
of something new.

Growing Pains

No one warns you
that growth can ache.
That becoming
feels like breaking.
Bones stretch.
Hearts strain.
Dreams dissolve
to make room for better ones.
It's easy to wish for stillness
when everything shifts.
But even trees crack
as they climb.
I've cried
in the arms of my own reflection,
mourned the parts of me
that couldn't come along.
But pain isn't failure.
It's the sound of new roots
digging in.

Becoming Someone Else

I looked in the mirror
and didn't flinch.
Not because I saw a stranger—
but because I saw someone
I chose to become.
The past is still in my eyes,
in the tilt of my voice,
in the scars I name softly.
But I am new.
Not perfect.
Just truer.
Braver.
Becoming someone else
doesn't mean betrayal.
It means survival.
It means honoring who I was
by becoming who I needed.

A Goodbye That Freed Me

Not all goodbyes
are grief.
Some are gifts wrapped
in the shape of absence.
Some are doors
you lock with trembling hands,
and walk away from
with lungs full of air.
I said goodbye
to what caged me—
a love that shrank me,
a past that haunted.
And in that release,
I found wings.
Freedom isn't loud.
Sometimes it sounds
like silence that doesn't hurt.

When Change feels Like Death

No one tells you
that change is a funeral—
a burial of versions
you wore like second skin.
It feels like loss.
Like mourning.
Like your reflection
learning a new name.
You grieve stability.
You ache for the known.
But death is not an ending—
it is a doorway
through which you stumble,
bleeding,
only to find yourself
reborn.

Starting Over in the Ruins

Everything fell.
Dreams collapsed.
Plans turned to ash.
I stood in the wreckage,
ash in my lungs,
hope buried beneath memory.
But ruin is fertile.
And I—
I am stubborn seed.
I planted possibility
in the cracks,
watered it with sorrow,
waited for light
when none came.
Now I bloom
from rubble.
Not despite it—
but because of it.

What I Had to Lose to Find Myself

I lost people.

Places.

Versions of me that loved too loud,
apologized too soft.

I let go of comfort.

Of approval.

Of needing to be understood.

Each loss was a compass
pointing inward.

Each ache,
a map back to my soul.

It's funny—

the more I shed,
the more I recognize
my reflection.

What I lost
was never me.
It was the fog

Letting Go of Who I Was

I held on—
long after she stopped serving me.
That girl who smiled through fire,
who bent like glass
and called it grace.
She kept me alive,
but not whole.
Letting go felt cruel at first.
But how do you grow
with old soil in your hands?
So I kissed her forehead,
thanked her softly,
and whispered:
“You can rest now.”
Then I turned,
toward the sun,
toward myself.

Evolution in Silence

No grand announcement.
No fireworks or parades.
Just the slow shifting
of soul.
The soft molting
of pain into purpose.
I changed
in the quiet.
In unread journal pages,
in long walks with heavy thoughts.
And when the world saw me again,
they asked,
“What’s different?”
Everything.
And nothing.
I’m still me—
just more.
Still whole—
but rebuilt.



LOVE. HOPE & LIGHT IN THE DARK

Holding Hands in the Dark

We didn't need to see the path.
Your hand in mine was enough—
a compass carved of warmth,
a silent promise
that we didn't have to walk it alone.
The dark pressed in,
thick and uncertain,
but we kept going.
Fingers interlaced,
like the roots of trees growing
beneath the storm.
Not speaking,
but still saying everything:
"I'm here."
"I won't let go."
"Even this won't break us."

A Light That Won't Go Out

There is a kind of light
that defies logic—
small,
persistent,
glowing through grief and doubt.
It flickers in the chest
when you've forgotten
how to breathe,
but it stays.
It's stubborn.
It's sacred.
Hope?
Maybe.
Or maybe it's the soul
refusing to surrender.
Some lights aren't made
to illuminate the whole world.
Some just keep you alive
until morning.

Hope as a Rebellion

Hope isn't naive.
It's radical.
It's war paint
on weary skin,
a middle finger
to the darkness.
It says,
"I see the wreckage
and still—I believe."
It grows in cracked concrete,
whispers in empty rooms.
To hope
is to refuse extinction.
It's a spark
when all you have is ash.
And sometimes,
that's more than enough.

Love as a Lighthouse

You were never the anchor.

You were the light.

Steady,

gentle,

calling me back

from the places I drifted.

You didn't save me.

You reminded me

how to save myself.

And when I forgot my name

in the noise of my own storm,

you whispered it

like a prayer

until I remembered.

Finding Softness in the Chaos

The world was spinning—
fast, loud,
too much.

But then I found you,
and your voice
was a quiet song
in a screaming crowd.
You didn't fix the chaos.

You gave me a place
to rest inside it.

There's something holy
about the way softness survives.
It doesn't fight the storm—
it stays gentle
in spite of it.

The Way Someone Stays

It's not in the grand gestures.

It's in the way they listen.

The way they remember
your favorite song
without asking.

It's in the silence

they hold with you

when words are too sharp.

Staying is not always loud.

Sometimes it's just a presence—
unchanging,
unshaken,

a place to return to

when everything else moves.

When Someone Sees All of You and Stays

You showed them the cracks—
the parts you hide,
the pieces even you struggle to love.
And they didn't flinch.
They didn't turn away.
They saw your shadows
and said,
"I've got space for them too."
There is nothing more powerful
than being fully seen
and still chosen.
No armor.
No mask.
Just your truth—
and someone who stays.

A Moment That Healed

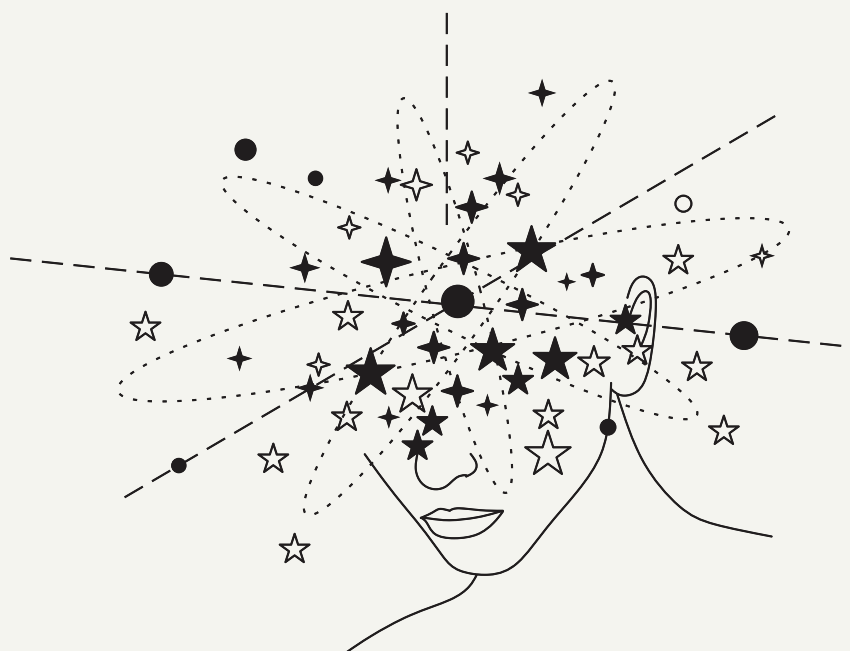
It wasn't a big thing.
Just a moment—
a look,
a laugh,
the warmth of someone's hand
finding yours.
And somehow,
without ceremony,
something inside you
unclenched.
Pain that lived
like a permanent resident
suddenly felt
like it might pack its bags.
Healing doesn't always roar.
Sometimes it's a whisper
you didn't know you were waiting for.

Safety in Someone's Arms

Not all homes
have walls and roofs.
Some have arms—
the kind that don't let you fall.
You rested your head
on their shoulder
and for the first time
in too long,
the war inside you
went quiet.
You didn't have to explain.
You didn't have to be strong.
You just had to be.
And in that stillness,
you remembered
what safety feels like.

A Future Imagined in Poetry

We speak in maybes,
in metaphors,
in could-bes stitched with wonder.
You say “someday,”
and I write poems
about the color of your laughter,
about gardens
we haven’t planted yet,
stars we’ll name together.
The future is fog,
but it’s warm when you hold it.
It rhymes with hope.
It tastes like spring.
And in my heart,
I carry verses
you haven’t even lived in yet.



SPIRITUALITY, DESTINY & THE BIGGER
PICTURE

When the Universe Speaks Softly

It never shouted, not once.
No thunderclaps, no blinding signs.
Just whispers—
in the rustle of leaves,
in the long exhale between one heartbeat
and the next.
It spoke through detours,
through people who entered
only to hand you a lesson
and disappear like mist.
It murmured through
missed trains that saved you,
accidents that were really alignments,
and songs you heard exactly when
you needed to hear them.
But you were waiting for lightning.
For fire.
For angels with swords

Signs Ignored

They were everywhere.

Folded into mornings
that felt heavier than usual,
etched in eyes that lingered
too long, or not at all.

I saw the red flags,
but painted them sunsets.

Convincing myself
the ache was just
growing pains,
and not a warning.

The silence that tasted bitter,
the door that creaked differently—
even the wind whispered,
but I kept the windows closed.

I ignored the signs
because I wanted the story
to end differently.

Because sometimes
the lie is warmer
than the truth
knocking on your chest
with cold hands

Destiny as a Thread

There's a thread
some say
stretches from your finger
to everything meant for you.
It tangles,
twists through years and cities,
knots around people
you were meant to find—
or meant to lose.
You can cut it,
pull away,
try to weave your own pattern—
but somehow
you end up circling back
to the beginning.
Fate isn't loud.
It doesn't demand.
It just waits.
And when you're tired of running,
you'll trace that thread
like a lifeline,
realizing
it was never a trap—
but a tether
to something deeper than desire.

A Soul Older Than the Body

I looked in the mirror
and saw more
than a seventeen-year-old frame.
There were lifetimes
etched in my eyes,
storms that didn't belong
to this name.

I spoke truths
I never learned,
felt grief for wars
I'd never seen.
There's a heaviness
to being born
again and again—
memory like smoke
slipping between bones
too young to hold it.

Sometimes,
the world feels familiar
in a way it shouldn't.
As if I've walked these streets
in shoes now dust,
loved with names long gone.
This isn't my first heartbreak—
just the latest echo
of a soul
trying to remember
who it was
before it forgot.

A Life You Chose Before You Were Born

They say you picked it—
this body,
these scars,
this family
with its fractured love.
Before you slipped into flesh,
you saw the pain
and chose it anyway.
Why?
To learn.
To heal.
To become.
Some days I curse that choice.
Other days
I wonder
if the fire was necessary
to find the light.
Maybe souls
are braver than we know,
volunteering for the dark
so they can carry
even a flicker of dawn
back home.

Divine Timing or Cruel Coincidence

How do you know
if the universe is aligning
or laughing?
If the heartbreak
was a lesson
or a punishment
for hope?
They met at the wrong time.
The job came
a second too late.
The words were ready
when the ears had left.
It's a fine line—
between faith and foolishness,
between believing in timing
and resenting it.
I still don't know
if fate has a plan
or just a sense of humor.
But sometimes,
after enough time passes,
even the worst goodbyes
start to make sense—
like puzzle pieces
we stopped trying to force.

Conversations with fate

I talk to fate
like it owes me answers.
Like it's a friend
who forgot to call
on the worst day of my life.
I ask,
Why now?
Why not then?
Why them?
And sometimes—
in dreams,
in poems,
in moments I almost miss—
fate replies,
“Because you weren't ready.”
It doesn't argue.
Just leaves clues
like breadcrumbs.
A number.
A name.
A nudge.
And I follow
half-cursing, half-hoping,
wondering if it's all random
or if destiny
just has a flair
for dramatic tension.

A Dream That Felt Prophetic

I saw it—
before it happened.
A face, a place,
the silence
before the storm.
Woke up breathless,
like the dream
had reached into reality
and shaken me.
And then it came.
The moment.
The words.
The ache.
Déjà vu
is just the universe
reminding you
that time isn't linear
for souls
who remember
before they arrive.
That dream was a mirror
held up to a future
my body hadn't reached yet—
but my spirit had already walked through.

Karma as a Mirror

It's not revenge.
Not a cosmic punishment.
Karma
is just a mirror—
held up slowly,
deliberately,
until we can't look away.
It doesn't hit back.
It teaches.
What you plant
will bloom—
even if it takes years,
lifetimes.
The kindness you gave
when no one saw?
It circles back.
The cruelty you hid
in soft words?
Also returns.
Karma isn't cruel.
It's just honest.
Reflecting not what we wish
but what we are.
And some mirrors
crack us open
before they show us
who we were meant to be.

When Your Path Lights Up For Just a Second

It happens—
a second of clarity.
A moment
so real,
it feels like the world
exhaled just for you.
You see it—
the purpose,
the reason,
the why.
And then it's gone.
Like a firefly
in a storm.
But that second
lingers.
It haunts.
It fuels the days
you want to give up.
Because even if the road
goes dark again,
you remember
what it felt like
to see.
And maybe
that's enough
to keep walking.

SILENCE AND SOLITUDE



The Struggle of Silence

In the stillness, there is no reprieve,
A silent prison, where I grieve.
I long for voices, soft and true,
To break the quiet, to pierce through.
But silence grips me with its chains,
A thousand thoughts, yet none remain.
The struggle is not in the loudness,
But in the absence, in the boundless.

Each moment stretches out, too long,
A silent echo of a song
That never came, that never played,
A dream deferred, a heart betrayed.
I scream inside, but none can hear,
The anguish that I cannot clear.
And so I sit, within this tomb,
Wrapped in silence, filled with doom.

It is the struggle of the mind,
To face the silence, unrefined.
For silence speaks, it speaks too loud,
A quiet roar, a thunderous crowd.
And yet, I fight, I try to break,
This endless stillness, for my sake.
But silence holds, and I am still,
Caught in the struggle, against my will.

Voices in the Void

A whisper calls, but there's no sound,
In the endless void where I'm unbound.
I search for meaning in the air,
But find only emptiness, despair.
The voices are there, I feel them near,
But they are lost, just out of ear.
They call to me, but I can't hear,
Their words are swallowed by the fear.

In this void, a silence screams,
Filling up the space between my dreams.
It echoes through the hollow night,
A broken promise, out of sight.
The voices are here, but they fade,
In the cavern of my soul, they are betrayed.
I chase them down, but they retreat,
Like shadows on a moonlit street.

So I wait in the void, for a sign,
For those voices, those threads of mine.
But they are lost, and so am I,
Left to wander, beneath the sky.
I scream out, but they never return,
The voices in the void, they burn.
A fire that flickers, then dies too soon,
Leaving me empty, beneath the moon.

The Weight of Unspoken Words

Unspoken words, they weigh so much,
Their presence felt with every touch.
They linger in the quiet air,
A burden that is always there.
Each thought, each wish, each silent plea,
A weight that pulls inside of me.
They press upon my chest with force,
A quiet scream without a voice.

I carry them, though no one knows,
The words unspoken, the silent woes.
They grow inside, they twist and turn,
A fire that will never burn.
I hold them close, with trembling hands,
Like grains of sand, like shifting lands.
The more I keep them, the more they grow,
A silent pain that only I know.

Each word is like a weighty stone,
A part of me that's left alone.
I want to speak, to let them free,
But fear holds tight, it stifles me.
The weight of silence, cold and vast,
Is all that remains, it's all that lasts.
I try to breathe, to let it go,
But still I carry what none can know.

Fading Stars. Fading Hopes

The stars above begin to fade,
Like promises that once were made.
They flicker out, one by one,
As hope's light dims beneath the sun.
What once was bright, now fades away,
A quiet end to the fleeting day.
The stars no longer guide my path,
Their light extinguished by the wrath
Of time, of loss, of weary nights,
Of broken dreams and shattered sights.

I reach for them, I beg them back,
But they are gone, they've lost their track.
The sky is dark, and so am I,
The stars no longer in my sky.
I thought they'd stay, I thought they'd shine,
But fading hope's a cruel design.
The stars are lost, their light withdrawn,
And with them fades the hope I'd drawn.

Fading stars, fading dreams,
Like broken threads or silent screams.
The light they held, now turned to dust,
A fading hope, a fading trust.
And in the dark, I stand alone,
No stars to guide, no light to own.
Fading hopes, fading light,
Lost in the endless, silent night.

Echoes of Forgotten Dreams

The echoes rise from deep within,
From dreams I lost, from all my sin.
They haunt me still, they never cease,
These whispers that deny my peace.
Once vivid, bright, they filled my mind,
But now they're shadows left behind.
Forgotten dreams, they drift away,
Like memories that cannot stay.

I chase them down, I grasp at air,
But they dissolve, like mist, like prayer.
The echoes grow, they fill the night,
A haunting of what could've been right.
Each step I take, they fade once more,
A dream I reached but can't restore.
The past is lost, the future, too,
As echoes call, but none are true.

Forgotten dreams, they sing a song,
A melody that feels so wrong.
I mourn them, though they're not here,
For what they promised, what I fear.
The echoes linger, but I cannot find
The truth within them, the peace of mind.
They slip away, just out of grasp,
And leave me with a hollow clasp.

Beneath the Surface of Hope

Hope lies beneath a fragile skin,
A quiet wish that dwells within.
It flickers, faint, beneath the night,
A distant star that's lost its light.
I search for it, but it slips away,
Beneath the surface, it hides from day.
It calls to me, but I can't reach,
A lesson that it cannot teach.

Beneath the surface, hope still waits,
Like a bird trapped behind closed gates.
It struggles, but it cannot fly,
Caught in the spaces where dreams die.
I touch it, but it's always gone,
A fleeting glimpse, then it's withdrawn.
Beneath the skin, beneath the pain,
Hope lies waiting, but in vain.

I dream of it, I crave its light,
But it's a ghost that flees from sight.
I hold it close, but cannot keep,
The hope that sinks when I go deep.
Beneath the surface, it remains,
A promise lost in silent chains.
But still I search, and still I try,
To find that hope that I can't deny.

The Mask We Wear

We wear a mask, we hide our face,
Afraid of judgment, lost in grace.
The mask we wear, it hides our truth,
It shields our hearts, it steals our youth.
We smile, we laugh, we play the part,
But deep inside, we fall apart.
The mask is strong, it never cracks,
But underneath, we're lost in tracks.

The mask we wear is made of lies,
A perfect fit, a sweet disguise.
It shields us from the world outside,
But leaves us hollow, trapped, denied.
We show the world what we want seen,
But hide the pain, the in-between.
We hide our tears, we hide our fears,
And drown in silence, through the years.

But still, the mask is fragile, thin,
A barrier that can't hold within.
It cracks, it breaks, it falls away,
Revealing what we can't portray.
And in the mirror, we see our eyes,
A reflection torn, full of disguise.
The mask we wear, it's not who we are,
But it keeps us safe, from near and far.

Let it fall, let the truth unfold,
For the mask will fade, it will grow cold.
And what we find beneath its lies,
May be the key to healing cries.
For in the silence, in the pain,
We find ourselves, we break the chain.
The mask may hide, but cannot stay,
And in its absence, we'll find our way.

Lost in the Abyss

I drift, I fall, I cannot see,
The light that once was part of me.
Lost in the abyss, I search for shore,
But find only endless, silent roar.
The dark surrounds me, cold and deep,
A place where no one dares to sleep.
I scream, I fight, I struggle on,
But the abyss is endless, it's never gone.

Each moment lost, each breath I take,
I feel the pull, the endless ache.
I reach for something, anything,
But find no answer, nothing to bring.
The abyss devours all I know,
It steals my strength, it kills the glow.
I lose myself, I lose my way,
In the endless, darkening gray.

And yet, I swim, though I can't see,
A future lost, no guarantee.
I fight the pull, I fight the fear,
But the abyss keeps drawing near.
I'm lost in it, but still I fight,
To find a way back to the light.
The abyss may pull, but I will rise,
And though I fall, I'll reach the skies.

Shadows in the Heart

Shadows fall, they fill my chest,
A quiet ache, a hollowed rest.
They whisper lies, they steal my peace,
And from my soul, they never cease.
Inside my heart, the shadows creep,
They haunt my dreams, they steal my sleep.
A darkness that I cannot fight,
A constant weight, a veiled blight.

The shadows twist, they grow within,
A dance of sorrow, a quiet sin.
They pull me down, they bind my mind,
And leave me with a world unkind.
I try to run, but they are fast,
Chasing me, they will not last.
Yet still they linger, still they stay,
And cloud my heart in shades of gray.

But even shadows, they must fade,
For light can pierce the darkest shade.
I seek the sun, I seek the light,
To banish shadows, to end the night.
For even in the heart's deep well,
There is a hope that cannot dwell.
The shadows may be deep and dark,
But light will come, it leaves a mark.

A Broken Reflection

I look into the glassy pane,
And see a face I can't explain.
A broken reflection stares at me,
A version lost, a mystery.
The eyes, they weep, the mouth, it sighs,
A fractured soul that no one spies.
I reach for it, but it slips away,
A dream I had, a hope that sways.

The broken reflection does not speak,
It simply shows the cracks, the weak.
A piece of me, a shattered part,
A symbol of a broken heart.
I wonder who I used to be,
Before the cracks consumed me,
Before I lost the self I knew,
And became someone I never grew.

But still I search, I seek the truth,
In that broken mirror, in my youth.
Perhaps, one day, the pieces fit,
And I'll discover who I'm with.
For now, I stand before the glass,
A broken reflection of the past.
But in its shards, a hope still gleams,
That maybe I'll become my dreams.



HEARTACHE AND LOSS

The Loneliness of the Crowd

Surrounded by faces, yet all alone,
I stand amidst the crowd, unknown.
A sea of voices, a wave of sound,
Yet in this chaos, I'm unbound.
The laughter echoes, but I can't hear,
The smiles are bright, but they're unclear.
I reach out, but no one sees,
The quiet ache that follows me.

The crowd moves on, their hearts entwined,
But mine is lost, and hard to find.
In the midst of joy, I feel the pain,
A silent sorrow that won't wane.
I walk among them, yet apart,
The loneliness has claimed my heart.
For in the crowd, I lose my way,
A single soul in a world of gray.

The faces blur, the voices fade,
The loneliness is never swayed.
I long for connection, yet remain
A shadow lost in endless rain.
The crowd may cheer, the crowd may weep,
But in its pulse, I cannot keep
My heart, my soul, my inner flame—
In the crowd, I am not the same.

Invisible Wounds

Beneath the skin, there lies a scar,
A wound that's hidden, deep and far.
No eyes can see the pain it brings,
No voice can speak of shattered things.
It bleeds in silence, never loud,
A quiet ache beneath the shroud.
Invisible, yet sharp as glass,
A wound that never lets me pass.

I wear a mask, I smile and pretend,
That all is well, that this will end.
But deep inside, the pain is real,
A wound that time cannot heal.
Invisible to all around,
Yet in my chest, it makes no sound.
It whispers softly in my ear,
A constant reminder of my fear.

No bandage will conceal this break,
No remedy to soothe or wake.
The wound is part of who I am,
A mark that tells of who I've been.
Invisible, but ever true,
A scar that time will never strew.
And though it's hidden, deep within,
It guides my steps, it shapes my skin.

Silent Battles

The battles rage inside my mind,
A war that no one ever finds.
The scars are deep, the wounds are raw,
But no one hears the silent war.
I fight each day, but none can see,
The struggle that belongs to me.
In the quiet of my room, I stand,
A warrior, though no one's hand.

The weapons I wield are thoughts and fears,
A battle fought through endless years.
I march through life, yet never still,
Fighting shadows, fighting will.
The victories are small and brief,
The losses heavy, full of grief.
Yet no one knows, no one can hear,
The silent battles I hold dear.

I wear the armor of a smile,
I walk through life, and for a while,
I let the world believe I'm strong,
But inside, I've fought too long.
The silent battles, won and lost,
Are my own price, my own cost.
And though the world will never see,
These battles shape the soul in me.

Unraveling the Threads of Time

The threads of time slip through my hands,
Like sand through desert's barren lands.
Each moment gone, a whisper lost,
A fleeting breath, a heavy cost.
I reach for it, but cannot hold,
The moments fading, turning cold.
Unraveling, they slip away,
And leave me with a shadowed day.

The past is woven into strands,
A tapestry of shifting sands.
Each thread a memory, each knot a tear,
But time unravels, unaware.
The moments, once so sharp and bright,
Now blur together in fading light.
I search for meaning in the strands,
But time slips from my tired hands.

I cannot stop the march of years,
Or shield my heart from all the tears.
The threads of time will always fray,
But still I search, I cannot stay.
For in the unraveling, there's truth,
A lesson learned, a lost youth.
And though the past may fade away,
The threads of time will always stay.

When Night Falls

When night falls, the world grows cold,
A blanket thick, a story told.
The stars emerge, so far, so bright,
A distant promise in the night.
But still, the darkness haunts my soul,
A hollow feeling, a gaping hole.
I search for peace, I search for light,
But find only the endless night.

The night is quiet, yet so loud,
It wraps me in a silent shroud.
The memories linger, like the stars,
A quiet reminder of the scars.
I long for dawn, for morning's grace,
To lift the shadows from my face.
But in the dark, I'm left alone,
A heart undone, a soul overthrown.

And when the night begins to wane,
The stars will fade, the night will strain.
But still I wait, for what I know—
That in the dark, I still will grow.
For in the silence, in the cold,
There's something deeper, something bold.
When night falls, it takes its toll,
But it also heals the broken soul.

The Fragile Light of Dawn

Dawn's light breaks through the darkest skies,
A fragile glow, a soft surprise.
It cuts the night, but leaves a trace,
Of shadows that time cannot erase.
The light is weak, yet full of grace,
A glimmer in a fractured place.
I reach for it, but it slips away,
The dawn is brief, it fades to gray.

The fragile light, it warms my skin,
But in its glow, I feel the sin.
For though it comes, it leaves so fast,
A fleeting hope, a love that's past.
The light, so bright, begins to fray,
As morning turns to full of day.
But still I chase it, still I fight,
For that fragile light, that morning bright.

The dawn is soft, it cannot stay,
But in its glow, I find my way.
The fragile light may fade too soon,
But it will rise again, with the moon.
And though it's weak, it still will shine,
A promise kept, a hope divine.
For in the dawn, the world begins,
And in its light, the healing spins.

In the Shadow of the Past

The past casts shadows, dark and deep,
A weight that pulls me, makes me weep.
It follows close, it never leaves,
A memory that deceives and grieves.
The shadow looms, a constant guest,
A ghost that haunts my every rest.
I try to run, I try to hide,
But the past is always by my side.

The echoes call, the whispers speak,
Of all the things I cannot seek.
The past is heavy, full of loss,
A chain that binds me to its cross.
I long for light, I long for peace,
But in the shadow, there's no release.
The past is written, it cannot change,
But in its grip, I feel the range.

And still I walk, beneath its weight,
A prisoner of the hand of fate.
The past will haunt, it will not die,
But I must live, I must deny.
For though it's there, I carry on,
I rise each day to greet the dawn.
In the shadow of the past, I stand,
But I will not let it break my hand.

Dancing with the Devil

I danced with the devil, once, long ago,
In a place where the shadows cannot grow.
He promised me power, he promised me fame,
But all he gave was a life of shame.
We spun in circles, we laughed in vain,
But all that remained was the endless pain.
The devil's touch, it burns so bright,
But leaves a scar, a fading light.

I bargained with him, I gave my soul,
And in return, he took control.
I danced with fire, I danced with sin,
And lost myself, I couldn't win.
The music played, the dance was sweet,
But in the end, I felt defeat.
For though we danced, though we were free,
The devil took everything from me.

I broke the pact, I ran away,
But still the devil holds his sway.
He whispers softly in my ear,
And I am trapped, consumed by fear.
I danced with him, and now I pay,
For all the choices I betrayed.
But still I fight, I still resist,
To free myself from what I missed.

Whispers in the Wind

The wind carries whispers, soft and light,
Of secrets held, of fears in flight.
It speaks of things that none can see,
Of silent hearts, of lost decree.
I listen close, I hear them call,
But still the wind speaks through it all.
The whispers linger, but they fade,
A message lost, a dream betrayed.

I search the wind for truth, for sign,
But all I find are words divine.
The whispers twist, they fade away,
Like moments lost in yesterday.
The wind speaks soft, but carries loud,
A voice that calls, yet is not proud.
It tells the tales of what is lost,
And leaves me wondering at the cost.

The whispers in the wind are brief,
But full of sorrow, full of grief.
They echo soft, they come and go,
Like fleeting dreams that fade and show.
But still I listen, still I wait,
For something more, for something great.
For in the wind, there's hope still found,
A quiet voice, a sacred sound.

Lost, but Not Forgotten

I am lost, but not erased,
A memory, a fleeting trace.
The world moves on, but I remain,
A quiet echo in the rain.
Though lost in time, I cannot fade,
For in the hearts of those I've made,
A part of me still lingers near,
A whisper soft, a voice unclear.

I've left my mark, I've left my name,
Not for the world, but in the flame
Of hearts that loved, that once were kind,
Who carry me in their own mind.
I may be lost, but not in vain,
For in the hearts, I'll still remain.
A thought, a word, a memory bright,
That shines through darkness, through the night.

Though lost, I'll never truly go,
For in the hearts, I'll always grow.
I'll live in dreams, I'll live in song,
A part of them, where I belong.
Lost, but not forgotten, I'll stay,
In the lives I touched along the way.
For though I'm gone, my love is here,
A presence felt, forever near.



**S T R U G G L E S A N D
S T R I F E**

Journey Without End

I walk a path that stretches far,
A road that winds beneath the stars.
Each step I take, I feel the weight,
The journey long, the endless fate.
No end in sight, no resting place,
Just shadows, mist, and endless space.
I seek the light, I seek the dawn,
But each day ends, and I move on.

The road is harsh, the ground is rough,
The way is steep, the air is tough.
I stumble, fall, then rise again,
But still, I walk, through joy and pain.
A journey without end, it seems,
A lifetime spent chasing dreams.
I wonder if I'll ever find
The peace I seek, the peace of mind.

The path is endless, yet I go,
Chasing hopes that never show.
And though I walk, though I persist,
I wonder if I truly exist.
A journey without end, I tread,
Forever chasing what lies ahead.
I walk alone, but not in vain,
For each step shapes me, each step
remains.

The Cage of Memory

Trapped inside a cage of thought,
I relive the battles I once fought.
The memories linger, sharp and clear,
A prison built from every fear.
I reach for freedom, but it's locked,
The cage of memory, tightly docked.
I try to escape, I try to flee,
But it's the only place I can be.

The bars are made of all I've lost,
The choices made, the endless cost.
Each thought, a chain that holds me still,
Each memory, a weight, a chill.
I dream of breaking free, of flight,
But in this cage, I cannot fight.
The memories hold me in their grip,
A never-ending, tight-lipped trip.

Yet in this cage, there's something true,
A lesson learned, a life anew.
For though I'm bound, though I am trapped,
The memories have taught me that
I am more than what I've been,
I am the sum of all within.
The cage of memory holds me tight,
But it cannot quench my inner light.

Darkness Beneath My Feet

I walk upon the earth so cold,
A darkness hidden, silent, bold.
Beneath my feet, the shadows creep,
A restless hunger, never sleep.
The ground beneath, it cracks and moans,
A deep abyss that swallows stones.
I tread with care, but fear the fall,
For darkness whispers, calls it all.

The earth beneath, a hollow sound,
A space where fears and tears are bound.
The weight of it, it pulls me down,
A heavy force that makes me drown.
Yet still I walk, still I fight,
Against the pull, against the night.
For though the darkness lies below,
I must keep walking, I must go.

The shadows tug, the earth does groan,
But in my heart, I am not alone.
For though the darkness lurks beneath,
I carry light, I carry peace.
And with each step, I break the chain,
I fight the darkness, I break the pain.
For though it calls, I walk with pride,
With light within, with hope as guide.

Trapped in the Void

I'm trapped in the void, a place unknown,
A silence deep, a world alone.
The void surrounds, it pulls me in,
A place where light cannot begin.
I scream, but no one hears my plea,
I'm lost in endless misery.
The void consumes, it holds me tight,
A never-ending, soulless night.

The walls are blank, the air is cold,
A place where stories go untold.
I try to move, I try to speak,
But all is lost, the silence leaks.
The void is endless, full of fear,
A space where hope is never near.
I reach for something, anything,
But in the void, there's no such thing.

And though I'm trapped, I still survive,
I breathe, I move, I stay alive.
For even in the darkest place,
A spark of hope can leave its trace.
The void may claim, the void may roar,
But I will fight, I will implore.
For though I'm trapped, I'm still me,
And in this darkness, I will be free.

Fading Love

Once love burned, a blazing flame,
But now it's just an empty name.
It flickers, weak, it fades away,
A distant memory, lost in gray.
The warmth it held, the touch so sweet,
Now disappears beneath my feet.
I reach for it, but it's not there,
The love I sought is lost in air.

The fire once bright, now turns to ash,
The bonds once strong, now start to crash.
The love that bloomed has withered fast,
A fleeting moment, gone at last.
I try to hold, I try to save,
But love is gone, it cannot wave.
The flame once fierce, now turns to dust,
And in the silence, there's no trust.

I mourn the love that slipped away,
The light that faded with the day.
But though it's gone, it left its trace,
A memory that time can't erase.
And though it fades, it taught me true,
That love can live, but also skew.
Fading love, a silent song,
But in its loss, I've grown so strong.

Shattered Dreams

My dreams lie scattered on the floor,
Broken pieces of what once was more.
Each shard a hope that turned to dust,
A vision lost, a dying trust.
I try to gather what is gone,
But the fragments fade before the dawn.
The dreams I held, the plans I made,
Now slip away, in shadows laid.

I built them high, I built them wide,
But now they crumble, fall, and slide.
The dreams once bold, now fall apart,
A broken promise, a shattered heart.
I chase the pieces, try to mend,
But all I find is bitter end.
The dreams I dreamt are far from sight,
Lost in the dark, out of light.

Yet still I rise, from broken dreams,
For in the fall, there's truth it seems.
Though shattered dreams may pierce the soul,
They teach us how to make us whole.
For in the wreckage, there's a way,
To rebuild, to fight, to stay.
Shattered dreams, yet I will stand,
For in the ruins, I'll command.

The Flame that Flickers

The flame that flickers in the dark,
A fragile light, a fleeting spark.
It burns so bright, yet weak and small,
A fire that threatens to fall.
The wind it howls, the shadows near,
But still the flame refuses fear.
It flickers, weak, yet holds its ground,
A tiny hope, in darkness found.

The flame may flicker, may dim and die,
But still it burns, it reaches high.
It fights the wind, it fights the cold,
A glimmer of warmth, a light untold.
Though fragile, though small, it remains,
A symbol of all that sustains.
The flame that flickers, it holds so tight,
A reminder of hope in the night.

And though the flame may fade away,
It leaves its mark at the close of day.
For in its light, we find our way,
In darkness, it will always stay.
The flame that flickers, still it burns,
A light of hope that always turns.
And though it flickers, though it falls,
It rises again, through all the calls.

Haunted by Yesterday

Yesterday's ghosts come to call,
They haunt my steps, they shadow all.
The memories linger, sharp and clear,
A haunting echo that I fear.
I try to run, I try to hide,
But they're always there, by my side.
The past won't leave, the past won't die,
It lingers close, it never sighs.

The ghosts of what I've left behind,
The choices made, the ties that bind.
They call to me, they pull me back,
Into the dark, into the lack.
I try to break the chains that hold,
But yesterday's grip is growing bold.
The ghosts they speak, they tear apart,
The fragments of my shattered heart.

Yet still I walk, though haunted, still,
For I will not bend, I will not kill
The future that lies far ahead,
No matter how the past has bled.
Haunted by yesterday, I stand,
But I will rise, I will demand
A life that's free from ghosts and pain,
And in the end, I will remain.

The Cost of Sacrifice

I gave it all, I gave my soul,
I paid the price, I lost control.
The cost of sacrifice, so steep,
A price I've paid, a debt so deep.
I gave my love, I gave my trust,
But in return, I turned to dust.
The sacrifice has taken all,
And now I stand, a broken thrall.

The cost was high, the toll was great,
The sacrifice, my twisted fate.
I lost my dreams, I lost my way,
But still I rise, I still obey.
For in the loss, there's something true,
A strength that's born from what we knew.
The cost of sacrifice is steep,
But in its wake, we learn to leap.

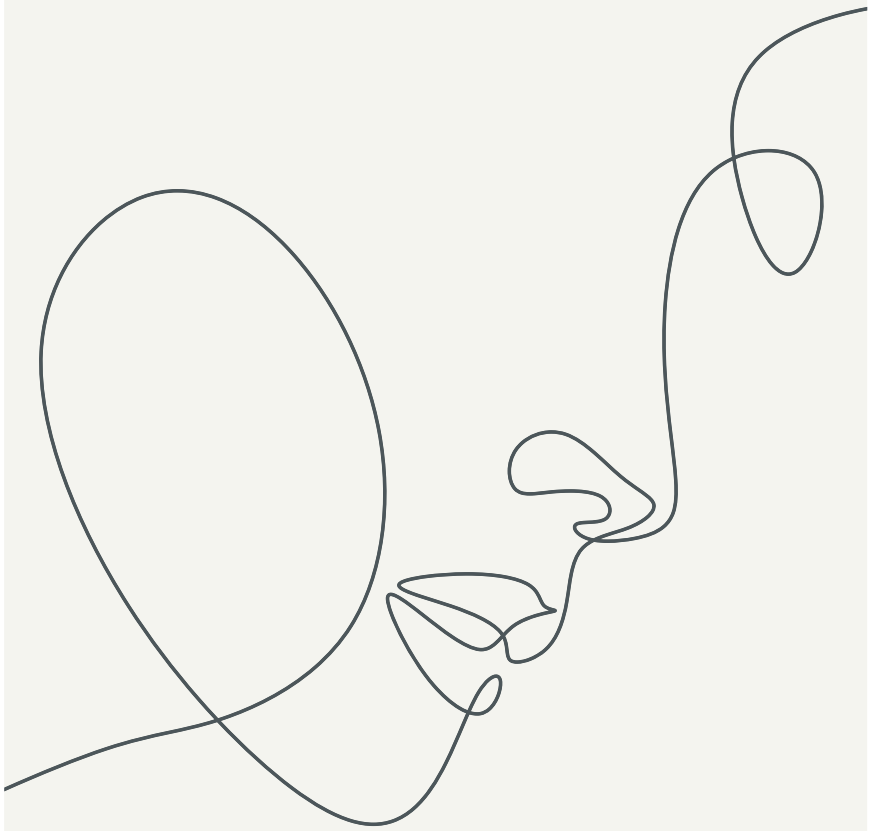
I've paid the price, I've made the deal,
And though it hurts, I know it's real.
For sacrifice is not in vain,
It shapes the soul, it cleans the stain.
The cost is high, but still we climb,
Through sacrifice, we find our rhyme.
And though it costs, we learn to see
That sacrifice can set us free.

A River of Regret

I stand beside the river's edge,
A flowing stream, a broken pledge.
The water moves, it never stays,
Like all the choices, all the ways.
I watch the current pull away,
The moments lost, the things I'd say.
A river full of all I've missed,
A flood of dreams, a painful twist.

The water's cold, it cuts so deep,
A river full of tears I keep.
Each drop a regret, each wave a loss,
The price of choices, the weight, the cost.
I try to cross, I try to dive,
But in the river, I feel deprived.
The current pulls me down once more,
Into the depths, the pain I wore.

Yet still I stand, beside the tide,
For in the river, truth resides.
The river of regret may flow,
But in its depths, I start to grow.
For though I've lost, I've learned to swim,
To fight the flow, to reach within.
A river of regret, I stand,
But still I rise, and still I land.



REGRET AND
REFLECTION

When the Stars Fade

When the stars fade from the sky,
And darkness covers the night's high,
I wonder where the light has gone,
And if it will return at dawn.
The night feels cold, the air so still,
The fading stars, they drain my will.
What happens when the light's erased?
When hope and dreams are left to waste?

The sky once bright, with stars aglow,
Now holds no promise, none to show.
I search for meaning in the void,
But all I find is all destroyed.
The stars that once burned fierce and bright,
Now hide away, lost to the night.
And in their absence, I must stand,
Wondering if I'll understand.

But even as the stars may fade,
A new dawn's promise must be made.
For light is born from darkest space,
And in its loss, we find our place.
When the stars fade, a new light grows,
A quiet hope that softly shows.
For in the dark, there lies a seed,
That waits to grow, that waits to lead.

Crying Without Tears

I cry without the tears to fall,
A silent scream, no voice to call.
The pain is deep, but no release,
A flood within, yet no peace.
The tears are gone, the soul is dry,
I scream within, but still don't cry.
The sorrow builds, a heavy weight,
But in this silence, I await.

What is it like to mourn aloud?
To weep and wail, to break the shroud?
I wonder where my tears have gone,
If they've abandoned me, moved on.
For though I ache, I hold it tight,
The sorrow wraps me in the night.
I long to weep, I long to feel,
The release that tears could heal.

But tears evade, they hide, they flee,
And all I have is misery.
Crying without tears is pain,
A storm within, but no rain.
And though the tears may not arrive,
I carry on, I still survive.
For crying without tears still leaves,
A heart that aches, and soul that grieves.

Beneath the Surface

Beneath the surface, dark and deep,
A secret place where shadows sleep.
The things we hide, the things we fear,
Are buried down, too far to near.
A hidden world, a quiet tomb,
Where thoughts and dreams begin to loom.
I hide beneath, I shut the door,
And lock away what's there no more.

The surface shows a face so bright,
A mask that hides the inner fight.
But beneath it all, the truth does wait,
A storm inside, a twisted fate.
The darkness whispers, pulls me down,
A place I've tried to drown.
But beneath the surface, I remain,
The weight of secrets, the weight of pain.

Yet even here, beneath the skin,
I find the strength to rise again.
For beneath the surface, dark and cold,
There's a fire, fierce and bold.
Though buried deep, though hidden still,
The heart remains, and bends to will.
Beneath the surface, I have found,
A strength that knows no bounds.

The Fear of Tomorrow

Tomorrow waits with open arms,
A future wrapped in unseen harms.
I fear the dawn, I fear the day,
For what it holds, I cannot say.
The unknown path, the untold story,
The weight of time, the fear of glory.
What will tomorrow bring to me?
A gift or loss, a mystery?

I tremble at the thought of change,
Of things unknown, of lives estranged.
The future calls, a distant song,
But I'm afraid, I don't belong.
For in the tomorrow yet to come,
I fear the battles, the fights undone.
The choices made, the roads I take,
The risks that burn, the hearts that break.

But in the fear, there lies a spark,
A light that glows within the dark.
For tomorrow holds both pain and grace,
A chance to rise, to find a place.
The fear of tomorrow may hold tight,
But in the unknown, there lies the fight.
And though I fear what lies ahead,
I'll face tomorrow, undeterred, unsaid.

The Empty Space

An empty space, so wide, so cold,
A hollow place, a story untold.
The silence screams, it echoes loud,
A vacant room, a ghostly shroud.
I reach for something, but there's none,
An empty space, no place to run.
The world around, it slips away,
A void that fills the light of day.

The emptiness is all I know,
A void that grows, a silent woe.
No voice to fill, no hand to hold,
Just empty air, just stories old.
I wander here, I search for life,
But all I find is endless strife.
The empty space, it beckons me,
A place where all the lost will be.

Yet in this void, I find my way,
For emptiness is where I stay.
The space may be, a place so wide,
But in the silence, I collide
With all that's left, with all that's gone,
And find a peace where none belong.
The empty space may hold me tight,
But in its depth, I find my light.

The Weight of Silence

The silence holds me in its grip,
A weight that presses, slow and thick.
It wraps around my every breath,
A stillness louder than all death.
I long to speak, I long to shout,
But silence wraps me up, shuts out.
The weight of it, a heavy stone,
A burden carried all alone.

Each word unsaid, each thought untold,
Adds to the silence, grows so cold.
The air is thick, it presses in,
A quiet place where thoughts begin.
But still, I wait, I hold my tongue,
For silence is where I've been hung.
And though I scream inside my mind,
The silence leaves no voice behind.

Yet in the silence, something grows,
A strength that no one ever knows.
For in the quiet, we find our core,
A place where noise can't reach the shore.
The weight of silence may hold me tight,
But in its depth, I find my fight.
For though it binds, it will not stay,
The weight of silence fades away.

Thousand Forgotten Words

A thousand words, unspoken, lost,
Each one a burden, each one a cost.
The words we didn't say in time,
Now echo in a silent rhyme.
The chance is gone, the moment passed,
A thousand words, now outclassed.
They float away, they drift like leaves,
The things we didn't dare to seize.

The words we kept, we held them tight,
Afraid to speak, afraid of light.
But now they're gone, they slip away,
A thousand chances turned to gray.
Each word a regret, each thought a flame,
Now fading slowly, none to claim.
A thousand forgotten words remain,
A silent chorus of the pain.

But in the silence, something speaks,
A lesson learned through broken weeks.
For though the words may fade from view,
Their meaning lingers, sharp and true.
A thousand words may be left unsaid,
But in the silence, we are led.
A thousand forgotten words, I see,
But they've shaped the soul inside of me.

Heart That Cannot Heal

A heart that cannot heal, it weeps,
It carries sorrow, buried deep.
The wounds are raw, the scars remain,
A constant ache, a lasting pain.
I try to mend, I try to fix,
But each attempt just makes it stick.
A heart that cannot heal, it cries,
A silent pain, a broken sigh.

The wounds that time cannot erase,
The hurt that hides in every place.
I try to love, I try to trust,
But in my heart, there's only rust.
The love I gave, the love I lost,
Is buried now, a heavy cost.
And though I ache, though I still fight,
A heart that cannot heal feels right.

But in this brokenness, I find
A strength that lives, a peace of mind.
For though the heart may never mend,
It learns to live, it learns to bend.
A heart that cannot heal, I stand,
But in the pain, I take command.
For though it's broken, still it beats,
A heart that cannot heal, repeats.

Lost in the Moment

I'm lost in the moment, here, and now,
The world around me, I don't allow.
I drown in thought, I drown in time,
A fleeting world, a silent chime.
The moment slips, it fades away,
But still I linger, still I stay.
I try to hold, I try to grasp,
But time slips through my fading clasp.

The present pulls, it tugs, it calls,
But in its grip, the moment falls.
I'm lost in what was meant to be,
A memory that's not yet free.
The past, the future, both entwined,
But in the moment, I unwind.
I long to live, but time is thin,
And moments pass, they never win.

Yet in this loss, there's something pure,
A truth that always will endure.
For in the moment, we are whole,
A fleeting breath, a fleeting soul.
Lost in the moment, I still see,
The truth of what it means to be.
For though I'm lost, I'm found in light,
The moment's loss becomes my sight.

The Descent Into Madness

I feel it creeping, slow, and sure,
A darkened thought, a world impure.
The madness whispers, soft and clear,
A voice that calls, a voice I fear.
I try to fight, I try to scream,
But madness pulls me in, it seems.
A descent that has no end,
A place where sanity may bend.

The thoughts are twisted, dark, and wide,
They stretch across, they cannot hide.
Each breath I take, a rattling sound,
The madness spins me round and round.
I try to hold, I try to stand,
But madness slips right through my hand.
I fall into the depths, I slide,
The madness pulls me deep inside.

Yet in the descent, there's something true,
A part of me I never knew.
For madness is not what we fear,
It's the unknown we hold so near.
The descent may seem a fall so deep,
But in the madness, we start to leap.
For in the chaos, there's a sign,
A way to free the twisted mind.



Darkness
and
Despair

The Pain of Letting Go

The pain of letting go, it cuts,
A wound too deep, a bond that shuts.
It's the silence after the last word,
The final breath that is unheard.
You hold on tight, but time insists,
To pull away, to break, to twist.
The ties that bound, now fall apart,
Leaving only a fractured heart.

The moments shared, now turn to dust,
The love once pure, now turned to rust.
The hands that held, now fade away,
Lost in the shadows of yesterday.
I let you go, but still I stay,
A prisoner to the price I pay.
The pain of letting go, it's true,
But in its wake, I start anew.

Yet still I feel the hollow space,
The absence of your warm embrace.
The memories, they linger near,
A constant ache, a constant fear.
Letting go is never sweet,
It's losing pieces, incomplete.
But in the sorrow, I must grow,
And let the pain of letting go.

Broken Promise

A broken promise, shattered trust,
Left in the ashes, covered in dust.
The words you spoke, now feel so hollow,
A vow you made, now hard to swallow.
The pain it leaves, a jagged edge,
A tear that bleeds, a broken pledge.
What once was gold, now tarnished gray,
A promise lost, a price to pay.

I held your word, I held it dear,
But now it slips, it disappears.
The weight of lies, the weight of truth,
It poisons time, it robs our youth.
A broken promise, a fleeting dream,
A fleeting hope, no longer gleams.
And though I try, I can't forget,
The pain of promises unmet.

Yet even here, I learn to see,
That broken things can set us free.
For promises may fall apart,
But they still lead us to the heart.
A broken promise, a bitter end,
Yet from the cracks, we learn to mend.
Though trust is lost, the soul remains,
And from the hurt, we rise again.

The Echo of My Voice

The echo of my voice is all,
That whispers back against the wall.
I shout, I scream, but none reply,
Just hollow sounds that fade and die.
The silence answers, cold and deep,
The things I say, the things I keep.
My voice, once strong, now lost to air,
A sound that drifts, a cry, a prayer.

The echo bounces off the dark,
A shadowed reply, a fading spark.
I wonder if it's all in vain,
The words I speak, the endless pain.
Each syllable, a heavy weight,
That drags me down, that seals my fate.
The echo rings, it haunts my mind,
A voice that's left, but none can find.

Yet in the echo, something stays,
A trace of light, a hint of grace.
For though my voice may fade away,
It leaves behind a mark that stays.
The echo may not be so kind,
But it reflects the truth we find.
And though it fades, the truth remains,
In the echo, still, the soul sustains.

Drowning in Darkness

Drowning in darkness, I can't breathe,
The world around me, hard to perceive.
Each breath I take is slow and strained,
As shadows press, my mind is chained.
The light is gone, the sky is black,
No stars to guide, no way back.
The depth surrounds, I cannot see,
The darkness holds, it suffocates me.

I struggle, I fight, but still I fall,
The weight of night, it covers all.
The silence deafens, loud and near,
The darkness whispers all my fear.
The coldness seeps, it chills my bones,
A place where hope can't be alone.
Drowning in darkness, I lose my way,
The light I sought, now far away.

Yet still, I fight, I still resist,
For though the dark persists, I persist.
The darkness may drown, but it cannot stay,
For even night must give way to day.
Drowning in darkness, I may fall,
But still I rise, still I stand tall.
For in the dark, the light is near,
And from the depth, I will appear.

Torn Apart

Torn apart by words once kind,
By dreams once whole, now undefined.
A love once strong, now fractured thin,
A war inside I cannot win.
The ties we had, now broken, lost,
A love that's priced at any cost.
I search for pieces, here and there,
But nothing's left, only despair.

The walls we built, now torn asunder,
A love that was, now cracks like thunder.
Each word a blow, each glance a knife,
We've ruined what was once our life.
The bond we shared, now torn in two,
The pieces scattered, none in view.
Torn apart by things unsaid,
A love once cherished, now dead.

Yet in the rubble, I must stand,
For broken things can still expand.
Though torn apart, there's room to heal,
To build anew, to once again feel.
Torn apart, yet still I rise,
With broken hands, but open skies.
For even shattered, we still grow,
And from the ruins, life will flow.

Lonely Road

A lonely road, no end in sight,
A path that stretches, black as night.
No footsteps echo, none to see,
Just endless miles of misery.
I walk alone, with no one near,
The road ahead, I feel the fear.
The silence whispers, soft and cold,
A place where hearts grow dim and old.

The road is long, the night is wide,
A journey where no souls abide.
I search for company, for light,
But only shadows greet my sight.
Each step I take, I lose my way,
The loneliness, it seems to stay.
A lonely road, so far, so wide,
Where no one waits, where none will guide.

But still I walk, I still endure,
For in the pain, there's something pure.
The road may twist, the road may bend,
But I will walk, right to the end.
A lonely road, I walk alone,
But through the pain, I've always grown.
For even in the dark, I see,
A strength within, a part of me.

The Fragility of Hope

The fragility of hope is thin,
A whisper soft, a breeze within.
It flutters, fades, it's hard to hold,
A fleeting thing, both young and old.
It rests upon a fragile thread,
A spark that fights, yet fears the dead.
Hope is a dream we long to keep,
Yet it can slip through fingers deep.

The world we see, it dims the light,
The hope we hold, it fades from sight.
The pain we carry, sharp and clear,
Can drown the hope, instill the fear.
But still we cling, we still we try,
For hope is something we can't deny.
The fragility of hope we bear,
A delicate thing, a silent prayer.

But though it's fragile, still it grows,
A seed that blooms, a light that shows.
For hope may fade, but it remains,
A promise born from all our pains.
The fragility of hope may break,
But in its place, we learn to make
A strength that rises, fierce and true,
A hope reborn, a hope anew.

When Time Stands Still

When time stands still, the world fades away,
Each moment lost, yet here we stay.
The clock has stopped, the air is thick,
The seconds pass, but none can tick.
In this place, we're stuck, we're bound,
A stillness fills the empty sound.
We wait, we pause, we hold our breath,
In this strange world, we wait for death.

The stillness grips, it holds us tight,
A moment frozen in the night.
The world goes on, but we remain,
Trapped in time, bound by our pain.
The seconds slip, but here we stay,
In this place where night meets day.
When time stands still, we lose the fight,
For in the pause, we fade from sight.

Yet in this stillness, something grows,
A chance to heal, a chance to know.
For time may stand, but it will move,
And in its rhythm, we will prove
That though we wait, though we're confined,
We'll find a way, we'll ease our mind.
When time stands still, we still remain,
And through the pause, we break the chain.

Whispers of Regret

Whispers of regret fill the air,
A silent voice, a bitter prayer.
The things we did, the things we've said,
They haunt our hearts, they fill our head.
Each whisper grows, each voice is loud,
A reminder beneath the cloud.
Regret is loud, regret is near,
A constant ache, a constant fear.

The choices made, the steps we missed,
The love we lost, the dreams we dismissed.
Each whisper calls, it calls us back,
To places dark, to roads we lack.
We try to silence, try to forget,
But whispers linger, whispers fret.
Regret is there, it never leaves,
A shadow stays, it never grieves.

Yet in the whispers, there's a song,
A lesson learned, a life prolonged.
For regret can teach us how to grow,
And guide us through the winds that blow.
The whispers may remain, it's true,
But in their wake, we find the view
Of who we are, of who we'll be,
And in regret, we are set free.

Lurking Shadows

Lurking shadows, dark and deep,
A place where secrets never sleep.
They creep around, they stalk the mind,
A quiet force that's hard to find.
The things we fear, the things we hide,
Are carried close, they twist inside.
The shadows wait, they grow and grow,
A part of us, we never know.

They pull us down, they take our breath,
They follow close, they bring us death.
A shadow lingers, it never leaves,
It wraps around and makes us grieve.
The things we hide, the things we fear,
The shadows take, they draw them near.
Lurking shadows, they stalk the night,
A constant reminder of our fight.

Yet shadows fade when light appears,
A simple truth that quiets fears.
For shadows cannot live in light,
And in the dawn, they lose their bite.
Lurking shadows may stalk and creep,
But in the light, we wake from sleep.
And though they linger, though they stay,
We find our strength, and chase them away.



CLOSURE
AND
ACCEPTANCE

The Longest Night

The longest night, it stretches wide,
A cloak of dark, no light to guide.
The hours crawl, they drag and slow,
As time itself refuses to go.
The moon hangs low, but doesn't shine,
The stars are gone, lost in time.
In this void, I feel the pain,
A weight that binds, a heavy chain.

The silence screams, the cold is near,
I face my thoughts, I face my fear.
The night, it never seems to end,
Each moment feels like a deep descent.
I search for solace, search for peace,
But the longest night will never cease.
I wait, I pray, I lose my way,
Until the dawn of a new day.

And when the night finally retreats,
I'll find the strength to face defeat.
For in the dark, I've learned to see,
That night is not eternity.
The longest night, it will soon fade,
And in its place, the dawn will trade.
The darkness may feel like it will stay,
But light will always find its way.

The Sound of Heartbreak

The sound of heartbreak, soft and slow,
A distant cry, a silent woe.
It breaks the heart, it tears the soul,
A rhythm deep, a bitter toll.
Each beat is sharp, each pulse is cold,
A sound that echoes, growing bold.
It's the sound of love, now lost, now gone,
A melody that lingers on.

The silence speaks of things unsaid,
Of dreams once bright, now turned to dread.
Each note a tear, each chord a sigh,
The sound of love that learned to die.
The pain it grows, it doesn't stop,
The echoes rise, they never drop.
It's the sound of the heart breaking in two,
A song of loss, of things untrue.

But still, the sound will fade with time,
The notes will drop, the chords will climb.
For in the silence, there's a cure,
A peace that heals, a love that's pure.
The sound of heartbreak may remain,
But from the sorrow, we'll rise again.
For though it hurts, the heart will mend,
And from the brokenness, we transcend.

Chasing Ghosts

Chasing ghosts, I run through time,
In endless search, in endless rhyme.
I reach for shadows, grasp at air,
A haunting presence everywhere.
The ghosts I seek, they never stay,
They slip away, they fade away.
A fleeting glimpse, a fleeting touch,
But never enough, never too much.

The past, it haunts, it calls my name,
I chase the ghosts, I chase the flame.
The memories dance, they twist, they play,
But I can't hold them, they slip away.
Each step I take, they slip from view,
The ghosts, they always find a new hue.
I chase them close, but never near,
A haunting shadow, full of fear.

Yet still, I chase, I chase the light,
I chase the ghosts into the night.
For in their wake, I learn to see,
That ghosts are just what used to be.
They cannot stay, they cannot grow,
But in their path, we learn to know
That chasing ghosts may lead us far,
But only forward, towards a star.

The Curse of Memory

The curse of memory, it never fades,
A storm that churns, a shadowed blade.
It cuts through time, it steals the peace,
A never-ending, deep decease.
The memories linger, sharp and clear,
Each one a wound, each one a fear.
They whisper loud, they pull me back,
To places dark, to endless black.

The past holds tight, it grips my mind,
A constant ache, a knot that binds.
I try to move, to let it go,
But memories remain, they grow.
The curse of memory is cruel and strong,
A never-ending, endless song.
It haunts my thoughts, it dims my light,
A curse that holds me through the night.

But in the curse, there lies a truth,
That memories hold both pain and proof.
For from the past, we learn to grow,
And from the curse, we let it go.
The curse of memory may stay near,
But in its wake, we find the clear.
For though it hurts, we must endure,
And through the curse, we find the cure.

Journey Through the Storm

A journey through the storm, so wild,
A path that winds, both rough and mild.
The winds they howl, the rain it pours,
Yet still I walk, through open doors.
The lightning strikes, the thunder roars,
But I press on, to distant shores.
The storm may rage, the skies may break,
But I will walk, for my own sake.

Each step I take, the earth it shakes,
The storm it twists, the heart it breaks.
But still I move, I move with grace,
For in the storm, I find my place.
The winds may tear, the waves may crash,
But in the storm, my spirit will flash.
A journey through the storm, unknown,
But through the dark, I've always grown.

And when the storm finally subsides,
I'll stand tall, no longer hide.
For in the tempest, I've found my way,
And in its wake, I rise today.
A journey through the storm, now done,
And from the darkness, I have won.
For storms may rage, but I endure,
And in the storm, I find my cure.

Pieces of a Lost Dream

Pieces of a lost dream fall,
Shattered fragments, nothing whole.
The dream I held, now torn apart,
A distant hope, a broken heart.
Each piece a memory, sharp and clear,
A distant thought, a muted cheer.
The dream once bright, now fades to gray,
A hope once near, now far away.

The pieces scatter, lost in time,
A song once sweet, now out of rhyme.
I search for what I cannot find,
The dream I held, now left behind.
But still I wonder, still I yearn,
For pieces lost, for dreams that burn.
The dream may fade, but still I seek,
The hope I lost, the dream so weak.

Yet in the fragments, I find the light,
For in the loss, there is insight.
The dream may break, but still it shows,
That from the pieces, something grows.
A lost dream may never return,
But in its place, I learn to burn.
For in the broken, I find my way,
And in the loss, I find the day.

The Coldness Within

The coldness within, it numbs the soul,
A frozen heart, a barren goal.
The warmth I sought, it slips away,
And in its place, the cold will stay.
I try to reach, I try to feel,
But all I touch is cold, unreal.
The coldness wraps, it holds me tight,
A shadow that steals the light.

The warmth of love, it once was near,
But now it's gone, replaced by fear.
The coldness grows, it chills my bones,
A silence deep, a heart that moans.
I seek the fire, I seek the sun,
But the coldness comes, and I'm undone.
The coldness within, it cannot flee,
A part of me, a part I see.

Yet in the cold, I find the truth,
That warmth is born from broken youth.
For in the frost, I learn to grow,
And from the cold, the fire will glow.
The coldness may seem all-consuming,
But in its grip, I find renewing.
For through the chill, the heart will thaw,
And in the cold, I find the law.

Soul in Despair

A soul in despair, it wanders wide,
A shadow lost, with nowhere to hide.
The heart is cold, the mind is lost,
A soul that's paid the highest cost.
The tears have fallen, the pain has stayed,
A soul that's broken, torn, betrayed.
It seeks for light, it seeks for peace,
But all it finds is deep release.

The weight of sorrow, it pulls me down,
A soul that wears a broken crown.
The pain it grows, the soul it cries,
A spirit bound by endless skies.
Yet through the tears, a voice is heard,
A whisper soft, a fleeting word.
A soul in despair may not be lost,
For through the pain, we pay the cost.

And though despair may fill the night,
A soul in despair will find the light.
For even through the deepest pain,
A soul will rise, will break the chain.
A soul in despair, it learns to grow,
And from the dark, it starts to glow.

The Guilt We Carry

The guilt we carry, heavy as stone,
A burden deep, a weight unknown.
It presses hard, it pulls us down,
A crown of thorns, a sorrowed frown.
The things we've done, the things we've said,
They haunt our hearts, they fill our head.
We carry guilt, we carry shame,
A never-ending, cruel game.

The past holds tight, it never lets go,
The guilt remains, a constant woe.
We try to run, we try to hide,
But guilt is always by our side.
The guilt we carry, it never fades,
A shadow deep, a darkened shade.
But through the weight, we learn to see,
That guilt is not our destiny.

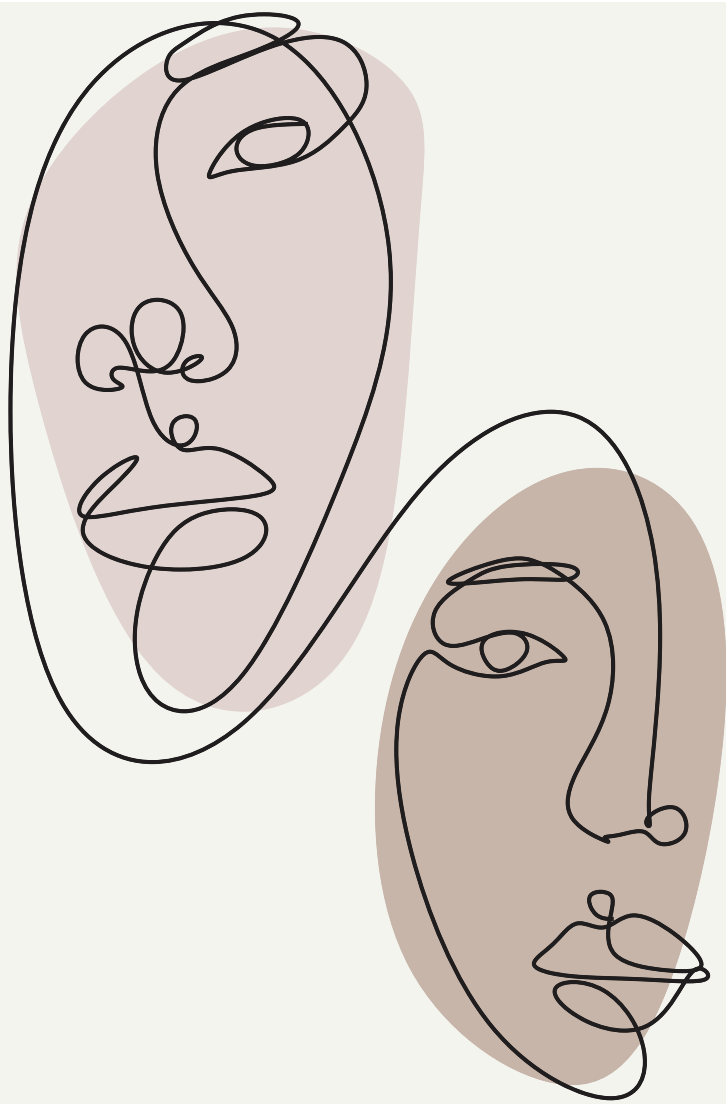
For in the guilt, we find the way,
To heal the heart, to seize the day.
The guilt we carry may remain,
But through its grip, we break the chain.
And from the weight, we rise once more,
For guilt will not define our core.

Beneath the Surface of Love

Beneath the surface of love, we hide,
The scars we carry, the things we've tried.
The smiles we wear, the masks we show,
The things we hide, the things we know.
Love is not always as it seems,
It's made of lies, it's made of dreams.
Beneath the surface, there's a cost,
A love that's found, a love that's lost.

The love we seek, it's never pure,
It's flawed and broken, unsure.
We chase the light, but stumble blind,
For love is not always kind.
Beneath the surface, we all fall,
The things we want, we cannot call.
But still we chase, we still believe,
For love is something we can't leave.

Yet love, it grows beneath the pain,
It learns to dance, it learns to reign.
For beneath the surface, something deep,
A love that's true, a love to keep.
We search for love, we search for light,
And beneath the surface, we take flight.
For in the depth, love finds its way,
And in its arms, we learn to stay.



Healing and Redemption

Torn by the Wind

Torn by the wind, I drift and sway,
A fragile soul, caught in the fray.
The storm it howls, the gusts they scream,
I search for peace in a broken dream.
The wind it tears, it pulls me wide,
A leaf that floats with nowhere to hide.
But in the gale, I find my strength,
For I am not broken, I go to length.

The wind may howl, the tempest roar,
But I will stand, I will restore.
Each tear it sheds, each gust it sends,
Is a step towards the end of the bends.
For in the storm, I find my path,
And in the wind, I face the wrath.
I am not torn, I am reborn,
From the wind, my soul is worn.

But in the winds of change, I fly,
And find my wings, I touch the sky.
For every gust that breaks my form,
Will build me back, will keep me warm.
Torn by the wind, I now see clear,
That every break brings me near.
To healing deep, to light so bright,
I find redemption in the night.

Life Left Unlived

A life left unlived, a path not found,
A dream once held, now on the ground.
The years have passed, the moments flown,
The seeds of hope, forever sown.
But still I stand, in silent grief,
A life unlived, beyond belief.
The dreams I held, the hopes I kept,
Are buried deep where shadows slept.

The choices made, the roads I missed,
A life I dreamed of, now dismissed.
But in the silence, in the loss,
I find my soul, I count the cost.
A life left unlived, but not in vain,
For from the ashes, I rise again.
I let go of what could have been,
And find the strength to begin again.

A life left unlived, now turned to dust,
But in the journey, I find my trust.
For through the loss, I find the way,
To live anew, to start today.
The past may fade, but I remain,
No longer lost in the empty rain.
A life once left behind, now found,
I rise again, my soul unbound.

The Weight of Yesterday

The weight of yesterday, it pulls me down,
A heavy heart, a tired crown.
The past it lingers, sharp and cold,
A story told, a truth untold.
The memories crash, they tear my mind,
The weight of time, so unkind.
I carry it with every breath,
A burden deep, a dance with death.

But in the weight, I find my grace,
I learn to move, I find my place.
For though the past will never go,
I choose to heal, to let it flow.
The weight of yesterday may stay,
But I choose to walk a different way.
I will not let the past define,
For in the weight, I will still shine.

The weight of yesterday may hold,
But in the fire, I am bold.
I will not falter, I will not fall,
For in the weight, I stand tall.
The past may hurt, the past may bind,
But from its grip, I free my mind.
The weight of yesterday will fade,
For in today, I will be remade.

Heart That Won't Forget

A heart that won't forget, it aches,
For all the dreams, for all the stakes.
The memories linger, sharp and sweet,
A tangled web, a love complete.
But though it hurts, this heart won't break,
It beats for all the chances taken, the paths forsake.
For though it suffers, though it weeps,
A heart that won't forget, it keeps.

The love, the loss, the joy, the pain,
The heart holds on, despite the strain.
It never forgets, it never lets go,
The scars it wears, the seeds it sows.
A heart that won't forget will fight,
To keep the flame, to hold the light.
It clings to memories, to all that's past,
For in the heart, love will last.

But in the depths, it learns to heal,
For every wound, for every feel.
A heart that won't forget will find,
A way to free the aching mind.
For love may stay, but so must peace,
And from the pain, I will release.
A heart that won't forget will grow,
And find redemption in the flow.

The Fear of Being Alone

The fear of being alone, it grips the soul,
A silent whisper, a jagged hole.
The silence screams, the darkness calls,
A hollow void that never falls.
The heart it races, the mind it flies,
In search of solace, in search of skies.
But still the fear, it holds me tight,
A constant shadow in the night.

I long for company, I long for touch,
But solitude can hurt so much.
The fear of being alone, it stays,
A silent force that clouds my days.
But through the fear, I find the truth,
That loneliness can shape the youth.
For in the quiet, I learn to see,
The strength that lies within me.

Though fear of solitude may remain,
I find my peace, I break the chain.
For in the silence, I learn to grow,
And from the stillness, strength will flow.
The fear of being alone may stay,
But it no longer guides my way.
For I am whole, I am complete,
In solitude, my heart will beat.

Where Shadows Live

Where shadows live, I wander lost,
A place where silence comes at cost.
The darkness hums, the shadows creep,
A place where secrets never sleep.
I search for light, but none is near,
Just whispers low, just endless fear.
Where shadows live, no light can stay,
Only darkness marks the way.

Yet in the dark, I learn to find,
The strength within, the peace of mind.
For where the shadows lurk and stay,
I carve my path, I make my way.
The shadows may be deep and wide,
But in their midst, I will not hide.
Where shadows live, I will not fall,
For through the dark, I hear my call.

And though the shadows never cease,
I find within them, quiet peace.
For where shadows live, there's light unseen,
And in the dark, I reign supreme.
I walk with shadows, side by side,
And in the dark, my soul will glide.
For where the shadows used to reign,
I now find peace, I break the chain.

The Price of Peace

The price of peace is steep and high,
A price to pay, a silent sigh.
The cost is deep, the toll is great,
For peace is found in the hands of fate.
The battles fought, the wars inside,
Are wages paid when peace is tried.
The heart must break, the soul must burn,
Before the peace we seek returns.

The price of peace, it calls to me,
A silent whisper, a silent plea.
It asks for loss, it asks for time,
To heal the heart, to make it shine.
The price of peace may tear the soul,
But in its wake, we find the whole.
For peace is earned, it's not a gift,
It's found in places where we drift.

And though the price may be too high,
We pay it still, we do not shy.
For peace, it's worth the pain we bear,
And in its arms, we'll find repair.
The price of peace, we must embrace,
For in its light, we find our place.

An Endless Struggle

An endless struggle, it calls to me,
A battle fought, yet never free.
The fight goes on, it has no end,
A journey long, with no amend.
The weight of struggle, heavy, deep,
It calls me forth, it will not sleep.
Each step I take, I lose the fight,
An endless war through day and night.

Yet in the struggle, I find my voice,
In every fight, I make a choice.
Though endless, I will rise again,
For in the struggle, I find my zen.
The battle may be never won,
But in its midst, I've just begun.
An endless struggle, it shapes my soul,
And through its pain, I find control.

The fight may last, the struggle stay,
But in the end, I find my way.
For through the war, I come alive,
In every struggle, I survive.
An endless struggle, it does not win,
For in the battle, I begin.

Crying in the Dark

Crying in the dark, I weep alone,
The tears they fall, like stone on stone.
No light to guide, no hand to hold,
Just empty whispers, just stories told.
The dark it wraps, it tightens round,
A quiet sob, a muffled sound.
I cry for all that could have been,
For all the pain that lies within.

But in the dark, I find the light,
The tears they cleanse, they make things right.
For though I cry, I know the way,
Through tears, I find a brighter day.
Crying in the dark, I let it go,
The pain I carry, the things I know.
And though the tears may fall again,
I rise from sorrow, free from pain.

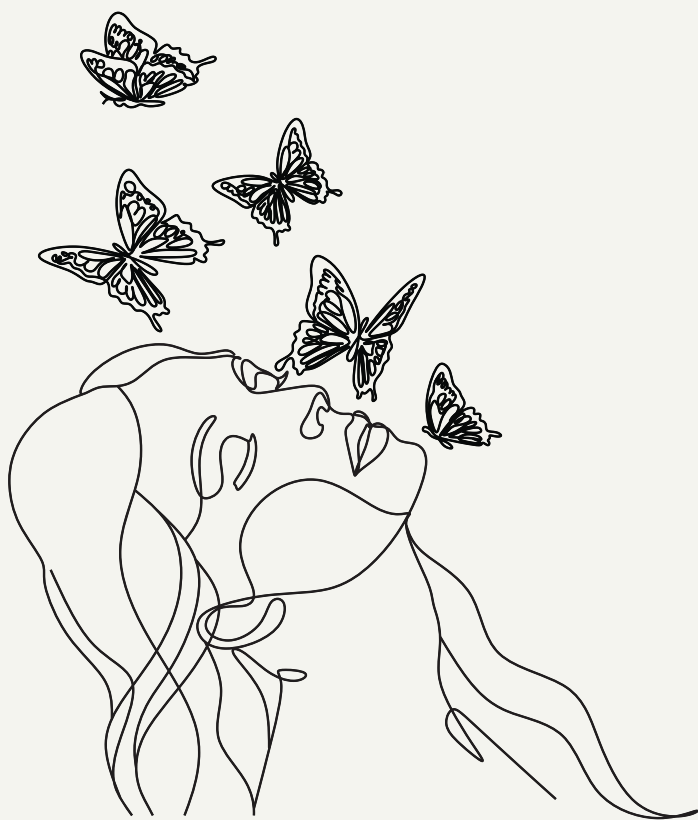
For crying in the dark, I learn to heal,
To face the pain, to feel the real.
Through every tear, I start anew,
And find the strength to see it through.
Crying in the dark, I break the chains,
And find the peace beneath the rain.

The Silent Storm

The silent storm, it rages wild,
A storm that's soft, yet fierce and vile.
It stirs within, a quiet rage,
A storm that moves from page to page.
The winds may whisper, the thunder hums,
But in its wake, no sound becomes.
The silent storm, it tears the mind,
And leaves the heart so undefined.

But in the silence, there is power,
For in the quiet, I find the hour.
The storm may rage, but I will stand,
For in the silence, I command.
The silent storm may tear apart,
But in its wake, I'll find my heart.
For through the storm, I learn to see,
The quiet strength that lies in me.

The silent storm may never cease,
But in its wake, I find my peace.
For though the storm may rage inside,
I hold the calm, I stand with pride.
The silent storm, it teaches me,
That strength is born from what we see.
In silence, there's a power, a force,
That guides us back to the right course.



ACCEPTANCE AND
LETTING GO

Promise Never Kept

A promise once whispered beneath a violet sky,
Folded into the hush of a lover's sigh.
It was weightless, soft, a feather afloat,
A vow inscribed on a fragile boat.

You said, "Always," and I believed,
In foolish hope, in dreams conceived.
The world spun gold around your word,
A hymn, a prayer, a song unheard.

But storms came crawling on broken knees,
Tearing apart our imagined seas.
Your voice grew fainter, your eyes closed tight,
Your promise faded into the night.

I kept it close – that brittle lie,
Clutched to my chest with every cry.
It cracked my ribs, it bruised my skin,
The ghost of something that could have been.

Years later, I find it there,
A crumpled relic, a silent prayer.
I smile, I sigh, I set it free –
A promise never meant for me.

The Empty Chair

The chair sits still in the morning light,
A sentinel to an unseen fight.
Its arms are open, its seat pristine,
Yet filled with all the could-have-been.

Conversations half-spoken cling to the air,
Like dust motes dancing through a vacant
stare.

Your absence howls without a sound,
A deafening silence that wraps around.

I place my hand upon the wood,
And wish to say what I never could:
That time has not been kind or slow,
That missing you is all I know.

I eat, I laugh, I pretend I'm whole,
While your absence gnaws into my soul.
But still the chair, unmoving, waits —
A quiet keeper of quiet fates.

I tuck my memories in its seams,
And leave you there, among my dreams.

The Faces We Hide

We carve them carefully, mask upon mask,
Perfectly shaped for each little task.
One for the workplace, polished and thin,
One for the strangers, stretched tight on the
skin.

One for the lovers, soft and serene,
One for the mirrors we dare not glean.
A thousand faces, none quite true,
Each one crafted to hide what's blue.

Inside, a face untouched by hands,
Untamed by duty, by love's demands.
It weeps at weddings, laughs at wakes,
It feels the cracks the outside fakes.

Yet we dare not wear it in the day,
For fear the world will look away.
And so we hide, and so we cry,
Behind the masks that learn to lie.

Till one day, brittle, worn too thin,
The cracks spill out the truth within.
And we are left with trembling grace,
Finally showing our real face.

Dream of Freedom

Once I dreamed of running light,
Across a world bathed in forgiving night.
No burdens tied around my feet,
No heavy chains of old defeat.

I dreamed of skies too wide to hold,
Of futures brushed in daring gold.
I dreamed of flight with broken wings,
Of silent lands and forgotten kings.

But dreams, they falter in morning's glare,
Crumbling fragile in brittle air.
The cage returns, the ground holds tight,
The chains rebuild, the dreams take flight.

Yet even shackled to this stone,
I dream of freedom, dream alone.
For in the dreaming, I am whole,
A rebel heart, a living soul.

And dreams are seeds that someday grow,
Even beneath a weight of snow.

Fading Echoes

The walls remember what we forget,
The laughter stitched in the tapestries' net.
The echoes drift through hollow halls,
Ghosts that shiver in the papered walls.

Each footstep falls on sacred ground,
Each whisper wraps itself around.
Your voice, a melody lost in rain,
Still taps against my windowpane.

I reach for echoes I cannot keep,
Memories sown too deep for sleep.
They fade, they falter, yet they stay,
The price of love we give away.

Not every loss is sharp and clean;
Some haunt in silence, soft, unseen.
Fading echoes, ancient song,
Remind me where I still belong.

The Burden of Grief

Grief is a stone I carry each day,
Silent, heavy, worn and gray.
It does not cry, it does not shout,
It simply weighs my living out.

At first, I tried to cast it far,
Bury it deep, deny the scar.
But stones grow roots when left unseen,
Twisting sharp through what has been.

I learned, instead, to bear its weight,
To shoulder sorrow, accept my fate.
Some burdens never lift away;
They carve new paths we learn to sway.

Grief is the cost of love so pure,
A wound that time will not "cure."
It stays, it changes, it refines,
A bitter wine from sweetest vines.

And in its ache, I find you still,
A sorrow shaped by tender will.

The Pain of Living

Living is a tender ache,
A slow and constant break.
It stretches skin, it strains the heart,
Tears everything apart.

It's not the grand, cinematic fall,
But tiny splinters – that's all.
The smile too forced, the laugh too bright,
The lonely ache of silent nights.

We carry it in cracked disguise,
Paint joy beneath the weary eyes.
We keep on breathing, though we know
Every breath brings deeper woe.

Yet in that ache, we find the proof:
That life is cruel, but life is truth.
To love, to lose, to bleed, to cry –
Is better than to never try.

The pain of living, raw and deep,
Is the only dream we're meant to keep.

Chasing Shadows

I chase the shapes you left behind,
Like chasing echoes in the mind.
A hand extended, air too thin,
A door unopened, hope within.

You vanish at the edge of sight,
A fleeting ghost at break of night.
No matter how I scream or plead,
Shadows listen but never heed.

I search the corners, dusty, worn,
Haunted by the love I mourn.
The light betrays, the dark deceives,
I'm left to wander through the leaves.

But sometimes chasing brings me peace –
A tether to what will never cease.
And though the shadows never stay,
They walk with me along the way.

I chase, I fall, I rise again,
Chasing shadows, chasing when.

The Scar of Betrayal

It burns across my chest and mind,
A cruel reminder left behind.
Not cut by sword, nor broken bone –
But words and silence, sharp as stone.

You smiled, you swore, you wove your lies,
And stitched them up in bright disguise.
I wore your loyalty like skin,
Not knowing all the rot within.

When truth uncoiled its venomous tongue,
I stood betrayed, alone, undone.
The scar was carved with ruthless care,
Invisible but always there.

And yet, despite the searing mark,
Despite the nights so cold, so dark –
The scar has turned from pain to pride:
A proof of love I did not hide.

You betrayed, but I remained true;
The greater wound belongs to you.

Lost in a Memory

I found you again in a half-formed dream,
A glimpse of laughter, a glint, a gleam.
You wore the same familiar face,
Time untouched, suspended grace.

We danced across a borrowed floor,
We opened once-forgotten doors.
Your hand was warm, your voice was kind,
A fragment pulled from somewhere blind.

I tried to stay, I tried to weave,
A world where you would never leave.
But dawn intruded, sharp and cold,
And memory's grip began to fold.

You faded like a summer rain,
Soft against a windowpane.
And I awoke with empty hands,
Grasping at crumbling, shifting sands.

Lost in a memory, I remain,
Searching for you through dream and rain.