

Nowhere Days

PAAYAL DASGUPTO



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Dedication

To my Maa and Babuji,
for never dismissing a single thought or impulse—
for loving your wild child without condition, and letting me fly.

To A.D.,
who knew what was in me long before I realized it myself.
And for trying so hard...

To my Adi Bu,
For being my sunshine, and for never giving up on your
unmotherly mother.

Contents

1. Nowhere Days.....	1
2. Letter After the Court.....	2
3. Time & Place	4
4. When the road grows blurred.....	5
5. Walk of Victory	7
6. When the smalls things matter.	8
7. To the city.....	9
8. Voices and the Light.....	10
9. Mountains of Small Stories.....	11
10. A Conversation.....	13
11. The Courage to Leave.....	14
12. Before the Leaving.....	16
13. A Fairness We Forget	18
14. The Freedom of Aloneness.....	20
15. When You Lose Control	22
16. Do Not Leave Yourself.....	24
17. Love Wasted.....	26
18. When Love Falls Away	27
19. No Place Called Home	29
20. When You Let Go.....	31
21. Letting Go of the Past	33
22. When One Door Closes.....	34
23. In Quietness.....	36
24. The Happiness of the In-Between	38
25. Say the Good	41

26. What Does Freedom Look Like?	42
27. Of People and Words	43
28. How Did You Live Your Life?	45
29. When Every Moment Is a Fight	46
30. Where Do We Really Live?	47
31. Your Strength Is Born	48
32. What the heart must choose	49
33. Winds of Change	50
34. After the Battle	51
35. The Paradox of Struggle	52
36. In the Storm	53
37. Two Streets Away	54
38. The Quiet Unravelling	56
39. Mid-Season	58
40. The Old Wood Apple Tree	59
41. Friendships	60
42. And Then You Become the Storm	61
43. Toward the Familiar	63
44. To the Cities I Passed Through	65
45. My Home Beyond the Sea	66
46 If You Were Me	68
47 After the Loss	69
48 Then It Rained	70
49. Freedom to be	72
50. The End of the Ladder	74
51. When You Feel Small	76
52. Shadows	78
53. When the Night Ends	79

54. To My Kind of Happiness.....	81
55. Scars That Speak.....	82
56. Bait or Stake	83
57. Tell Your Own Story.....	84
58. The Seventh Lotus and the Rain.....	85
59. It Knows	87
60. To Fit In.....	89
61. The Cost of Standing Alone	91
62. Of Change.....	92
63. The Sky Never Cries	94
64. Buried in the Depths	95
65. When We Meet Again, in Another Time.....	96
66. The Shape of Truth	97
67. Between What We Spend and What We Keep.....	99
68. Someone I Knew	100
69. Whose Story Is It, After All?	101
70. Where Knowing Lives.....	102
71. Every Drop Becomes.....	103
72. Every Thread Counts.....	104
73. On the Edge of Time.....	105
74. A Name Called Love.....	106
75. What Endures.....	107
76. Is It Empty, or Too Full?	108
77. I Know When It's Time	109
78. In Those Lovely Towns of Love and Hope.....	111
79. I Remember Them All.....	113
80. Drifting Mind.....	114
81. In the Mind of My Imagination.....	117

82. What Freedom Quietly Asks	119
83. I End It Here.....	122
84. What It Becomes.....	124
85. Where the Weight Forgets Its Name	125
86. The Night Sky and the Blue Memory of the Backpack Man.....	128
87. Show Up	131
88. No Exit Sign.....	132
89. Becoming.....	135
90. A Gift to Myself.....	137
91. A Night of Fireflies.....	139
92. Going Home	140
93. Untethered	141
94. After	143
95. Who Are They	144
96. Refusal.....	145
97. Between Kindness and Empathy.....	146
98. In Soft Praise.....	147
99. The Worldly Wise.....	149
100. The Line I Do Not Cross.....	151
101. Magic trick to sail through life	153
102. After Ninety-Nine Poems.....	154

1.

Nowhere Days

Some days are nowhere days.
You exist between breaths,
between the ticking of a clock
and the silence that follows.

No one sees you.
No one knows
the quiet battles
you fight behind ordinary eyes.

The windows are shut.
Light waits outside
like a patient stranger
that has forgotten your name.

Inside, the air is heavy
with unsent words
and tired thoughts
that circle the same dark room.

The world goes on—
cars passing, voices rising

2.

Letter After the Court

Dear Anne Boleyn,
They say the sword was swift, merciful even.
But the blade had been forged long before—
 in corridors, in lowered voices,
 in the careful passing of rumour
from one polite mouth to another.
Courts are strange places.
 They applaud you
until the day they decide not to look.

And then the windows close.
Conversations pause when you enter.
Footsteps pass your door without stopping.

Dear Anne Boleyn,
perhaps you knew this moment—the quiet exile
 before the public ending.
I too have walked away
from a court of measured smiles,
where loyalty was counted
 only while it was useful.

Years laid carefully like pages in a book—
 and yet the last chapter
 was written in silence.

I leave the hall
 with my name still my own.
Let the court keep its whispers.

History, after all, is kinder
to those who walk away
than to those who stayed
and forgot themselves.

3.

Time & Place

Someone said, “You are right.
Everything right will happen to you.”

I smiled and said, “I do not know.”
For I have seen many heroes
fade into a silent death,
while cunning souls walk the earth
laughing without regret.

Right and wrong do not always meet
at the same hour or place.
Sometimes they just walk alone,
while the clever win the race.

It is only a matter of time and ground—
of where the dice are thrown.
Somewhere you will claim your victory,
somewhere I my own.

Perhaps the world was never meant
to balance every score;
it only turns its restless wheel
and asks of us no more.

4.

When the road grows blurred

Still, you walk. (TITLE)
You try until the breath runs thin,
yet nothing seems to stir.

You fight, you weep in the quiet hours,
you gather the scattered pieces of yourself
and begin again—
only to find the ground unchanged.

No one listens.
No one will ever know
the miles you have travelled in silence,
the forgotten turns,
the strength carried like a hidden flame.
Yet the journey does not ask permission.

There are moments when the weight feels endless,
when even standing still becomes a task,
when doubt settles in quietly
and asks you to stop—
but something within refuses,
even without knowing why.

You carry on through unseen distances,
through days that blur into one,
holding together what frays at the edges,
even when nothing feels won.

You walk on—
head held high,
chest steady with an unspoken pride.

And one day, far from these silent halls,
the road will clear beneath your feet,
and the strength they never saw
will become the path itself.

5. Walk of Victory

Sometimes the good does not rise to the surface,
sometimes the tide turns the other way.
You stand with honest hands and weary heart,
and still the night refuses to become day.

Sometimes the victory walks a distant road,
too far for tired feet to see.
And all that stays beside you then
is toil and silent company.

You sow your seeds in stubborn earth,
not knowing what will grow.
Only the wind has heard your prayers,
only the stars will know.

Yet somewhere in the quiet design of time
beyond the doubts you see,
perhaps this labour, this lonely climb
is shaping who you're meant to be.

6. When the smalls things matter.

. When the smalls things matter.
When everything you do turns against you,
and the last of your bait is gone,
when the grand designs of life collapse
and the road you trusted is withdrawn,

when the towers you built fall silent
and time stands waiting at the gate,
each day becomes a quiet struggle
with the slow and stubborn weight.

Then you begin to focus on small things—
the warmth of morning tea,
a chair pulled close to a silent window,
a page that lets your mind go free.

A walk beneath unhurried tree,
a breeze through an open door,
a stray line of thought that lingers
when nothing seems certain anymore.

For when the big things fall apart
and life refuses grand designs,
it becomes easier to sail through life
holding on to smaller signs—

until slowly, almost without warning,
the winds begin to change their ring,
and time, which once stood against you,
starts to move in your favour again.

.

7. To the city

“When do we meet again?” asked the city.

“Never again—not like this,” I said.
For never again shall I be the same,
and never again shall you remain as you are.

Until then, you will live in my memories,
and I will live somewhere within yours.

And when we meet the next time—who knows? —
you may have grown wider in your borders,
holding newer streets, newer lives,
new stories walking through your lanes.

And I, perhaps, will have shrunk a little—
in strength and in body—
but grown a little wiser with time.

Who knows.

But when we meet again,
we shall greet each other like old friends

8.

Voices and the Light

They weren't sure; they never will be,
Treading along the path of uncertainty,
With gravel and thorns as your yearning,
You pave your way toward eternity.

They weren't there; they never will be,
Standing by the edge of dusk,
When you gather your courage
To tear into the bosom of darkness—
A light will rise from the core of your soul.

They didn't listen; they never will...
For the echoes of your longing
Were meant only for the fortunate few.
Those voices will one day lead you
To the place you were always meant to be.

So, follow the voices and the light,
Listen to the calling that led you this far.
And if they never mattered before,
And never truly will—
Let them fade like shadows behind you,
For the path was always yours alone.

And when the silence stretches wide,
And doubt returns to test your will,
Remember how far your steps have come—
A quiet strength is with you still.

9.

Mountains of Small Stories

There is something about heartbreak—
it gentles the sunset,
drawing a hush across the sky,
while the evening air grows sharper,
as if the world itself
has learned a deeper breath.

A strange quiet gathers around you,
uncomfortable at first,
yet in that fragile stillness
even the faintest voices
begin to sound profound.

And then you just know...

The small, piercing words and moments
that once tore through your inner core
and left you trembling in their wake
will loosen, slowly—
slipping from their sharpness,
settling into some far, untouched place
no one else has ever walked.

They become yours.
Entirely yours.

Keep them safe.
Hold them gently.
These fragile shards of feeling
will one day gather themselves
into mountains of small stories.

In time, their edges will soften—
not erased, but understood,
like pages worn by quiet returning,
no longer cutting when you turn them.

You will carry them differently then,
not as something that broke you,
but as something that shaped you—
a quiet depth no one can take away.

And somewhere along that quiet trail—
between memory and healing—
you will meet your own small story
waiting there in the light:
arms open,
smiling softly,
ready to be heard,
ready to be loved,
ready to be yours.

And in that moment,
without a single word spoken—
you will simply know.

10.

A Conversation

In the quiet of an empty room
Loneliness spoke first—
its voice thin as winter wind
moving through forgotten halls.
“I arrive when hearts grow distant,”
it whispered to the dark.
“I sit beside the silent chair
and remind the soul of absence.”
Solitude listened patiently,
like a lake holding the moon.
Then it said, softly,
“I come when the world grows loud,
when a weary heart
longs to return to itself.”
Loneliness sighed,
heavy with echoes of longing.
But Solitude only smiled
in the gentle language of stillness—
“For you are the ache of being alone,
and I am the peace of it.”

11.

The Courage to Leave

It is sometimes necessary to leave.

Not because the walls are cruel,
not because the road behind us burns—
but because staying grows quiet and heavy,
like dust settling on an unopened book.

We hold on for comfort—
to the chair that knows our tired evenings,
to the office desk where our hands
have learned the same motions for years,
to a city that remembers
the sound of our footsteps.

We hold on as a habit—
like a teacher repeating the same lesson
long after the class has changed,
like returning to a conversation
that has already ended.

We hold on out of fear,
telling ourselves
that the known ache
is kinder than the unknown sky—

like staying in a room
where the air has grown thin,
because stepping outside
means facing the wind.

We hold on in relationships
that have grown silent,
in workplaces that shrink our spirit,
in versions of ourselves
that no longer fit the person
we are becoming.

But to leave
is an act of rare courage.

It is the moment
a bird finally lifts
from the branch it has trusted for years.

The moment a river refuse
to stay trapped behind stones.
Leaving is not abandonment.
It is the brave clearing of space.

Because sometimes
the soul must empty its rooms
so that a new light may enter—
like a traveller leaving a city
another horizon can appear,
like a student closing one book
so, another can be opened.
And somewhere beyond that leaving
something waits—
not louder, not grander,
but truer.

Sometimes the greatest act of faith
is simply this:
to walk away
with empty hands
and trust
that life will place
something new
within them.

12.

Before the Leaving

When we leave, the leaving
has happened long before—
a quiet shift within the soul,
a soft unfastened door.
A subtle distance gathers.
between the heart and day;
though feet remain where they once stood,
the spirit slips away.
We linger out of habit,
we linger out of fear;
we stand in rooms grown unfamiliar
yet pretend we still belong here.
The final step feels ruthless,
too certain, stark, and clear—
for once the foot moves forward
there is no returning here.
Yet leaving is not anguish;
it lightens what we bore,
like loosening the weary hands
that clung to weight before.
The sorrow lies in fearing
what waits beyond our sight,
and loving what once warmed our days
now fading into night.
Hearts remain divided—
one part still looking back,
one part drawn toward a road
yet trembling on its track.
And perhaps this truth surrounds us
in every breath we weave:

in living we fear the unknown,
in dying we must leave.
Yet both are only crossings,
a quiet, unseen cleave—
for every life begins again
the moment that we leave.

13.

A Fairness We Forget

When life begins to feel unfair,
the heart grows heavy with despair;
our eyes turn sharp to every scar,
each loss, each wound, each fallen star.

We count the vices, one by one—
the chances missed, the battles undone;
the doors that closed without a sign,
the moments that were not benign.

We sit with grievance in our chest,
convinced the world has failed its test;
that fate has tilted, cold and bare,
and written us a smaller share.

But pause a while. Sit gently there.
Let quieter thoughts replace despair.
Count not the wounds alone you bear—
count also all that life made fair.

The breath that comes without a plea,
the morning light you wake to see,
a hand that held you when you fell,
a quiet hour that held you well.

The lessons pain could not erase,
the strength that sorrow could not chase,
the love that stayed, though storms were long,
the voice within that still feels strong.

And slowly then the heart may see
a deeper kind of equity.
For life was never free of strain,
nor meant to spare us every pain—

yet woven through its shadowed thread
are gifts unnoticed where we tread.
And when we count them, calm and slow,
a gentler truth begins to grow:
Perhaps life was not so unfair—
we simply forgot
what blessings were there.

14.

The Freedom of Aloneness

The highest freedom you may claim
is standing whole without a name—
no borrowed strength, no borrowed tone,
the quiet power of being alone.
Not loneliness that aches to stay,
nor empty nights that fade to grey;
but stillness where the spirit sees
it needs no chains of company.
In love—yet not a captive heart,
that knows devotion, not a part;
in hate—yet rising far above
the lesser wounds that poison love.
In courage when no hands remain,
in fear when shadows speak of pain;
to face the dark without a plea,
and still remain entirely free.
For most of life we lean and bend,
on praise, on touch, on faithful friend;
we stitch our worth in others' sight,
and lose ourselves in borrowed light.
But when the soul can stand its ground,
with silence as its only sound,
and feel no lack, no restless plea—
there dawns a deeper liberty.
Then love may come, and love may go,
like passing winds that ebb and flow;
the world may change, the crowds may roam,
yet still the heart remains its home.
For truest freedom, fierce and known,
is not in thrones or power shown—

it blooms within the quiet tone
of one who thrives
and stands
alone.

15.

When You Lose Control

When you lose control
and the mind becomes a tempest,
when restless thoughts collide
like waves against a darkened shore—
what must you do then?

Not every storm
is meant to be answered with thunder.

Not every spark
deserves the dignity of flame.

Pause.

Let the anger pass through you
as rain passes through the night—
sudden, insistent,
yet never meant to remain.

Step back
from the trembling edge of the moment.
For a heart seized by fury
cannot see the horizon.
Words forged in lightning
may strike hard,
but they leave behind
the long silence of regret.

Breathe.

Gather the scattered fragments
of your wandering mind,
as a quiet shore reckons.
the broken shells of a storm.

And remember—
mastery is not
the absence of chaos.
It is the rare grace
of standing still
while the storm roars around you.
To hold your silence
when anger begs for speech.
To keep your dignity
when the moment demands surrender.
For storms, however fierce,
are brief guests in the sky.
But the self you betray
in their passing
may take a lifetime
to reclaim.

16.

Do Not Leave Yourself

There will be moments
when you stand alone with the truth—
clear within you,
yet doubted by everyone else.

Your words may fall into silence,
your certainty questioned
by louder voices,
firmer faces.

You may even begin to wonder
whether it would be easier
to bend a little,
to soften what you know.

And perhaps
you must leave.
Leave the room
that refuses to hear you.

Leave the argument
that has already chosen its side.
Walk away if you must.
But do not leave yourself.

Do not abandon
the quiet knowing within you,
that steady inner compass
which brought you this far.

Others may leave you—
their trust,
their understanding,
their belief.
Let them.

It is when,
in the weary longing to be believed,
you slowly begin
to walk away
from your own truth.

But you cannot leave
the one place you must always stand.
For the deepest loss in life
is not when the world walks away.

17.

Love Wasted

Anger is seldom born alone;
it grows where love was once well-sown.
No heart grows fierce for empty air—
we rage only for what we care.
Indifference passes, cold and mild,
like wind that leaves the grasses wild;
it neither wounds nor tries to stay,
it simply turns and walks away.
But love will linger, hope, and try,
and ask again the quiet why;
it waits for doors that never move,
it longs for signs, for small approve.
And when its patience finds no place,
when silence answers every grace,
the warmth that once could gently mend
begins to harden, slowly bend.
The open hand begins to close,
the calm of heart begins to oppose;
and what was tenderness before
returns as anger at the door.
Yet deep beneath that burning breath
there lives a love not fully left;
for anger's fire, if truth be faced,
is only wounded love—misplaced.
And that is why its weight we feel:
no colder wound, no sharper steel—
for anger, when its truth is traced,
is simply love
that has been wasted.

18.

When Love Falls Away

When people fall out of love,
let it not turn harsh or small;
for once there lived a quiet grace
between the hearts that held it all.

Love had moved through open doors—
in shared stillness, patient time;
in passing glances, steady hands,
in rhythms soft and unconfined.

And when that warmth begins to fade,
when nearness loosens, thread by thread,
what once felt whole should not be torn
into something cold instead.

For love, though brief, was still sincere;
it carried weight, it carried light.
It stood, however briefly, firm
against the shifting edge of night.

No season turns to ash at once,
no river dries without a trace;
there lingers something in its course—
a memory time cannot erase.

Such endings ask for careful hands,
for words that neither wound nor sever;
for what was built in truth and care
deserves to fall apart with honour.

No love that once was deeply known
should meet a careless, hardened end;
for souls once open, once aligned,
were more than passing—more than friend.

When love leaves, let quiet stay,
let memory keep its tender part—
for even love that could not last
was once a shelter
for someone's heart.

19.

No Place Called Home

Is there truly a place called home,
or only hearts that make it so?
Are walls enough to shelter us,
or must a deeper warmth still glow?

A house may rise with brick and stone,
with doors that open, roofs that stay;
but home is built in quieter ways—
in minds and hearts that choose to stay.

For where does comfort truly live?
Within the walls, the street, the dome?
Or in the gentle trust we give
that turns a dwelling into home?

And when a home begins to break,
do walls collapse, do windows fall?
Or does it first begin to fade
within the hearts that held it all?

A silence grows where warmth once stood,
a distance forms, unseen, unknown;
and long before the doors are closed
the sense of home is already gone.

So, what is home, if truth be known—
a place upon the earth we roam?
Or only this:
the fragile grace
of hearts that choose
to make one home.

Perhaps it lives in passing time,
in days that ask for nothing grand—
in shared understanding, quiet and sure,
that needs no proof, no spoken plan;
a presence felt without demand,
a steady thread, a silent tone—
not held by place, nor bound by form,
but known in being... simply known.

And if it shifts or slips away,
it does not vanish into air;
it leaves a trace in how we love,
in how we learn to hold and care—
a quiet imprint, carried on,
through every place we stand alone,
until, in time, we find again
the courage
to call somewhere home.

20.

When You Let Go

What truly unfolds when you let it go?
Does the sky above reshape its glow?
Do roads revise where they once would bend?
Does time itself pause, or hesitate to mend?

No.
The world moves on in the selfsame way—
the same soft dawn, the same long day,
the same indifferent, measured flow,
untouched by all you choose to forego.

And yet—within, a shift takes place,
a silent turning, a subtler space.

For what is release but the soul's reprieve,
the easing of all we refuse to leave?
How long had you carried that hidden weight—
that echo of past, that plea with fate,
that fragile hope, half-formed, untrue,
that what was lost would return to you?

But tell me this—can hands confine
the slipping grace of what won't be mine?
Can water be held when it longs to stray,
when its very nature is drift away?

Perhaps to let go is not to lose,
but to see what truth we often refuse—
the moment you cease your inward fight,
and yield to change with awakened sight,
when the heart concedes, with quiet grace,
that clinging binds more than empty space.

And then, so gently it feels unreal,
a weight dissolves you could not feel,
a breath grows deeper, the mind grows still,
no restless ache, no urgent will.

Ask not what fades when you release,
nor measure loss in what may cease—
but wonder instead, in softened view,
how much returns that once was you.

21.

Letting Go of the Past

What is the past but quiet days
now softened by remembered haze?
Old laughter drifting through the mind,
like evening light, we left behind.
We walk again those distant hours—
through faded streets and vanished flowers;
through words once warm, through moments vast,
all resting gently in the past.
But can those days return once more?
Can time reopen that old door?
Can rivers turn their patient flow
to places they have ceased to know?
The past was never ours to keep;
it came like dreams that visit sleep.
It touched our lives, it made us grow,
and slowly taught us how to go.
Yet something tender lingers still—
a quiet warmth, a softened thrill;
not grief, not loss, not chains that last,
just echoes of a living past.
And perhaps the kindest thing we do
is hold those memories, soft and true—
then let them rest where they belong,
in gentle time,
where they grow strong
not in our grasp,
but as they go
into the quiet
we call long ago.

22.

When One Door Closes

When one door closes,
do we see only the loss—
or the vastness it quietly reveals?
For what is a closing
but a clearing of space?
A room once filled
with certainty and habit
suddenly opens
to a thousand unseen passages.
Possibilities gather there,
silent as dawn before the light.
Yet the greater challenge
is not the closing of the door.
It is the waiting that follows.
Can we endure that stillness—
that uncertain corridor of time
where nothing seems to move,
yet everything is quietly arranging itself?
Can we remain present
without rushing toward the nearest opening,
simply because it stands before us?
For not every door
is meant for us to enter.
Some are only lessons.
Some are only detours.
And some must remain closed
so the right one can be recognized.
And perhaps this is where
the quiet intelligence of the universe
begins its work.
Not through force,
not through urgency,

but through a subtle alignment—
a moment when the mind grows clear,
the heart grows calm,
and one doorway
suddenly feels unmistakably yours.
And then you realize:
the closing was never the loss.
It was the invitation
to stand still long enough
for the right door
to appear.

23. In Quietness

Where do life's truest answers rise—
in restless noise, in hurried cries?
Or in the hush where thoughts grow deep
and silent questions wake from sleep?

For quiet rooms have voices too,
though none are heard and none are few;
within their calm, the mind grows wide
and hidden truths no longer hide.

The heart, when still, begins to speak
in words so soft, yet strangely sleek;
what noise could never help us find
appears within a quiet mind.

For life does not shout out its art,
it whispers gently to the heart;
and those who pause, who learn to be,
discover what they could not see.

Whether room, or mind, or heart
where silence softly plays its part—
the deepest answers often start
in quiet spaces
set apart.

Like ink that settles, slow and clear,
upon a page once blurred by haste,
the lines of meaning gather shape
when nothing moves, when none is chased;
and in that pause, what once was lost
returns with form, returns with grace,
revealed not by the force of search,
but by the stillness we embrace.

Or like a sky before the dawn,
when stars speak best before they fade,
the truths we seek shine quietly
in moments neither forced nor made;
they do not rise for those who rush,
nor bend to noise that floods the air—
they come to those who choose to wait,
and find them waiting... always there.

24.

The Happiness of the In-Between

Where does happiness truly reside—
in the moment we reach, or the stretch of the stride?
Is it housed in arrival, secure and complete,
or in soft anticipation, where longing and wonder meet?

Perhaps it is neither the start nor the end,
but the threshold itself we cannot comprehend—
that liminal hush, that suspended space,
where time slows down its relentless pace.

A curious freedom lingers there still,
untethered from memory, untouched by will;
we are not who we were, nor yet who we'll be,
but something unshaped—profoundly free.

This is why journeys awaken the soul,
why wandering paths seem to render us whole;
the road softly whispers of all that may rise,
while destinations harden to fixed, finite ties.

For what is arrival but closure disguised,
the end of a question once vividly prized?
A place where the infinite narrows to known,
where mystery fades into seeds that are sown.

But the road—ah, the road—is a hymn yet unsung,
a canvas still waiting, forever young;
it trembles with futures not yet defined,
a theatre of maybe, unclaimed by the mind.

It is there that the heart feels weightless and wide,
where hope walks just slightly ahead of our stride;
 where life, still fluid, refuses to choose,
 and nothing is certain enough to lose.

Consider that moment—so fragile, so bright—
 before revelation dissolves into sight:
the pause at the threshold, the breath just before,
 the hand hesitating at possibility's door.

Before the letter unveils what it knows,
 before the outcome decisively shows,
 before the dream solidifies into form,
escaping the chaos from which it was born.

For once it has happened, it quietly departs,
it settles as memory in well-ordered parts;
 a story concluded, a truth set in place,
 a fleeting encounter time cannot erase.

Achievement, though sweet, carries finality's art—
it names what was fluid, it stills what could start;
it trades the vast “could be” for a singular “was,”
 and binds wild becoming to visible cause.

But before it arrives—ah, before it is real—
life shimmers with everything it could reveal;
 uncertain, unbounded, magnificently wide,
with no need for answers, no truths to decide.

And perhaps in that trembling, indefinite light
resides the purest, most unclaimed delight—
 not in possession, nor neatly achieved,
but in wonder; enchanted by mystery believed.

Happiness, then, is not something we keep,
nor a summit attained after climbing too steep;
it dwells in the interval, subtle, unseen,
in the sacred suspension of all that's between.

Not in what has been won, nor in what we pursue,
but in that lucid instant just breaking through—
when the world has not settled, when meaning's still thin,
and eternity whispers: *you are near the becoming.*

25.

Say the Good

How easily we name a fault.
A single flaw, a careless word—
and suddenly the eye grows sharp,
the judgment swift, the verdict heard.
But goodness moves in quieter ways.
It does not push, it does not claim;
and the kindness in a soul
too often passes without a name.
Why is it easy to say
you are difficult, you are wrong,
yet harder to say
you matter; you are loved?
Perhaps because to see the good
we must stand level, heart to heart;
and love, once spoken honestly,
reveals the most unguarded part.
For I love you is not a phrase alone—
it is the soul without disguise;
a moment when the guarded self
steps gently into open skies.
So do not let the moment pass
when goodness stands before your view.
Speak it aloud. Let someone know
the light that quietly lives in them.
For if such words were freely given,
not saved for sorrow or for end,
the world might soften, day by day—
a kinder place
for hearts to mend.

26.

What Does Freedom Look Like?

“What does freedom look like?”
the restless mind inquired.
“In chambers loud with endless words
its quiet shape is tired,”
the patient soul replied.
“For battles deepest are not fought
where clashing voices rise,
but on the silent inner field
where hidden struggle lies.
You drift upon existence vast,
a shoreless, moving sea,
from one brief touch of life to next,
from moment into memory.
Yet slowly, softly, unaware,
the spirit gathers weight—
in trivial knots of passing days,
in habits dressed as fate.
The world itself has little hold;
it merely comes and goes.
The chains are forged in restless thought,
in clinging that one knows.
But when the noise within grows still
and grasping learns to cease,
the wandering heart begins to feel
a widening sense of peace.
Then life becomes a gentle tide
no will can bind or frame—
you move through every rise and fall
untethered to a name.
And there you glimpse what freedom is,
beyond the mind’s demand—
a quiet sky within the soul
no storm can command.

27.

Of People and Words

Of People and Words
I have met many people
in the long hallway of time,
some passing through like shifting air,
unnoticed in their climb.

They came and went with little trace,
no promise they would stay—
yet something lingered after them
that would not fade away.

Their words remained.

Strange—how voices disappear,
yet what they said holds fast,
like letters sealed in hidden rooms
that outlive what has passed.

Some words bruised—sharp and sudden,
cutting deep and clean,
teaching silence how to speak
of places never seen.

Some words healed—soft and steady,
finding where to land,
restoring something worn within
with neither force nor demand.

And somewhere, slowly, I learned this:

people pass like fleeting light,
but words are left behind—
imprints pressed in quiet depth,
etched upon the mind.

We are taught to weigh what's done,
to trust what we can see,
yet what is spoken, once released,
reshapes reality.

A single line can alter paths,
undo or help repair,
turn certainty to fragile doubt
or lift it into air.

Still, we spend them carelessly,
as though they disappear,
as though they carry neither weight
nor consequence severe.

But words endure beyond the moment,
beyond the speaker's part,
they travel far, they settle deep,
and take root in the heart.

I choose my steps with measured care
in all I say and do—
for words may build a life with ease,
or break it clean in two.

28.

How Did You Live Your Life?

How did you live your life?
Did you walk with companions beside you,
or did you wander alone
through the quiet corridors of your days?
Were you the master of a thousand crowds,
their voices rising like restless echoes around you,
or did you learn
to conquer the vastness of solitude?
Were fineries the fabric of your being,
silk and praise wrapped around your name—
or did you devour your own self
with the fragile vanities of humanity?
Did you step upon the battlefield
with the heart of a warrior,
unyielding against the clash of fate—
or did that brave heart ache instead
for the broken and the small?
Did you bow your head
and ask forgiveness for your vices,
or did you become
a forgiveness so vast
that even your wounds turned gentle?
And when the curtains finally closed,
did the voices of the past call out for you,
grieving what they had lost in your leaving—
or did you hear, somewhere in the silence,
a long, quiet sigh of relief
beneath the fading farce?
Tell me—
when the world fell still at last,
how did you live your life?

29.

When Every Moment Is a Fight

When every moment is a fight
the day does not arrive gently—
it presses against your chest
like a weight you must lift
again, and again.
morning is not hope,
it is only another beginning
of endurance.
you move through the hours
quietly
as if carrying something fragile
inside your ribs.
no one sees the battles—
how simply breathing
becomes courage,
how staying
becomes its own victory.
and yet
somewhere in that tired heart
a small stubborn light remains,
refusing to go out
even when the night
grows long.
you rise again—
not because you are unbroken,
but because
even in the hardest moments
something within you
still chooses
to live.

30.

Where Do We Really Live?

A wise man once asked,
“Where do we truly live?”
Not in the past,
whose moments have fled,
nor in the future
still waiting ahead.
We live in a breath
so fragile, so thin—
between the end of a beginning
and the beginning of an end.
Where time turns softly,
unseen by the eyes,
where something falls
and something else will rise.
For life is not held
in what we defend—
but in that brief crossing
between
the end of a beginning
and the beginning of an end.

31.

Your Strength Is Born

Just when you know
you've lost it all,
when the ground beneath you
offers no more promises—
and the road behind
has quietly disappeared—
you stand there
with nothing left
but the quiet beating
of your own heart.
no applause,
no certainty,
no one to carry the weight.
only you
and the long night ahead.
but it is there—
in that unguarded hour,
in that stripped and silent place—
that something within you
finally rises.
not pride,
not defiance—
but a quiet power
you never knew you held.
for it is often
when everything is taken away
that your strength
is born.

32.

What the heart must choose

You must look closely
when the heart must choose—
between holding on
and letting loose.

Do not follow
what feels easy or safe,
for ease is seldom
the path we are meant to take.

Choose instead
what asks the most of you,
the road that calls
your courage to be true.

And when you look back
at the years that go,
you will know
you gave your best
to life's divine flow.

33.

Winds of Change

As the winds of change blew,
the quiet dust of yesterday rose—
softly veiling the paths, I once knew.

I stood between what was
and what was yet to be,
with memories like leaves
scattered at my feet.

Some I tried to gather,
some I let drift away—
for time keeps no promise
to what we wish would stay.

I walked with the wind,
not against its silent call,
learning that in losing the past
we slowly become it all.

34.

After the Battle

When your glory days are gone
and your armours are torn,
and the echoes of victory
fade into quiet dust,

When the world walks past
without remembering your wars,
and the songs once sung for you
fall into silence—

Remember this quietly:
Those who once fought beside you
may be gone with the turning years,
and some may change their sides
faster than the wind.

You do not wait for voices
to speak of who you were.

For you, and only you,
must sing your praise
in the quiet chambers of your heart.
For you alone have seen the battles,
the nights of doubt,
the courage that rose without witness.

And in the end,
you will learn this gentle truth—
you are the spectator
of your own victory,
and sometimes
your own strength.

35. The Paradox of Struggle

Why do we seek equality?
Because somewhere within
we have already felt the wound of disparity.
As we rise and struggle,
voices sharp with demand,
hands reaching for balance.
Yet in the very act of struggle
the disparity stands starker—
more visible, more uneven than before.
One struggle gives rise to another,
a restless circle without end.
For true equality is not forged
in the heat of comparison,
nor in the clamour of contest.
It arrives quietly
when we learn to coexist,
when we see that each life
moves with its own purpose
in a greater design.
Then equality simply exists—
not forced, not measured, not claimed.
The rest is only the weary grind
of trying to be the same,
mistaking sameness
for equality in its truest sense.

36. In the Storm

To those who left in the storm,
and to those who stood strong—
 both were carried
by the winds of their own truth.

Some walked away
seeking calmer skies,
their courage hidden
in the choice to leave.

Some remained,
holding their ground
as the thunder broke
across their quiet resolve.

For storms reveal many things:
 who departs, who endures,
 and who learns
 to stand alone.

And in the end,
there is no judgment in the wind—
 only the silent knowing
of what each heart could bear.

37.

Two Streets Away

Two streets away
lived someone from yesterday—
a life once near enough to reach,
a place no distance had to teach.

Back then the way was small and clear,
just steps that drew our moments near;
no weight of time, no silent seam,
no sense of losing what had been.

But time moved on with quiet art,
laying roads we couldn't chart,
stretching space without a sound,
till miles grew where steps were found.

Now it is more than streets apart—
it lives in distance of the heart,
in unsent words, in days gone by,
in all we never questioned why.

And still I wonder, now and then,
if evenings linger there as when
the light fell soft on windowpanes,
unchanged by years, untouched by rains.

If breezes drift the way they knew,
through open frames we once looked through,
as if the world stayed still somehow,
unaware of here and now.

Strange how people never leave,
not in the way that we believe;
they settle deep where thoughts are cast,
in quiet corners of the past.

Not gone, not lost, not far away—
just somewhere time won't let us stay,

still living softly, just out of view—
two streets away...
the past we knew.

38.

The Quiet Unravelling

I too know
of two lives once held by love—
so closely woven
that even silence felt shared.
They walked the same streets,
finished each other's unfinished thoughts,
laughed at small things
no one else understood.
And yet, one day,
something quietly disappeared.
No thunder,
no breaking storm—
only a gentle fading
like an old photograph
losing its colour.
Two lives
slowly torn apart.
Which door did they close
without knowing?
Whom did they let in
that quietly took the other's place?
Which window did they leave open
for distance to enter?
Was it the window of small silences
that grew longer each evening?
Or the door of unspoken words
that waited too long to be said?
Perhaps it was the slow passing of days—
when familiar voices
began to sound distant,
and shared laughter
forgot its way home.

And now, somewhere in memory,
those two lives still exist—
walking side by side
in an old afternoon
that never knew
it would be the last.

39. Mid-Season

To those who left me mid-season,
when the sky had not yet turned cold,
when the roads were still familiar
and the story not fully told.

You walked away between chapters,
between laughter and the fall—
as if some pages of our days
had meant nothing at all.

The winds had not yet hardened,
the leaves had barely begun to fall,
yet something in your quiet leaving
changed the season of it all.

Perhaps some journeys end like this—
not in storms, nor bitter goodbyes,
but in the silent turning of hearts
no one truly realizes.

To those who left me mid-season,
when the days still felt the same—
you did not just leave a moment,
you changed the weather of my name.

40.

The Old Wood Apple Tree

Beside our pond the wood apple tree
still bends above the silent lea,
its twisted arms, both dark and free,
cast patient shadows over me.
A temple stands now at its feet,
where prayer and quiet branches meet;
yet in my mind it will always be
that old hag of a tree to me.
From grandmother's tales of ghosts at night,
of witches swaying pale and white,
I'd watch its crooked branches sway
and half expect a ghostly play.
When summer afternoons ran long
and housebound hours felt dull and wrong,
I wandered where the pond would be—
to nests and mud and that old tree.
That old hag of a tree, you see,
became a silent guide for me;
it taught the quiet art to be
content in one's own company.
As though it knew that years would bring
crowded days and hurried things,
when hearts would learn reluctantly
the strength of quiet solitude.
I watched bright kites in branches torn,
like scraps of sky the wind had worn,
waiting for some child like me
to claim a small lost victory.
And in that hush of heat and light,
with dragonflies in drifting flight,
I slept beneath its canopy—
the old wood apple tree and me.

41. Friendships

They came in all shapes and sizes.
Some naive, some... way too rotten.
Some mattered more and others a little less.
But all too good to be forgotten.

The came in good and bad times.
Some stayed back for life and some could wait no more,
Well! they all left their mark ...
As we walked hand in hand, along life's stormy, shore.

The came for no rhyme or reason....
Some way too gusty, a few nervous kinds while others taught a
lesson or two.

About fun and toil, of passion and zeal, of poise and appeal.
They drowned the moments of oblivion, in life's zesty brew.

At different stages of life, with white hair and dusty beards.
They come like philosophers and guides, keepers of secret,
masters of advice.

Scraping away the moss off the heart and mind's cluttered
corners.
Antidotes for monotony of disastrous relationships and office
vice

They came before we knew of insanity or loneliness,
Or depressions or probably bi-polarity and other fancy games of
the mind.
To deal with everything else shoved upon your weary shoulders
by nature's grace.
All you need is a bunch of friends, to love, live and unwind...

42.

And Then You Become the Storm

When you choose yourself
in the middle of the storm—
with no anchor,
no shoreline calling your name,
no quiet promise
that the winds will soon pass—
something within you
alters its shape.

At first, it feels like solitude.
A vast, unfathomable space
where you must stand
without leaning.

But slowly
another current gathers.
A strength that does not ask.
A depth that does not explain.

A stillness
that the winds cannot enter.
The waves continue their argument.
The sky keeps its unrest.

But you are no longer
searching the horizon
for rescue.

Because somewhere in that wildness
you realize—
the storm you feared
has moved inside you,
not as chaos,
but as power.

And what once threatened to break you
now moves through your veins—
until one quiet moment
you understand:
you were never meant
to survive the storm.
You were meant
to become it.

43.

Toward the Familiar

A patch of midday sun
falls through the bedroom door
and rests quietly on the floor,
stirring a life
I had left behind.

Once
I was the only inhabitant
of this corner of my parents' home.
Back then the silence
felt unbearable—
too still for a mind
restless with dreams of elsewhere.
From the window
the flower beds remain carefully tended,
their quiet order
speaking of lives
rooted in this place.
In another room
my parents' voices drift through the afternoon—
casual banter
moving easily through the hours.
There was a time
when I wanted nothing
but distance.
To leave this town,
to follow roads that stretched outward,
to see the world
beyond the edges of the familiar.
My father never understood
that hunger.
He spoke often of roots.
He found comfort in staying close to home.

His reluctance to wander
used to irritate me.
I believed life
was meant for expansion.
And perhaps
for a while it is.
But time has its own quiet design.
The wide maps we once followed
slowly fold inward.
The restless search softens.
And what once felt small
begins to feel complete.
Perhaps this is how it happens—
almost unnoticed.
As the years gather around us,
we all begin, in our own way,
to move gently back
toward the comfort
of the familiar.

44.

To the Cities I Passed Through

To the cities
and the countries I travelled to,
I learnt a great deal from you.
In lonely streets
and among unknown people,
I walked quietly through your days.
Through your books and forgotten corners,
through travelled pathways
and the passing faces
of lives once lived.
In empty houses
where laughter once echoed,
where life had once played
and moved on.
There I understood
that someday
we are all travellers.
That the world moves forward
in its own patient rhythm,
and we only step in
for a little while—
playing our part
from either side of time.
And in those long journeys
another quiet truth appeared:
sometimes
it is not the destination
that matters—
but the lives we brush against
along the way.

45.

My Home Beyond the Sea

Beyond the sea my distant home remains,
where storms arrive as naturally as day;
their winds and sudden silver-threaded rains
become the quiet language of that bay.

Sometimes the sea withdraws from shore and foam,
as though the waters pause a while to breathe;
and patient sands appear where tides once roamed,
revealing older worlds that lie beneath.

There one begins to notice what is still—
the quiet truths beneath the restless sea;
the hidden depths that time and tides fulfil
when waters loosen their authority.

The trees bend low when monsoon winds grow strong,
their branches yielding slowly to the air;
for they have listened to the storms too long
to stand unbending in their ancient care.

A small bird loses often what it made,
its fragile nest undone by wind and rain;
yet grief stays briefly in the trembling shade—
it gathers fallen twigs and builds again.

At dusk the fishermen return once more,
their weathered boats cutting the darkening sea;
some days the nets are lighter than before,
yet still they come with quiet dignity.

My home lies where the burning summers stay,
where sun and salt grow heavy on the skin;
through heat and labour people learn the way
a patient strength is slowly born within.

To my sea, whose tides retreat yet come again,
to my storms, that bend the steadfast tree;
to birds that build beyond the reach of rain—
that distant shore still speaks to me.

For there I first began to understand
that life is neither cruel nor wholly kind;
it moves and returns like tides upon the sand,
departing briefly, yet never left behind.

46

If You Were Me

If you were me and I were you,
would this same hurt remain so true?
Would words still cut the way they do,
or lose their edge in altered view?
I wish I could walk in your shoes,
and you in mine for just a day;
perhaps the truths we could not use
would find a quieter way to stay.
Then words might mean a different thing,
and actions lose their urgent cry;
perhaps love too might linger, remain—
and live a day or two more in time.
But you are you, and I am I.
No borrowed heart can bridge that sky.
And in that truth, we passed love by—
not for lack of love,
but for the lives we could not try.

After the Loss

Loss is not only when something goes,
not simply the moment it slips away;
it is the silence that slowly grows
when you realise it will not stay.

And often the pain is not the loss,
nor the instant the moment ends;
it is the mind that circles across
the thousand ways the memory bends.

You ask if a word might have been said,
if one small step could change the view;
you turn the past inside your head
to see what more you might have done or knew.

But time grows gentler as days move on,
and quieter truths begin to appear;
that you did what you could before it was gone,
with the heart and the knowledge, you carried there.

For loss hurts less when you know you tried,
when nothing within you was left undone;
and though some endings we cannot guide,
peace arrives in the effort once given.

Then It Rained

I held pebbles in my chest—small, hard, and cold,
collected over years, their stories untold.
I thought they were the fault of someone else's hand,
each stone a proof that life had not gone as planned.

I carried them like trophies, like anchors of grief,
evidence the world had left no relief.
The road was heavy, not by storms or by rain,
but by every memory I refused to unchain.

I walked through my days, and each pebble fell,
tumbled into shadows, sank where no one could tell.
Yet still I gathered others, thinking they'd repair,
fill the cracks in my spirit, make the burden bearable there.

Then feathers appeared—soft, luminous, and light,
lessons of endurance, sparks piercing the night.
I gathered pixie dust, subtle glimmers of grace,
and diamonds formed quietly in the corners of my face.

Slowly, deliberately, I let the stones go,
pebble by pebble, memory by memory, letting the old burdens
show.

My hands grew empty, my chest finally wide,
no remnants of the past could continue to hide.

I rose with the wind, I breathed with the sky,
the weight of old days no longer dragging me by.
The clouds above whispered, the air sang clear,
the path ahead stretched bright and near.

I let the weight fall away,
all the stones I had carried,
all the shadows I had held.

I stood in the quiet,
steady, open,
feeling the balance settle in my chest,
feeling the space to grow.

The sky opened above me,
light pouring through the clouds,
washing the residue of the past,
leaving only clarity,
leaving only me.

And then—it rained.

49.

Freedom to be

I have seen people speak of freedom—
loud, glowing,
reflected in the light of their screens.

They announce it,
explain it,
defend it—
as if freedom stands on trial.

The young declare,
“Look, I am free,”
then wait—
not for silence,
but for a nod, a sign, approval.

And I wonder...

if you are free,
why the need to explain?
why the restless pull
to be seen, to be believed again?

Freedom, I think,
does not perform,
does not reshape itself
to fit a passing norm.

It gathers no witnesses,
builds no careful case,
does not seek the verdict
in another's gaze.

Because the moment you must prove it,
something slips away—
a quiet part of being
you did not mean to trade.

Given, almost gently,
to judgment, to the crowd—
and what was once so still within
grows restless, needing loud.

there is another way.

A freedom that stays quiet,
that does not speak unless it must,
that does not chase agreement
or lean itself on trust.

A freedom that sits in stillness,
untouched, complete—
not running in circles
just to prove
it can stand on its feet.

50.

The End of the Ladder

The struggle of existence
begins in a quiet race—
to stand a little higher,
to arrive before every face.
We measure breath in victories,
we sharpen worth in comparison,
turning life into a ladder
where peace is always gone.

A presence enters the room—
and something in us shrinks or fights,
either we rise to outshine them,
or fade beneath their light.
I have lived in that tension,
years spent trying to prove
that I am more, I am better,
that I have something to lose.

But the climb has no summit,
only a shifting view—
there's always another above you,
another chasing you.
And somewhere in the quiet,
a softer truth appears:
what if I was never behind,
and never ahead all these years?

I loosen my grip on the ladder,
and feel the burden ease—
the weight grows suddenly lighter,
like a long-awaited release.
No restless need to prove myself,

no race I have to run,
for meaning isn't found ahead,
it lives in what is done.

And in that still, unmeasured space,
a deeper balance grows—
no height to reach, no place to claim,
just presence as it flows;
a life not weighed against another,
not split by win or loss,
but whole within its quiet ground,
untouched by gain or cost.

Each step becomes more honest,
each breath, a little free,
when I release the need to be more
than what is already me.
And in that quiet knowing,
where striving starts to fall—

I was never meant to be above,
I was never below at all.

51. When You Feel Small

When you feel small,
as if the world has grown too wide,
and all the strength you held before
has quietly stepped aside,

when your voice begins to fade,
when your worth feels out of place,
like something lost and left behind
with no familiar trace—

pause.

This is not truth,
but shadow passing through,
a moment where the light has shifted,
not a change in you.

Value does not disappear,
it slips beyond your view,
when measured by a fleeting lens
that was never meant for you.

You are not less
because you were not chosen,
not dimmed because another's sight
has failed to stay open.

The sky remains as vast and whole
though clouds may blur its blue,
the ocean keeps its depth intact
though stillness hides its hue.

And so do you.

There is a strength in standing still
when doubt begins to call,
in not retreating from yourself
when you feel small.

Stay—
let doubt be loud, but not define,
let silence have its say,
for what you are does not grow small—
it does not fade away.

52.

Shadows

In the darkest hours, when shadows grow,
and the faintest light begins to slow,
when your soul feels lost, unsure, misled—
tell me, is the path gone... or hope instead?

Why seek an end to some distant glow,
as if light is a place you're meant to know?
Why walk as though it lives ahead,
when it flickers within you instead?

You move through doubt with heavy pace,
each step unsure, each breath a trace,
yet even then, in quiet fight,
you carry a spark against the night.

For what is darkness, stark and deep,
but absence where your light should seep?
It holds no power, makes no claim—
it fades the moment you ignite your flame.

53.

When the Night Ends

When the night ends, it does not break—
it loosens, softly, at the seams,
as shadows fold their tattered wings
and slip away from quiet dreams.

The stars retreat without a sound,
like secrets no one chose to keep,
and darkness, once so vast and sure,
releases all it held in sleep.

A silver hush becomes pale gold,
the sky inhales a tender flame,
and every edge of earth and sky
forgets the weight, forgets the name.

The wind moves differently at dawn—
less burdened now, clearer, more kind,
as if the world has been remade
not just in light, but in the mind.

And in that hour between what was
and all that waits to yet begin,
we learn the night was never end—
just where the morning enters in.

So why believe you must arrive,
to reach a place where you survive?
There is no tunnel, no final sight—
you are the bearer; you are the light.

Guard that flame, when it burns low,
and trust its strength, though faint its glow,
for step by step, though slow you tread,
you light the path you thought had fled.

And one day soon, without demand,
you'll see the dark withdraw its hand—
not by chance, nor guiding art,
but by the fire you held in your heart.

54. To My Kind of Happiness

To my kind of happiness, I speak—
not the loud, the bright, the peak,
but the quiet kind that softly stays
in ordinary, gentle ways.

You are the calm in crowded days,
the silent thread through life's maze,
a cup of warmth, a mindful breath,
a pause untouched by rush or stress.

You do not shout, you do not chase,
you move with time, a steady pace,
in simple joys the heart can keep—
a thought, a smile, a moment deep.

You live where expectations fade,
in small, unnoticed things we've made,
in kindness given, freely done,
in endings met, in days begun.

So here I stand, with grateful sight,
for you, my calm, my inward light—
for in your presence, I can see
the truest form of being free.

55. Scars That Speak

Not all scars are meant to heal—
some harden into something real.
Some turn to maps our fingers trace,
others leave fire we can't erase.

They do not fade like passing rain,
but settle deep beneath the vein;
like roots that twist through hidden ground,
they hold us firm, they keep us bound.

Each mark—a fault line, split and wide,
where old storms broke but didn't hide;
a seam of gold through shattered clay,
where loss and strength have learned to stay.

Not every scar is meant to mend;
some are the edge, the break, the bend—
some live to tell your story true,
of all you faced... and still broke through.

56.

Bait or Stake

It's your bait or my stake—
the quiet risk we choose to take;
not always spoken, rarely clear,
but always somewhere, drawing near.

Whether you dress it up as gain
or call it loss to hide the strain,
the line is cast; the pull is real—
intent is something time reveals.

You set the lure with careful art,
I weigh the cost against the heart;
for every offer, finely made,
demands a part of self be paid.
And whether you call it chance or fate,

it turns on what we're willing to stake—
for every win that we pursue
asks what it takes away from you.
So here it stands, both stark and true:

it's not just what is done to you—
but what you choose, or choose to break,
between your bait... and what I stake.

57.

Tell Your Own Story

Who will tell your story
if you don't begin?
No king rides in to claim your crown,
no armour gleams within.
No distant hand will lift you up,
no fate will intervene—
you are the one who walks the fire,
unseen, and yet the seen.
You are the hero of this tale,
both battle and release;
no saving comes from out beyond—
you are your own reprieve.
No princess waits in fragile sleep,
no perfect end appears;
she rises from your ash and dust,
forged slowly through your years.
So, write in flame, in fall, in rise,
in all you dare to be—
for no one else will shape the end...
but who you choose to free.

58.

The Seventh Lotus and the Rain

The smallest of pods—
the weakest of all—
it lingered in shadow
while others stood tall.

In a pond of seven,
six rose; in their hour,
unfurling in sunlight,
each grand in its power.

They opened with ease,
with colour and grace,
as if bloom was certain,
as if time kept pace.

But the seventh stayed folded,
worn, quiet, and late,
its petals still closed
to the warmth it would wait.

Days drifted onward,
the waters grew still;
the others stood radiant
by nature, and will.

Yet deep in the silence,
where roots twist and strain,
it waited not for sun—
but for something like rain.

And when the sky broke,
not gentle but strong,
the pond lost its calm,
the winds sang along—

the six bowed in beauty,
their petals undone,
too fragile for storm,
too used to the sun.

But the smallest of pods,
the weakest, they claimed—
rose through the downpour,
untouched and unashamed.

For it did not bloom
in comfort or light—
it opened in storm,
in struggle, in night.

And there in the rain,
where the others had been,
the seventh lotus
began to begin.

59.

It Knows

Before the mind begins to speak,
before its restless patterns seek,
something within—composed, enclosed—
waits without words.

It knows.

Not in the noise that thoughts create,
nor in the rush to calculate,
but in the pause, you rarely keep,
beneath the surface, still and deep.

Yet still we search in distant sound,
in borrowed truths we gather round,
in louder voices, far from here,
hoping the answer will appear.

We look outside for what is clear,
while what is certain waits in here—
for what we seek, when stripped of pose,
was never lost.

It only slows.

The mind will argue, turn, revise,
dress every doubt in clever guise,
it crowds the space; it pulls you far
from what is simple as you are.

So let it quiet.
Let thought release.
Step back from needing constant peace.

Turn inward—
past the shifting shows—

the truest answers
are the ones it knows.

60. To Fit In

All my life I tried to fit,
to temper edge, to soften it,
to ease myself to gentler lines,
more readily received as kind.

In friendship—
I learned the cadence others kept,
where speech should pause, where feeling slept,
to offer more than I could spare,
and name that giving—call it care.

In closeness—
I quieted truths before they grew,
let silence stand in place of truth,
gave without measure, without end,
until I blurred what I would defend.

No one asked—
and still I knew
the subtle terms to move among you:
be measured, mild, do not exceed,
conceal the self that might be seen.

I refined what I would show,
let certain parts remain below,
until I fit—
or so it seemed,
a self-reduced, composed, and cleaned.

Yet something in me stayed apart—
not forceful, but an anchored part,
a quiet sense that would not bend,
nor fully yield, nor quite descend.

Until it settled, calm and clear:
this was not kindness—this was fear.

Not grace, but distance, softly drawn,
An ebbing to belong.

Then what is ease, what is accord,
if it requires you be ignored?

No—

I will not barter what is true
for welcome shaped by losing you.

No closeness, however it consoles,
is worth the thinning of the soul.

I tried to fit.
I understand.

I choose to stand
as I am.

61.

The Cost of Standing Alone

To stand alone—what price is claimed?
The quiet loss of being named?
The gentle ease of shared consent,
the solace easily lent?
Will you relinquish warm accord
for truths no chorus can afford?
Will you remain when pressures rise,
and doubt lays siege to inner skies?
What fades when you refuse to bend—
the fleeting crowd, the fair-weather friend?
What stays when all approval's gone—
a tempered will to stand upon?
Is strength still strength in stark dissent,
when every voice stands opposite?
Or is it forged in that divide—
where self-endures, unqualified?
So, weigh it well, when paths disown—
is it too dear to stand alone?
Or far more costly, deep unknown,
to never claim what is your own?

62. Of Change

Change does not arrive with gentle grace,
it bends the truths you thought were right,
it shifts the ground beneath your place,
and dims the comfort of the known in sight.

It questions what you held as true,
disrupts the patterns you conformed to keep,
what once felt certain now feels through,
a quiet stirring buried deep.

Ease never asks you to depart,
it shapes you softly, line by line,
it smooths the edges of your heart,
until your limits feel like design.

You learn to stay, to not exceed,
to fit within what feels secure,
to call that stillness all you need,
and name that quiet state as sure.

Yet something in you does not rest,
a subtle pull you can't ignore,
a sense that comfort, once a guest,
has settled in to close the door.

To change is not a simple turn,
it asks you leave what feels like home,
to risk what you have yet to learn,
and stand where you are not yet known.

It breaks the ease you learned to trust,
unravels all you shaped to be,
and asks you step beyond the “must”
into a wider uncertainty.

And though it offers no clear end,
no promise held, no path defined,
it gives you back the chance to bend
beyond the borders of your mind.

For comfort holds you still in place,
while change unsettles what you knew—
and though it strips away your space,
it makes a truer self of you.

63.

The Sky Never Cries

The sky—does it ever weep at all,
or merely answer when burdens fall?
Are those grey depths a quiet despair,
or just the weight of too much air?

What we call rain—what do we name?
A tender grief, or a cleansing flame?
Does heaven mourn, or does it release
what it can no longer keep in peace?

Clouds do not tremble, nor confess,
yet gather in silent heaviness;
until the tension, finely spun,
undoes itself—and falls as one.

No voice declares what must be shed,
no tear is owned, no sorrow said;
yet something breaks, and in its wake,
the hardened world begins to wake.

But—does the sky not cry,
or has it learned a truer way
to yield its weight without disguise,
and fall as rain... yet never say why?

64.

Buried in the Depths

Buried in the depths—what lingers there?
A truth concealed, or quiet despair?
Does darkness keep what light once knew,
or shape it into something new?

No surface sign, no outward trace,
no echo left in open space;
yet something stirs where none can see,
unchanged, or changed too deeply to be.

Is it forgotten, left behind,
or waiting, patient, undefined?
For not all things that sink are lost—
some settle far beyond their cost.

And in those depths, where silence keeps,
what once was yours still shifts, still sleeps—
not gone, not ended, not undone...
just hidden from the reach of sun.

65.
**When We Meet Again,
in Another Time**

When we meet again, in another time,
unburdened by delay, unmarked by decline—
will it feel like return, or something unknown,
a distant echo of what we'd once grown?
Perhaps we'll pause without a name
or why your presence feels the same—
a quiet pull, a softened trace
of something time could not erase.
But shall we remain as we once came—

66.

The Shape of Truth

I was ready to fight for the truth I could claim,
To sift right from wrong, to give falsehood a name;

To stand like a flame that no doubt could subdue—
Unquestioned, unwavering, fiercely true.

I wandered through voices, through shadow, through light,
Through echoes of reason, through corridors of night;

I searched in the silence, I searched in the cry—
For something untouched by the whisper of lie.

But truth wore disguises I could not foresee,
It shifted its form with each “you” and each “me”;

What I held as certain, unshaken, and wise—
Was fragile and changed in another’s eyes.

Your truth stood firm where my certainty fell,
Your heaven looked strange in the map of my hell;

And what I defended with passion and fire
Was, to you, illusion—to you, something dire.

Who is the keeper of what is called real?
Who draws the thin line we are desperate to feel?

If truth is a mirror that alters its face,
Then what do we hold in its shifting embrace?

In the greater design, in the vastness of scheme,
All certainty softens, dissolves like a dream;

The loudest convictions grow quiet, grow small—
As time, like a tide, washes over them all.

And there, in the end, when the arguments cease,
When the need to be right finally loosens to peace—

We stand with a question too vast to outrun:
Was truth ever fixed, or always undone?

Perhaps what we guarded, what we chose to defend,
Was shaped by our story, our means, and our end;

And truth, in its essence—if seen from afar—
Is never just one thing... but all that we are.

Or maybe, more humbling, more fragile, more sly—
Truth is just a story that refuses to die;

A voice that persists, though it shifts in its guise—
Someone's conviction... in someone else's lies.

67.

Between What We Spend and What We Keep

Little by little, we spend ourselves,
or bit by bit, we gather the pieces—
life wavering in that quiet in-between,
unsure whether it is loss or becoming.

Days slip through open fingers,
moments traded without a receipt,
while somewhere, unseen,
something within us is slowly rebuilt.

What did you earn in the passing of time?
What did I lose without knowing its worth?
The questions linger like dusk—
soft, unresolved, inevitable.

We measure in fragments—
in memories kept, in silences carried,
in the weight of things that stayed
and the echo of things that left.

And perhaps, in the end,
there is no clear ledger to hold—
only the quiet reckoning of a life
that was both spent and gathered.
We shall see.

68.

Someone I Knew

Someone I knew—was it ever clear
Who they were, or how they'd appear?
They thought apart, they moved askew,
Not shaped by what the others knew.
Was it defiance, or deeper sight,
That made them stand outside the light?
Did they refuse, or simply see
What others shaped as certainty?
They spoke in ways that did not blend,
They chose no path that had an end
Defined by custom, drawn by rule—
Did that make them strange... or true?
I watched them move through time's design,
Unmeasured by the common line,
And wondered—was it strength, or cost,
To be oneself, yet feel so lost?
But time—does it not intervene,
Softening what once had been?
Does it not bend the sharpest will,
And quiet what once stood so still?
They changed—or did they learn to stay
Within the world in a different way?
Did time reshape what they had been—
Or teach them where to not begin?
And now I ask, as memory grew—
Was it them... or my own view?
Someone I knew—yet not the same,
For time had touched what I could not name.

69.

Whose Story Is It, After All?

Whose story is it—tell me true,
The one I live, the one I view?
Is it mine, in thought and claim,
Or shaped by voices without a name?
Did I begin it as my own,
Or walk a path already sown?
Are these my choices, clear and free—
Or echoes of what came to be?
Who writes the lines I call my will?
What moves me forward, quiet, still?
Is it desire, or something taught—
A pattern lived, but never sought?
And if I pause, and look within,
Where does my story truly begin?
In what I feel, in what I know—
Or in what I was shaped to show?
Do I belong to what I've been,
Or to the space I stand within?
And if I change, if I outgrow—
Does the story end, or deeper flow?
tell me—when all roles are gone,
When names and forms are set aside—
Whose story remains to be told?
And who...
was telling it all along?

70.

Where Knowing Lives

What my mind could not discern—
did my heart not always learn?
When reason faltered, lost its thread,
was something else not quietly led?
Why do we trust the measured view,
when something deeper feels, rather true?
Why seek in thought what slips away,
when feeling knows without delay?
When logic breaks, when answers blur,
what is it that still seems to stir?
A quieter sense, a subtle call—
does it not understand it all?
And if the mind cannot conclude,
if every path seems misconstrued,
why do we search outside, apart,
when knowing waits within the heart?
Is truth a thing we chase and find—
or something prior to the mind?
And when we stop, when we are still,
does it not surface of its own will?
And—when all else is gone,
when reason fades, withdrawn, undone—
Is it not then we finally see:
the answers were within... in me?

71.

Every Drop Becomes

Does every drop of thought not fall
 Into a shape that builds it all?
Do fleeting notions simply fade—
Or seed the life that will be made?
A quiet doubt—does it not grow,
Rehearsed in ways we do not know?
A whispered fear—repeated twice—
 Does it not harden into advice?
When you think, I cannot begin,
Does that not close what might have been?
And when you say, I'm not enough,
 Does life not echo that as truth?
A single thought—I'll try once more,
 Does it not open a hidden door?
A quiet claim—I still can stand,
Does it not steady mind and hand?
What we repeat, what we allow—
 Does it not shape the present now?
Do patterns form from what we keep—
From thoughts we sow, then slowly reap?
Who shall say-what is thought, if not
The blueprint of what will be wrought?
And if each drop becomes the whole—
 What are you building in your soul?
For mind is not a vacant space—
 It is a field that keeps its trace.
And every drop, though small, untaught—
 Becomes, in time...
 the life you've thought.

72. Every Thread Counts

Every thread—does it not bind
Some unseen pattern of the mind?
Or do we pass them, slight, unaware,
As if no meaning settled there?
What seems so small, so finely spun—
Is it not how all things are done?
A word, a pause, a fleeting glance—
Do these not shape what we become, by chance?
If one thread breaks, does nothing change—
Or does the whole begin to estrange?
And if we pull, or fail to see,
What unravels quietly?
Do we not live in woven form—
Of moments subtle, soft, and worn?
Not grand design, nor sudden call,
But thread by thread... that builds it all?
Then tell me—what can we ignore,
If each small strand implies much more?
For nothing lived is ever small—
If every thread...
counts in the whole.

73. On the Edge of Time

On the edge of time—what do we claim?
What fades before it earns a name,
Before it gathers weight or form
And slips beyond what we perform?
How much is squandered in restraint,
In muted will, in cautious faint
Obedience to unseen design
That keeps us distant from the line?
Do we inhabit what we are,
Or linger always just afar?
Do we engage, or merely trace
A life we never quite embrace?
What lies beyond this tempered span—
This measured, calculated plan?
And what remains of all we've stayed
From feeling fully, unafraid?
Why do we ration what we feel,
As though the fleeting lacks the real?
Why temper breath and still desire,
As if delay outlives the fire?
If time erodes without consent,
If all we are is briefly lent—
Then what endures, if not the call
To live with depth... or not at all?
Well! Then what do we postpone,
If not, the life we could have known?
To stand, to feel, to fully pour—
And live... a little more.

74.

A Name Called Love

Why didn't I open the gifts that summer—
what was I holding back from, or for?
Did I preserve them in silent refusal,
or delay what they might reveal at the core?
When their edges softened, worn by time,
was it neglect—or something aligned
With how all forms begin to loosen
when feeling slips out of the mind?
Why does memory refuse your face—
what does it choose to erase?
Is forgetting loss, or a quiet mercy
that leaves behind a different trace?
What is it that I still retain—
if not your voice, if not your name?
Why does something linger, unnamed,
when every detail fails the same?
Did I love you—or what you meant?
A presence shaped by sentiment?
And if the form has disappeared,
what is it still that feels so present?
Why keep those gifts forever sealed—
what truth was I not ready to yield?
Was it you I feared to lose—
or what those moments had revealed?
If all that's left is this faint recall,
a sense that does not fully fall,
Not you, not form, not time, not place—
A name called love...
is what I recall.

75.

What Endures

Do we remember them as they were,
or the shift they set within us?
Do names remain in steady form,
or blur while something deeper holds?

Contours once clear begin to dissolve,
edges loosen; outlines give way—
what slips is surface, what stays
moves further in, beyond display.

Their words do not remain as said,
nor linger in their spoken shape—
what stays is how they settled through,
a rhythm no recall can trace.

Memory bends around what mattered,
not as record, but as impression—
not what occurred in ordered sequence,
but what remained without expression.

What endures is never the figure,
nor the details we once could name—
it is the alteration left behind,
a quiet, irreversible change.

Tell me then—what truly stays?
Not image, voice, or passing phase,
but something carried, redefined—
a deeper shaping of the mind.

76.

Is It Empty, or Too Full?

Is it a room with nothing stored,
or one where space can't be restored?
A silent hall with echoes gone—
or noise that never lands as one?

Is it a page untouched, unmarked,
or one where words refuse their mark?
Too blank to hold a single line—
or crowded past a clear design?

Is it a well that's running dry,
or one where waters overflow high?
Too little left to draw from deep—
or far too much for form to keep?

Is it a road with none to take,
or one where paths divide and break?
Too few to guide where I should go—
or far too many left to know?

When all I feel begins to blur,
when less and more together stir,
I stop—and face the quiet pull:

Am I empty—
or simply too full?

77.

I Know When It's Time

What may stay shall stay—
or is it I who learns to let it remain?

What leaves drifts away—
or did I loosen my own hold again?

Do things depart on their own will,
or do we feel the quiet still
Before the leaving takes its place,
Before we name the empty space?

I've watched it happen, slow, precise—
Not sudden loss, but something twice:
First in feeling, then in form,
A silent shift beneath the norm.

What stayed—did it endure, or grow
Because I chose to let it so?
What left—was it ever mine,
Or just a moment out of time?

I've learned there's no need left to chase,
No need to hold what will not stay,
For something in me, calm and clear,
Begins to know before it's here.

A subtle sense, a measured rhyme,
That does not rush, yet marks the time—
Not loss, not gain, not right, not wrong,
Just knowing where things don't belong.

The day it shifts, I do not fight,
I do not cling with all my might,
For what remains will not decay,
And what must leave... will find its way.

What may stay shall stay—I see,
What leaves was never meant for me.
And somewhere in that quiet chime—

I know...
when it is time.

78.

In Those Lovely Towns of Love and Hope

In those lovely towns of love and hope,
Where hearts first learned how far to cope,
Where every road felt softly known—
Or was I never there alone?
Did love reside in open air,
Or did I place it everywhere?
Were those bright streets as true as they seemed,
Or shaped by all I once believed?
I walked as if the world would stay,
As if nothing could slip away,
Each word, each touch, each quiet call
Felt like it might outlive it all.
But tell me—what of those who left?
Did absence come, or was I bereft
Of something I had built too deep,
A truth I could not truly keep?
And those who stayed—did they remain,
Or did I hold them through the change?
Did time reshape what I once knew,
Or did I see what was not true?
For hope once lived without a seam,
Untouched by doubt, intact, supreme—
But now it flickers, asks to be
Not blind, but held more carefully.
And love—was it as still, as wide,
As I had carried it inside?
Or did I give it more than real,
And call that excess what I feel?
Yet still—I walk those towns in mind,

Not as they were, but redefined,
Not untouched, not whole, not all—
But something I remember...
and still recall.

79.

I Remember Them All

I remember them all—can I deny?
The ones who stayed, the ones gone by,
The ones I held, the ones I grieved—
But what was lost, and what was received?
Did those who stayed remain as they,
Or did I shape them, day by day?
Did they hold me, or did I learn
To make their presence something firm?
And those who left—did they depart,
Or carve their echo in my heart?
Do absences ever truly cease,
Or shift their form and call it peace?
The ones I grieved—what did I mourn?
A broken bond, a self-outgrown?
Was it their leaving that cut so deep,
Or what I could no longer keep?
I remember how they came to be—
Not always truth, but memory,
Not always clear, not always kind,
Yet still they linger in the mind.
Do we forget—or rearrange
What time distorts, what feelings change?
And if they fade, then tell me why
Their shadows never fully die?
What did they leave that shaped my way?
What did they take I cannot say?
And who am I beyond them all—
If I remember... do I fall?
Or do I stand because they passed,
Because not everything could last?
I remember them all—still, I do—
But am I them... or something new?

80. Drifting Mind

In the cavern of a drifting mind,
where thought unravels, folds, and binds,
where meaning thins and edges fray,
and coherence slowly slips away—

fear does not strike, does not declare,
it does not seize, nor split the air;
it seeps—precise, without a sound,
a quiet force that wraps around.

It lives within each measured breath,
a subtle nearness, close to depth,
a tremor held beneath control,
threading its way through mind and soul.

Then anxiety begins to spread—
a thousand pathways in my head,
each one urgent, none complete,
each return a small defeat.

I try to steady, try to keep
one grounded thought, one line to meet,
but every structure I construct
collapses inward, self-destructs.

And hopelessness—so vast, so still—
arrives without a break of will;
not sharp, not loud, not fierce, not fast,
but like a weight that simply lasts.

It offers nothing left to claim,
no forward path, no end to name,
no ground to stand, no thread to guide,
no stable center held inside.

And in that depth, the will grows thin,
the urge to act begins to dim,
as if the mind, too strained to mend,
leans toward its own diminishing end.

Yet still—beneath that quiet fall,
there is something that resists it all,
not strong, not clear, not fully known,
but something that remains its own.

A fragile thread, a finer line,
a trace that will not fully decline,
a sense—however faint it seems—
I am not equal to these extremes.

I reach—not steady, not in control,
not from a place already whole,
but with a small, persistent claim:
I am not this collapsing frame.

I turn—no sudden shift or light,
no instant clearing into sight,
just one small act, then once again,
a break within the tightening chain.

I name a point. I let it stay.
A breath. A wall. Something that won't give way.
A stillness not consumed by spin—
a place I can begin within.

And through that act, contained, exact,
the mind begins to gather back,
not restored, not free from strain,
but no longer lost within the same.

I rise—not whole, not yet repaired,
but less undone, less unprepared,
with one clear truth I now defend:

I may descend—
but I will mend.

81.

In the Mind of My Imagination

In the mind of my imagination, I reside—
Not as I am, but as I might have tried
To become, had courage come on time,
Or fate been softer in its design.

There, I speak without restraint or fear,
Every word arrives exact and clear,
No hesitation shadows what I say,
No second thoughts to take it away.

I walk through rooms already known,
Yet none of them are quite my own,
They feel like echoes shaped for me—
A life rehearsed in possibility.

In that place, I chose the turning road,
I set aside what weighed or slowed,
I left before I learned to stay,
And stayed when I would walk away.

There, love unfolds without demand,
No guarded heart, no careful hand,
No measured distance, no retreat—
Just something whole, and almost complete.

And I am not divided there—
No fractured thoughts, no silent despair,
No need to carry what I've been,
No quiet wars beneath my skin.

But still—
Even in that crafted air,
There lingers something almost there:
A subtle knowledge, hard to name,
That even this is not untamed.

For what I build inside my mind
Is shaped by all I leave behind,
By every choice I did not make,
By every silence I still take.

And so that life, though vast and free,
Is still a version born of me—
Not separate, not wholly new,
But made from what I never grew into.

And when I leave that inner place,
Return to time, to form, to face,
I carry back—not what I saw—
But what I felt without a law.

A quiet question, softly lived:
What if the life I never lived
Is not somewhere I must remain—
But something I can still attain?

82.

What Freedom Quietly Asks

What is it, truly, to be free—
not as a word, but inwardly?
Not as an idea shaped in air,
but as a weight you choose to bear.
We speak of freedom as ascent,
as something vast, benevolent,
yet rarely turn ourselves to see
what must be shed for it to be.
A man once sat where numbers grew,
where days were fixed, predictable, true;
he left it all—not out of pride,
but from a voice he could not hide.
And in that leaving, something broke—
not just the work, but what it spoke:
you are what you securely are.
He stepped away... though not too far.
For even as the structure fell,
he felt its absence just as well—
a hollowed space, both loss and air,
where something once had anchored there.
A woman spoke—no force, no claim,
just truth she could not cage or tame;
it did not rage, it did not fight,
yet altered something out of sight.
The room remained. The faces stayed.
But something quiet disarrayed—
the ease of being understood,
the silent safety of the “good.”
And in its place—no triumph came,
just something still, without a name.
Two people parted—not from lack,
but from the sense they could not act

as who they were and still remain
within a love that shaped their pain.
And in that space where hands withdrew,
there was no clear, resolving view—
just absence learning how to stay
without demanding to be filled right away.

A son stood still before a line
that lived in blood, in silent time;
he saw it not as fate, but thread—
a pattern neither gone nor dead.
And when he chose to break its course,
it was not will, nor sudden force,
but something quieter, almost small—
the strength to not repeat it all.
Yet in that choice, so stark, so right,
came the weight of leaving sight—
of not belonging as before,
of standing just beyond the door.
A mind released what it had known,
a certainty it once had grown
around itself like guarded skin—
a shield it learned to live within.
And when it fell, there was no release,
no instant clarity, no peace—
just openness, immense and bare,
with nothing fixed to settle there.
A heart forgave—not to amend,
not to restore, not to pretend,
but from a quieter, deeper need—
to lay down what it need not bleed.
And in that act, no light was won,
no grand undoing had begun—
just something loosening its claim,
no longer bound to hurt or name.
Then, what is freedom, if not this—
not flight, not triumph, not abyss,
but the slow, unchosen cost
of standing where the self feels lost?

It is not ease. It does not save.
It does not grant the world you crave.
It strips, it quiets, it makes you see
what remains—when you are free.

83.

I End It Here

It did not start with me—this coded fear,
this measured joy that never settles clear.
It came prewritten, older than my name,
a body taught to tighten without blame.

My hands recall what I was never shown,
my pulse repeats a past not called my own.
No story told—yet something carries through,
in all I brace for what will not be true.

A lineage that swallowed grief, not breath,
that learned survival by rehearsing death.
Nothing was said—yet everything remained,
not taught in words, but etched into the vein.

Not memory—no image to retrieve,
but pattern shaped in how I act, believe:
I leave too soon, I hold my love too light,
I turn from warmth as if it burns on sight.

This is how history survives the years—
not ink, but instinct; not facts, but fears.
It lives in me—but not as fate or law.
I see it now. I name it for what I saw.

And naming breaks it. That is where I stand.
No more inheritance without demand.
What reached my blood does not command my breath.
I cut the pattern at its point of death.

I keep the proof—that something did survive.
But not the way it taught me to derive
my worth from caution, love from loss, or pain
from ghosts that asked to live in me again.

It ends in me. Not gently—by design.
I take what's mine—and leave the rest behind.

84.

What It Becomes

Pain doesn't leave—
it shifts its place,
hides in the body,
wears your face.

No obvious goodbye,
no final end,
it bends your breath,
it shapes your bend.

It settles deep
where none can see,
then calls itself
your “normalcy.”

It moves unseen,
it stays the same—
not as a wound,
but as your name.

85.

Where the Weight Forgets Its Name

There is a place below all sound
Where even echoes are not found,
Where thought dissolves before it forms,
And feeling sheds its sharper storms.

Not darkness as the absence known,
But something deeper—overgrown,
A density that does not press,
Yet leaves no room for more or less.

You do not fall—you are replaced,
Unstitched from time, from self, from space,
As if the world you held as true
Has quietly withdrawn from you.

No edges now for pain to trace,
No centre left it can embrace,
For suffering, to be defined,
Requires a boundary in the mind.

And yours—so stretched, so overworn—
Has risen to where it can't be torn.
This is the threshold few can name:
When pain outlives the need for pain.

It does not end. It is-adrift.
It simply forfeits its own grit,
Becomes a field without a frame,
A fire that burns without a flame.

You search for hurt—but nothing stings,
No fracture left for sorrow's wings,
No cry emerges, no despair—
For who is left to feel it there?

And in that vast unmeasured state,
Something begins to imitate
A kind of calm, a hollow grace—
An almost-peace without a face.

It is not joy that lifts or sings,
Not light that dawn or healing brings,
But something closer to release
From needing pain to ever cease.

For once the self that fought is gone,
What remains simply carries on,
Like tide without a shore to meet,
Or wind that does not know retreat.

And here—this is the quiet turn:
Where nothing's left for you to learn,
Because the learner has dissolved
Before the question was resolved.

It feels like ease. It feels like rest.
A stillness laid across your chest.
But look more closely—if you can—
This is not peace. This is the span

Between what breaks and what is born,
A state both emptied and unworn,
Where meaning has not yet returned,
But all resistance has been burned.

And still, beneath that depth so wide,
Where even absence seems to hide,
There waits—without a voice or plea—
A quiet possibility.

Not hope as something bright or clear,
Not strength that overcomes with cheer,
But something smaller, almost none—
A refusal to be fully done.

It does not rise. It does not fight.
It does not reach toward any light.
It simply is—without demand—
A grain of self within the sand.

And if that grain remains intact,
Though buried deep, though tightly packed,
Then even here—where all seems lost—
Something survives... at any cost.

Not as the self you knew before,
Not as the one who begged for more,
But as a trace, a subtle thread,
That lives precisely where you're dead.

And from that place—if ever stirred—
Not by a force, not by a word—
There may arise, without a sound,
A shift so slight it's barely found:

Where weight remembers it can lift,
Where silence yields a fragile shift,
Where pain—no longer forced to reign—
Releases what was never pain.

86.

The Night Sky and the Blue Memory of the Backpack Man

He walked where roads dissolved in night,
Past fading dust and broken light,

A silent shape in twilight's span,
The wandering, worn backpack man.
His steps were soft, yet deeply known
To paths that claimed him as their own,
Though never once did they demand
A place for him, a place to stand.

Upon his back, a burden slight—
Not weighed by things, but time's quiet,
With folded dreams and scattered plans,
And echoes held in careful hands.

The night came close, a patient guide,
And drifted gently at his side,
No need for words, no need to speak,
It understood the truths he'd keep.

Above, the stars in silver streams
Awoke his lost and distant dreams,
Their ancient glow, both far and near,
Felt almost like they knew him here.

There lived a blue within his mind,
A shade no daylight could define,
Not bright like skies at morning's start,
But dusk that settled in his heart.

It held the hue of soft goodbyes,
Of fleeting trains and quiet sighs,
Of faces fading out of view,

Yet somehow staying just as true.
He carried it through every mile,
That gentle ache beneath a smile,

A tender weight, both loss and grace,
That time itself could not erase.
He wondered, as the cold winds ran,
What makes a home for such a man?
Is it the ground beneath his feet,
Or every soul he failed to keep?
The roads replied with endless bends,
With starts that never led to ends,
They offered him no final say,
Just one more step, one more long way.
His backpack creaked with quiet sound,
A language worn yet deeply bound,
Inside, a photo, edges torn,
Of laughter lost and never worn.
A letter sealed but never sent,
With words that lived in discontent,
A stone he kept from some old stream,
Now blurred like half-remembered dream.
And faintly, there—a scent of rain,
From some forgotten, distant lane,
A city that had let him go
Before he learned to do so.
He paused beneath the endless sky,
Where questions lived but gave no reply,
And searched the stars with steady gaze
For something lost in younger days.
As if one light, through time delayed,
Might shine for him, though faintly swayed,
And whisper through the dark so vast:
“You are not gone, nor just your past.”
Perhaps it did—for in that night,
One star seemed warmer in its light,
Arriving late, yet still it came,
As if it softly spoke his name.
He felt then, in that quiet span,
The truth that shaped the drifting man:
He was not lost, nor left behind—
But carried by his own blue mind.

The past was not a weight to bear,
But something moving with his air,
A tide that pulled, yet let him be
A part of its eternity.
And so he walked, through dark and dew,
Through endless shades of silent blue,
No final place, no certain plan—
Just night, and sky, and backpack man.

87.

Show Up

Not every day arrives with fire,
or lifts you toward something higher;
some mornings press against your chest
and dare you just... to do your best.
No crowd will cheer, no voice will guide,
no sudden surge will rise inside;
just silence thick, and doubt enough
to make each simple step feel tough.
And still—you stand. (pause)
You face the weight you cannot name,
you move, though nothing feels the same;
no perfect plan, no shining proof—
just one more step... and that is truth.
To show up when the will is thin,
when loss is loud and doubt within,
when every reason says retreat—
and yet... you rise back to your feet.
Not every fight is meant to win,
not every scar is worn on skin;
but strength is forged in unseen turns—
in quiet choices... no one earns.
Understand what few will say:
it's not the height you reach one day,
but every time you could have stopped—
and didn't. (pause) You showed up.
No wasted breath. No borrowed hope.
You stood your ground. You learned to cope.
And in that choice—again, again—
you did not spend...
you earned.

88.

No Exit Sign

Some days
feel like a maze with no exit sign,
just turns that look right
but waste your time.
Your thoughts get loud,
then louder still,
like every direction
depends on will—
but will runs dry
when doubt runs deep,
and clarity
is something you can't keep.
Your heart feels heavy,
your head feels split,
too many choices—
none of them fit.
You start to look
for something bright,
a clean-cut answer,
a guiding light.
Something that says,
“This way out,”
something stronger
than all your doubt.
And there it is—
a flicker, a glow,
just enough
to make you go.
You tell yourself,
This has to be it,
this is the place
where things will fit.

But not every light
is meant to guide,
some only shine
because you're tired.
Some are built
from the need to escape,
from forcing meaning
into any shape.
They pull you forward,
fast, intense—
but leave you lost
with more pretence.
Not dramatic—
just... stop chasing noise
that feels like logic
but acts like a choice.
Stand in the mess,
in the unclear space,
where nothing makes sense
and there's no pace.
Yeah, it's uncomfortable.
Yeah, it's slow.
But not everything real
needs to glow.
Then ask—
not for a shortcut,
not for release,
not for instant clarity
or borrowed peace.
Ask for direction
you don't control,
ask for alignment
that steadies your soul.
Ask for what's right,
not what feels fast,
not what looks good
but will never last.
And wait.

Not passively—
but aware, awake,
like something inside you
is starting to take shape.
No fireworks.
No sudden sign.
Just a quiet shift
that says, this is mine.
The maze won't vanish.
The dark won't end.
But you'll move different—
step by step, not pretend.
Because clarity isn't
a light you chase,
it's something that finds you
when you stop the race.
And the way out?
It was never a glow
at the edge of your sight—
it was choosing the hand
over chasing the light.

89.

Becoming

You arrive mid-sentence, no clear start,
no map to follow, no fixed part;
no origin known, no end in sight—
just mind awake, compelled to decide.

No truth awaits, no meaning stands,
nothing is shaped by guiding hands;
only a quiet, constant will—
you must choose... and you will.

Each choice confines, defines a line,
for every path, a loss resigned;
what you become is sharply drawn
by all the selves you leave undone.

What you don't live does not depart,
it lingers, faint, outside the heart;
not gone, not seen, yet living within —
a subtle ache that waits to be seen.

You search for structure, something sure,
a voice to steady where you stray—
but none arrives, none comes to stay.
You wait for something to pave the way.

No answer forms, no sign appears,
no truth descends to still your fears;
only the trace of what you've done—
a self-composed, decision by one.

You are not found, nor waiting known,
no hidden core to be shown;
you are the sum of what you choose,
of what you hold and what you lose.

Between what's gone and what's unclear,
between what's distant and what it cannot bear,
you stand within that change galore—
becoming, shaping to the deepest core.

Not whole, not broken, not complete,
no final ground beneath your feet;
just step by step, through what you've spun—
the weight of being...
what you've become.

90.

A Gift to Myself

I give myself no borrowed praise,
no fleeting crown for passing days;
but something steadier, quietly earned—
a truth I've lived, a ground I've learned.

I gift myself the right to stand
without demand, without a plan;
to be enough in what I am,
unshaped by doubt, unmoved by span.

I give myself the grace to fail,
to walk through loss and not grow frail;
to meet each fall without disguise,
and rise again, more clear, wiser.

I gift myself a patient mind,
not chasing what it cannot find;
but seeing worth in what is here,
in what endures, in what is clear.

I give myself the strength to choose
what I will hold, what I refuse;
to guard my ground, to shape my way—
not drift with what the world may say.

I gift myself a quieter sight,
that does not chase the loud or bright;
but knows that depth is rarely shown
in what is seen, or widely known.

And most of all, I give this part—
a steady, self-respecting heart;
not seeking more, not seeking less—
but standing firm in its own place.

91. A Night of Fireflies

One tree awoke with trembling light,
A hush of gold within the night;
Then branch by branch, the dark grew thin—
As if the stars had wandered in.
Another tree, then thousands more,
Set all the silent woods to soar;
A living glow, so soft, so wide,
It felt like time itself had sighed.
No sun could claim such tender flame,
No dawn could ever shine the same;
For in that dark, so deep, so still,
Light came not loud—but by its will.
And just as gently, without trace,
It slipped away from time and space;
By morning's breath, the world was bare—
No gold, no glow, no proof it's there.
Yet somewhere in the quiet mind,
That night refuses to unwind;
For once, the dark had learned to see—
How brief... how bright... a life can be.

92.

Going Home

We left with fire in our veins,
Through restless roads and silent pains,
To chase a distant, shifting sky;
With tireless hands and sleepless sight,

We carved our days from stubborn fight,
And learned to stand, but not ask why.
When life hits hard, we think of home,
When the heart breaks, we think of home,

When days fall empty, we think why.
A place once whole, untouched, the same,
Now flickers faint without a name—
A memory we can't outgrow.

But if we turn and trace that line,
Through altered roads and weathered time,
What waits is not the past we know;
For we have changed, and so has all,

The voice, the door, the distant call—
Not where we were, but where we go.
So still we walk, though far we've flown,
With something we still call our own—

A quiet place we can't outgrow;
Not just behind, nor up ahead,
But something lived, and softly spread—
The endless thought of going home.

93.

Untethered

I have fought enough—
against the grain of days,
against the weight of what would not bend.

I tried to take control,
to reason, to mend, to make whole;
to place my will upon a restless world.
But my weary shoulders gave way,
not in defeat, but in knowing—
that not all things are mine to hold.

I am a small, passing speck,
and life... far wider than my grasp;
its tides unmoved by all my careful thought.

So, the grip loosened.
And there I was—
adrift in the vast, breathing ocean of it all,
carried slow and gentle by unseen currents,
under a sky that asked nothing of me.

No striving.

No fixing.

No need to become.

Only this—

to float,

to trust,

to be.

And then it was clear—
nothing was ever mine to steer,
nothing waiting to be mastered or undone;
the current did not ask,
the ocean did not yield—
it simply was... and I within it.

No holding on.
No letting go.
Only this quiet, endless motion—
and a self that had finally
fallen silent inside it.

94. After

The old tree by my window fell,
I never knew it half so well.
It stood between the world and me,
a quiet, unseen boundary.
I passed it daily, never aware
of all it held, of all its care.
Till gone—
and light came rushing through...
We see what stays,
only when it has withdrawn.

95.

Who Are They

Who are they
who urge you toward the trodden path—
when yours is the one
they will never dare to walk?

Who are they
who ask you to quiet your flame—
when they dwell safely
within the walls of the mundane?

Who are they
who press you to conform—
when fear of tomorrow
is the air they breathe?

Let them remain
where certainty is small and still.

You—
were not made for that shelter.
Yours is to burn,
uncontained—
in the open breeze of the free.

96. Refusal.

Walk away from disrespect
before it hardens
into a language
used against you.

Walk away from chaos—
it does not break you,
it displaces you,
quietly, precisely,
until you no longer stand
where you once intended.

Walk away from pettiness,
that small corrosion
of a larger self—
that steady lowering
of what you could have been.

These are not passing faults.
They are instruments.
And once you yield,
you do not fall at once—
you are reduced,
measured out
in lesser choices,
in quieter compromises.

Strength is not resistance alone.
It is refusal.
The discipline
to remain untouched
by what diminishes.

97.

Between Kindness and Empathy

There lies a line—precise, severe—
between what seems and what is sincere.

Kindness can soften, speak with grace,
yet keep a careful, guarded place.

It leans with sympathy, measured, mild,
but often stands above the trial.

At times a gesture, shaped for view,
a polished mask the world looks through—
a tender tone, a tempered plea,
that keeps its quiet hierarchy.

But empathy does not remain
outside another's loss or pain.

It does not look; it does not lend—
it enters, equal, without end.

No height, no claim, no distant art—
it meets the other, heart to heart.

It feels the fracture, bears the weight,
refuses distance, pride, or state.

For kindness, when it's thinly worn,
can serve the self it claims to mourn.

But empathy, both fierce and true,
makes one of "me," and one of "you."

98. In Soft Praise

Manipulation seldom speaks aloud—
 it is carried
 in the gentlest praise,
 in language so tender
 it disarms without effort.
Harsh words, at least, declare themselves.
They strike, they mark, they pass—
 and what they break
 may yet be restored.
 But this—
 this quiet persuasion—
 does not wound in moments.
 It seeps.
 It settles.
It reshapes the air around you
 until you begin to breathe
 what was never your own.
 A subtle enclosure,
 woven of approval and ease,
 where doubt is unwelcome
 and truth grows faint.
 Be wary of those
who never disturb your comfort,
 who offer only agreement,
 only affirmation,
 only the mirror you prefer.
For not all gentleness is benign,
not all praise is free of design.
 Some of it tends the ego—
 slow, deliberate, unseen—
 a patient fire
 that does not rage,

but consumes in silence.
And when at last you sense it,
you find not ruin,
but erosion—
a self-diminished
so gradually
it almost feels
like consent.

99. The Worldly Wise

The worldly wise do not withhold—
they comprehend the cadence
of loss and gold;
they neither clutch at passing gain,
nor flinch beneath the weight of pain.

They do not waver at the brink,
nor linger where the timid sink;
for what is rare is never won
by those who turn, or leave undone.

They do not narrow what they see—
they read beneath what seems to be;
in fractured hours, in silent skies,
they discern what escapes lesser eyes.

They know where effort sharpens form,
where to withstand, where to transform;
their steps are governed, precise, aware—
not driven by impulse, nor dulled by care.

They move with discipline, stand with command,
rooted within, yet attuned to the land;
they neither scatter nor withdraw,
but act in rhythm with what they saw.

They do not gather merely to possess,
nor measure life by more or less;
what they retain is not display,
but what remains when forms decay.

They speak with weight, yet seldom declare,
for not all truth is meant to share;
they know what deepened minds discern—
that much is lived, and not returned.

They rise, they fall, yet do not break,
unmoved by what they gain or forsake;
for what they trust is not secure—
but what adapts, and will endure.

The world will watch for where you fall,
it waits to witness loss in all;
it measures strength by what gives way—
and turns from those who cannot stay.

Stand firm when every force would bend,
when ease invites you to descend;
for craft is proven, clear and true,
in holding ground when none will do.

100.

The Line I Do Not Cross

To contend with the wise—
is to be outmatched,
and leave
better formed.

To face the knaves—
is to learn
the architecture of deceit,
and guard against it.

To endure the ignorant—
is to practice patience,
and sometimes,
to give light.

To meet the vain—
is to refine
what I refuse to become.

Even with stupidity—
I will engage.

For in its chaos
there is a lesson—
hard-earned,
unwelcome,
but real.

It teaches discernment,
sharpens judgment,
and reveals
the cost of unreason.

From it,
I take wisdom—
not by agreement,
but by contrast.

But conceit—
I do not entertain.

For it is not a single flaw,
but the union of all—
irrational,
vain,
ignorant,
and blind to itself.

The mother of follies,
cloaked as certainty.

To engage it
is to wrestle
with every failing at once—
and call it discourse.

That is a descent
not into confusion,
but into futility.

And that—
I refuse.

101. Magic trick to sail through life

A magic trick to sail through life—
I beseeched the wise men and sorcerers around,
and looked for answers in every book,
but they never written, they were never found.

102.

After Ninety-Nine Poems

So—you've read them, one by one,
Hundred and one, on how life's done.
Love and loss, the rise, the fall—
tidy lessons, wrapped up all.
You've marked the lines that felt so deep,
borrowed truths you didn't keep.
Paused, reflected, gave a nod—
briefly felt aligned with God.
You now know how hearts should break,
how to bend and how to take.
How to suffer, how to grow—
everything you ought to know.
(Convenient, this borrowed pain—
all the insight, none to sustain.)
You've faced the storm in perfect rhyme,
where chaos ends exactly on time.
No loose ends, no awkward stays—
just turn the page, you're out the maze.
But tell me this—since you're so wise,
which poem handles real-life lies?
Which verse holds firm at 2 a.m.,
when nothing fits—not even them?
Which rhyme repairs a reckless call,
or stands with you when things just fall?
Exactly.
Poetry teaches—yes, it's true,
it sharpens thought and temper's view.
It gives you words, both clean and bright,
to make your darkness sound like light.
But life—
won't rhyme, won't stay in line,
won't pause for meaning or design.

It breaks, it bends, it disagrees,
it does not end where poets please.
No poet's coming to assist,
not Percy Bysshe Shelley, nor Lord Byron in the midst.
So read, reflect—by all means do,
collect the lines that speak to you.
But close the book. Step out. Begin.
That's where the real lines should come in.
For if all wisdom came from text,
we'd all know what to do next.
(We don't.)
So, take your quotes, your well-read art—
and try them out when things fall apart.
And when they fail—as they often do—
don't blame the lines...
they weren't written for you.