

What we
ALMOST HAD

Shranaya Sehgal



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*To the people who mean home to me.
In the end we always return to the ones who feel like home.*

Dear reader,

Thank you for choosing to read this book; it's not just a collection of words, but a reflection of my true self, raw and unfiltered. Within these pages, you'll find my emotions laid bare, illuminating love, friendship, healing, and heartbreak.

I invite you to take your time with it, savouring each word and allowing it to resonate with your own experiences. This book transcends mere poetry; it is a heartfelt confession meant to connect and evoke feelings.

As you journey through these pages, I encourage you to release any expectations and let the words wash over you. May this book become a part of you, sparking your own emotions and reflections.

With love,

Shranaya Sehgal

What is Love ?

Love is the most overused word. We all have our own definitions to this four letter word but is anyone of us ever right? What you might think of as love could be friendship to somebody else.

Love is much deeper than what many of us think. It is intense, passionate, yet pure. Love has no conditions to it, it has no limits. Love is hope but has no expectations, love makes you do the unimaginable, it brings out the best in you, love is selfless and the most beautiful feeling one could feel.

Love is a force that transcends boundaries, a feeling that moves mountains and ignites the soul. It is a symphony of emotions, a kaleidoscope of colours that paint the canvas of our lives with warmth and passion. Love is the gentle touch of a hand in the darkness, the reassuring whisper in a world filled with chaos. It is the anchor that holds us steady in the storm, the light that guides us through the darkest night.

Love is a dance between two souls, a delicate balance of trust and vulnerability. It is the unspoken words that pass between lovers, the silent understanding that bridges the gap between hearts. Love is the laughter that echoes in the quiet moments, the tears that flow in times of pain. It is the balm that soothes the wounds of the past, the promise of a future filled with hope.

Love is not always easy, for it requires courage and sacrifice. It is the willingness to stand by each other's side, no matter the storms that rage around us. Love is a journey of growth and discovery, a path that we walk together, hand in hand. It is the courage to be

ourselves, unabashed and unafraid, in the presence of someone who sees us for who we truly are.

Love is the legacy we leave behind, the imprint of our souls on the fabric of the universe. It is the eternal flame that burns bright in the darkness, a beacon of hope in a world filled with despair.

Love is the greatest gift we can give and receive, a treasure beyond measure. It is the essence of our humanity, the thread that connects us all in a story of light and love. Love is the language of the heart, spoken in whispers and shouts, in embraces and in tears. It is the song that echoes through the corridors of time, a melody that never fades, a love that never dies.

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October Whispers

In the shadows of October's chill,
Two years cradled my heart, yet still,
Love wrapped around me like a silken thread,
More than myself, for you, I bled.

Silent storms brewed for days on end,
Fifteen, twenty—time became a friend—
Yet, in laughter's veil with friends around,
Forgotten truths in the night were found.

Two souls adrift on a balcony's edge,
Smoke curling like promises made on a pledge,
In the heat of chaos, a moment ignites,
A kiss like wildfire, igniting the nights.

minutes lost in your gaze,
Each touch breathes life, sets my heart ablaze,
Wrapped in your warmth, the world fades away,
But dawn breaks too soon, and you drift away.

Hugs that linger like ghosts in the dark,
Yet silence returns, erasing the spark,
Now I'm left with echoes of what we shared,
Panic attacks, the weight of my heart laid bare.

Thoughts spiral like leaves caught in a breeze,
"Did I cross a line? Was it just a tease?"
Questions swarm like shadows, as night turns to day,
In the labyrinth of longing, I lose my way.

So here I stand, on the edge of despair,
Your absence a storm, my heart laid bare,
October whispers the truth I can't face,
That love more than myself, now feels like a chase.

But through the tears, I'll gather my might,
For love is a battle, and I will fight,
Even in silence, my heart will remain,
A flicker of hope amidst all the pain.

So, where do we go from this bittersweet fall?
In the silence, I hear your name softly call,
And though time may stretch, our hearts may collide,
A love more than myself is worth every ride.

Krishna and Arjun

In the crisp embrace of October's chill,
Krisha in violet, radiant still,
A solitary star in a sky of many,
Met Arjun at an event, where fate had any,
From the realm of voices over a call,
Arjun emerged, clad in vibrant red shirt,
Their eyes locked in a silent thrill,
Their souls entwined, a cosmic drill,
Krisha's words poured forth like a river's flow,
Arjun, a steadfast listener, his heart aglow,
A friendship bloomed in that first call,
A connection deep, beyond a mere wall,
Their meeting, a dance of old-school grace,
Time stretched, a timeless space,
In each glance, a story untold,
In each smile, a tale does unfold,
Through the evening's gentle sway,
Krisha and Arjun found their way,
In a universe where time stood still,
Two souls embraced, in a silent thrill,
The whispers of the autumn breeze,
Carried secrets, with effortless ease,
Of a love that bloomed in the winter's start,
Krisha and Arjun, two souls apart,
In their pehli mulakaat, a fateful meet,

H hearts entwined, in a rhythm sweet,
Like a melody ancient, yet new,
Krisha and Arjun, a love that grew,
As the night drew its starlit veil,
Their bond adorned, a shimmering trail,
In the hush of whispers unspoken,
Two hearts found solace, unbroken,
May their tale of love endure,
In the winters cold, pure and sure,
Krisha and Arjun, a love so true,
In their first meet, dreams anew.

Happy Birthday?

On the morning light, a timid dawn broke,
With whispers of hope in sweet laughter's cloak,
It was her birthday, a day meant for cheer,
Yet a heaviness lingered, a weight insincere.

In the mirror, she glanced, a smile set in place,
But behind the bright eyes lay a heart out of grace,
The table adorned with soft petals and dreams,
Yet silence screamed louder than echoing seams.

She wore a brave face, adorned in soft hues,
Whilst her pulse danced nervously, drifting on blues,
Each minute that passed, like a ticking despair,
For the love she once cherished was now thin air.

"Surely it's a joke," she kept telling her heart,
His words, a cruel jest, they'd never fall apart,
But the hours rolled on, like shadows of night,
Each glance at her phone dimmed her spirit's light.

With balloons softly swaying, she sat all alone,
The laughter around her, a bittersweet tone,
As friends raised their glasses, their voices all bright,
She felt like a ghost in their shimmer of light.

“Just one little message, a flicker, a sign,
To tell me I’m loved, to remind me of time.”
Yet the silence remained, a cruel, stinging thread,
And the love she once treasured now filled her with dread.

That birthday she cherished began to feel hollow,
Each wish on her lips, a sorrowful swallow,
For he had turned magic into something so gray,
And with every tick forward, she longed for yesterday.

A clamour of laughter, a song in the air,
Yet her heart whispered softly, “Doesn’t he care?”
The candles unlit, the cake stayed in shadow,
Her heart ached in ways only time could allow.

So she turned from the revelry, head bowed in pain,
A captive of heartache, the sun cried with rain,
For love that once flourished became a bitter curse,
And her birthday, once joyous, had turned to reverse.

She

In the heart of dreams, a star does shine,
She is the maiden with spirit divine.
With grace in each step, and charm in her smile,
She weaves tales of love that last a while.
In the realm of words, she finds her voice,
A poetess of beauty, her thoughts rejoice.
Embracing each role with passion so true,
She is the storyteller who weaves tales anew.
In the spotlight's glow, she takes her stand,
A beacon of talent in a world so grand.
With courage and grace, she faces the unknown,
Through trials and triumphs, she finds her way,
A soul so resilient, come what may.
In every challenge, she finds her art,
For she is the artist, with a pure heart.

For Him

In the silence of the night, I'd set him free,
With gentle hands, I'd let go of dreams,
His laughter would drift like whispers in the breeze,
A fleeting shadow, unraveling what seems.

For someone else, I'd envision his glow,
A tender heart, where love's embers ignite,
I'll watch him blossom, even if it's slow,
Finding joy in the warmth of another's light.

In soft prayers, his name would softly dwell,
Each word a blessing, with hope intertwined,
For peace in his heart, this wish I'll compel,
A quiet strength that only time can find.

A promise unbroken, my heart sealed tight,
I turn away, knowing I must depart,
With every step further, I claim the night,
Releasing the tether that bound my heart.

To remain would tether, like chains on my soul,
So I wander, a path I must embrace,
Strength in the absence, serenity whole,
Finding solace, my own sacred space.

And should he awaken, to splinters and shards,
To the echoes of truth, heavy with regret,
He'd carry the burden, fragmented and hard,
Wishing for time that he cannot beget.

But I'll remain steadfast, my heart will not sway,
For I found in the letting, a fierce, quiet grace,
In the stillness of night, I'll be miles away,
Freeing both him and myself in this space.

A Secret Affair

In the quiet corners of a crowded space,
Two strangers linger, yet never embrace.
Glances exchanged like whispers in the air,
A dance of unspoken words, a secret affair.

He walks by, a shadow against the light,
And I steal moments in the stillness of night.
A smile cast to another, a heart's tender ache,
From sidelines I witness, pretending I'm awake.

Promises unspoken, a world built so high,
Where dreams dance in daylight, beneath the vast sky.
Yet with every glance, my illusion will fall,
Leaving echoes of love that were never at all.

And in this stillness, a bittersweet sigh,
For the loss of a love that never said goodbye.
I grieve for the warmth I never could know,
For the depths of a heartache that came from below.

Though he never led me, nor promised his hand,
The weight of this longing is harder to stand.
In the silence I linger, where hope softly fades,
For a love that was fleeting, though my heart still invades.

Strangers?

In a moment frozen, more than a month apart,
Bandaged hands whispered of the battles in my heart.
I stood on the edge, teetering on the brink,
Longing for your embrace, the warmth in my ink.

You declared it over, the ties fell apart,
Yet in every heartbeat, you lingered, a part.
Today we were strangers, just shadows of time,
I held back the tears, suppressed the sweet rhyme.

Oh, how I miss us, the laughter we shared,
The secrets, the dreams, when we both truly cared.
What's left unspoken, weighs heavy with pain,
How do I greet you, without spilling the rain?

A glance in your direction ignited the flame,
A flicker of moments, our past without shame.
Memories dance like fireflies in the night,
Each twinkling reminder, a spark of lost light.

I long for the banter wrapped in your smile,
To share all my stories, to linger awhile.
But walls made of silence now hold me so tight,
As I measure each word, and tread into night.

Do you feel the distance? The space in between?
The spaces we filled with hopes yet unseen.
The laughter still echoes, the joy that we found,
Yet today felt like whispers, lost in the sound.

How I ached to ask you about the small things,
The mundane and gentle, the comfort it brings.
But I wore my armour, so steadfast and strong,
Shielding my heart, though it felt so wrong.

I know, in the distance, we'll find a way back,
Healing the wounds, traversing the slack.
For love doesn't vanish, it quietly stays,
A spark in the every, a glow in the haze.

Still, I wonder, does your heart recognise,
The warmth that remains, beneath weary skies?
Could time turn our pages, rewrite our song,
For the love that we carried was never truly gone.

So here's to the future, and paths that unite,
To hugs that feel whole, to hearts shining bright.
Though today was just shadows, I'll carry it through,
In every beat of my heart, I still love you.

For in time's gentle passage, we'll learn how to mend,
To embrace all the moments, and love without end.
So until that sweet day when our fears melt away,
Know you're cherished and missed, with each passing day

In My Silence

If one day you seek me and find only the hush,
Recall the moments, the warmth against the cold,
Each day I chose you, amidst the rush,
Holding onto whispers of stories yet untold.

When the world rose against us, I stood my ground,
Clinging to the fragile threads of dreams we spun,
In the pain, I found resilience, where love was profound,
Fighting shadows alone, when hope was on the run.

You were my beacon, my light through the rain,
A tranquil presence amidst the world's wild throng,
Yet in loving you fiercely, I weathered the strain,
Forgetting my own heart, where it truly belonged.

Now, as I turn away, know it's not from disdain,
I've learned to reclaim the pieces of me,
In the silence I gather, there's healing in the pain,
Understanding what it means to be finally free.

I hope that in absence, you come to perceive
The depth of devotion that I offered in grace,
A love that poured forth, even when it deceived,
Barely a reflection in the time we'd embrace.

Perhaps my silence will speak when words were subdued,
Echoing the sentiments I held close and tight,
The love that remained, intense yet unviewed,
A bittersweet farewell, emerging from the night.

So if you search for me, and find only the quiet,
Know that in this stillness, I chose to revive,
Love's tender essence, though it may feel like a riot,
Is also the strength that teaches us to thrive.

Memories of Yesterday

In the garden where we once laughed,
Petals fall like silent tears,
Echoes of our whispered dreams,
Now shattered by the weight of years.

You walked away, a fading light,
Left shadows where your sunlight danced,
Each corner holds a bittersweet sigh,
In memories, my heart is entranced.

I see you in the morning haze,
The sun ignites your absent glow,
Yet through the veil of starlit nights,
It's only your name that I know.

Life moves on in colourful hues,
But gray fills the canvas of my soul,
Your laughter lingers on the breeze,
A distant melody, forever whole.

You may find another's warmth,
And I'll wear my heart like a stone,
For in the silence, love still speaks,
In the solitude, I'm not alone.

So here I stand, a bittersweet muse,
With stories of a love that was true,
In every sigh, in every glance,
I'll hold a piece of me with you.

The Ghost of You

You left, but thoughts linger in the dawn,
A whisper in the silence, a presence in the dark,
In echoes of the songs where our laughter was drawn,
An embrace of memories, igniting a spark.

Places once vibrant now cast in grey,
Streets we walked together, now heavy with the weight,
I tread with caution, avoiding the fray,
Haunted by the memories that never abate.

Your name, a trigger, sends chills down my spine,
Flinching in that moment as if I'd been burned,
I tell myself I'm over it, that I'm doing fine,
Yet deep in my heart, it's a cycle unmourned.

Laughter that mimics yours steals my breath,
Each note a reminder of the joy we once shared,
In crowds, I search for glimpses of what's left,
A smile, a glance, as if I dared.

The touch of another feels foreign and strange,
An echo of warmth that hardly feels real,
In crowded rooms, I find it's all rearranged,
Yet your presence lingers, an old, aching seal.

So I hold my tongue, no text, no call,
Building walls around feelings I wish to forget,
A fortress of solitude, despite it all,
But at night, I find hope that's laced with regret.

Some nights, I linger, waiting in vain,
Not for you to return to this heart laid bare,
But wishing the feeling would melt like the rain,
To liberate my spirit from this deep despair.

The dreams you visit feel vivid and bright,
With laughter that dances like light on the floor,
But with dawn's cruel arrival, they fade from the night,
Leaving fragments of longing, and echoes of lore.

In the stillness I wrestle with feelings concealed,
With every heartbeat, I hear your refrain,
An anthem of love yet to be healed,
An unending cycle that ties me in pain.

I try to move forward, to carve out my space,
But paths lead me back to where we began,
With each turn I take, I still see your face,
A ghost that reminds me of what never ran.

Perhaps in the distance, the memories will fade,
And time will unravel these threads of despair,
Until then I cherish the moments we made,
Yet wish for the solace to breathe in fresh air.

You left, but in truth, I must learn to let go,
To honour the love while embracing the pain,
In this journey of healing, I'll come to know,
That loving the ghost is not loving in vain.

Echoes of Unrequited Love

In shadows deep where silence dwells,
I whispered dreams, spun tender spells,
Yet in the night, my heart would ache,
For love was real, but love could break.

With every glance, a dance began,
A fleeting touch, a fragile plan,
But in your eyes, I sought the light,
While you turned away, lost in the night.

I painted skies with hues of hope,
Yet felt the weight, a heavy slope,
Each promise made, a thread unwound,
In the silence, I barely found.

The laughter shared, now echoes faint,
The vibrant hues turned gray and taint,
As days went by, I held the flame,
A love unclaimed, without a name.

My heart ached soft, a quiet plea,
For what was ours could never be,
The moments passed like fleeting ghosts,
In empty rooms, I missed you most.

I wore a smile, a brave facade,
Beneath the surface, my heart would prod,
Desires whispered in the dark,
Yet you remained a distant spark.

In crowded spaces, I felt alone,
A silent yearning, a heart of stone,
For every heartbeat, a pang of need,
A garden sown with a selfish seed.

You laughed with friends, while I stood still,
An unspoken love, a bitter thrill,
Each word you spoke, a dagger's edge,
Yet still, I lingered, made my pledge.

I dreamed of moments we'd never share,
A life together, a love laid bare,
But time slipped through like grains of sand,
And all I knew was your gentle hand.

The nights grew long, my spirit worn,
As petals fell, the rose was torn,
Yet in the depths of my despair,
A glimmer shone, a fragile flare.

And even now, as shadows fade,
I hold on tight, though love betrayed,
For in the pain, a lesson learned,
That love ignites, but also burns.

I gather strength from the silent tears,
And forge a path beyond my fears,
For though you weren't the light I sought,
In every trial, my heart was taught.

So here I stand, with scars to show,
A tapestry woven from love's woe,
And though my heart remains entwined,
I rise anew, a spirit aligned.

For love, though fickle, has its grace,
In every loss, I found my place,
And though I loved, and loved in vain,
I treasure the echoes amidst the pain.

The New Girlfriend

I watch you close, a fleeting glance,
With her, your eyes, they seem to dance,
But tell me, love, in quiet times,
Does she hear your heart's soft chimes?

Does she know the shadows that haunt your dreams,
Or is it just a game, or so it seems?
Does she cradle your laughter, perfect and bright,
While you bury the sorrows deep in the night?

You've moved on swiftly, like a whispering wind,
While I stand alone, feeling fractured within,
Does she trace the lines of your distant frown,
Or is she too caught up, wearing love's crown?

I wonder if she walks in the spaces we shared,
In the echoes of stories that once left us bared,
The laughter we spun, the secrets held tight,
Is she dancing on ruins, unaware of the fright?

Oh, I'll gather the pieces, stitch my heart anew,
For love can break, but it also can brew,
The scars are reminders, each tells a tale,
Of a love that once thrived but ultimately set sail.

You forged a new path, left my sorrowed shore,
While I gathered my fragments, heart aching sore,
Yet in this uncertainty, a strength I will find,
Rebuilding my spirit, reclaiming my mind.

So hold her close, in your newfound bliss,
But know that my story doesn't end in this;
For love taught me lessons, both gentle and rough,
And through every heartbreak, I'll rise strong enough.

In the depths of the silence, I'll learn to embrace,
The beauty in healing, the joy in the grace,
Though I loved you fiercely, the tides have now turned,
From ashes to embers, I'll rise, unburned.

So walk with her lightly, through moments so sweet,
But know in your heart, it's my strength you'll defeat;
For love, though it hurt, has opened new doors,
And in letting you go, my spirit soars.

With each passing heartbeat, a new chapter waits,
I'll dance through the shadows, create my own fates,
So smile at the memories, I'll cherish them too,
For the love that once was has now set me free, too.

Just Friends?

In the dim-lit room where whispers dwell,
We stood like flames, igniting the swell.
His laughter danced, a teasing refrain,
Yet something electric coursed through the pain.

Just friends, he said, with a playful grin,
But the tension thickened, like shadows within.
Pinned against walls, the world outside blurred,
A symphony played with every unspoken word.

Do friends know the heat of a lingering gaze?
The way that the heart skips in curious craze?
His breath brushed my skin, a velvet caress,
In that moment of silence, desire confessed.

Our lips met like secrets, soft, uncontained,
A taste of temptation, passions unchained.
How can hearts lie in this tender embrace,
When every heartbeat beats at its own pace?

In his arms, the world faded, edges grew faint,
Just friends was a mask, a delicate paint.
With every soft sigh, every whisper we stole,
We unraveled the truth of our reckless souls.

So call it what you will, the title is naught,
In each other, we found what we sought.
For friends don't ignite the spark that we find,
In the rapture of moments, where bodies entwined.

Two Souls

In a realm of closeness, two souls entwine,
Day after day, their lives intertwine.
In the kitchen's warmth, they dance like the flame,
Stirring up memories, yet never the same.

Elbow to elbow, they navigate space,
Each gentle encounter, an intimate trace.
Balancing laughter with moments of stress,
In the chaos of love, they find their address.

On narrow steps, where shadows embrace,
They weave through the hours at a playful pace.
A brush of the shoulder, a glance from the eye,
Each fleeting encounter, thrill by and by.

At dawn's tender light, two figures align,
Before a small mirror, their futures entwine.
With razors and dreams that linger like mist,
In rituals shared, it's each other they trust.

In the heat of the moment, they jostle and tease,
Aggressive in passion, yet seeking to please.
With anger like thunder or laughter like rain,
They navigate storms, feeling joy and the pain.

Through quietest nights, where whispers reside,
They learn every secret, each heartbeat inside.
In midnight confessions, their souls freely soar,
For the bonds that they share, both fragile and core.

So think of two souls, in moments profound,
Creating a canvas where true love is found.

In Shadows We Embrace

You are the flame that flickers low,
An ember in the midnight glow.
Yet deep within, the tempest churns,
A fury fierce that softly burns.

I see the madness in your eyes,
The haunting past, the soft goodbyes.
Each scar a tale, each hush a part,
Of the wild dance that fills our heart.

Let demons twirl in moonlit grace,
Wrapped in the flaws we both embrace.
For every hate, a passion swells,
In chaos born, our longing dwells.

So take my hand, let darkness guide,
We'll spin through storms, refuse to hide.
For in this dance, we find our song,
A melody where we belong.

In the silence, the world will see,
The beauty in our dichotomy.
For in the depths, together, we'll stand,
Two broken hearts, yet more than grand.

Was He Right for Me ?

His heart, a fragile glassy dome,
Reflects the ache of hearts far from home.
For every tear that stains her cheek,
A mirror shatters, the truth feels bleak.

He walks a path not meant to tread,
With every smile, a silent dread.
For in her joy, he finds his loss,
A love so pure, but at what cost?

She carries burdens, heavy and vast,
A ghost of moments that haunt the past.
If he were right, oh, how he'd pine,
To see her weep, to feel that line.

Yet time, unyielding, marches forth,
Fate spins its wheel, for better or worse.
His heart would crack, each fissure wide,
To see her pain, her tears collide.

For love's a dance of cruel design,
Where joy and sorrow intertwine.
In every heartbeat, a silent plea,
"Can't you see the pain in me?"

Roses bloom with thorns in tow,
Where beauty hides what hurts to show.
He hopes she finds the strength to rise,
Beyond the hurt, where love complies.

A universe spun from threads unseen,
Each glimmer sparks in places between.
If love were kind, it would reveal,
The depths of heart that time can heal.

Yet still they falter in this plight,
Where day meets night in endless fight.
For if he loves her, breaks apart,
He learns her wounds, he knows her heart.

So let the world weave its tragic tune,
Underneath the silver moon.
In knowing pain, love's true embrace,
They find a flicker, a sacred space.

And should he break, let love be bold,
To heal the wounds that fate has told.
For if he's right, he'll find the way,
To bridge the gap where shadows play.

Together, stronger, through tears they'll mend,
A fragile heart can still transcend.
For love is more than loss and ache,
It's finding light, for both their sake.

Desire

In life's gentle embrace, where secrets play,
A princess of passion, her heart in sway,
She yearns for the thrill that ignites her soul,
Pinned hands in surrender, a lover to control.

Silken sheets hold promise, the night is alive,
With trembling legs quaking, where fantasies thrive.
Each breath draws her deeper, surrendering sweet,
In the dance of their bodies, where heartbeats meet.

Love bites like whispers, soft and sweet pain,
Tracing soft paths where pleasure shall reign,
A canvas of longing, painted in fire,
Her essence is captured, a spirit on choir.

Ruined in pleasure, beneath a star's gaze,
Lost in the moment, this rapture ablaze,
With every soft sigh, and each heated glance,
They weave a connection, a wild, sacred dance.

Her world spins in circles of bliss and delight,
As shadows of passion embrace the night.
With every caress, the barriers fall,
In this kingdom of longing, she answers the call.

Captive in ecstasy, where fantasies flow,
She revels in depths that only they know,
A princess of pleasure, in twilight's embrace,
Where pinned hands and whispers mark time and space.

In the rhythm of bodies, they lose all control,
Two souls intertwined, igniting the whole.
For love is a journey, where limits disappear,
In this realm of desire, they conquer their fear.

So let the world fade, let the echoes remain,
In the warmth of their passion, they'll never feel pain.
For in tenderness woven, and wildness set free,
A princess of pleasure embraces her plea.

Between Us. A Heartbreak

In the stillness of the night, where love softly creep,
I find myself reflecting, in memories so deep.
Was it just a kiss we shared, a moment caught in time?
Or was it more than whispers, a love that felt sublime?

We danced upon the edges of a fragile, tender line,
Two souls intertwined, destined to align.
It wasn't just my choice; you had your heart in play,
We surrendered to the longing, let the moment sway.

Those fleeting minutes passed, like stars that quickly fade,
But in that sacred space, our fears were allayed.
We lost ourselves completely, in the warmth of our embrace,
In that intoxicating silence, we found our perfect place.

You could have halted time, pulled me from the brink,
But you leaned in closer, lost in thoughts we'd never think.
The connection between us was impossible to ignore,
A magnet pulling heartstrings, wanting even more.

The daylight that followed brought a clarifying light,
In our words the next morning, we faced the endless night.
We spoke of feelings hidden, of truths we wore like scars,
That conversation wrapped in warmth, felt like a million stars.

I dared to love you deeply, to lay my heart bare,
Yet what I found most precious was the friendship we would share.
A bond unspoken, forged in laughter and in tears,
One that withstood the silence, the doubts, and all the fears.

In past days, I'd shared my heart with every soul I knew,
But this time, I held it close, just for us two.
I kept our secret sacred, locked it in a chest,
But trust, my dear, is fragile, like the night we loved the best.

Yet now you question shadows, cast upon my intent,
The trust we built is crumbling, like fragile silk sauced rent.
How can I bear the burden for the moments gone astray?
It's unfair to hold me captive for the words we couldn't say.

I'm standing here, exposed now, with echoes in my heart,
Hoping you can feel it too, this love that won't depart.
For what we shared is real, it rises with the dawn,
Yet still, I feel the aching, like a light that's almost gone.

Can you remember laughter, the easy way we smiled?
Or the dreams we spun together, as careless as a child?
Our story is a tapestry, woven thick with threads of gold,
A beautiful connection, a love saga to be told.

But now the silence lingers, it's heavy on my chest,
I ache for you, I miss you, I wish for us the best.
So let's pull back the curtains; let the light re-enter in,
And remember that we cherished the bond that once had been.

For in the depth of friendship, a love can surely bloom,
If only we embrace it, and cast away the gloom.
So I stand before you, a heart open wide,
Longing for the moment when we put our doubts aside.

Let's knit our tale anew, with colours bright and bold,
Where love and trust can flourish, and warmth replaces cold.
For I loved you deeply, and I cherish what we share,
Let's find the way to heal, to breathe in love and care.

In the Silence of Neglect

I stood beside you, shining bright, in a crowd that felt so grand,
But when I reached for your glance, it slipped right from my hand.
Each word once smoothly spoken now hangs like heavy mist,
What truly hurt the most was the moments we had missed.

Your eyes would drift around the room, searching for a face,
While I stood in your shadow, feeling lost in time and space.
It's as if you chose to see, all the others there instead,
Leaving me, a lonely ghost, in the thoughts that filled my head.

This wasn't just a fleeting phase; it spanned the years between,
Each instance carved a wound so deep, a mark that felt routine.
Repeatedly, I felt the sting, the bitter force of cold,
As pieces of our friendship cracked, leaving tales untold.

We started with such promise, didn't we, dear friend?
Build our days on trust and care, a bond we thought wouldn't end.
But understanding slipped away, like water through my hands,
Two long years spent yearning for where your heart still stands.

I've tried to show my inner self, the layers lost and thick,
To share my quirks and complexities, hoping you'd pick—
The beauty in my chaos, the depth within my soul,
But it feels as though you see me not, a story unmade whole.

And now I stand on fragile ground, where shadows fear to tread,
Wondering if you'll ever grasp the words that go unsaid.
How do I convey this pain, this feeling I can't shake?
The realisation crushing me, a heart that seems to break.

Perhaps you'll never truly know the shades that paint my heart,
With every moment I felt invisible, we drifted further apart.
It's like a song that's never sung, a dance that's left undone,
Where once we wove a tapestry, now frayed threads come undone.

I've learned to wear my silence like armour on my chest,
Protecting all the fragile hopes, each dream denied its rest.
But I'm tired of pretending that I'm strong enough to stand,
When every sigh, each longing breath, slips silently from my hand.

Still, I'll carry on with grace, as shadows stretch and sway,
Yet deep inside, a longing pulls, wishing for brighter days.
Hoping you would turn to me, see the fire in my eyes,
Instead of letting distance grow, and crafting further lies.

I'm learning now acceptance, though it cuts me to the core,
That you may not embrace me, though I yearn for you much more.
It's a bitter truth to acknowledge—I'm a puzzle lost in space,
And you're not the one to fit me, to truly see my face.

So here I stand, a whisper, in the noise of every crowd,
A shadow formed by longing, though I once stood proud.
In the silence that has grown so loud, I'll find my way to heal,
Reclaim the parts of me you missed, and learn to truly feel.

For while our friendship falters, I'll spark my own light bright,
In the depths of my own being, I'll learn to take flight.
Perhaps the wounds won't vanish; they'll become a part of me,
But from the ashes of neglect, a stronger self will be.

Threads of Time

In the quiet chambers of my heart,
A whisper lingers, a tender start,
Once woven tightly, our souls interlaced,
Now frayed and faded, simplicity misplaced.

Remember laughter that danced in the air?
Moments of joy, too lovely to bear,
We roamed through dreams on sunlit trails,
Two kindred spirits, where love never fails.

But the seasons shifted, like shadows at dusk,
Your warmth grew distant, a chilling husk,
I reached for your hand, but found only air,
Silence encroached, a weight we both share.

I poured out my heart, tried to bridge every gap,
With words that tumbled, like a well-worn map,
Yet your eyes held a distance, a guarded refrain,
And I was left dancing in circles of pain.

Days turned to months, and the sky bled gray,
Each text left unanswered, silently fray,
The laughter between us, now echoes of ghosts,
A phantom of friendship that haunts me the most.

Oh, how I tried to mend every tear,
To scream in the void, to show you I care,
Yet the more I reached, the more I felt lost,
A fading connection, an unbearable cost.

I wish you could feel these words from my soul,
The ache in the silence that fills up the hole,
You matter to me; that truth never fades,
But your silent retreat leaves the heart in cascades.

I struggled to learn the balance of love,
To honour myself while yearning for your love,
But I've come to a crossroad, a fork in the path,
Where I must choose myself, to weather the wrath.

So, I'll gather my pieces, though shattered and torn,
A phoenix emerging from ashes reborn,
With every heartbeat, I will learn to reclaim
The essence of joy, not just bear the pain.

This isn't a goodbye, but a letting go,
Of chains that have bound me, a weight in the flow,
Perhaps one day, when the stars realign,
You'll see my heart's longing, the gold that we'd shine.

I hope you remember the bond that we had,
The moments of laughter, the times that we'd glad,
But holding you close can't eclipse my own light,
I'll learn to stand tall, even in the night.

So, I fold up the memories, tuck them away,
Like letters unspoken, a bittersweet play,
You taught me to love, you showed me the way,
But now, dear friend, it's time I embrace the day.

One final wish, as I bid my adieu,
May you find your own peace in the skies so blue,
And maybe one day, in the soft twilight hue,
You'll look back and remember, my heart always knew.

The Right Love

In time, the right love will find its way,
The kind that brightens the dullest day.
With a grin that stretches from ear to ear,
A warmth that lingers, melting each fear.

This love sees beauty in the flaws we hide,
With half-closed eyes, it looks deep inside.
Teaching us worth when our spirits feel low,
Embracing our journey, wherever we go.

It celebrates effort, each struggle we face,
Holding us close in its tender embrace.
Even when shadows cloud our hopeful skies,
It whispers encouragement, no need for disguise.

This love knows the times we need our own space,
Yet, quietly lingers, a reassuring grace.
A soft-hearted presence, steadfast and true,
Always beside us, in all that we do.

It waits through the night, till the dawn breaks anew,
Ensuring our hearts are safe, strong, and blue.
So fear not the wait, for the right love's in sight,
A bond that brings joy, making each moment bright.

True Essence of Love

Love was never meant to bear the weight,
Like a stone lodged deep, sealing our fate.
It shouldn't feel like a dagger in the night,
Ripping our hearts, extinguishing the light.

Each dawn shouldn't greet with an aching sigh,
As shattered dreams whisper, "Say goodbye."
It's not the despair that clutches the soul,
Nor the broken pieces that leave us less whole.

In moments when darkness wraps tight like a shroud,
When hope is a whisper, lost in the crowd,
We search for the balm that can heal and restore,
Not the burden of love that leaves us wanting more.

Love is a breeze that lifts and takes flight,
Carving paths through the clouds, unveiling the light.
It's not the cold grip that binds us in pain,
But the warmth of connection that helps us reclaim.

It wraps around us like a gentle embrace,
Softening edges, bringing heart to its place.
It speaks of our worth, a reminder in time,
That we're not just shadows, but worthy of rhyme.

To love should not mean to wither and fade,
To stand on the edge, fragile and afraid.
It's a dance in the rain, a song in the breeze,
An orchestra of laughter, a feeling that frees.

Think of the moments that lift you above,
The spark that ignites when two souls truly love.
It's the laughter shared, the tears gently shed,
The trust that we build, the paths that we tread.

So cast aside notions that darken your heart,
For love isn't breaking; it's a beautiful art.
It's the dawn after night, the sun's golden glow,
The feeling that whispers, "You're never alone."

Let love be the light that brings life into view,
A gentle reminder of all we can do.
For love is not pain; it's the warmth of the sun,
A journey we share, where two become one.

Embrace it as balm that soothes every scar,
A passion that pushes us, near and far.
For true love will cradle us, guide us with grace,
And lead us to joy in every embrace.

Uncertain Love

In the shadows of doubt, my heart found light amidst confusion, guided by your laughter. Each heartbeat whispered, and glances exchanged as I navigated a maze of emotions. The thrill of the unknown wrapped around me, filled with innocent chaos under the starlit sky. Anchored in mystery, I embraced the treasure of our journey, welcoming vulnerability in your embrace. In the dance of uncertainty, we collided, blending fragility with fierce vitality. Now, my heart is open, balancing between timidity and boldness, knowing that despite wandering and wariness, I will always be near.

Letting Go

In the quiet echoes of a fading night,
Whispers of goodbye linger in the light.
A heart once woven, now frayed at the seam,
Love held so tightly; it feels like a dream.

The choice was a burden, heavy and long,
To release what's beloved feels agonisingly wrong.
Yet, in the tension between love and despair,
Letting go often shows how much we care.

Eyes filled with memories, laughter and fears,
Each moment a treasure, worth countless tears.
But sometimes, to love means to step away,
To save what remains for another day.

So, watch as I stumble, though no joy I find,
For leaving you behind burdens my mind.
Yet bound by respect, I'll cherish each glance,
Though I let you go, it's not lost in chance.

In shadows of silence where our past gently glows,
I choose what is best, though it cuts to the bones.
Just because I let you go doesn't mean it's goodbye,
I carry you within me, as stars fill the sky.

Lines We Crossed

I wasn't meant to fall, it was intended to be,
Just friends, a simple bond, you and me.
Yet my heart betrayed the boundaries set,
Slipping through the cracks, filled with regret.

Now we stand like strangers, memories intertwined,
Heavy with echoes of moments denied.
You became the risk I never planned to take,
A longing heart that feels the ache.

I wish for the days when words flowed free,
Before love's whispers turned heavy with plea.
When silence was comfort, a blanket so warm,
Not a stormy horizon, devoid of form.

I ponder the paths I should have tread,
Returning to moments before love was wed.
But here we are, amidst what I miss,
Caught in the tug of a bittersweet bliss.

With every glance, a flicker of fate,
The laughter we shared now heavy-laden weight.
I see your smile in my daydreams unfold,
Capturing warmth, like memories of gold.

But shadows linger where light used to play,
And every sweet memory now feels far away.
Like pages in a book that I can't seem to close,
Each chapter of us, a garden of woes.

I search through the moments, stitched with despair,
Reliving the laughter that danced in the air.
Yet love is a puzzle, with pieces misplaced,
A canvas we painted, now brushed by the haste.

If time could rewind, would I choose the same?
Or stay safe in silence, avoiding this game?
The heart has its reasons, its stories to weave,
But this tangled tale leaves me longing to grieve.

In dreams, I imagine a world redefined,
Where love grows gently, unmarked by the blind.
But reality whispers, a bittersweet tune,
Of hearts that were tethered, now lost to the moon.

So I hold on to memories, both cherished and brief,
Learning that love can bring both joy and grief.
For though I wasn't meant to, I fell all the same,
And in this wild journey, I still call your name.

Uncertain Certainty

In the swirl of feelings, I found you,
A paradox wrapped in the silence of awe,
Each breath a question, every glance a clue,
A wild heart dancing on the edge of the raw.

You were the spark in a tempestuous storm,
A canvas of colours on a monochrome sky,
With trembling hands, I felt your warm form,
Yet in your presence, I learned how to fly.

Unfamiliar paths underfoot, we strolled,
My heart whispered secrets, shrouded in doubt,
The fear of surrender, timid yet bold,
As the heart's silent truth began to sprout.

Caught in the chaos, a delicate thread,
Each heartbeat a tether, binding hearts tight,
Through the swirling uncertainty, I bravely tread,
Navigating shadows, chasing the light.

Every laugh we shared was a leap of faith,
You, the anchor when the tempest would rise,
With every soft word, I uncovered my wraith,
While the moon bore witness to our whispered sighs.

In those glances exchanged, a universe spun,
The gravity of your essence pulling me near,
Though the journey was daunting, we chose to run,
Furled by that fervour, laced with both fear.

I stood on the brink, teetering on fate,
Wondering how something felt so right yet so wrong,
Your presence a compass, guiding each state,
Drawing me closer, where both hearts belong.

You taught me the dance of the bold and the brave,
In your chaos, I found an embrace of my own,
Forgiveness and laughter meshed in each wave,
A symphony played with a singular tone.

No roadmap defined our paths intertwined,
Every stumble ignited the fire within,
In the depth of my soul, you perfectly aligned,
A mystery unraveled; thus, our story begins.

Your essence infused in the air that I breathe,
An intricate web spun from threads of the heart,
Though the world may question and often deceive,
In the silence of knowing, we'll never drift apart.

Embraced by uncertainty, we danced in the dark,
Every whisper a promise, every touch a vow,
In the heart of the storm, you ignited my spark,
A beautiful chaos, appearing somehow.

I cherished the moments when doubt turned to trust,
The waves of confusion, each tear and each laugh,
In the wreckage of feelings, we melded our rust,
Finding the beauty in the aftermath.

You were my anchor, my wildest dream,
Both tempest and calm, both fear and delight,
So uncertain yet certain, a magnificent scheme,
Painting our love with the colours of night.

In the tapestry woven with threads made of gold,
We faced the unknown with hearts fully bare,
Though the road may be winding and often retold,
In the end, love's promise will always be there.

So let's navigate this labyrinthine heart,
With eyes wide open, through layers we'll sift,
For in this dance of ours, we've mastered the art,
Of embracing the unknown and finding the gift.

Through doubt and sweet certainty, we will explore,
On this thrilling adventure, you're all that I need,
In the fractured landscape, we'll open each door,
In the convergence of hearts, together we'll lead.

With you, I am lost yet firmly at home,
A mystery unraveling with each shared delight,
So thank you for being my wild, tender tome,
A beautiful epic written under moonlight.

The Unwritten Verses

I never spun the words for you,
Yet in silence, my love bloomed,
A vibrant tapestry woven,
In hues of heartbeats—unconsumed.

I ponder, why the ink eluded,
Why my pen refused to dance,
While my love, a silent sonnet,
Yearned for every fleeting glance.

Here I stand, a poet mute,
With echoes of what we could create,
But instead, I shuffle shadows,
In a world that feels sedate.

Each night, I trace an anagram,
Searching for the name of our tale,
Struck through with hopes long faded,
As silence moans through whispered gale.

There were moments I wished to hide,
To cloak my heart in armor strong,
Yet vulnerability's piercing light,
Showed the beauty within our song.

With nails too short to etch my pain,
I dug deeper, seeking to find,
But still, the crimson flowed like rivers,
Your essence forever entwined.

I fear the shame of love declared,
When once it danced like summer rain,
But now it pools in unturned pages,
In memories that softly wane.

For loving you was a wildflower,
A free-spirited joy that thrived,
But now I wander through the silence,
Where the echoes of us survived.

So here I stand, with words unspoken,
In a landscape littered with regret,
Yet in each heartbeat, I find comfort,
In the love that I won't forget.

You may not read these lines I craft,
Yet in them, my heart shall persist,
For love, my darling, is a masterpiece,
Even when wrapped in the shadows of mist.

The Weight of Absence

Yearning like a river, deep and wide,
Each thought of you, a wave, a rising tide.
Discipline a fortress, guarding the soul,
As time drips slowly, an unyielding toll.

Nobody speaks of this tender chasm,
A space filled with echoes, love's cruel sarcasm.
The heart, it knows secrets, yet cannot confess,
The weight of the silence, a heavy duress.

Daylight brings solace, yet shadows remain,
A heartbeat beats softly, calling your name.
The discipline grows, an armour we wear,
Each moment a challenge, a testament to care.

Take a deep breath, let the feelings unwind,
With every exhale, leave the past far behind.
It's okay to stumble, to falter, to cry,
For healing's a journey, a slow, gentle sigh.

One day at a time, like leaves float in air,
We gather our strength, through each sip of despair.
Trust in the process, let the heart mend,
If love is a circle, it surely can bend.

For growth happens slowly, like roots in the ground,
With patience and kindness, new strength can be found.
Like winter's long night, giving way to the dawn,
The spirit revives, as the darkness is gone.

Through echoes of laughter and tears softly shed,
Each step on this journey, keeps love gently fed.
No one speaks of the ache, yet I feel it too,
In the heart's hidden chambers, I'm missing you.

Recognition of struggle, a bond we now share,
A truth in the solace, we both stand aware.
A whisper of courage, a flicker of light,
Together we navigate this overwhelming night.

In dreams, you may linger, a ghost from the past,
Yet moments of silence, I know they won't last.
For love, like a river, knows how to flow,
And if the heart's steadfast, it'll always know.

The clocks keep on ticking, the seasons will change,
What once felt so distant, may soon feel less strange.
With every deep breath, a promise we make,
To honour the journey, for both of our sakes.

A tapestry woven, through threads of our pain,
The beauty in healing, like sunshine through rain.
Trust that the distance is part of the arc,
For light often shines brightest when things seem so dark.

So, embrace the stillness, let feelings reside,
In the garden of patience, let hope be your guide.
For every lost moment holds wisdom within,
A compass for love, a chance to begin.

If paths were meant to intertwine once more,
I hope it's your essence that walks through that door.
Better than before, that's the promise we keep,
In the heart's quiet chamber, where true love can sleep.

So carry this message, like a lantern in night,
You're not alone in this, we're sharing the fight.
With every deep breath, know you're free to feel,
For the strength in your silence is beautifully real.

Onward we wander, with hope in our sights,
Through valleys of knowledge, and peaks of new heights.
In the depths of this absence, a story unfolds,
Of hearts that will heal, and love that's retold.

For nobody talks of this heavy embrace,
But here in the silence, we find our own grace.
Take a deep breath, as the day turns to night,
And trust that it's all part of love's endless flight.

Infinite Echoes of Love

True love, they say, knows no bounds,
It's a flame that flickers, yet never drowns.
I scoffed at the thought, how could it be
To cherish someone who's turned away from me?

But then it happened, deep in my core,
A connection so strong, it's hard to ignore.
The fear of losing the warmth of your light,
Yet hope whispers softly, "You'll be alright."

What if I forget you, the laughter we shared?
What if my heart, once so fully bared,
Finds solace in silence, in moving on,
Yet every beat echoes with love that feels drawn?

At the crossroads I linger, between memory's glow
And the chill of your absence, a painful shadow.
What to do with this shelter I've built in my chest?
Burn it to ashes, let go of the rest?

To destroy it would mean to shatter my soul,
To erase all the moments that made me whole.
So I ponder the choices the heart must endure,
In every dimension, I'd still choose you for sure.

Through galaxies infinite, in realms yet unseen,
Knowing the heartache, I'll still choose to dream.
For loving you deeply, even through strife,
Is a choice that brings warmth to the depths of my life.

Tired of Love

Where do I place this love, so raw and unspent?
Each hope now a burden, a message unmeant.
My eyes, traitors they are, drawn to your light,
Yet they ache with the weight of your endless twilight.

If courage were mine, I'd sever this tie,
But instead, I'm adrift, with a heart that won't lie.
Love is a tempest, it swells and it breaks,
Turning wishers to mourners for affection's mistakes.

I search for the reasons to harbour disdain,
But the void echoes softly, and I'm tethered with pain.
In shadows, I defend you, a guardian of ghosts,
But the angels are quiet while I'm haunted by hosts.

Your smile wraps around me, a bittersweet chain,
How could you be blissful when I'm screaming in vain?
Oh, the glow in my eyes, shaped like heartbeats,
Reflects back the love that my heart never meets.

You wade through my sorrow, your laughter a knife,
Shredding fragile hopes that are tangled in strife.
Yet here I stand, weary, with love laid bare,
A tapestry woven, too heavy to wear.

Each glance feels like daggers, each word a cruel tease,
As I nurture the silence that brings me no peace.
I trace every moment, reliving our time,
In the rhythm of heartbeats, like verses in rhyme.

Still, I wonder why I can't just let go,
Why I cling to the pain, like a moth to a glow.
Perhaps love's a puzzle that never fits right,
Where pieces are missing, obscured by the night.

What do you see in the mirror you hold?
An image of beauty, or a heart growing cold?
I wish I could tell you the truth of my fight,
But I'm left here with shadows, lost in the light.

And as seasons change, I find solace in rain,
It washes away all the lingering pain.
In whispers of nature, I hear a soft call,
That love, oh so fickle, has no rule at all.

So, I gather the fragments, each sorrow and tear,
With strength that I didn't know faded nowhere.
Like petals in storms, I will dance and I'll sway,
Learning to love in a different way.

Maybe I'll find a new path to embark,
Where the sun spills its warmth on the tiniest spark.
For love isn't lost, it just morphs and expands,
A journey through heartache, where healing begins.

From ashes of longing, I'll rise up anew,
To embrace hope's whispers, a brilliant hue.
For even in darkness, there's a flicker of light,
A reminder that love can reclaim its own sight.

So, here I stand, with my heart open wide,
Accepting the lessons that love cannot hide.
Though you may not see me, your presence still lingers,
A chapter rewritten by time's gentle fingers.

In the end, dear heart, love doesn't decay,
It simply transforms, lighting a new way.
With courage, I'll navigate this intricate maze,
Finding beauty within, in the love that stays.

And as the dawn breaks, I'll take a deep breath,
Releasing the shadows, embracing what's left.
For love, even fractured, is a part of my song,
A melody woven, where I, too, belong.

Silent Nights

How are you, really, when dusk cloaks the sky,
As shadows grow longer and the day says goodbye?
When burdens grow heavier, like clouds thick with rain,
And the stillness around you amplifies pain.

In the quiet of night, when the world starts to sleep,
Do you wrestle with thoughts that tumble and creep?
Does the silence echo secrets buried in sand,
Or do memories linger like ghosts, close at hand?

Lying in darkness, a heart laid bare,
Does the weight of the silence feel heavier there?
Are the things that you whispered now roaring with might,
As you sift through old feelings that rise in the night?

You wear a brave mask in the glare of the day,
But does it melt softly when the sun fades away?
In the light of the moon, do you dare to explore
The dreams that you cherish but now can't restore?

Are the dreams like old letters tucked away in a chest,
Gathering dust in a corner, forgotten like rest?
Do they whisper your name as each heartbeat resounds,
Or do they choke on the silence, bound tight in their bounds?

What of the bills that pile high on your desk?
Do they drown out your visions, leaving you vexed?
Do they laugh at your passions, with voices so shrill,
As you barter your hopes for a life that feels still?

In the hustle of mornings, when time's set to race,
Do you find fleeting moments of peace in the chase?
Or does your heart ache for stillness, for space to just be,
As you sift through each hour, a prisoner of "free"?

Your job, does it cradle you, or merely appease,
Drowning dreams in a sea of monotony's tease?
Is it love that you find in the tasks that you chase,
Or just a distraction, a mask for your face?

Despite all the noise, when the world rushes past,
Do you catch fleeting glimpses of joy meant to last?
Or does the fear of the silence take hold of your soul,
As you grapple with shadows that no one can console?

How are you, really, when the lights dim their glow?
When the reflections in mirrors bear witness to woe?
Are your thoughts like a river, flowing wild and wide,
Or do you shove them aside, letting guilt be your guide?

And in quiet moments, do the demons arise,
Trading warmth for the chill in a night full of sighs?
Does each echo remind you of battles you fight,
As you cradle old wounds in the depths of the night?

Yet, beneath all the layers, can you feel the spark?
A whisper of hope hidden deep in the dark?
For even in silence, a flicker remains,
A glimmer of light that still courses your veins.

So, how are you, really, when the day finally ends?
When the tapestry of life loses threads of pretence?
Are you learning to dance in the shadows you bear,
Finding strength in the silence, unveiling your care?

It's okay to be broken, to mourn what is lost,
To acknowledge the price of the dreams that were tossed.
For in truth, you are human, with layers and scars,
Waltzing with heartache while reaching for stars.

So, as darkness enfolds you, take a breath, and let go,
In the quiet, be gentle, allow your heart's flow.
You may not have answers to questions you seek,
But in the embrace of the silence, it's okay to be weak.

Embrace of Imperfections

In the dim light of the evening glow,
where shadows dance and soft breezes flow,
I seek your touch, a whispered confession,
beneath the tender weight of my own obsession.

Against the countertop, our bodies collide,
foam and laughter, where innocence hides.
With every splash, a memory formed,
in soapy dimensions, our hearts are warmed.

Speak to me gently, with love's quiet grace,
tell me I'm beautiful, let that truth embrace.
As the night unfolds its dark, heavy shroud,
let your words be a promise, a soft, cheering crowd.

In the corners of bustling rooms, I'll stand,
your fingertips finding me, a silent command.
The small of my back, a map of our story,
every touch a reminder, of life's fleeting glory.

Kiss me like characters from films we adore,
with passion that lingers, igniting the floor.
Hand cradling my neck, your thumb paints the glow,
of a heart laid wide open, feeling every low.

Cocoon me in warmth, as troubles take flight,
on days when the dark sky consumes all the light.
Wrap around my frailty, your love my shield,
in moments of weakness, let grace be revealed.

With patience, you hold all the pieces I've lost,
navigating the tempest, no matter the cost.
Space for my flaws, for my cracks to be seen,
you build a fortress where I can just be.

A protagonist living, my flaws on display,
facing the echoes of fears that betray.
Yet in your embrace, I find my true strength,
a dance through the hardships, a love with no length.

So here in this kitchen, under stars so bright,
let's brew our own magic, where shadows take flight.
For every moment shared, a knot tightly tied,
in the tender embrace of imperfect pride.

Echoes of Safety

In silent whispers, memories reside,
a sanctuary formed with you by my side.
Your heartbeat, a rhythm, steadfast and clear,
the pulse of a haven, where shadows bring cheer.

I remember the scent, so rich and profound,
a fragrance of warmth wrapped tightly around.
It lingered like honey, sweet nectar divine,
each breath was a promise; your solace was mine.

Laying my head on your chest felt like home,
where worries dissolved and no longer I'd roam.
In those gentle moments, I found my reprieve,
an oasis of comfort, where I could believe.

Time stood still as the world drifted away,
beneath starlit skies, where love chose to stay.
Your arms, like a fortress, enfolding me tight,
were shields against darkness, a beacon of light.

Oh, how I cherished those fragments of peace,
the world outside paused, and all pain found release.
In the cradle of your heartbeat, I felt so alive,
knowing with certainty, within us we'd thrive.

Yet now the nights stretch, an unyielding void,
where echoes of laughter have faded, destroyed.
I sink into spaces that feel wrong and cold,
in blankets that lack the warmth once foretold.

Beds feel like islands, vast oceans apart,
where shadows linger, and silence can start.
The essence of safety, a ghost on the breeze,
drifting away with the sigh of the leaves.

I reach for your silhouette in dreams painted bright,
searching for fragments of that purest light.
But morning arrives with its cruel, harsh intent,
reminding my heart that you are not present.

Every dawn brings the weight of what's lost,
the price of existence, a heavy cost.
I gather my courage as daybreak unfolds,
yet the chill of the world is sharp and bold.

The unkept promise of feeling secure,
is replaced by the ache, a longing unsure.
I try to find solace in moments profound,
but memories of you are the chains that abound.

I wander through echoes of laughter and grace,
haunted by fragments of that sacred space.
The silence now shrouds me, a heavy drape,
as I twist and I turn, in a desperate escape.

Yet in the depths of this aching refrain,
I search for the glimmers that spark in the rain.
Your love remains with me, an ember, a glow,
a compass that guides me through valleys of woe.

Though shadows may flicker, I strive to hold tight,
to whispers of safety that linger through night.
For within every heartbeat, the love we once knew,
reminds me in fragments, I carry you too.

And when I close my eyes, I can still feel your grace,
the warmth of our laughter, our favourite place.
In dreams, I will find you, no matter the cost,
for the safest of places may shift, but not lost.

I'll cherish our moments, as stars in the night,
illuminating paths, guiding me toward light.
The echoes of safety will never quite fade,
for love is eternal in memories made.

So as I embrace the world's ebb and flow,
I'll carry your heartbeat wherever I go.
For though the bed may feel empty, I know my refrain,
that in love's tender arms, I'll find home once again.

How Do I Move On ?

Each time I breathe, your name slips away,
like whispers of wishes that drift and decay.
But how can I silence the heart that still beats,
for the love that once bloomed amidst life's retreats?

I tell myself boldly to open new doors,
to let the weight of your memory hit the floors.
But your laughter, like songs, fills the spaces around,
and in crowds of strangers, your essence is found.

The smile that ignited my soul with its flame,
a flicker of warmth that still whispers your name.
Every place that we wandered still holds the trace,
of moments we cherished, an unyielding space.

Conversations replay in a tender refrain,
each word like a stitch in this tapestry of pain.
The stories we crafted, our hopes intertwined,
now fracture beneath what I wish to unwind.

I craft my own armour, but cracks start to show,
when the heart holds the love it will never outgrow.
Still, I breathe through the echoes, though laden with loss,
each heartbeat whispers, I must bear the cost.

The songs we sang linger like soft melodies,
reminding me gently, of memories we seize.
And though I reach out for horizons anew,
your shadow is painted in everything I do.

The river of time rushes forward with grace,
yet within these moments, I still see your face.
I glance at the skies and find flickers of light,
that spark the sensation of warm summer nights.

But learning to move on feels heavy and hard,
when every small triumph seems blissfully marred.
In the corners of heartache, I secretly find,
the tendrils of love that never unwind.

So here in the twilight, I shall walk my own path,
embracing the shadows, both love and the wrath.
For though you're a chapter I can't close with ease,
I'll learn to carry you gently like leaves in the breeze.

With each step I take, I'll honour what was,
the beauty that blossomed, the pain that does buzz.
And maybe one day, I'll awaken to see,
that shadows of past can coexist and be free.

So here's to the journey, the lessons it brings,
to welcoming hope with the joy that it sings.
Though you linger in corners of memory's art,
I'll weave a new story, while holding your heart

Longing Unspoken

I crave the tales of your everyday,
Each detail, small, fills the void inside,
Yet hesitation holds my hand,
Afraid you'll see this heart's wild ride.

Desperation hides in playful silence,
It masks itself in casual grace,
But within me burns an endless fire,
A longing time cannot erase.

Like shadows drawn to fading light,
I'm drawn to you, a force so strong,
Each second stretches, a test of will,
In this silence, I know where I belong.

I feel like a sailor lost at sea,
With waves of yearning crashing through,
No seven hours can fill this void,
My heart is only home with you.

So I breathe deep, hold back the urge,
Yet every moment without draws near,
This ache, this thirst, a painful crave,
You are my solace, my love sincere.

A Promise of Love

Do not seek to conquer their soul,
As if love were a battle to claim,
For hearts are not trophies, but whole,
And love should never be a game.

Do not hunt their shadows like prey,
In the darkness where flaws reside,
For every scar tells a tale of the fray,
And with understanding, let love abide.

People are not projects to fix,
Or puzzles for your mind to solve,
In their brokenness, a quiet mix,
Of strength and sorrow waiting to evolve.

So promise me when you hold them near,
You'll offer warmth, not the chill of war,
A sanctuary from every fear,
Where they can find themselves, and more.

Love should be a gentle embrace,
A garden where two can freely grow,
Not a race, but a sacred space,
Where kindness thrives and doubt must go.

Let's cultivate trust, not demands,
Let compassion flow like a river wide,
Together, with open hearts and hands,
We'll walk the path, side by side.

Instead of saving, let's learn to uplift,
To encourage the light from within,
In unity, the truest gift,
Is the strength to face life, through thick and thin.

So promise me this, above all else,
To love is to honour, cherish, and stand,
Let them journey and find themselves,
While you offer a steady hand.

In this life, let's dance with grace,
Not as warriors, but partners in time,
In every heart, a sacred space,
Where freedom and love simultaneously climb.

For the greatest promise we can make,
Is to be there, not as saviours, but friends,
To witness, support, and never forsake,
A love that heals and never ends.

So cherish each moment, each laugh, each sigh,
Embrace their journey, wild and unknown,
For in the truth of love, we will fly,
Together, yet free, in a love that has grown.

The Dance of Fire and Water

Together they spun, a fervid embrace,
Creating a tempest, a delicate chase.
Her laughter, a melody, rippling through air,
His voice, like a bonfire, crackling with flair.

He painted her world in hues of his light,
Igniting the darkness, making it bright.
But deep within currents, her heart began to ache,
For love, though enchanting, can cause ripples and quake.

Days turned to nights, and the flames flickered low,
He yearned for her depths, while she feared the glow.
"Don't drown in my essence," she pleaded in vain,
"For when heat turns to longing, it ignites only pain."

He clutched at her whispers, like embers in night,
As she wept for the flames, yearning to take flight.
Yet the dance turned to chaos, the rhythm askew,
As fire and water collided and grew.

In shadows of longing, they stumbled and fell,
A cacophony of feelings, a bittersweet spell.
"Who are you?" she cried, "As you bask in the blaze,
Is your heart made of fire, or do you long for my waves?"

“Without you,” he gasped, “I’m lost in the dark,
Your depths are my home, but I fear I leave marks.”
With each tender moment, a tear would cascade,
“Love cannot be boundless if the borders all fade.”

So they paused in the stillness, a breath held so tight,
Realising true love is a dance of the light.
She learned to embrace the warmth of his flame,
While he dove to the bottom, no longer the same.

From flames born of passion, to water's soft flow,
They crafted a union, where both could just grow.
He danced in the chorus of tides, strong and free,
While she loved the sparks that ignited the sea.

Together they wove a tapestry bright,
Of fire’s bold spirit and water’s calm light.
In each wave of her laughter, in every flare of his spark,
They discovered their love could rise from the dark.

And so the children listen, with bright, shining eyes,
As tales of the dance between fire and tides,
Remind them that love, though fierce and profound,
Can bring forth the magic, when balance is found.

From Grave to Garden

I dug through the soil of aching hearts,
Each tear a seed, each sigh a plea,
In the depth of despair, I sought to find,
The remnants of you, a phantom in me.

Yet with each passing season's embrace,
A transformation began to unfold,
What once was a grave, a painful space,
Became a sanctuary, vibrant and bold.

Petals unfurled where despair had lain,
Colours brightened, replacing the gray,
In the womb of the earth, I felt the refrain,
Of life reclaiming what grief held at bay.

I'd visit the place where memories thrived,
Yet found no gravestone, just bright blooms,
A symphony played, and I felt alive,
In this garden of growth, where love still consumes.

Some days are veils, where past lingers near,
A flicker, a whisper, a haunting refrain,
But with every dawn, the horizon is clear,
I'm learning to dance in the sun after rain.

With petals like breaths, I weave through the time,
A tapestry rich with each vibrant hue,
And though the past clings with tendrils of grime,
I carve my own path, create something new.

The flowers remind me of who I have been,
Each bloom a chapter, each green sprout a change,
From the ashes of grief, I blossom within,
Embracing the beauty of life, though it's strange.

So here in this garden, I cultivate hope,
With sunlight and laughter, I mend every seam,
In the warmth of the earth, I learn how to cope,
Transforming the past into something redeemed.

Though I miss the weight of your presence at times,
I cherish the growth that arose from the pain,
In this sacred space, love's essence still climbs,
Finding joy in the journey, embracing the rain.

Now in this garden, I choose to reside,
Where memories linger, but do not confine,
In the dance of the leaves, I cast off my pride,
And nurture the future, my heart intertwined.

No more do I seek the grave's somber embrace,
For here among blossoms, I flourish and thrive,
With each fleeting moment, I see a new face,
One who is learning that I'm still alive.

So let the past fade, let the flowers embrace,
The journey of healing, the scars that I bear,
For every lost moment, I find my own pace,
In the garden of life, I grow free of despair.

With roots deep in love, and petals on high,
I bloom through the seasons, in joy and in strife,
For though the past lingers, I reach for the sky,
In the sanctuary of blooms, I create my own life.

Silent Parting

In the quiet dusk where silence creep,
We parted ways, a promise lost,
No final whispers, no memories to keep,
Just echoes of silence, a heart's heavy cost.

Did you forget the warmth of the sun?
Did the laughter we shared fade with the light?
Moments once vibrant, now silently shun,
Leaving only questions to fill the night.

Did you ever linger in thoughts of the past,
When our words wove a fabric, so rich and so rare?
Or did the silence grow, until it amassed,
A blanket of stillness, too much to bear?

Was there a sign, a chance we missed?
A moment to tether our hearts in the fray?
Yet time kept its march, unyielding, unblissed,
As I wondered if night could turn back to day.

I replay every laugh, every glance in my mind,
Tracing the lines of your smile in the dark,
Yet clarity hides where questions are blind,
And memory flickers, a minuscule spark.

To bridge the abyss, what words could be penned?
Would they dance on the air, find purchase, take flight?
Or would they dissolve, like dreams that won't mend,
Into the vast silence, swallowed by night?

Days turn to years, and seasons will change,
Yet the heart holds its scars like a cherished refrain,
While the path that we walked feels eerily strange,
Lost in a mist, and wilted like rain.

I wonder if somewhere a flicker remains,
A thought that may wander through time and through space,
Or do we move forward, bearing invisible chains,
Left with the shadows of what was our grace?

A child of the evening, I stand by the shore,
Gazing out where the horizon meets sky,
As waves whisper secrets of loves gone before,
My heart takes a breath, releasing a sigh.

But in all this silence, a flicker of hope,
That somewhere within, a soft echo may bloom,
Two hearts once entwined can still learn to cope,
Even when distance looms heavy like gloom.

So as I walk forward, I carry the weight,
Of the laughter and love that wove through our lives,
And though we may part, it's never too late,
For the past held the beauty that quietly thrives.

Every fleeting moment, each glance, each embrace,
They linger like shadows, yet warm to the touch,
Even in silence, our hearts found a place,
Where love's gentle whispers are never too much.

In the tapestry woven of heartstrings and dreams,
The threads of our journey still softly entwine,
For though we may vanish, not all is as it seems,
Love has its way of redefining time.

So here's to the silence, the lessons we've learned,
To the questions unasked and the answers we seek,
For in this great void where our fates were turned,
Springs the strength to keep loving, though hearts may feel weak.

Though the distance may stretch like an ocean's expanse,
And life takes us places we never foresaw,
In the quiet, I find a familiar romance,
The echo of you in each sweet, tender law.

Together or apart, we dance in the light,
In moments unspoken, our spirits still meet.
With regards and with fondness, I'll carry the night,
For love is a song that no silence can beat.

So I write this in silence, this testament true,
For though we are far, I will cherish the way
You stepped into my world, forever imbued,
In the starlit sky where our memories play.

Fragments of Love

In the quiet of my heart, remnants remain,
Moments once bright, now shadowed by pain,
Each smile I offered, a fragile embrace,
Yet it vanished like whispers, leaving no trace.

I painted my feelings in colours so bold,
Hoping to share the warmth of my soul,
But reflections of you, they shimmered and danced,
Were fleeting, ethereal, mere happenstance.

The love I laid bare, like a book on display,
Turned pages of silence, the words slipped away,
I questioned my worth, the depths of my heart,
Is love merely fiction, or a cruel art?

Like a ghost in the evening, you faded from view,
Left echoes of longing, a silence so true,
With each breath I take, I still feel the cost,
Of a bond that was vibrant, now bitterly lost.

I gathered my pieces on this empty ground,
Searching for solace in the echoes around,
Yet the ache of your absence, it lingers and wakes,
Reminding me daily of the trust that it breaks.

In the dance of the past, there's a haunting refrain,
A melody woven through joy and through pain,
And though I keep searching for love in the light,
The shadows remind me of the depth of the night.

Though scarred by the moments that never were real,
I carry the lessons that time will reveal,
Love isn't a promise made softly in dreams,
It's forged in the struggle, or so it seems.

So here in the silence, I'll learn to reclaim,
The pieces of hope in this delicate game,
For even in sorrow, new paths I will find,
In the garden of self, a love redefined.

Self Discovery

Do not approach with armour on,
As if to fight, or claim a throne,
For in the depths, where spirits dwell,
Resides a tale, too deep to tell.

Each flaw you spot, a precious thread,
Not foes to conquer, nor battles led,
In the mirror of love, reflect with care,
For every crack, bears beauty rare.

We are not saviours, nor destined to mend,
Each journey's a spiral, where we ascend,
In quiet moments, let truths unfold,
The stories of hearts, both fragile and bold.

Embrace the storms, the tears we shed,
For growth is born from the paths we tread,
As blossoms bloom in the harshest rains,
So too, our love, through trials gains.

Listen closely to whispers shared,
In silence, know how much we've cared,
With every heartbeat, let kindness flow,
For healing starts when we let love grow.

Together we stand, yet apart we roam,
In discovering self, we find our home,
So whisper softly, with eyes that see,
The beauty within, where we're truly free.

In this dance of life, let freedom reign,
For love is not chains, nor binding pain,
But a gentle embrace, where souls can soar,
In the arms of self, we become ever more.

Unravelling Hearts

In a quiet room, ghosts softly creep,
A heart, once vibrant, now struggles to leap.
He stood before me, a mirror of doubt,
A soul filled with kindness, yet love to flout.

His eyes held the warmth of the sun's embrace,
Yet somehow they faltered in the dance of grace.
He longed to connect, but his hands felt restrained,
An innocent heart left alone, uncontained.

I watched him intently, my heart in a bind,
His nature was gentle, yet love felt unkind.
In moments of silence, his gaze would reveal,
A longing for closeness, a fear to conceal.

With every sweet glance that I offered his way,
I yearned for a whisper, the words he won't say.
But love's art is complex, a puzzle we share,
And he wielded confusion, a weight hard to bear.

I gave him my heart, an open embrace,
In hopes he'd discover a warm, sacred place.
Yet love spilled like water, through fingers it slid,
And I wondered if truly, he wanted, he did.

Each day felt a challenge, each night a wound,
In the dreams of my heart, his silence consumed.
I deserved the affection, the touch that ignites,
Yet I was a candle, flickering in blights.

He didn't mean harm; his heart knew no blame,
But the dance of affection was lost in the game.
The truth echoed softly, reverberating clear,
I longed to be cherished, but he seemed unaware.

As seasons kept changing, my spirit grew wise,
Understanding that love requires no disguise.
I faced my own battles, my heart made of stone,
Realising that I must not face them alone.

In the end, I departed, not seeking a fight,
But embracing the knowledge that love feels so right.
He wasn't a villain, just lost in his way,
But I owed it to myself, to find a new day.

With strength and with courage, I stepped into light,
Leaving shadows behind, reclaiming my flight.
No longer a prisoner of could-have-beens,
I found in my journey, new paths, and new dreams.

So here stands the truth, as I weave my own tale,
Love isn't a burden, nor should it feel frail.
In every soft glance, and in all that we share,
We flourish in kindness, if only we dare.

To love is to risk, to gamble the heart,
But never to settle, nor to play a small part.
For each soul deserves to be cherished and held,
A promise of warmth, a love truly spelled.

In the echoes of silence, I found my own song,
Though he didn't know how, I still must be strong.
I cherish my power, my strength to overcome,
For love should be joyful, and never just dumb.

As time moves on swiftly, we shape our own fate,
No longer in shadows, I can truly create.
With every new heartbeat, I embrace the unknown,
For love is a journey, and I'll never be alone.

In the depths of the night, I remember his face,
Not as a figure of sorrow, but one full of grace.
We learn through our trials, as seasons repeat,
That love is a circle, not simply defeat.

So I carry this lesson, like light in my hand,
That love, pure and gentle, will always withstand.
For even in moments when someone feels lost,
True love finds a way, no matter the cost.

And within every heart, there's a beauty untamed,
Exploring the depths, though never quite named.
I cherish the journey, the sweet and the sore,
For love's a vast ocean, yet I long for much more.