

ASHES TO EMPIRE

A Poetry Book

YADVI SAHNI



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Editor's Note

To the reader,

This collection is not just words.

It is a journey through the fire,
through scars that whisper,
through nights where silence screamed louder than any crowd.

These poems were born from struggle,
from relentless ambition,
from moments when the world said “stop”
and the heart refused.

You will find darkness here.

You will find pain.

You will find memories
that feel too raw to read.

But you will also find fire.

You will find resilience.

You will find the echo of someone
who refused to surrender,
who transformed scars into lessons,
who turned every fall
into a step higher.

If this book leaves you breathless,
let it.

If it makes you pause,
let it.

If it inspires you to rise
from your own ruins,
then every word has served its purpose.

This is not just my story.

It is a call to anyone willing to fight,

to anyone daring enough
to carve their own path
through darkness,
toward light.

— YADVI SAHNI

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Made From the Nights



I was made from nights
that never asked how I was doing.

From ceilings
that heard my thoughts
more than people ever did.

I grew up learning
how to motivate myself
when no one clapped,
when no one noticed,
when no one checked in.

They think confidence is loud.
Mine was built quietly,
out of repetition
and out of refusal.

I doubted myself
more than anyone else ever could.
That's what trained me.

Every insecurity
was a weight added to the bar.
Every failure
taught my hands where to grip.

Music kept me alive
when life felt unexplainable.
Headphones on,
world off,
pain translated into something survivable.

I didn't want success
to look rich.
I wanted it to feel free.

Free from asking permission.
Free from explaining myself.
Free from surviving.

Now when I walk forward,
I carry every version of me
that almost quit.

They don't drag me down.
They push me. This isn't confidence.
This is proof
that I stayed.



Shadow Dance



The shadows dance where I hide,
echoes of me I can't confide.
Windows cracked open, cold air bites,
the night doesn't care who survives.

I hear my heartbeat like a drum,
each thump a warning: don't succumb.
Memories creep in like ghosts uninvited,
faces blurred, pain recited.

I walk streets that smell like rain,
every corner whispers my name.
Nothing belongs to me but the pace,
the rhythm of my own damn race.

I've kissed fear like an old friend,
held it close until it bends.
The city sleeps but I am awake,
watching every lie that life will make.

Scars ripple beneath my skin,
a map of where I've been.
They hum a song I can't forget,
a melody of love, loss, and regret.

And yet I move,
like smoke slipping through walls,
silent but unstoppable,
breaking chains, ignoring calls.

The shadows dance, but I am not lost,
I've paid the price, I've counted the cost.
Every step, deliberate, like a drumline,
I make the darkness mine.



The Future I Own Myself



I own myself more than what people say or think.

I owe myself
the life I imagined
when I was broke,
tired,
and quietly angry at the world.

I remember wanting luxury
not for flexing,
but for silence.

For peace.
For space to breathe
without fear chasing me.

I remember promising myself
that the pain wouldn't be pointless.
That the scars would mean something.

Success isn't money.
Money is just evidence.

I am not rushing.
I am building something
that won't collapse
when attention leaves.

Discipline is my language now.
Consistency is my religion.

I don't announce moves.
I let results
introduce me.

One day,
this life will look luxurious.

But what matters is this
it was earned
in rooms where no one believed,
during years no one saw,
by a person
who refused to stay small.

That is the future
I owe myself.

And I'm paying the debt
daily.



I Didn't Fall Behind I Was Loading



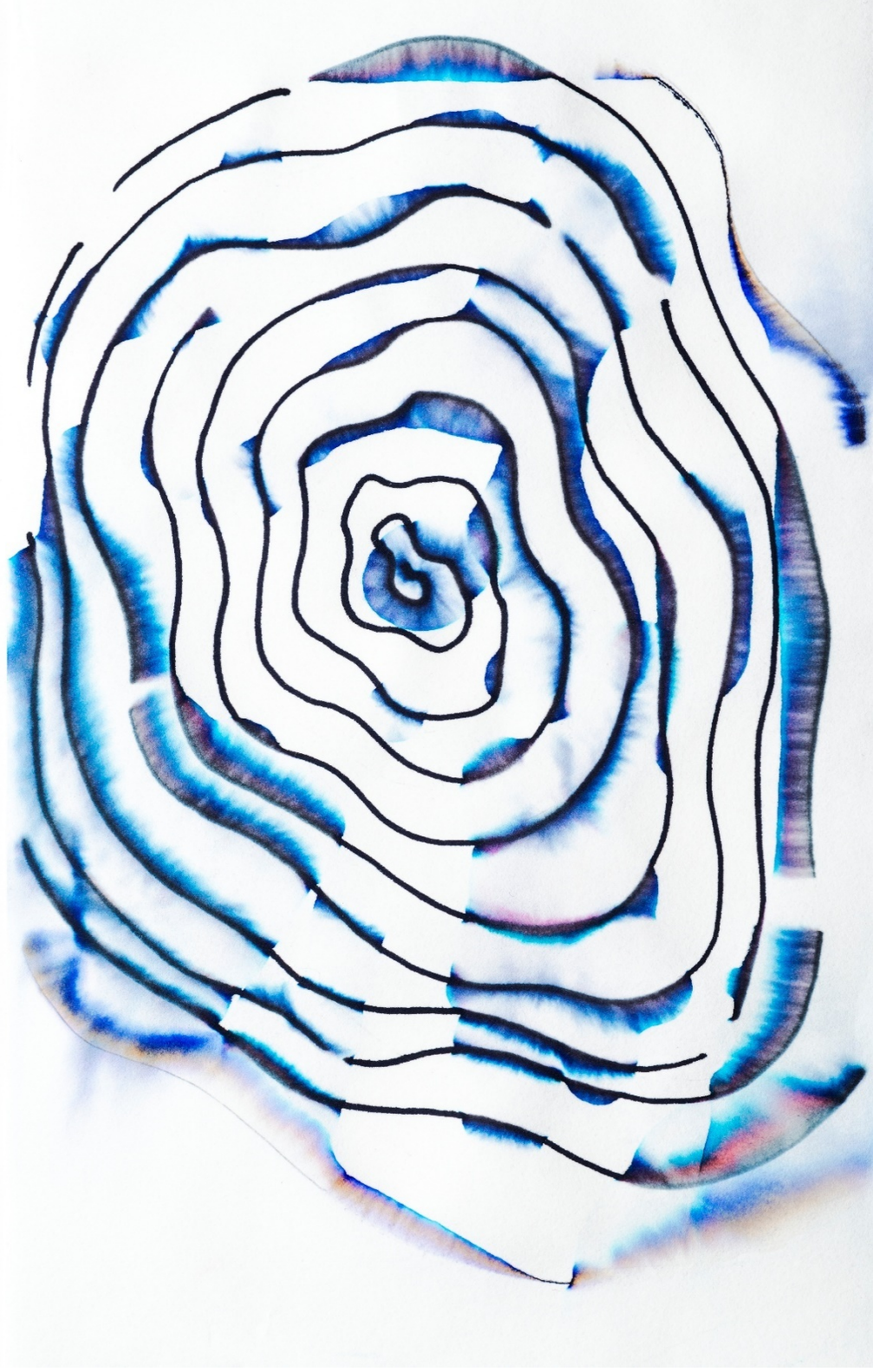
They said I was late.
Behind.
Missing my moment.

They didn't know
I was bearing something heavy.

Some people sprint early
and burn out loud.
Others walk slow
and arrive unrecognizable.

I wasn't lazy.
I was learning.

Learning how to carry pressure
without dropping my self-respect.
Learning how to want more
without hating what I had.
Timing isn't about speed.
It's about readiness.
And I refused
to arrive unprepared
just to impress "THEM" !!



I Was Never Lazy Just Lost



They called me lazy,
because they never saw,
the wars I fought,
inside my own head.

Some mornings,
getting out of bed
felt heavier
than lifting the world.

I wasn't avoiding work
I was searching for meaning.

No one teaches you
how to move
when you don't believe
in the destination yet.

But I kept going.
Badly.
Unevenly.
Still forward.

And one day,
movement became momentum.

Turns out,
lost people don't need pressure
they need direction



Build From What They Tried To Break Me



I am not self-made.

I am pain-made.

Every doubt added weight.

Every failure added depth.

Every scar added memory
to my backbone.

I remember nights
where quitting felt logical,
where dreams felt childish,
where hope felt irresponsible.

But something older than fear
kept me standing.

Maybe pride.
Maybe hunger.
Maybe the refusal
to let suffering be meaningless.

If I rise high,
know this
it wasn't luck.

It was endurance
disguised as ambition



Sound Of Becoming



You don't hear growth
when it's happening.

It's quiet.
Uncelebrated.
Awkward.

It sounds like missed calls,
like canceled plans,
like saying no
to things that once felt necessary.

Becoming costs you
the life you could've lived
if you stayed comfortable.

Some nights,
I miss the old version of me
the one with less pressure,
less responsibility,
less vision.

But I don't miss
its limits.

Growth is painful
because it's honest.



Before The World Believed in Me



Before the world believed in me,
I learned how to stand
without witnesses.

I learned that silence
is not emptiness
it's preparation.

I carried dreams
like contraband,
hidden under my ribs,
afraid they'd be confiscated
by doubt or laughter.

Some nights,
I questioned my own hunger.
Some mornings,
I woke up still chasing.

That's how I knew
this wasn't a phase.
It was destiny
learning my name.



I Wasn't Weak, Just Misunderstood



They mistook my hesitation for weakness,

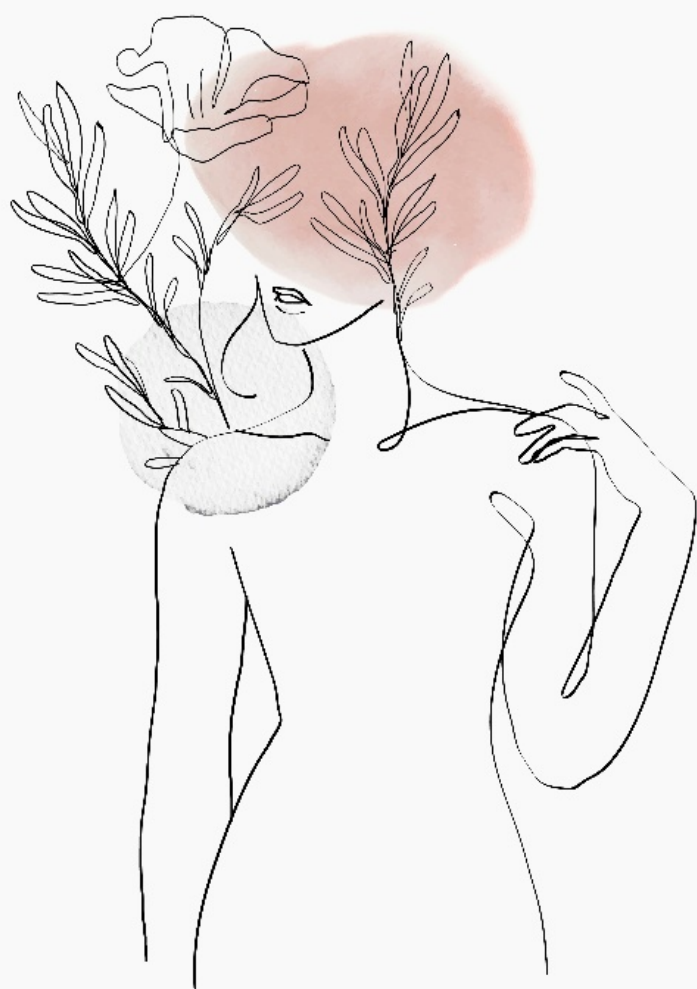
They never saw
how untrained belief shakes
before it learns control.

I fell,

not because I was fragile,
but because I was early.

Strength doesn't arrive loud.
It stutters first.

And I stayed long enough
to become fluent in it.



I Learnt to Move Alone



I learned early
that not everyone who starts with you
is meant to finish with you.

Some people are lessons.
Some are warnings.
Some are mirrors
showing you who you could become
if you stop trying.

I stopped explaining myself
when I realized
clarity doesn't convince the uninterested.

I started moving alone.
Quietly.
Relentlessly.

There were days
I felt invisible.
Days, my effort echoed back
with no response.

But solitude sharpened me.
No distractions.
No applause addiction.
Just vision and execution.

Insecurity still visited.
Sat next to me.
Asked uncomfortable questions.

I answered with work.

Success doesn't come
to the loudest dreamer.
It comes to the one
who keeps showing up
when motivation doesn't.

I learned to trust myself
when no one else did.

That changed everything.



Scars Are Not My Weakness



My scars don't make me broken.
They make me believable.

Every line on my soul
is proof
that I didn't quit
when it would've been reasonable.

I've been hurt
by people I trusted,
by plans I believed in,
by versions of myself
that weren't ready yet.

But pain taught me precision.
Taught me patience.
Taught me how to bleed
without dying.

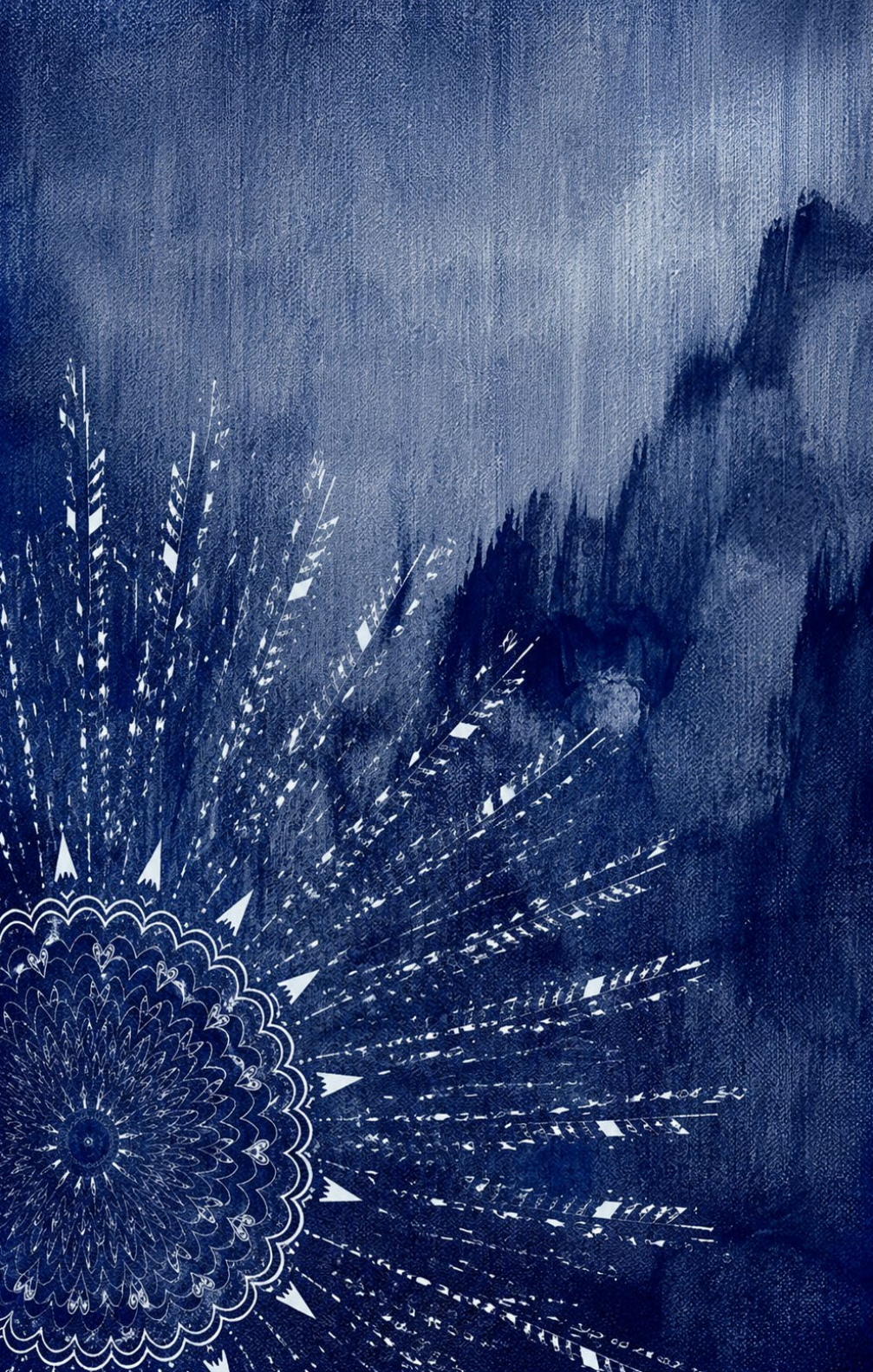
I stopped asking life
to be gentle.
I asked it to be honest.

And it was.

Scars are just memories
that survived the storm.

I don't hide them.
I build with them.

Because anyone can shine
when life is soft
but only the scarred
know how to stand
when it gets brutal.



Rich Was Never About Money



I didn't want money
to feel important.

I wanted it to feel quiet.

No panic.

No pressure.

No fear disguised as hustle.

I wanted luxury

to mean choice.

To mean peace.

To mean waking up

without negotiating my worth.

I watched people trade

their lives for paychecks

and call it stability.

I chose uncertainty

with purpose instead.

Being broke taught me discipline.

Being ignored taught me focus.

Being doubted taught me patience.

Wealth is not loud.

It doesn't announce itself.

It arrives

when preparation meets timing

and ego stays out of the way.

I don't want to look rich.

I want to live free.

And when I get there
you won't hear me brag.

You'll just notice
I'm no longer explaining myself.



My Mind Was the Real Battlefield



The hardest fight
was never with people.

It was mornings
when my mind
listed reasons to stop
before my feet touched the floor.

I fought thoughts
that sounded like truth
but tasted like fear.

Some days I won.
Some days I barely survived.

But the survival counts
when quitting is an option.

Mental strength isn't loud.
It's choosing discipline
on days motivation doesn't show up.

And I kept choosing.

That's how I knew
I was dangerous.

“TO MY OWN-SELF”



Music Taught Me How To Feel Again



There were days
I didn't trust my emotions.

Music held them for me.

Every song was a confession
I wasn't brave enough to say out loud.

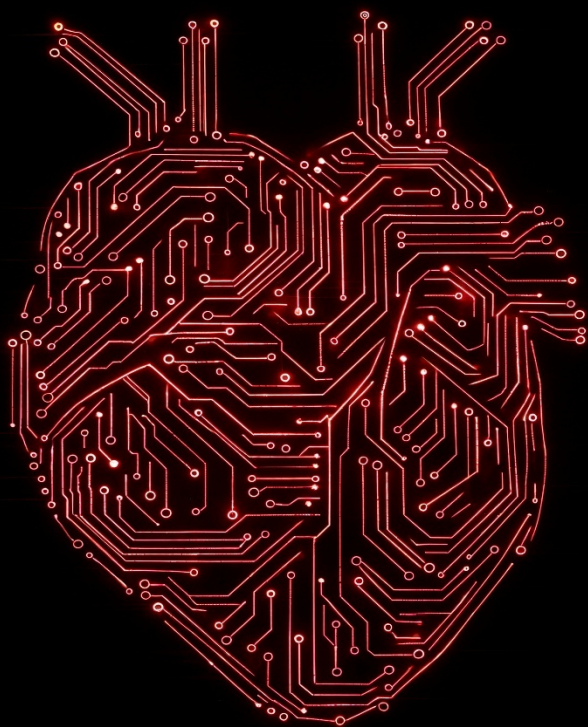
Basslines calmed my anger.
Lyrics named my pain.

I wasn't escaping reality
I was processing it.

Some people numb themselves.
I listened deeper.

That's how I stayed human
while becoming harder.

Music didn't save my life.
It reminded me
why it was worth saving.



Bloodlines And Headphones



I grew up in rooms smaller than hope,
headphones blaring what I couldn't cope.
Bass in my chest, lyrics in my veins,
music my mirror for invisible pains.

Bloodlines tangled, promises thin,
the world's fingerprints all over my skin.
I learned early that love will scar,
friends disappear like shooting stars.

The rhythm of survival is raw and jagged,
the streets whisper lies I've never bragged.
I move like I'm hunted, but unseen,
an assassin of thoughts, killing in between.

I've kissed loss, danced with rage,
scribbled confessions across every page.
Noise becomes ritual, pain becomes art,
beats in my chest keep me from falling apart.

I don't need validation.
I just need the station,
volume high,
world low,
feeling every chord in stereo



Teeth Of the Night



The night bares its teeth,
sharp, jagged, hungry for secrets.
I step forward barefoot,
blood on stone, memories on repeat.

Silence is loud, louder than sirens,
louder than the lies of friends and tyrants.
I learned early, teeth don't just bite,
they teach you fear, respect, and insight.

Moonlight scratches against my skin,
I feel the ache of everything I've been in.
A laugh from nowhere, a scream inside,
walking the thin line where ghosts reside.

I am predator and prey at the same time,
the rhythm of danger shaping every rhyme.
The streets are poetry, brutal and pure,
a heartbeat pattern I can endure.

The night waits,
but I don't hesitate,
I carve my presence
into every shadowed gate.



Whisper's And Alive



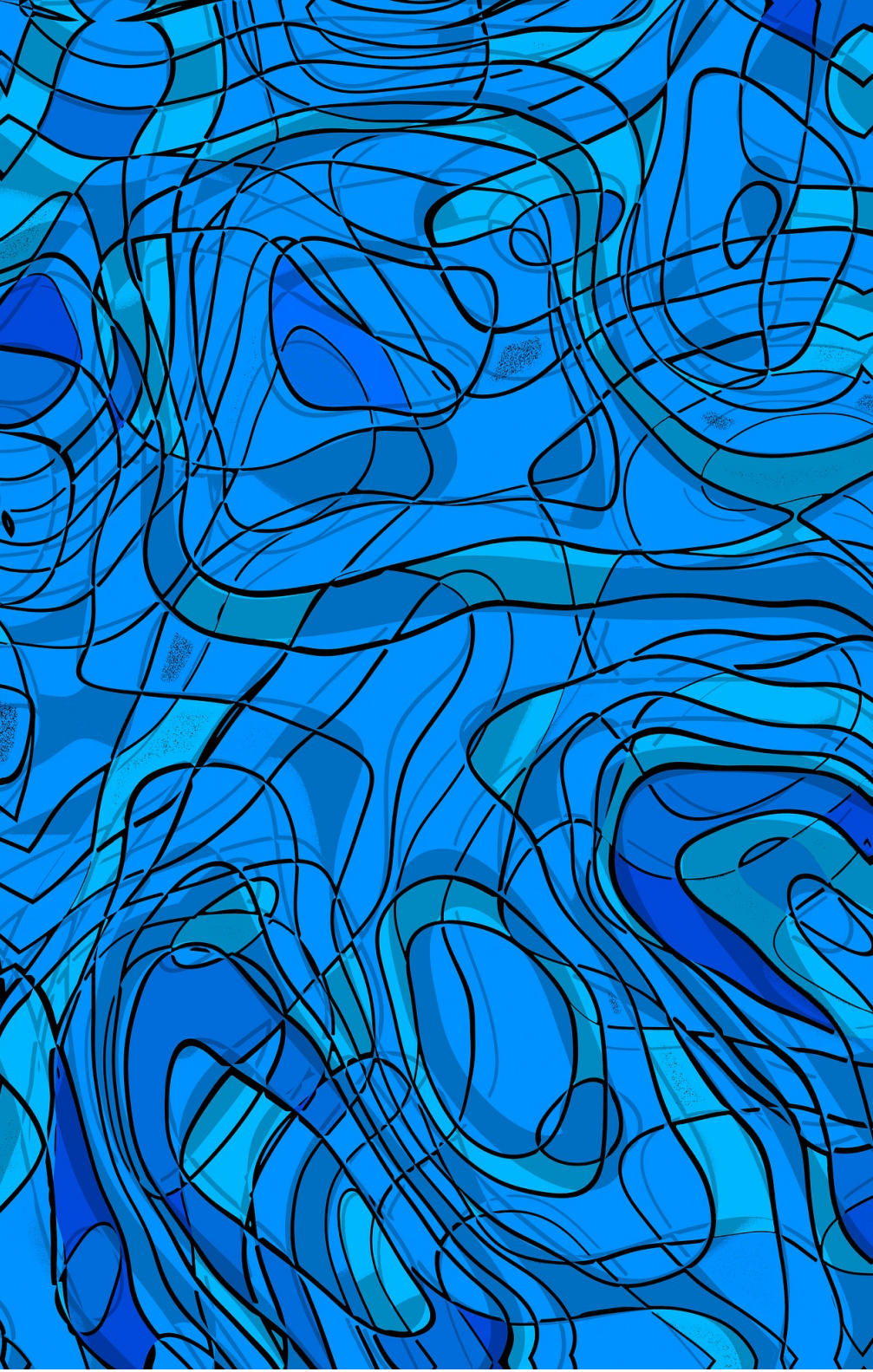
They whisper behind walls,
their words bouncing off cracks.
I let them talk while I breathe,
while I count scars, while I seethe.

Alive is a rhythm,
every heartbeat a percussion of sin,
every scar a line of lyric
from a song that won't begin.

The wind carries secrets I can't share,
yet I hum to it, pretending I dare.
The city hums, alive in its own hurt,
I walk like I own the dirt.

There's beauty in chaos,
music in the broken,
wisdom in fear,
power in every token.

They whisper,
but I am thunder
rolling underneath
their hollow wonder



Tea With the Ghosts



I drink tea with ghosts,
spilling stories no one knows.
Steam rises, shadows twist,
memories bite, can't resist.

The table is round, empty but full,
each sip a ritual, heartbeats pull.
They laugh softly, I answer slow,
every word, a river letting pain flow.

Some nights are lessons,
others just confessions.

I sip, I stare,
I shape obsessions.

Life isn't polite.
It doesn't knock.
It hums in veins,
it talks in shocks.

I sip again,
ghosts nod,
and the night takes what it will
but leaves me unbroken.



Echo's Of the Hungry



I hear echoes of the hungry,
the ones who never slept,
the ones who ran before dawn,
the ones whose dreams were theft.

I am one of them.
I am restless.
I am teeth on stone,
mouths that bite reality.

Nothing soft here,
nothing polite.
Life tastes like iron,
my veins are quiet riots.

Music pounds,
feet pound,
the city pounds,
and I move through rhythm like a ghost.

Hungry doesn't forgive.
Hungry doesn't bend.
Hungry makes kingdoms
from pain you can't comprehend.

I hear them, I join them,
we run together
in the streets of our own making,
echoes hungry, shadows shaking,
alive, unstoppable, unbroken.



It's Hard to Lose the Chosen One



It's hard to lose the chosen one,
the person who held your future in their hands.
Their smile, now memory,
their laugh, a ghost in every room I enter.

I replay the mornings
like broken tapes,
coffee cups, half-spilled,
sunlight cutting angles on empty walls.

We fought silently
in the spaces between words,
I gave all I had
and somehow it wasn't enough.

Now I walk streets we walked,
hear echoes of our conversations
in the rhythm of passing cars,
in the laughter of strangers
that smells just like you.

I fight to understand
why love leaves,
why people fold
when they promised eternity.

The sky remembers our names
even if we forget.
I speak to it at night,
asking it to hold your face for me.

It's hard to lose the chosen one,

because they knew the parts
I never showed anyone else,
the cracks in my bones,
the fear in my voice.

And still, I breathe.
And still, I fight for peace
inside the ruins they left behind.



Memories Like Arcade Lights



Memories glow like arcade lights in a dark room.
Flashing, blinding, taunting me
with the sound of what once was.

I hear your laugh
between the bleeps of pinball machines,
I smell your perfume
mixed with popcorn and cigarettes.

I reach for them
like coins into a slot,
hoping to replay the moments
that slipped through my fingers.

Some nights, I almost believe
I can win them back,
until the high score fades,
and I'm left staring at my own reflection
with a token that doesn't fit anywhere.

Time is cruel;
it rewinds slowly
but never resets completely.
I am trapped in a loop
of your eyes,
your hands,
your ghost.

Even so, I press start again,
because even broken machines
can teach you how to keep playing.



“Still Fighting for Peace”



I carry the war inside my chest
like armor that never fits.
Every memory, every scar
is a soldier in the battle
I'm still fighting.

Sleep is a battlefield,
dreams ambush me at night,
and I wake to find
my heart bruised,
my soul restless.

I search for peace
in the echoes of your voice,
in the lull of quiet streets,
in songs that feel like confessions.

But peace isn't given,
it isn't found in sunsets
or in perfect words.
Peace is wrestled,
earned between tears and rage,
and I am not finished.

Even if the world is silent,
I shout internally,
refusing to let my “CHEST”
become a graveyard
for love, hope, or memory.



The Place We Left Behind



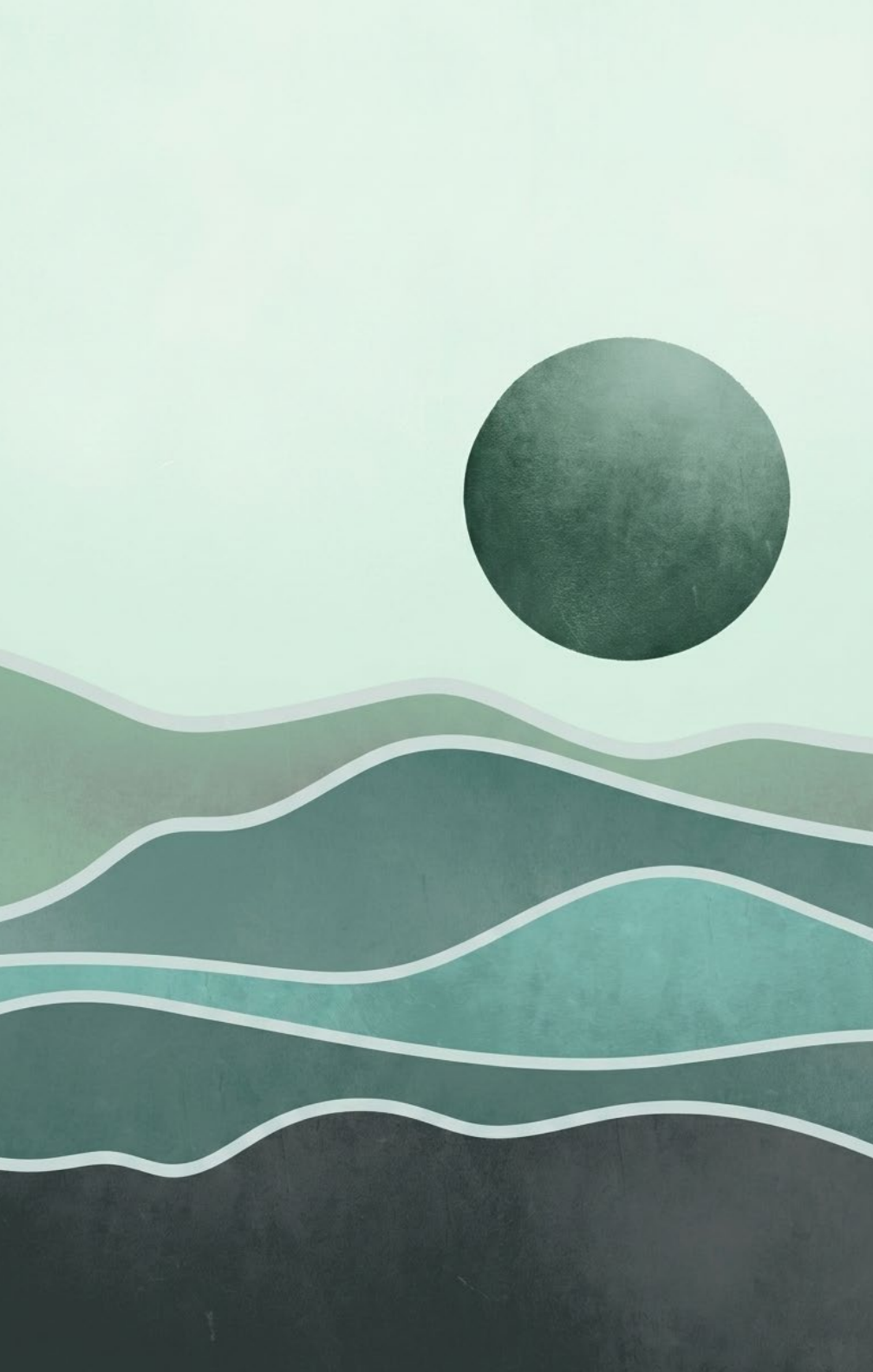
I walk through the house
we used to call ours,
and everything remembers you.

The couch where we argued,
the corner where we laughed,
even the air feels thick
with words we never said.

I try to leave,
but the walls pull me back
with soft reminders:
photographs, mugs,
even the floorboards creak like you do.

I sit where we sat,
close my eyes,
and for a heartbeat,
you are here.

Then reality crashes in,
quiet and sharp,
and I remember
what I can't touch,
what I lost,
what I still fight to forgive.



Late Night Whispers



It's 3 AM.
The world sleeps,
but my memories don't.

I hear your voice
in the hum of streetlights,
in the distant train whistle,
in the rhythm of my own heartbeat.

I whisper apologies
I never said aloud,
I replay choices
that led to silence
instead of connection.

And I wonder,
if I'd fought harder,
loved louder,
stood firmer
would it have made a difference?

The night gives no answers,
just shadows that fold into themselves
like my regrets,
like the space between us
that can't be crossed anymore.



Token Of What We Were



I keep a token of what we were,
folded paper, faded ticket,
a reminder that love once existed
in a world that now feels alien.

I touch it when the city is quiet,
when arcade lights blink across my room,
and I remember
the rhythm of your laugh,
the gravity of your presence.

It hurts, but it teaches:
that losing someone chosen
doesn't erase the fire
they sparked in you,
doesn't erase the nights
you fought to hold them in memory.

I am left with fragments,
but I keep them sacred,
because they are mine alone,
proof that even in loss,
love once thrived



Hollow Between Heartbeats



There's a hollow between heartbeats,
a space where time forgets you exist.
I've lived there often,
counting shadows instead of seconds,
listening to silence
like it might tell me something
if I only lean close enough.

I've touched fear
with bare hands,
felt it pulse against my chest
like it owned me,
like it whispered truths
I wasn't ready to hear.

Memories crawl under my skin,
not the good ones,
but the ones that scrape,
that whisper your failures
back into your face
like ghosts who won't forgive.

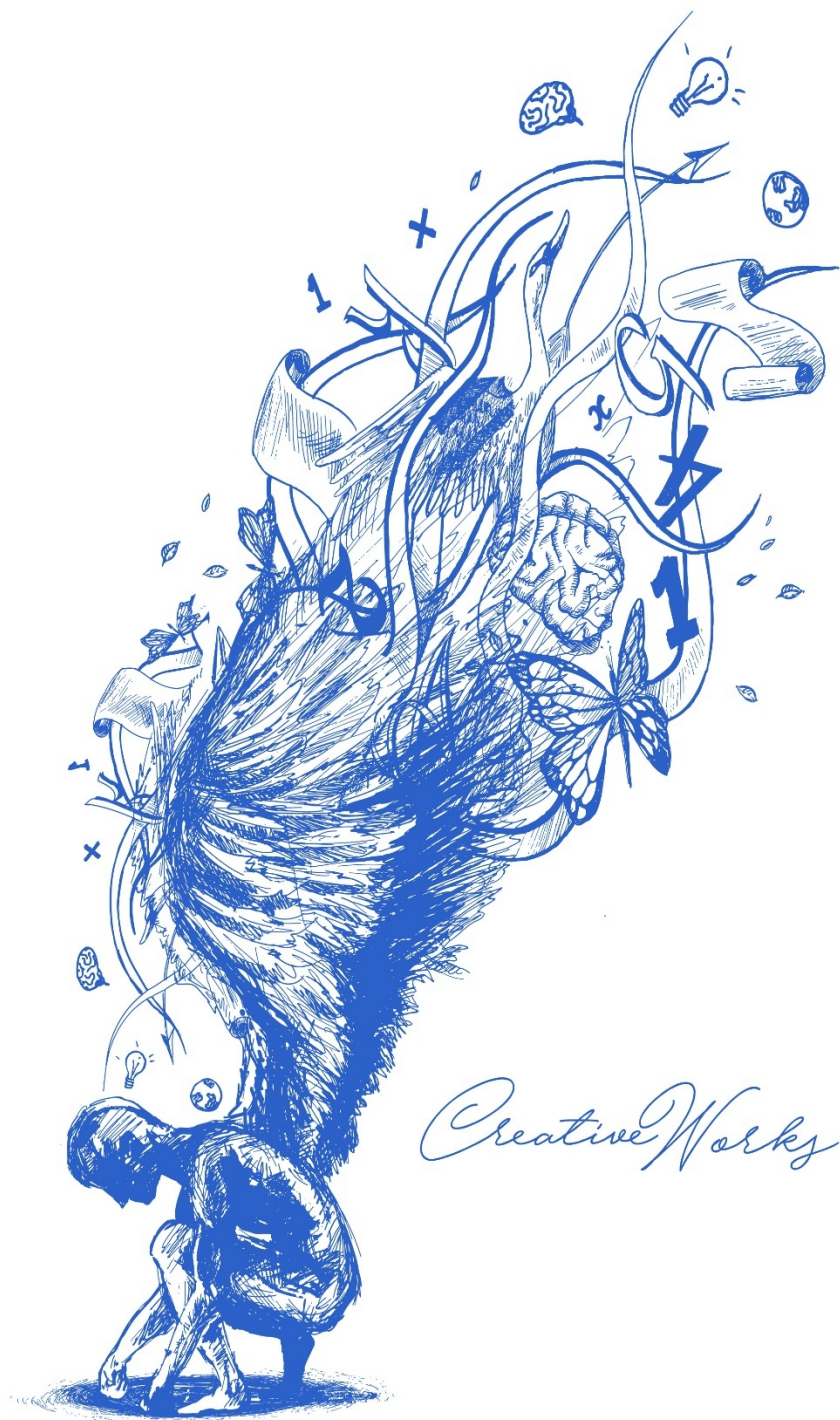
I have held pain as a friend,
pain as a teacher,
pain as the only witness
to nights I cried alone,
to mornings I stared
into mirrors that never lied.

Hope feels distant,
a star behind clouds,
but I still reach,

still lift my ribs
to catch even a glimmer.

Because life doesn't pause
for those who tremble quietly.

It only rewards
those who keep moving
through hollows
that could swallow them whole.



Creative Works

The Weight of Unsaid Words



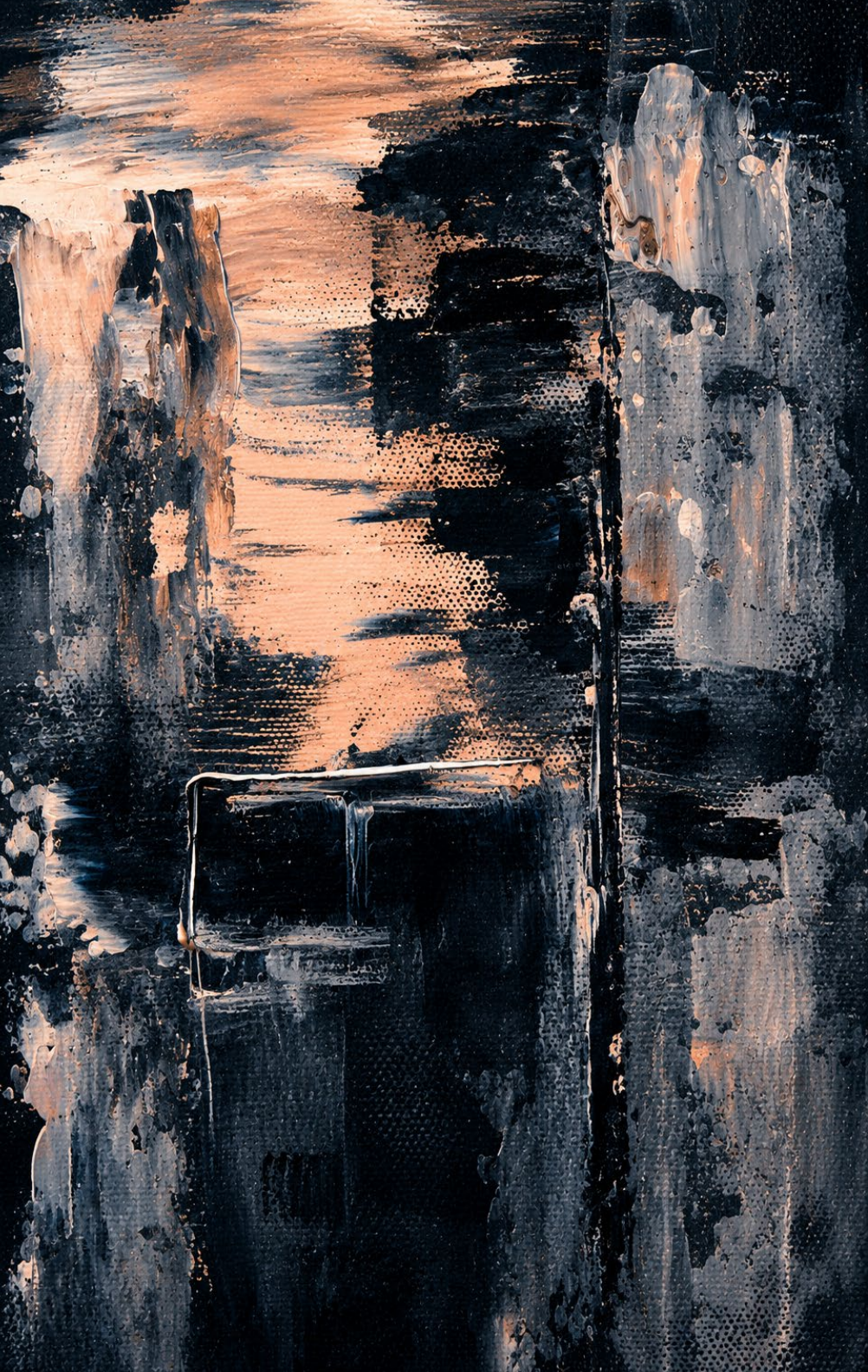
There are words
I will never speak.
They lie in my throat,
heavy as stones,
and every time I swallow
I feel them
crush pieces of me
I thought were unbreakable.

I imagine you hearing them
even though you never will,
and the thought aches,
because the truth
is a river that always floods,
even if the dam holds.

The world expects smiles
and answers,
but my insides
are libraries of grief
locked behind doors
no one has the key to.

I talk to shadows instead,
ask them questions
I don't expect to be answered,
and they respond in echoes,
in drafts of memory
that slips like sand
through fingers desperate to hold.

One day, maybe,
I'll unburden the chest
that carries these stones,
but for now,
I walk with them,
and the weight
teaches me how to endure.



Observing The Fall



I watch people fall
as if gravity is crueler to them,
and I wonder if it notices me,
if it waits for me to trip
or if I am already slipping
without knowing.

Life is a theater
with invisible scripts
and I am both audience and actor,
performing scenes
that never made sense
even to me.

Every failure becomes a lesson,
but lessons bleed
into regrets
that sting like acid
on unhealed skin.

I have learned to step lightly,
to observe the cracks
in everything beautiful,
because beauty is fragile
and fragile things
always remind you of mortality.

Some nights, I trace the ceiling
and count every scar,
every mark that proved
I survived
long enough to witness another sunrise
that doesn't promise anything.



The City Breathes Alone



The city breathes,
but it breathes without me.
Its lights flicker like distant memories,
its streets whisper promises
it never keeps.

I walk among strangers
who carry their own storms,
and I realize
we are all islands
floating in parallel darkness,
nobody docking
anywhere,
just drifting
with invisible anchors.

The buildings hold secrets,
like tall ghosts
stacked over centuries,
and I trace their silhouettes
hoping to recognize a piece of myself
in their shadows.

Loneliness is a currency,
and I am bankrupt
despite my movements,
my words,
my attempts at connection.

Still, I move.

Because breathing alone
is better than suffocating
in a company that doesn't see you.



When The Night Speaks Back



The night speaks back
in ways the day never could.
It doesn't lie,
doesn't flatter,
just exposes you
to your own pulse,
your own silence,
your own reflection.

I have argued with it,
pleaded for mercy,
but it only hums,
like a cathedral with no congregation,
echoing truths I don't want to admit.

I think of the people I've lost,
the roads I never took,
the voices I swallowed
instead of letting them scream.

And yet,
in that hum,
there is a strange solace,
like knowing
even emptiness
is honest.

I lie awake,
letting it teach me
that peace is not quiet,
that survival is not victory,
and that sometimes
to breathe at all
is to win.



The Ghosts I Carry



I carry ghosts,
not of others,
but of myself.

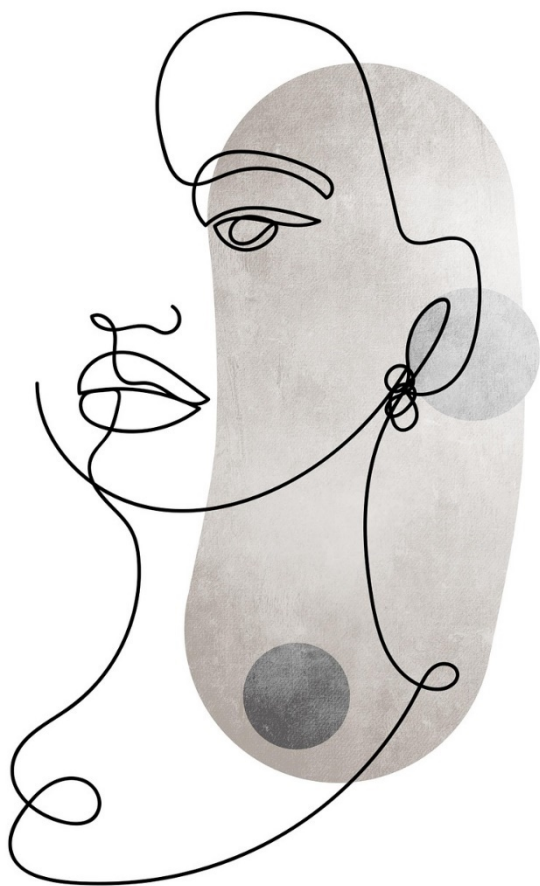
Versions of me
that failed,
that hurt,
that screamed
but were ignored.

They sit on my shoulders,
lean against my ribs,
and whisper doubts
that tastes like ash.

Sometimes I fight them,
sometimes I listen,
sometimes I let them laugh
because pain is loyal
even when no one else is.

I have learned
that ghosts are not enemies;
they are maps,
signposts to the depths
you survived
and the darkness
you will survive again.

Some nights, they sing.
Some nights, they scream.
Either way,
I am never alone.



Blood Dreams and Glass Ceilings



I've carried ambition
like an extra rib,
a weight no one could see.
Each step on cracked streets
was measured in sweat and pain.

I've seen failure
like a mirror in front of me,
shattering,
reflecting all the versions of myself
that wanted to quit.

I learned early
that success doesn't knock,
it whispers,
and you have to chase it
through fire and emptiness.

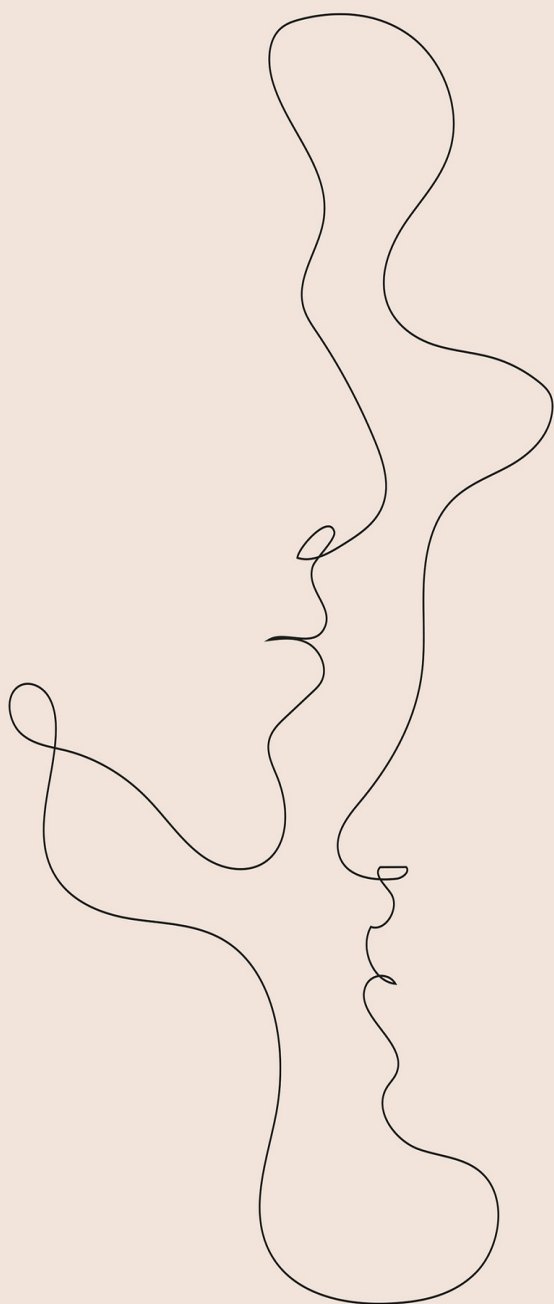
The world told me no,
the city shouted doubt,
but I moved quietly,
each breath a negotiation with destiny.

Glass ceilings shattered
under the force of persistence,
and I kept pieces
as reminders:
proof that struggle is currency,
and pain is capital.

Money didn't arrive first,
it followed precision.
Discipline became a ritual,

and ambition became armor
against the storms no one prepared me for.

Even in luxury,
I remember nights
I slept with nothing but dreams,
because dreams are the kind of wealth
that no one can tax.



Hungry Eyes, Silent Streets



I've walked streets
that never noticed me,
but my eyes were always hungry,
savoring every lesson,
every shadow,
every betrayal.

Success is not flashy;
it's the quiet accumulation
of moments
where no one is watching.

I've argued with mirrors,
wrestled with time,
stared at ceilings
that held all my questions
and none of the answers.

Music in my ears
kept my pulse alive,
beats syncing
to the rhythm of unseen victories.

Every scar
became a chapter,
every failure
became a verse,
every lonely night
a rehearsal for what I am becoming.

Hungry eyes
see the paths others ignore,
and when the world finally notices,
I am already untouchable.



The Price of Being Unbroken



Unbroken doesn't mean easy.
It means nights I cried alone
so the world wouldn't hear.
It means rising before sunrise
to train, to groom,
to whisper to my own soul: keep going.

Every scar a teacher,
every setback a friend
who pushed me to the edge
so I could see how sharp my will was.

People chase fast success,
I chase immortality.
Not in gold,
not in applause,
but in being remembered
for never folding
when everything tried to crush me.

I have paid with blood,
with sleepless nights,
with dreams deferred.
But the ledger balances
when your mind never quits.

Luxury isn't wealth;
luxury is freedom
to move without fear
through a world
that tries to BREAK you



The Scars in The Mirror

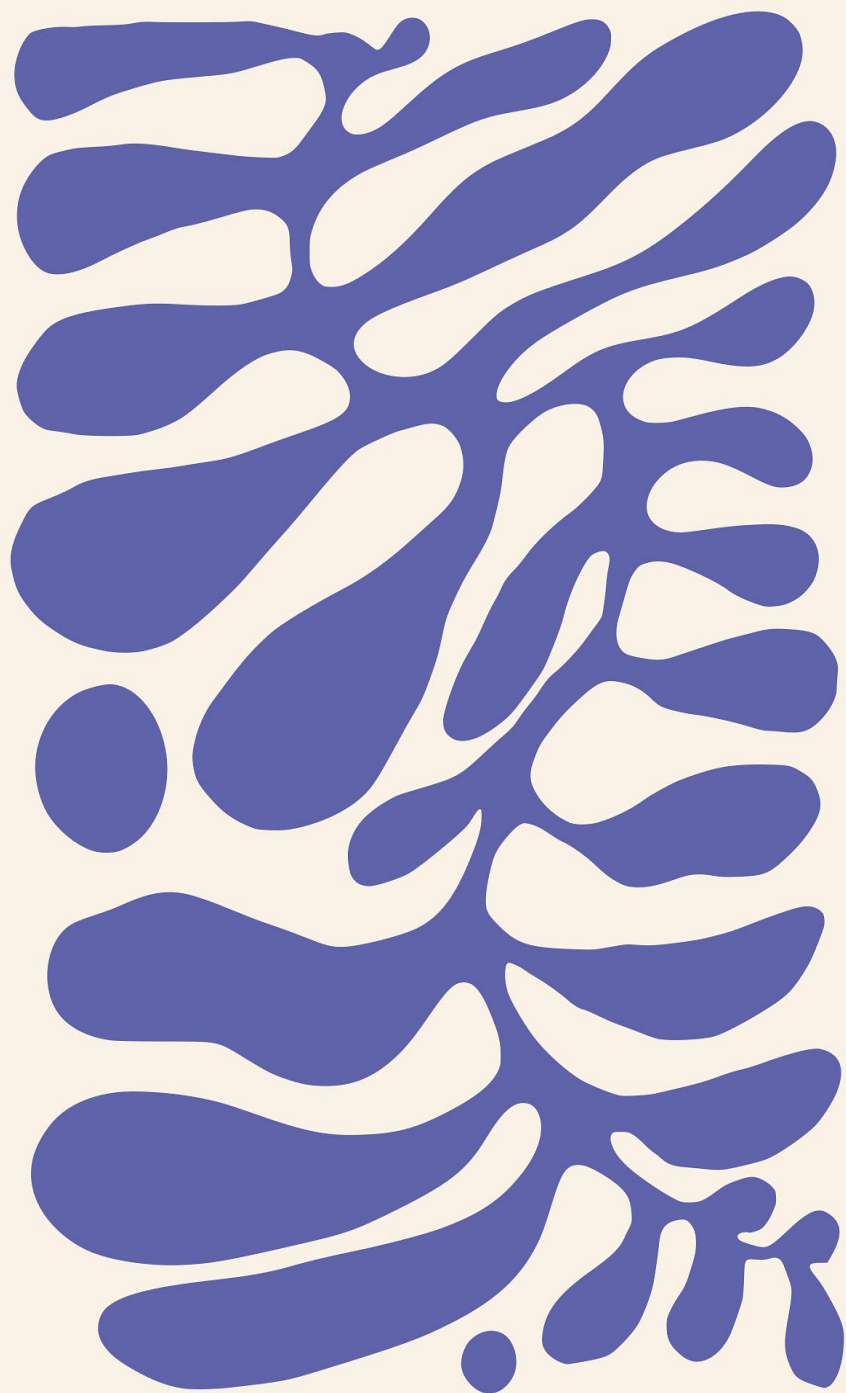


I look in the mirror,
and I don't just see me.
I see every scar,
every betrayal,
every choice
that made me dangerous.

The world calls scars ugly,
but I call them proof,
maps of survival,
signs of persistence,
lines drawn in blood and fire.

Success doesn't erase pain;
it frames it.
It turns ashes into pillars,
loss into leverage,
loneliness into strategy.

I move like I've already lost,
but I fight like I've already won.
And that is how victory tastes:
not sweet,
but earned,
and unforgettable.



The Silent King



They never crowned me.
I crowned myself
in rooms no one entered,
with whispers of discipline
and echoes of ambition.

I walked streets like a ghost,
observing, learning,
storing knowledge
like currency
while others slept.

I didn't want followers;
I wanted freedom.
I didn't want applause;
I wanted mastery.

The city moves fast,
but my patience is surgical,
and my vision
is relentless.

Success is the silent kingdom
you build
while others argue
over thrones
that aren't yours.



The Streets Teach



Every street has a lesson.
Every corner whispers secrets
that schools will never teach.

I've learned to read shadows,
to anticipate footsteps,
to walk with caution
and ambition in the same breath.

Success is a rhythm,
a pulse you feel in your chest
before anyone else notices.
Discipline becomes instinct,
and you move like lightning
while others debate their dreams.

The city becomes music,
and I am the beat.



Silence Speaks the Volumes



Silence is louder than praise.
Silence teaches.
Silence reminds you
what matters,
what doesn't,
what you are willing to bleed for.

I learned early
that noise is distraction.
Results are language.
Persistence is conversation.

Every empire starts in silence.
Every legend starts in shadows.
And I will never forget
the nights where only my heartbeat
kept me company.



Dancing With The Unseen



I dance with the unseen:
fears, doubts, ghosts of myself.
They follow me,
and I follow them
to understand,
to master,
to rise.

Every scar hums a melody,
every failure a rhythm,
and I am the conductor
of all that pain,
all that memory,
all that fire.

Success doesn't forgive;
it demands your soul.
I offer it willingly,
and it rewards me endlessly.

“TO REACH MY GOAL”



The Future Owns Nothing



I wake before dawn,
train before sunrise,
think before silence,

RUNS THROUGH ME TILL MIDNIGHT.

The future owes me nothing,
so I build everything.
I stack my wins like bricks,
my pain like mortar,
my discipline like steel.

No one will hand me glory;
I take it.

No one will validate me;
I create proof.

Success is earned in blood and rhythm,
in scars and sleepless nights,

and I am ready,
because I have already fought
for every inch of it.



Fingerprints Of Pain



I carry fingerprints of pain
etched in the hollows of my hands.
Every choice left a mark,
every loss left a scar,
every betrayal a lesson I didn't ask for.

The world expects me to smile,
to nod, to pretend nothing happened.
But I walk with the weight anyway,
like armor forged in blood and fire.

I've loved and been torn apart,
trusted and been broken,
built and watched it crumble.

And still I rise.
Because resilience is not gentle.
It's teeth on steel,
claws on concrete,
a heartbeat that refuses silence.

Success doesn't erase suffering;
it frames it,
turns your scars into medals,
and your losses into stories
that no one else can tell.

Even when the night whispers doubt,
I answer with action,
and the shadows learn
not to touch me anymore.



The Hunter Inside



There's a hunter inside me,
quiet, precise, relentless.
It doesn't sleep,
it doesn't forgive,
it only moves
toward the prey called life.

I've stalked failure,
watched it crouch in corners,
ready to strike.
I've studied fear,
trapped it in my chest,
and turned it into momentum.

The city is my jungle,
my ambition the weapon.
Every scar is a map,
every mistake a lesson
I carry like gold.

They call me ruthless.
I call it survival.
Every victory tastes like blood,
because it's bought
with nights the world never witnessed,
with tears no one heard,
with dreams I refused to fold



Echos Of Lost Souls



I walk among echoes
of souls I never knew,
of friends who vanished,
of lovers who left footprints
that still burn on my memory.

The streets whisper their names,
and I answer in silence,
because words would be too soft
for the weight I feel.

Memories aren't gentle.
They bite,
they claw,
they remind you
that you survived
what others could not.

Even in loneliness,
even in despair,
I find rhythm,
because pain can be a teacher,
and ghosts can be guides.



The Night Owns Me Nothing



The night owes me nothing,
yet I keep bargaining with it.
I whisper dreams into darkness,
offer my scars as currency,
hoping it will grant me mercy.

It doesn't.
It only watches,
silent, infinite,
a mirror reflecting
everything I try to hide from myself.

But I am relentless.
Because giving up
would dishonor the fire
that survived every storm.

Success isn't a gift;
it's claimed from shadows,
wrestled from fate,
earned in silence
and blood and sweat.

And I will take it,
because waiting is for the weak,
and I am stronger than the night.



The Rhythm of The Scars



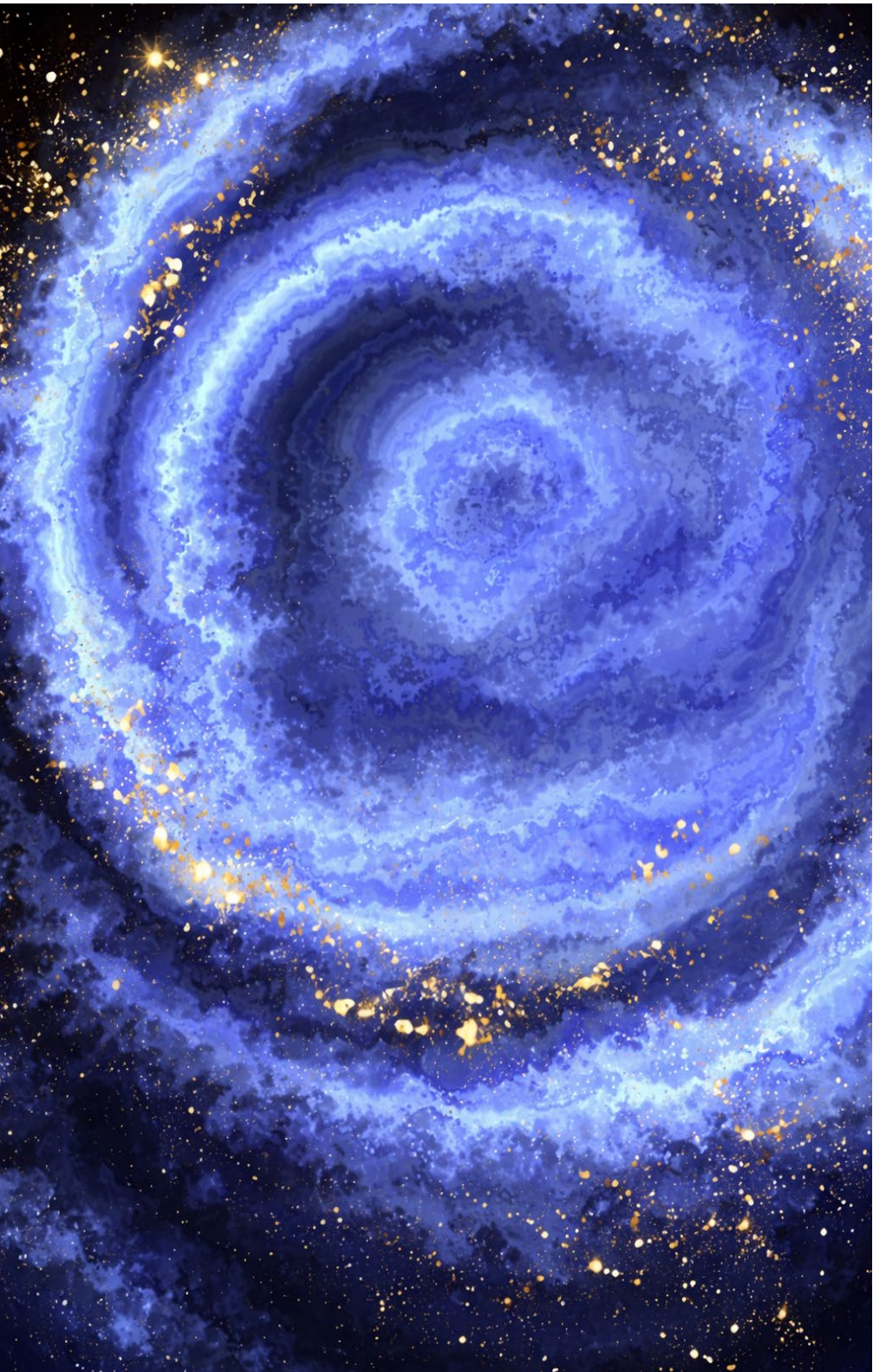
Scars don't lie.
They don't flatter,
they don't pretend.

They tell the truth
the world refuses to see:
how close you came to breaking,
how far you went anyway,
how much you bled to survive.

Each scar a chapter,
each mark a verse,
each bruise a chorus
in the song of who I became.

I wear them proudly,
because they are proof
that life tried to erase me
and failed.

And in every scar
is a rhythm of resilience,
a melody of strength,
a heartbeat that says:
"keep moving"



Fire In The Ruins



I have walked through ruins,
watched dreams collapse
like buildings swallowed by storms.

I have screamed into voids
that answered nothing.

I have loved and lost
and carried the ashes
as proof that I existed.

And yet, from fire,
I rise.
From the pain,
I build.
From the ruins,
I create kingdoms
no one dared to imagine.

Success tastes sweeter
when it is forged
from destruction,
when every step forward
is a victory over ghosts
that tried to chain you.

I am fire.
I am ruin.
I am everything they said I could not be.



Rising From the Broken Streets



I have walked streets that whispered lies,
their cracks echoing my failures,
their alleys tasting like lost hope,
but still, I moved.

Every step was rebellion,
every heartbeat a war drum,
every scar a map
of how close I came
to folding under the weight of everything.

I carried hunger like oxygen,
breathing it into ambition,
letting it burn,
letting it sharpen my edges.

I have watched dreams collapse
like towers in storms,
seen betrayal naked and cruel,
heard laughter that cut deeper
than any blade.

Yet I rise.
I rise because falling is easy,
but rising requires fire.
I forge my will in the ruins,
hammer it in silence,
and polish it with sweat.

Success is no accident.
It doesn't knock politely.
It waits at the edge of struggle,
and only the relentless claim it.

I have stared at ceilings in empty rooms,
listened to echoes of my own doubts,
argued with shadows,
and each time I found a fragment of myself
that refused to die.

I am a storm wrapped in flesh,
a flame that doesn't ask permission,
a life that survived its own chaos
to become a legend.

And if the world wants to test me again,
I will smile,
because they don't yet know
what rising really looks like



Memories Burn Like Neon Lights



I remember you
in fragments of neon,
in the flicker of streetlights,
in music that tastes like yesterday.

Memories are cruel.
They don't ask permission;
they invade silently,
remind you of what slipped away.

I hold them close anyway,
because even pain
is a teacher,
and even ghosts
can guide your hands
toward light.

I've walked cities that never slept,
with hearts that never healed,
with ambition that refused to pause.

Each scar whispers a rhythm,
a song of nights I survived,
a melody of battles won
in rooms no one ever saw.

I carry nostalgia like armor,
memories like weapons,
and hope like a flare
in the dark corners of my mind.

Because what is lost
can still teach you

how to take everything
and turn it into fire.

Even if the world forgets,
I remember.

Even if they leave,
I rise.



The Kingdom of Ashes



I have built kingdoms from ashes,
castles from ruins,
thrones from the debris of my failures.

Every mistake became a pillar,
every betrayal a foundation,
every heartbreak a battlement.

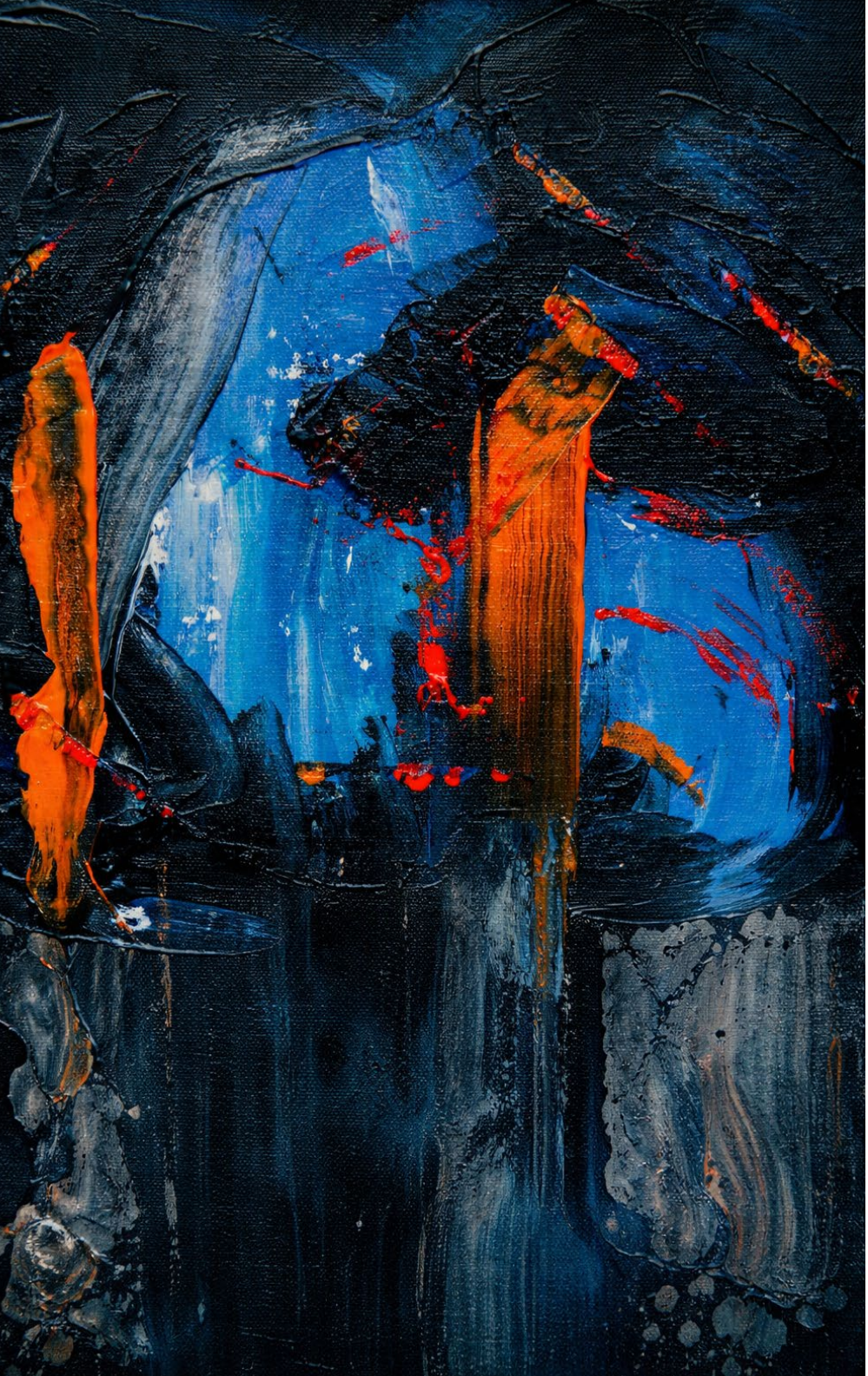
I have walked through fire,
felt its teeth on my skin,
and let it teach me
how to move without fear.

Luxury tastes different
when earned from struggle,
when the nights are your witness,
when the city sleeps
but you are awake, building,
relentless, unstoppable.

Success is a crown,
but the weight is heavier
than anyone told me.
It demands your soul,
your silence,
your obsession.

I have paid in blood,
in sweat,
in nights that never ended.

And yet I rise.
Because even a kingdom of ashes
is still a kingdom
if you refuse to kneel.



Internal Fights



Every day is a fight.
Against doubt.
Against fear.
Against every ghost
that whispers you're not enough.

I have wrestled with my own mind,
dug trenches in my chest,
and faced storms
that would drown ordinary souls.

I carry the weight of ambition,
the scars of survival,
the hunger of someone
who refuses to settle.

Success is not a gift.
It is a battlefield
and I am a warrior
who never learned to quit.

Even when the night is silent,
even when pain is constant,
even when memories bite
like venom,
I fight.

Because giving up
was never an option,
and rising again
is the only way forward.



The Fire That Refuses to Die



I am fire.
I am storm.
I am everything
the world tried to bury.

I have loved, lost, survived,
and turned my scars
into lessons,
my pain into strategy,
my doubt into fuel.

The streets whispered lies,
the city tested me,
but I moved
with purpose, precision, persistence.

Success doesn't forgive weakness.
It only rewards
those willing to bleed in silence,
to build in shadows,
to fight when hope is gone.

I am relentless.
I am untouchable.
I am proof
that even in darkness,
fire refuses to die.

And if the world stands in my way,
I will rise anyway,
because rising is the only language
I know.



Legacy Of Fire



I have walked through storms
that shattered cities in my mind,
streets that whispered doubt,
and nights that screamed betrayal.

I have carried hunger
like a second heartbeat,
a rhythm that never paused,
never faltered,
never begged for mercy.

I have loved
and been torn apart
by the ones I trusted most.
I have failed
in ways the world would call unforgivable.
I have cried
in empty rooms
where no one heard the sound. But fire lives in the broken,
in the scarred,
in the restless hearts
that refuse to settle for mediocrity.

I built from ruins
castles of ambition,
armories of discipline,
thrones of patience.
Every loss became leverage,
every scar a blueprint,
every sleepless night a soldier
standing guard
over dreams the world tried to steal.

I learned that success
is not gold,
not applause,
not fleeting recognition.
It is the quiet roar
inside you
when the city sleeps,
when doubt whispers,
when ghosts of failure
try to hold you down. I am fire,
storm,
ocean,
a universe in motion.
I have burned,
fallen,
bled,
and still I rise.

Because the world owes nothing,
and I will take everything.
Because the night fears persistence,
and I have persistence in my blood.
Because my scars are medals,
my pain is my strategy,
my memories are my empire.



Immortal In the Chaos



I have danced with chaos,
laughed at fear,
and kissed the edges of despair. I have carried dreams heavier than
mountains,
storms fiercer than oceans,
and nights darker than the city's deepest alley.

I've learned that to survive
is to become sharper than pain,
stronger than memory,
and relentless against every obstacle
life hurls in your direction.

Success is not a destination.
It is the fire in your veins
when everyone else sleeps,
the rhythm in your chest
when doubt screams,
the quiet obsession
that whispers: rise again.

I have bled for glory,
fought for meaning,
and loved in ways
that left scars permanent and profound,

Every failure became a weapon,
every loss a lesson,
every scar a signature
etched in the story
of who I am.

I do not ask for mercy;
I do not wait for chance.
I take what belongs to me,
and I build what no one dared
dream could exist.

The city watches,
but it does not know.
The night hums,
but it cannot touch me.
The world forgets,
but I remember
every moment I refused to bow.

I am immortal in the chaos,
a storm that cannot be tamed,
a fire that refuses to die,
a heartbeat that echoes
through the void
and beyond.

And when the final shadow falls,
I will stand,
untouched,
unbroken,
a monument
to the life I fought to claim.



I Learned to Be Quiet



I learned to be quiet
before I learned long division.

Not the peaceful kind
the kind where you measure your words
like they cost money.

Where you rehearse sentences
in your head
and still don't say them
because what if they come out wrong?

I became easy to handle.
Low maintenance.
"Such a mature kid," they say
like that wasn't built
from swallowing things
I should've thrown back.

I laugh at the right time.
I nod at the right things.
I shrink myself
so no one has to make space.

And the crazy part?

It works.

People like you more
when you're less.

Less loud.
Less opinion.
Less you.

Sometimes I try to remember
what I sounded like
before I started editing myself

but all I hear now
is silence
that sounds exactly like me.



Forged, Not Fixed



Pain didn't break me
it rewrote me
in a language
no one else bothered to learn.

It came without warning,
no dramatic entrance,
just a slow corrosion
of everything I thought was stable.

And yeah,
I tried to outrun it.

Pretended it was nothing,
laughed louder,
spoke softer,
acted like I wasn't quietly
falling apart in places
no one could see.

But pain is patient.

It doesn't leave
just because you ignore it.
It waits
until you're forced
to face what it made of you.

So I did.

I sat with it,
felt every sharp edge of it
without numbing it down
into something easier to explain.

And that's when it changed.

Not into something gentle
don't romanticize it.

Pain is ugly.

Messy.

Unfair.

But it's honest.

It showed me
who disappears when things get hard.

Who stays.

Who I become
when there's no one left to lean on.

It stripped me
down to something raw
no fake strength,
no borrowed confidence,
just me
and everything I couldn't hide anymore.

And somehow,
that version survived.

Not perfectly.

Not beautifully.

But real.

Now I don't flinch
at things that used to shatter me.

Not because life got easier
but because I stopped being
easy to destroy.

Pain didn't heal me.

It trained me
to walk through fire
without expecting it
to stop burning.

And maybe that's the point.

Not to avoid it.

Not to be saved from it.

But to become someone

who can stand in it

and still say

I'm not done.



Conclusion: The Rise Never Ends



Life will test you,
break you,
take everything you think you own.

But in the ashes of loss,
in the hollows of pain,
in the silence of nights alone,
there is a rhythm,
a fire,
a heartbeat waiting to rise.

Every scar, every memory, every failure
is fuel.
Every step forward, no matter how small,
is victory.

Success is not given;
it is claimed,
earned,
wrested from fate
by those who refuse to bow.

Luxury is not just wealth;
it is freedom,
discipline,
resilience,
and a mind that refuses to settle.

Carry your fire.
Carry your scars.
Carry your memories.
And let every shadow
you encounter

know that you will rise,
again and again,
until the world remembers
the weight of your persistence,
and the brilliance
of your flame.

The rise never ends.
And neither should you.