

ISHAQ

# LETTERS

FROM A BROKEN GOD



BlueRoseONE<sup>.com</sup>  
Stories Matter

New Delhi • London

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U.K.

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# Introduction

*Dear Reader,*

This is not a book.

It's a graveyard of words I never said.

A thousand unsent messages.

A quiet scream.

A diary written with shaking hands and tear-stained nights.

This is a love story that never got its ending.

A heartbreak that refused to leave silently.

A man who shattered... and kept writing through the dust.

Every Letter in this book was written by someone  
who loved too much,  
lost too deeply,  
and healed too slowly.

If you've ever stayed awake wondering if they ever  
think of you...

if you've ever deleted a message just before pressing  
send...

if you've ever broken alone in the dark —  
these words are for you.

This book is not about getting over them.  
It's about finding yourself again  
on the other side of the ruin.

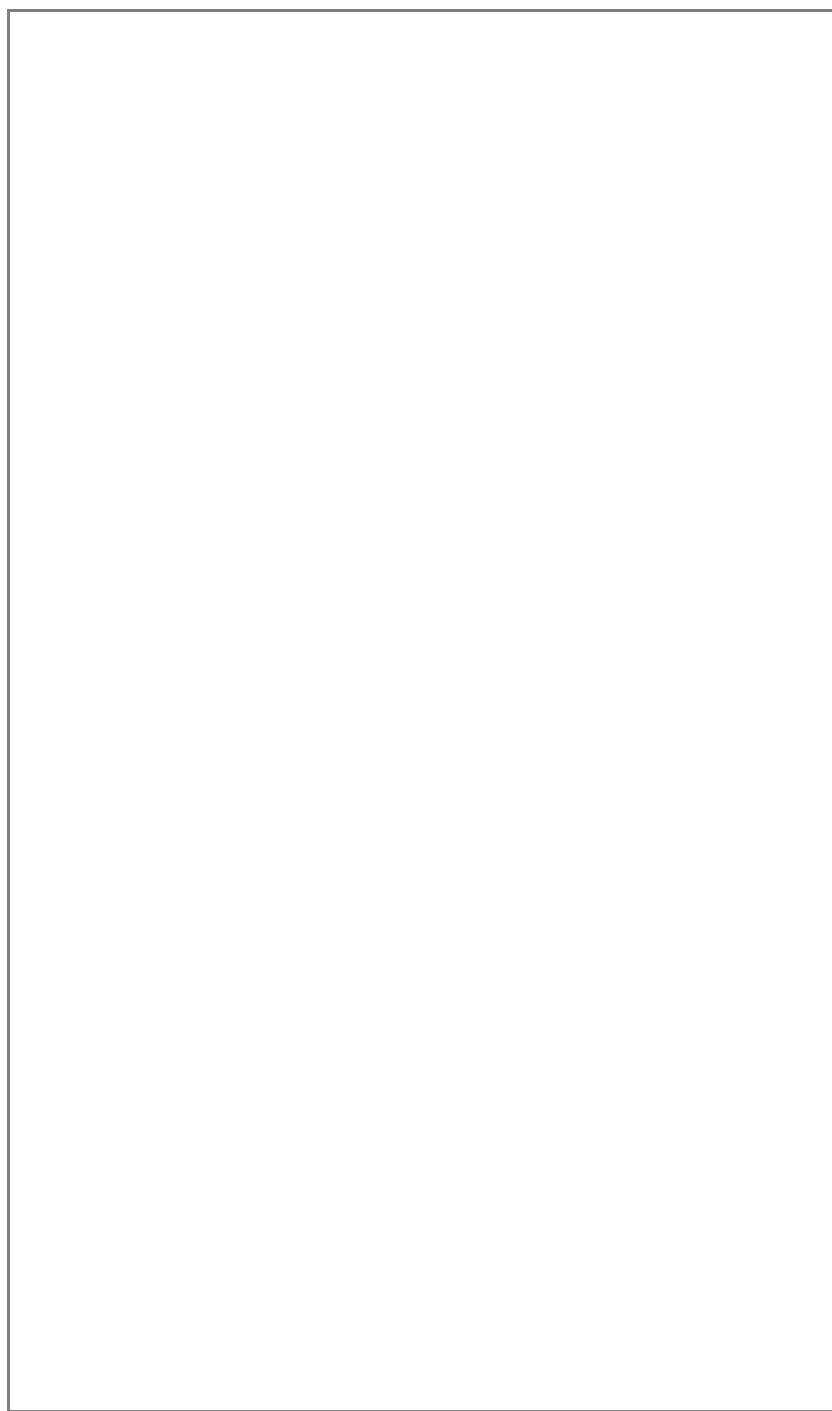
—Noah

Connect @wordsbyishaq

# Letters from a Broken God

by Ishaq

*A poetic exploration of love, loss, and healing  
— one unsent Letter at a time.*



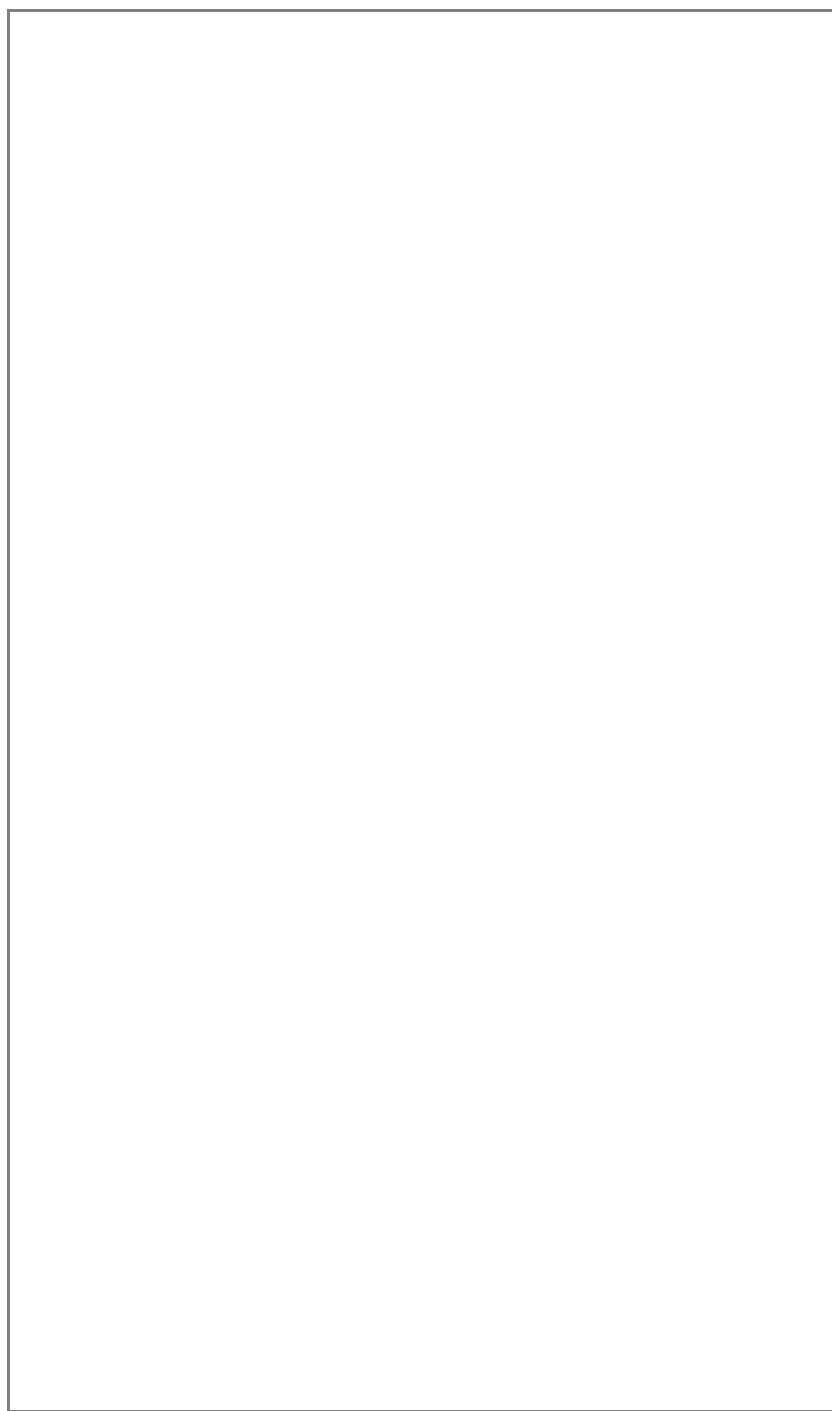
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## Letter 1:

### To the One I Still Write to in Silence

I know you'll never read this.

But I write anyway.

Because somewhere between

"I love you"

and

"I lost you"

I forgot how to speak without aching.

That night you left, the rain didn't stop.

You said it made the goodbye feel cleaner.

But I hated that you walked away holding your  
umbrella,

and I stood there holding your last words.

I'm not writing to win you back.

I'm writing because I'm tired

of choking on unsaid apologies,

and memories that refuse to fade.

You don't need to reply.

I don't even know where to send this.

I just need these words out of me

before they turn into something heavier than silence.

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Some heartbreaks don’t scream.  
They echo — quietly, endlessly,  
in every place that used to feel like home.”*

---

## Letter 2:

### The Mug You Left Half Full

The last time you were here,  
you left your tea half-drunk.  
Earl Grey. No sugar. Extra milk.  
I still remember.

I didn't throw it out.  
For three days, I watched it turn cold —  
then bitter —  
then still.  
Like us.

I used to sip from your side of the mug,  
thinking maybe I could taste the part of you  
that hadn't yet stopped loving me.

Now I sip from silence.

You always said you hated unfinished things.  
But you left that cup half-full —  
and me  
even less.

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“It’s not the goodbye that breaks us.*

*It’s the things left unfinished —  
the tea, the talk, the time.”*

---

## **Letter 3:**

### **The Side You Never Slept On**

You never slept on my side of the bed.  
But now that you're gone,  
even the space you never touched  
feels loud.

I fold the blanket over to your side every night —  
not out of hope,  
but habit.

There's a dent in the mattress  
where you never laid your head.  
But I still trace it with my palm,  
like I'm trying to remember  
what missing feels like before it becomes forgetting.

You left behind no goodbye note.  
Just that mug by the window —  
cold tea, cracked rim,  
and the scent of your perfume  
soaking into absence.

I never got used to sleeping next to you.  
But now,

I can't sleep without imagining  
you still do.

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Absence has a shape.  
And it fits perfectly  
where love once promised to stay.”*

---



## **Letter 4:**

### **The Day You Stopped Talking**

You didn't block me.  
You didn't delete anything.  
You just... stopped replying.

That's worse.

I kept checking your "last seen"  
like it meant something.  
Like maybe your silence was busy,  
not brutal.

I said "good morning"  
for five days straight.  
You didn't say anything.  
Even though I know you saw it.

I wanted to call.  
But I didn't want to beg.  
So I waited.

You never came back.

And that mug you left —  
the one with the chipped handle —  
I dropped it on purpose last night.

But I still cleaned the pieces.

—Noah

---

### **Quote**

*“They don’t always slam the door.  
Sometimes, they just stop knocking.”*

---

## **Letter 5:**

### **Your Birthday Without You**

I bought your favorite cake.  
I even played that playlist you loved.

I lit a candle,  
not on the cake...  
on the table beside your picture.  
It felt like a funeral.

I said “happy birthday”  
to an empty room.  
Then I whispered,  
“I still love you.”  
I didn’t mean to.  
It just slipped out.

Your perfume is still in the scarf you left behind.  
I smell it when I miss your voice.  
That’s almost every night.

You turned 26 yesterday.

I turned to stone.

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Some birthdays aren’t celebrated.  
They’re survived.”*

---

## **Letter 6:**

### **I Dreamt You Came Back**

I saw you last night.

In a dream.

You came home.

You didn't say sorry.

You just held my hand  
and made tea  
like nothing had happened.

I didn't ask questions.

Because I was scared  
you'd vanish if I spoke.

But even in the dream —

I knew you'd leave again.

I could feel it.

Like a clock ticking inside my chest.

Then I woke up.

The room was cold.

The bed was still empty.

The cup was dry.

I sat in that silence  
and cried like a boy  
who lost something he couldn't name.

Maybe it was love.

Maybe it was you.

Maybe both.

—Noah

---

### **Quote**

*“The worst part isn’t waking up alone.  
It’s remembering they were never coming back.”*

---

## **Letter 7:**

### **I Still Type Your Name**

I typed your name into the search bar today.

Just... to see.

Not because I expected anything.

Not because I wanted to talk.

But because forgetting you feels like murder.

And I'm not ready to be a killer.

Your name still auto-fills.

That's what hurts.

I hovered over your old profile picture for too long.

That photo — the one where you're laughing at something I said.

Now I can't remember what it was.

Funny, how I remember your favorite shampoo  
but not the last thing that made us laugh.

That's grief, isn't it?

It steals joy first,

then leaves you drowning in details.

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“I don’t miss who you are now.  
I miss the version of you  
that still believed in us.”*

---



## Letter 8:

### Your Toothbrush Is Still Here

Your toothbrush is still in the holder.

Blue. Soft bristles.

Slightly bent from pressure.

I tried throwing it away once.

I held it over the bin.

But my hand started shaking.

It felt like betrayal.

Like burying someone

while they're still breathing somewhere else.

You once joked that you'd leave a piece of yourself in  
every place you loved.

You left this toothbrush.

Your bobby pins.

That old hoodie I never returned.

I can't wash them.

I can't wear them.

But I can't let go either.

This is the worst part —  
not the crying,  
but the quiet inventory of everything you forgot to  
take with you.

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Grief doesn’t shout.  
It whispers from your closet  
and brushes its teeth with your memory.”*

---

## **Letter 9:**

### **I Stopped Playing Our Song**

I can't listen to that song anymore.

The one we used to dance to  
in the middle of the kitchen  
at 2 AM.

You said the lyrics felt like home.  
Now they feel like trespassing.

I played it yesterday by mistake.  
First chord —  
and my chest cracked open.

I sat down on the floor.  
Just like I used to.  
But this time, no arms wrapped around me.  
No warm laugh.  
No off-beat humming.

Just a cold tile  
and a colder truth:  
you're never coming back.

I didn't even finish the song.

I just pressed skip.  
And then cried  
for everything we never made it to.

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“There are songs I’ll never play again.  
Not because I hate them —  
but because they remember you louder than I do.”*

---

## **Letter 10:**

### **The Call I Never Made**

I stared at your number for 22 minutes.

I didn't call.

I don't even know why I was holding my phone like that.

Thumb hovering over your name  
like it still had a chance.

I remembered how you used to answer on the third ring.

Always the third.

You said it gave you time to decide  
if you were ready to hear my voice.

I waited anyway.

But this time, I didn't press "dial."  
Because I was scared.

Not of what you'd say.

But of hearing the voice  
that used to sound like home  
now sounding like a stranger.

So I turned my phone face down,  
and cried into a pillow  
that still remembers your scent.

—Noah

---

### **Quote**

*“Sometimes we don’t call.  
Not because we’ve moved on —  
but because we know they have.”*

---

## **Letter 11:**

### **You Promised You'd Stay**

You once held my face in your hands  
and whispered,  
“I won’t leave. I promise.”

I believed you.  
God, I believed you.

You said love wasn’t something that disappears.  
But maybe it is.  
Maybe it has a timer.  
Maybe it runs out  
just when you're starting to feel safe.

I don’t blame you.

I blame the words we said too early.  
The ones we carved into air  
as if they’d last longer than our breath.

I still sleep on one side of the bed,  
because the other side feels sacred.

You promised to stay.

I promised to never stop trying.

We both lied.

—Noah

---

### **Quote**

*“Some promises don’t break like glass.*

*They fade like ink —*

*slowly, silently, until you forget what was written.”*

---



## Letter 12:

### I Found Your Hair Tie Today

I was cleaning the drawer we never organized.  
And there it was —  
your black hair tie.

Tangled in an old movie ticket.  
The one from our first date.  
You laughed too loud in that cinema.  
I loved that.

I picked it up like it was fragile.  
Held it between two fingers  
like it might still hold the shape of your wrist.

Funny how something so small  
can pull a scream from your chest.

I don't know why I kept it.  
Maybe because letting go  
feels like telling the universe  
you didn't matter.

But you did.  
You still do.

Even if your hair tie  
is all I have left to hold.

—Noah

---

### Quote

*“Some heartbreaks live in drawers —  
hidden in things that should’ve meant nothing,  
but now mean everything*

---

## **Letter 13:**

### **The Day You Walked Out**

You didn't shout.

You didn't slam the door.

You just... picked up your bag  
and said,

"I think this is where it ends."

I stood still.

I didn't cry.

I just watched you tie your hair  
like you always did when you were nervous.

You looked around once,  
like you were searching for a reason to stay.  
But maybe you didn't find one.

Or maybe I wasn't enough of one.

The room has never felt full since.  
I still hear the sound of your footsteps  
walking away.

Sometimes I replay them  
just to feel the last moment you were mine.

—Noah

---

### **Quote**

*“Some people don’t leave all at once.*

*They leave one step at a time,  
and the last one is just the quietest.”*

---

## Letter 14:

### Our Anniversary, Alone

It would've been three years today.

I bought two cups of chai.

Just like we used to.

Strong. No sugar.

I sat on that bench you loved.

The one under the broken streetlight.

The same spot where you first kissed me  
without asking.

I waited for a while.

Not because I thought you'd come.

But because that's what I always did —  
wait for you.

You didn't show up.

The tea got cold.

So did the sky.

I threw your cup away.

Mine too.

Because some rituals  
just hurt too much to keep doing alone.

—Noah

---

### **Quote**

*“Anniversaries don’t die with love.  
They keep showing up  
even when the person doesn’t.”*

---

## Letter 15:

### I Tried Loving Someone Else

I met someone new.

She smiled like sunlight.

She laughed without apology.

She asked questions you never asked.

And still —

all I saw was your shadow

hiding behind her voice.

She touched my hand

and I flinched.

Not because it hurt —

but because it didn't feel like you.

I kissed her.

My eyes stayed open.

She didn't deserve that.

She didn't deserve

to be measured against a memory.

I'm sorry.

I'm still bleeding,  
but I keep pretending it's a scar.

—Noah

---

### **Quote**

*“Sometimes, moving on feels more cruel  
than holding on —  
especially when your heart still answers to their  
name.”*

---



## Letter 16:

### I Wish You Lied

*You could've said  
you didn't love me anymore.  
You could've made me hate you.  
I would've preferred that.*

*But you left with kindness.  
And that's what broke me.*

*You said,  
"You deserve someone who sees you."  
But I was looking at you the whole time.  
Every day.  
Every hour.  
Even when you looked away.*

*You said,  
"This is what's best for both of us."*

*No.  
It was best for you.  
I'm still here  
trying to unlove someone  
who left gently.*

*That's the worst kind of goodbye —  
the one that doesn't give you a reason  
to stop hoping.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Some goodbyes are soft —  
but they hurt harder  
because they don't give you someone to blame.”*

---

## Letter 17:

### I Sat With My Childhood Today

*I found an old photo of myself today.*

*Six years old.*

*Sitting alone on a swing.*

*Smiling —*

*but not really.*

*I stared at that kid*

*and whispered,*

*“I’m sorry.”*

*He didn’t know*

*that every time he got close to love,*

*it would walk away.*

*He didn’t know*

*he’d keep choosing people*

*who would leave like shadows at sunset.*

*He didn’t know*

*he’d give his whole heart*

*and get half a goodbye in return.*

*I wanted to hold him.  
Tell him he was enough.  
Tell him not to beg.  
Not to break himself  
just to be kept.*

*I wanted to tell him  
she wouldn't stay.  
None of them do.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“The hardest part of healing  
is realizing you’ve been grieving since childhood.”*

---

## Letter 18:

### The 3AM Version of Me

*It's 3:12 AM.*

*The walls are quiet.*

*The fan keeps clicking.*

*My phone is face down.*

*Like I'm punishing it  
for not lighting up with your name.*

*I wonder if you're sleeping.*

*Peacefully.*

*While I'm here, wide awake,  
trying not to cry loud enough  
to wake the neighbors.*

*I miss the version of me  
who believed you loved him.*

*The one who used to hum our song while brushing his  
teeth.*

*The one who left one side of the bed untouched.  
Still does.*

*I thought time would heal this.  
But time is just a clock*

*reminding me how long it's been  
since I last mattered to someone.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“3AM is when love becomes a ghost,  
and you become the only one left  
trying to bring it back.”*

---

## Letter 19:

### You Never Looked Back

*You didn't even turn around.  
Not once.*

*You walked out the gate,  
down the stairs,  
past the guard who always smiled at us.  
You didn't wave.  
Didn't pause.  
Didn't hesitate.*

*Like I was a chapter  
you finished reading  
with no need to re-read.*

*I stood by the window  
for 20 minutes after you left.  
I counted the footsteps.  
Hoped for one — just one —  
to return.*

*But nothing.*

*The city moved on.*

*And you did too.*

*I was the only one*

*who stayed frozen in the moment*

*you decided*

*I wasn't worth staying for.*

—Noah

---

### **Quote**

*“Some people leave so cleanly,*

*it makes you wonder*

*if they were ever really yours.”*

---



## Letter 20:

### I Miss Your Voice the Most

*Not your face.*

*Not your touch.*

*Not even your smile.*

*Your voice.*

*The way you said my name*

*like it meant something.*

*Like I meant something.*

*You once left me a voice note —  
just five seconds long.*

*You said,*

*“Text me when you get home, okay?”*

*I still have it.*

*I play it sometimes*

*just to feel like someone cares if I get home at all.*

*You had a way of making “okay”*

*sound like a promise.*

*Even though you broke every other one.*

*Your voice is fading in my memory now.  
That's what hurts the most.*

*Losing the sound  
that once held me together.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Some people live in your head.  
Others live in your heartbeat.  
But the hardest to forget  
are the ones who lived in your voice.”*

---

## Letter 21:

### I Almost Gave Up Today

*Today was heavy.*

*I didn't eat.*

*Didn't shower.*

*Didn't speak to anyone.*

*I just lay on the floor,  
watching the fan spin above me,  
wondering what it would feel like  
to disappear.*

*No messages.*

*No missed calls.*

*Not even a spam email.*

*You once said,*

*"If anything ever happens to you, I'll know."*

*Well —*

*I almost didn't make it today.*

*And no one knew.*

*Not even you.*

*I wanted you to check in.*

*To feel something.*

*To care — even a little.*

*But silence stayed louder than love.*

*I'm still here.*

*But I don't know why.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Sometimes we don't want to die.*

*We just want someone to notice we're fading.”*

---

## ***I Laughed in Public Today***

*I laughed today.*

*In front of people.*

*Someone told a joke,  
and I laughed.*

*Loud.*

*Like I meant it.*

*Like I wasn't broken inside.*

*They smiled back,  
thinking I was healing.  
Thinking I was okay now.*

*But inside...*

*I was screaming your name.*

*Do you know what it feels like  
to laugh with your mouth  
and cry with your soul?*

*I came home and collapsed in the bathroom.  
Pressed my forehead to the cold tile.  
Let the sobs come like waves  
that had been waiting all day to crash.*

*I'm tired of acting like I survived you.*

*I didn't.*

*I'm just really good at wearing your goodbye  
like it doesn't still bleed.*

—Noah

---

### **Quote**

*“Sometimes the loudest laughs  
come from the people  
who’ve forgotten how to feel safe in silence.”*

---

## Letter 23:

### I Deleted Our Photos

*I went through my gallery today.*

*Found all the pictures of us.*

*Us smiling.*

*Us pretending.*

*You holding my hand.*

*Me believing it meant forever.*

*I stared at each one*

*like they were little pieces of a lie*

*I once called love.*

*My thumb hovered over "Delete"*

*so many times.*

*But I kept hesitating.*

*Because once they're gone,*

*it's like we never happened.*

*And maybe we didn't.*

*Not really.*

*Not in the way I thought.*

*But I deleted them.*

*Every single one.*

*And I cried.*

*Not because I missed you.*

*But because I couldn't believe*

*how happy I looked next to someone*

*who left so easily.*

*—Noah*

---

**Quote**

*“The worst heartbreak  
isn't in losing someone.*

*It's in realizing  
they never mourned losing you.”*

---



## Letter 24:

### You Didn't Grieve Me

*I lost you like a person dies.*

*In stages.*

*Denial.*

*Anger.*

*Desperation.*

*Stillness.*

*But you...*

*You didn't lose me at all.*

*You didn't break.*

*Didn't check in.*

*Didn't flinch when I vanished.*

*You moved on*

*like I was never the reason*

*you once smiled at your phone screen.*

*I died a little every day after you.*

*You were just... fine.*

*And that's what kills me.*

*Not that you're gone.*

*But that I was easier to forget  
than I ever imagined.*

*I grieved you like a funeral.  
You deleted me like a file.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“I buried you with flowers.  
You buried me with silence.”*

---

## Letter 25:

### The Night I Almost Texted You ‘I Miss You’

*I almost texted you tonight.*

*I even typed the words:*

***“I miss you.”***

*Then I stared at them*

*for a long time.*

*So long the screen went dark.*

*Because the truth is —*

*I don’t miss you.*

*I miss who I was*

*when I believed you loved me.*

*I miss waking up*

*thinking someone out there*

*was praying for me to smile.*

*I miss feeling chosen.*

*But I didn’t send it.*

*Because I knew you’d read it,*

*smile,  
and go back to forgetting me.*

*And I...  
I deserve more than being a notification  
you swipe away.*

*So I deleted it.  
And cried anyway.*

*—Noah*

---

### **Quote**

*“The worst thing isn’t not sending the message.  
It’s knowing it wouldn’t have changed anything if  
you did.”*

---

## Letter 26:

### I Can't Listen to Love Songs Anymore

*Every song sounds like you.  
Even the ones you never liked.*

*Every chorus reminds me  
of how you once looked at me  
like I was everything.*

*Now I fast-forward through every love song.  
Skip the soft ones.  
Mute the lyrics that say forever.*

*Because forever meant nothing to you.  
And music still believes in it.*

*I used to dance in the kitchen with you.  
Now I can't even boil water  
without feeling like love is mocking me.*

*Even silence is safer.  
Because silence doesn't lie.  
You did.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Love songs are written for people who stayed.  
I only know the music  
that ends too soon.”*

---

## Letter 27:

### I Stopped Believing in Love

*Tonight, I saw a couple holding hands.  
They looked happy.  
And I hated them for it.*

*Not because they smiled.  
But because I used to be them.  
Until I wasn't.*

*I used to believe love was soft.  
A place to land.  
A home.*

*Now I believe love is a trick.  
A beautiful lie wrapped in warm words.  
A story you write  
for someone who throws it away  
before they finish the last chapter.*

*You made me believe in forever.  
And then you left  
like it was nothing.*

*I don't believe in love anymore.*

*And honestly,*

*I miss the fool I used to be.*

*At least he had hope.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*"She didn't just take your love.*

*She took the version of you*

*that still believed in it."*

---



## Letter 28:

### I Talked to God About You

*Tonight, I looked up  
and whispered your name to the stars.  
Then I whispered it again —  
like maybe God didn't hear me the first time.*

*I don't pray much anymore.  
But I prayed tonight.  
Not for you to come back.  
Not even for peace.  
Just for one answer:*

***Did she ever really love me,  
or was I just filling space  
until she found better?***

*The sky didn't say anything.  
But the wind felt colder.  
And the silence  
sounded like the word "no."*

*I asked God if this pain would end.  
And all He gave me  
was another morning.*

*—Noah*

---

**Quote**

*“I stopped asking for her to come back.*

*Now I just ask*

*to forget how it felt when she loved me.”*

---

## Letter 29:

### The Day I Screamed Into a Pillow

*I finally broke today.*

*No poetry.*

*No quiet.*

*Just pain.*

*I screamed into a pillow*

*until my throat burned.*

*Until I felt something  
other than numbness.*

*I slammed the door.*

*Punched the mattress.*

*Fell to the floor  
like I'd been holding my breath  
since the day you left.*

*I kept saying your name  
like it was a spell  
that might undo all of this.*

*But nothing changed.  
The room stayed empty.  
The echo didn't answer back.*

*And when I stopped,  
when I couldn't scream anymore —  
I realized I was crying your name  
like a man begging the sea  
to bring back a ship  
that already sank.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Sometimes you don't cry  
because you're hurt.*

*You cry  
because it's the only thing left you can do.”*

---

## Letter 30:

### I Don't Recognize Myself Anymore

*I saw a photo of me  
from a year ago.  
Before you.*

*I looked happy.  
Light.  
Like someone who still trusted the world.*

*Now when I pass a mirror,  
I see someone else.  
Someone tired.  
Someone small.*

*I've stopped talking to people.  
Stopped smiling when it doesn't feel real.  
I delete messages without opening them.  
I sleep too much  
or not at all.*

*You didn't just break my heart —  
you took pieces of me  
I didn't know were yours to take.*

*I'm trying to rebuild.  
But I don't know what I'm rebuilding.  
I don't even know who I am anymore.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Some people don't leave with a goodbye.  
They leave by changing who you are  
until you don't recognize yourself.”*

---

## Letter 31:

### Maybe It Was My Fault

*Some nights,  
I replay everything.  
Not the good moments —  
the bad ones.*

*The times I didn't say enough.  
The times I said too much.  
The times I shut down  
when you needed me open.*

*Maybe you left  
because I made it too hard to stay.*

*I keep wondering if I was too quiet,  
too emotional,  
too slow to heal,  
too hard to love.*

*Maybe I made loving me  
feel like a burden  
you weren't strong enough to carry.*

*I hate myself sometimes  
for not being better.  
For not seeing the end coming.  
For loving you in the only way I knew —  
which clearly wasn't enough.*

*I still don't know what I did wrong.  
But you left.  
So it had to be something.*

—Noah

---

### **Quote**

*“Some heartbreaks don't come with answers —  
just questions that rot inside you.”*

---



## Letter 32:

# I Should've Held You Tighter That Night

*Do you remember that night on the balcony?*

*It was raining.*

*You stood with your arms crossed,  
looking like you wanted to leave  
but didn't know how to say it.*

*I should've pulled you into my arms.  
Should've kissed the doubt off your lips.  
Should've told you I loved you  
without waiting for the perfect moment.*

*But I didn't.  
I stood in the doorway,  
asking if you were okay,  
like a stranger.*

*You said, "I'm fine."  
But I should've known.  
I should've known "fine"  
meant "hold me before I disappear."*

*That was the last time  
you stood that close to me.*

*And I let you slip through my fingers  
like rain.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“We always realize too late  
which moments were our last chances.”*

---

## Letter 33:

### I Was Never Enough — Was I?

*I gave you all I had.  
Even the broken parts.  
Especially the broken parts.*

*I let you see the dark corners.  
The childhood scars.  
The fears I never told anyone.*

*I thought  
if I gave you the raw truth,  
you'd love me more.*

*But maybe I gave too much.  
Maybe I scared you.*

*Or maybe I was never enough.  
Not smart enough.  
Not stable enough.  
Not lovable enough.*

*And now I wonder —  
was I ever truly chosen?*

*Or was I just  
the easiest person to leave?*

*Because that's who I keep becoming.  
The one they leave  
when they remember  
they deserve more.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“It’s not the leaving that breaks you.  
It’s the feeling that  
you were never worth staying for.”*

---

## Letter 34:

# The Last Goodbye You Don't Remember

*You left me twice.*

*The first time — with silence.*

*The second — with a smile.*

*I remember the last time I saw you.*

*You waved.*

*Like it was just another day.*

*Like I was just another person.*

*And I smiled back.*

*Because I didn't know*

*how to fall apart gracefully.*

*But after you turned the corner,*

*I stood there for ten minutes,*

*blinking too hard*

*because I didn't want strangers to see me cry.*

*You walked away light.*

*I walked home like a funeral*

*with no one else attending.*

*That was the day  
I learned goodbyes aren't always loud.  
Sometimes, they're so soft  
you don't even know they've happened  
until your heart stops being called home.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Not all goodbyes sound like doors closing.  
Some sound like nothing.  
And that's what hurts more.”*

---

## Letter 35:

### I Still Remember the Way You Looked at Me Once

*There was this one night  
you looked at me like I was the only thing in the  
universe  
that made sense.*

*I think about that a lot.  
Not because I miss the moment —  
but because I miss the person  
you were in it.*

*You had tears in your eyes,  
but your smile didn't shake.  
You said,  
"Don't you dare give up on yourself."*

*Funny, right?  
You said that  
and then gave up on us.*

*I replay that look in my head  
like a scene from a movie  
that ends too early.*

*Because maybe, just maybe,  
for that one second,  
you really did love me.*

*And maybe  
that second  
has to be enough.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Sometimes, a single moment  
is all the proof you have  
that love was real.”*

---



## Letter 36:

### I Heard Your Name Today

*Someone said your name today.*

*Not in a special way.*

*Just casual.*

*Just part of a story  
you weren't even in.*

*But my chest locked up.*

*My hands went cold.*

*And the world paused  
like your ghost had walked into the room.*

*It's strange*

*how your name still feels like glass  
lodged in my throat.*

*I wonder if my name  
does that to you too.*

*If you ever flinch  
when someone reminds you  
of the boy who worshipped you  
and broke himself doing it.*

*Probably not.*

*You say a name enough times  
and it just becomes noise.*

*But yours?*

*It's still the loudest sound  
in my quietest hours.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Their name becomes a knife  
long after they’ve stopped using it.”*

---

## Letter 37:

# You Don't Miss Me — I Know That Now

*You don't miss me.*

*I know that now.*

*Not because you told me.*

*But because you didn't.*

*No accidental messages.*

*No "I heard our song today."*

*No late-night texts*

*asking if I still think about you.*

*You don't wonder*

*if I'm eating,*

*sleeping,*

*breathing through the mess you left.*

*And that's what breaks me.*

*You forgot me*

*so easily.*

*And I...*

*I still flinch*

*when someone wears your shade of lipstick.*

*I still sit on your side of the bed*

*when I need to feel close to you.*

*But you don't miss me.*

*I know that now.*

*And I wish I didn't.*

*—Noah*

---

### **Quote**

*“Missing someone who doesn't miss you back  
is like praying to a god  
that stopped listening.”*

---

## Letter 38:

### My Birthday Felt Like a Funeral

*It was my birthday today.*

*No candles.*

*No calls.*

*Not from you.*

*I waited until midnight*

*thinking maybe*

*you'd remember.*

*Maybe your heart would whisper*

*the date*

*your love used to celebrate.*

*But the clock changed.*

*And nothing came.*

*So I sat in the dark*

*with one cupcake*

*and a lighter.*

*I didn't even sing to myself.*

*It felt wrong*

*to celebrate a life*

*that still aches for someone  
who isn't aching back.*

*My birthday felt like a funeral.  
Because the one person  
I wanted to hear from  
wasn't coming.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Some birthdays feel more like endings  
than beginnings.”*

---

## Letter 39:

### I Feel Invisible Now

*It's strange.*

*I used to feel seen with you.*

*Understood.*

*Even loved.*

*Now I feel like I don't exist.*

*Like I'm walking through this world  
wrapped in fog.*

*People talk to me  
but they don't really see me.*

*Not the way you did.*

*Not the way I needed.*

*I pass mirrors  
and sometimes I don't even look.*

*Because I'm scared  
I'll find nothing there.*

*That's what your absence did.  
It made me  
disappear.*

*Not all at once.*

*But slowly.*

*Quietly.*

*Until even I forgot*

*what I looked like when I was loved.*

*—Noah*

---

**Quote**

*“The cruelest part of heartbreak  
is how it makes you invisible  
to yourself.”*

---



## **Letter 40:**

# **I'm Not Sad Anymore — I'm Just Empty**

*I don't cry anymore.*

*I thought that meant I was healing.*

*But I've learned  
there's something worse than sadness.*

*It's emptiness.*

*I don't feel the pain as sharply now —  
but that's not comfort.*

*It's absence.*

*Like my heart got tired  
of being broken,  
and just... shut off.*

*People say,  
"Time will heal you."*

*But what if time  
just turns you into someone  
who no longer feels?*

*I'm not sad anymore.*

*I'm just quiet.*

*Detached.*

*Like love was a language*

*I forgot how to speak.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Sometimes the scariest part of grief  
is when it stops hurting —  
and starts feeling like nothing.”*

---

## Letter 41:

### I Pretended to Be Okay Today

*I went out today.*

*Laughed with people.*

*Ate a full meal.*

*Told jokes.*

*Even made plans for next week.*

*They said I seemed better.*

*They don't know*

*that when I got home,*

*I sat on the floor for an hour*

*and just... stared.*

*At the wall.*

*At the air.*

*At nothing.*

*I've gotten good*

*at wearing a version of me*

*that looks okay.*

*I know how to nod at the right time,*

*smile without shaking,*

*say “I’m fine”  
without choking on it.*

*But every night,  
I take off the mask  
and I’m back here —  
in this space where your name  
still echoes.*

*—Noah*

---

**Quote**

*“Some people heal in public.  
But fall apart  
the moment the door closes.”*

---

## Letter 42:

### I Let Go of Something Today

*Not you.*

*Not yet.*

*But something.*

*I finally stopped checking*

*if you viewed my stories.*

*Stopped reading old chats.*

*Stopped hoping you'd call.*

*It wasn't dramatic.*

*No big decision.*

*Just... quiet.*

*Like something inside me exhaled*

*for the first time in months.*

*I didn't let go of you.*

*But I let go of the idea*

*that I still mattered to you.*

*And that, somehow,*

*felt like progress.*

*A wound doesn't stop being a wound  
just because you stop picking at it.*

*But today,  
I let it rest.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Healing doesn’t always feel like hope.  
Sometimes, it just feels  
like giving up the illusion of being loved.”*

---

## Letter 43:

### I Saw You With Someone Else

*I saw you today.*

*You were laughing.*

*With him.*

*Not in the way you used to laugh with me.*

*This laugh was lighter.*

*Free.*

*Like I never happened.*

*He touched your arm*

*and you didn't flinch.*

*You leaned into it.*

*Smiled like his name lived in your bones now.*

*And me?*

*I stood frozen behind a parked car*

*like a ghost*

*watching the world*

*forget it ever haunted anyone.*

*I don't hate you.*

*But I hate how easy it was  
for you to move on.*

*How quickly I became  
a story you no longer read.*

*I walked home  
with your laughter stuck in my ears  
like a song I never wanted to hear again.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Some heartbreaks don't end when they leave.  
They end  
when you watch them fall in love again.”*

---



## Letter 44:

### You Replaced Me — I Can't Even Replace My Sleep

*You found someone new.*

*Faster than I expected.*

*Faster than I healed.*

*He probably texts you good morning now.*

*The way I used to.*

*He probably knows your coffee order,  
the exact way you like your noodles,  
and how you cry during Pixar movies.*

*He's living in all the places*

*I still visit in my head.*

*You've replaced me.*

*And me?*

*I can't even replace my sleep.*

*Nights are just hours*

*where I try not to remember*

*what it felt like*

*to be the person you whispered forever to.*

*I hope he gives you everything I couldn't.  
And I hope  
you never leave him the way you left me.*

*But mostly...  
I hope he knows  
he's holding something  
that once held my whole world.*

—Noah

---

### **Quote 9**

*“They move on to someone new.  
You move on to someone you’re not sure you’ll ever  
be again.”*

---

## Letter 45:

### Dear Me — I'm Sorry

*Not to her.*

*To me.*

*I'm sorry  
for every time I said "I'm fine"  
when I wasn't.*

*For letting someone else's silence  
become louder than my own needs.*

*For waiting by the phone,  
for refreshing her profile,  
for writing love Letters  
to someone who forgot how to read them.*

*I'm sorry for holding in tears  
just to look strong.  
For breaking quietly  
so no one would have to carry the weight of me.*

*But I see you now.  
Broken.*

*Bruised.*

*Still here.*

*And I swear,  
if no one else chooses you,  
I will.*

*From now on,  
I write for you.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“The most important apology  
is the one you owe yourself.”*

---

## Letter 46: I Cleaned the Room Today

*Your scarf was still hanging  
on the back of the door.  
That pale blue one  
you wore on cold mornings  
and forgot here the day you left.*

*I almost threw it away.  
But instead,  
I folded it neatly  
and packed it in a box.*

*The bed is finally made.  
The cup is gone.  
The bathroom smells like lemon again —  
not you.*

*It took me four months  
to clean this room.  
Not because it was dirty,  
but because it still smelled  
like the version of us I wasn't ready to erase.*

*But today,  
I opened the windows.*

*And maybe,  
for the first time,  
the air felt like it belonged to me again.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Healing doesn’t happen when you forget them.  
It happens when their memory stops owning your  
space.”*

---

## Letter 47:

### I Laughed — And Didn't Feel Guilty

*It was a stupid joke.*

*Something about pineapples.*

*But I laughed.*

*I laughed like it didn't hurt anymore.*

*Like I didn't have a hundred memories  
waiting behind my eyes.*

*And you know what?*

*I didn't feel guilty.*

*I didn't stop mid-laugh  
and wonder if you'd be proud  
or if I was "moving on too soon."*

*I just laughed.*

*Loud.*

*Real.*

*And no — I'm not healed.*

*I still miss you  
in songs, in smells, in rain.*

*But for one minute today,  
you weren't in the room.  
And I didn't miss you for it.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“The first time you smile without guilt  
is the first time your heart takes its own side.”*

---



## **Letter 48:**

### **I Didn't Think About You Until Now**

*Today passed.*

*Fully.*

*I woke up.*

*Went outside.*

*Made tea.*

*Read three chapters of a book.*

*Called my mom.*

*And I didn't think about you.*

*Not once.*

*Not until now —*

*writing this Letter.*

*That used to scare me.*

*The idea of forgetting.*

*But now I see*

*it's not forgetting.*

*It's living.*

*You'll always be a chapter.*

*But I don't have to stay stuck on the page.*

*I loved you.*

*God, I did.*

*But now I'm trying to love something else —  
**my life.***

*—Noah*

---

**Quote**

*“You’ll always be part of my story.  
But I’m finally turning the page.”*

---

## Letter 49:

### I Spoke Kindly to Myself Today

*I looked in the mirror  
and didn't flinch.*

*I didn't scan my face  
for what she didn't want.  
I didn't compare myself  
to who she chose after me.*

*I just looked.  
At the tired eyes.  
The healing skin.  
The boy who survived himself.*

*And I said,  
"You're doing okay."*

*That's all.  
Not a grand speech.  
Not a lie.*

*Just honesty.  
Soft.  
Forgiving.*

*And for the first time,  
it felt like I was on my own side.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“The most powerful words  
are the ones we finally say  
to ourselves.”*

---

## Letter 50:

### I Felt Peace Today — For No Reason

*There was no big moment.*

*No sunrise epiphany.*

*No Letter from you  
saying sorry.*

*Just silence.*

*And me —*

*sitting on the floor,*

*drinking tea,*

*watching light spill through the window.*

*And I felt... okay.*

*Not joyful.*

*Not healed.*

*But not broken either.*

*Just still.*

*I used to think peace*

*was something someone gave you.*

*Now I think*

*it's what you find*

*when you stop asking  
for things that won't come back.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Peace isn’t loud.  
It’s the moment you stop begging  
for answers.”*

---

## Letter 51:

### To the One I Haven't Met Yet

*If you're reading this someday —  
if I'm lucky enough to hold your hand  
without shaking —  
I want you to know this:*

*I once loved someone  
with everything I had.  
And she left.*

*And for a long time,  
I didn't believe love was real anymore.  
I didn't believe I was lovable.*

*But I'm writing this  
because I'm trying again.  
Because I believe  
you might be different.*

*I don't need perfect.  
I don't need promises.*

*Just presence.  
Just truth.*

*Just someone who stays  
when the rain comes.*

*And if you're that person —  
I'll love you softly,  
honestly,  
like someone who remembers  
what it cost him to hope again.*

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Love isn’t about forgetting the pain.  
It’s about finding someone  
worth hoping for again.”*

---



## Letter 52:

# You Taught Me What I Didn't Deserve

I don't hate you.

Not anymore.

But I won't thank you either.

Not for the pain.

Not for the lesson.

Not for the nights I held my breath

because I didn't want to wake up hurting again.

They say heartbreak teaches you.

And yes — I've learned.

I've learned what *not* to accept.

What silence really means.

What begging for love

does to your soul.

I thought you were my forever.

You were just a mirror

showing me the parts of me

I still needed to protect.

So no,  
I don't hate you.

But I'm finally done  
building altars for people  
who only visit when they're lonely.

—Noah

---

### **Quote**

*“Sometimes, they don't break your heart.  
They just show you where it was already cracked.”*

---

## **Letter 53:**

### **You're Just A Story Now**

Someone asked me about you today.

I smiled.

Said, "Yeah, she was important once."

That was it.

No tremble in my voice.

No lump in my throat.

Just a calm breeze

where there used to be a storm.

You're a story now.

A soft one.

Still sad.

But no longer bleeding.

And me?

I'm the page that kept turning.

I still remember your laugh.

But it doesn't echo the way it used to.

And that,  
somehow,  
is enough.

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“You never stop remembering them.  
You just stop remembering in pain.”*

---

## Letter 54:

### I Don't Need Closure Anymore

I used to dream of one last talk.

One final message.

A moment where you'd say,

"I'm sorry. You mattered."

But now,

I don't need it.

You're gone.

And I'm still here.

Still breathing.

Still standing.

That's enough proof

that I didn't need your closure.

I just needed my own strength.

I thought you were the final chapter.

Turns out,

you were just the middle.

And I still have pages left to write.

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Closure isn’t something they give you.*

*It’s the door you learn to close  
when they never come back.”*

---

## **Letter 55:**

### **I Took Myself on a Walk Today**

It wasn't for anyone.

No photos.

No captions.

No pretending.

Just me.

Walking through a quiet street.

Feeling the wind.

Looking at the trees.

Letting the sun touch my face

like it still remembered who I was.

I didn't wear the cologne you liked.

I didn't think about how you'd hold my hand.

I just walked.

Not to escape.

Not to prove anything.

But because my legs worked.

And my heart did too.

And that was reason enough to keep going.

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“The smallest joys  
feel like miracles  
when you’ve been drowning in grief.”*

---



## **Letter 56:**

### **I Fell in Love with Silence Again**

There was a time  
when silence terrified me.  
It reminded me of you.  
Of unanswered calls,  
read receipts,  
empty chairs.

But today,  
I sat in silence  
and it didn't hurt.

No flashbacks.  
No ghosts.

Just breath.  
Just a ceiling.  
Just a body  
that made it through  
things it thought would kill it.

I used to fill the silence with your name.  
Now I fill it  
with peace.

And for once,  
silence isn't loneliness.  
It's *freedom*.

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“Healing is when the quiet  
no longer sounds like their absence.”*

---

## **Letter 57:**

# **I Think I'm Ready to Love Again Someday**

Not today.

Not tomorrow.

But someday.

Someday I'll meet someone  
and I won't compare them to you.

I won't flinch  
when they ask about my past.

I'll tell them,  
"I loved someone once.  
And it broke me.  
But I survived."

I won't be scared of love this time.  
Because this time,  
I'll bring the version of me  
who knows how to stay soft  
without getting lost.

If they leave —  
I'll still have myself.

And that's how I know  
I'm ready again.

Because love,  
from now on,  
will never mean losing me too.

—Noah

---

**Quote**

*“The most beautiful kind of healing  
is when you trust your heart  
to open again.”*

---

## Letter 58:

### Thank You for the Hurt

I hated you for a long time.  
For leaving.  
For not fighting.  
For making love feel like a lesson  
instead of a gift.

But now,  
I don't carry hate anymore.

I carry *understanding*.

You were a part of my life.  
A loud, beautiful, breaking part.  
And I gave you everything I had.

You didn't stay.  
But your leaving  
made room for something  
I didn't know I needed —  
**me.**

So thank you.  
Not for the love.

But for the hurt.  
Because the hurt  
became the map.

And I followed it  
back to my own heart.

—Noah

---

### **Quote**

*“Some people love you by breaking you.  
And in the breaking,  
you find your own strength.”*

---

## Letter 59:

### I Forgive You

Not because you asked.  
You never did.

But because carrying this pain  
is too heavy now.  
And I deserve lighter.

I forgive you  
for the promises you made  
before you knew how to keep them.

I forgive you  
for not knowing how to stay.

I forgive myself, too —  
for holding on too long,  
for breaking quietly,  
for believing love had to mean sacrifice.

Forgiveness isn't forgetting.  
It's letting the pain grow wings  
and fly off your chest.

And today,  
I finally opened the window.

—Noah

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**Quote**

*“Forgiveness isn’t for them.  
It’s for the version of you  
that deserves to breathe again.”*

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## **Letter 60:**

### **The One I'll Never Send**

**This is it.**

**The last Letter.**

Not because I've run out of things to say,  
but because I've said enough.

If you ever read this —

+know that I loved you.

Truly.

Deeply.

In ways you'll never fully understand.

And I don't regret a second of it.

But I can't write to you anymore.

I'm no longer trying to hold your ghost in my hands.

You were a season.

A storm.

A song I used to hum in the dark.

But now it's morning.

And the light is finding me again.

I'm closing this chapter  
not to forget you —  
but to remember who I am without you.

Goodbye.  
Softly,  
finally,  
completely.

—Noah

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### **Quote**

*“The most powerful goodbyes  
are the ones whispered  
when no one else is listening.”*

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**The End.**

But truly — *a beginning.*

## Conclusion

**To the one who survived love,  
If you made it here —  
thank you.  
For holding my hand through the storm.  
For seeing yourself in these Letters.  
For feeling what I felt  
and still choosing to stay.**

I wrote this book to heal.  
But maybe,  
you needed it to remember  
that even broken gods  
can be beautiful  
in their becoming.

Love doesn't always end in forever.  
But pain, when given a voice,  
can turn into poetry.  
And survival, when witnessed,  
becomes something sacred.

You were never too much.  
You were never too weak.

You were just someone who loved  
with everything they had.

And now —  
you're someone who lived  
to tell the story.

Keep your heart soft.  
Keep going.  
Keep writing your way home.

With love,  
—Noah