

Shards of a
teenage soul

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Introduction

Poetry is an art form that has been buried under many modern rituals of expression of one's emotions. For me it is a way to escape my mind and enter a place where I can simply be myself without having to be terrified by the thought of people. I could weave more dramatic tales about poetry, but I prefer to keep it simple: It is a way of arranging words in such a way that they hold something with more depth. In this book, you shall flip through not just paper that has been stained beautifully with a black ink but also how the most elementary words can carry such a deep essence within themselves. Throughout the course of this book, you shall be welcomed with three major topics that seem unrelated but hold a profound relation: Melancholy, Murder and the complexity of the brain or as it is rather called; Psychology. Please do understand that all of my poems are based off fictional ideas and feelings.

I hope that you comprehend the meaning of each word and appreciate reading this book as much as I did while writing it. I invite you to walk through each page with an open heart and let the words speak to you in their ever-

charming way. Thank you so much for taking your precious time to read this collection of poems.

My dear reader, Welcome to The Shards of a teenage soul. May this be an insightful journey for you.

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A sleepless night

Dreams as endless as the night sky,
Ambitions bigger than the whole sea,
But what truly turns about to be scary,
Is I don't know what the future holds for me.

Success sounds endearing,
Happiness seems a want,
Yet the uncertainty in this decision,
Is something I really haunt.

This question that has no answer,
Or maybe an answer yet to find,
But is the question actually there,
Or just in my lunatic mind?

A haze still too unclear to be true,
A dense fog surrounding the night,
As I can't help but ponder on,
What I shall have to fight?

Will it be hard fame,
Or success that is not mine,
Will it be serpents disguised as people,
Will I really be fine?

But I hope I make it through,
Sail through all high tides,
Since that's what I'm taught life is,
An undetected ride.

Beneath darkness and sunshine

I'm scared of the dark,
And insects give me a fright,
But not butterflies and moths,
I'm not scared of the night.

I'm scared of the future,
And of things I don't know,
But not of myself,
Not of what I don't show.

I'm scared of passing time,
And of every single snake,
But not of the ticking of a clock,
Not of people that are fake.

I'm scared of not being able,
And of being sane,
But not of being different than others,
Not of choosing a different lane.

I'm scared of being unknown,
And of being just a pawn,
Not of being fair and just,
Not of fighting at each dawn.

I'm scared of a lot of things,
Things that I will never know,
But there are somethings that settle my heart,
Like life will not always be low.

Weight of being

I feel misunderstood,
Always seen as just a kid,
Like my emotions do not matter,
Or are enclosed by a lid.

The weight of my worry,
Always pulls me down,
Expectations I have with myself,
Have me ending up in a frown.

I pressurise myself,
Yet try to fulfil it all,
I wish these burdens were lighter,
Maybe a bit small.

I get a few fits of rage,
Sometimes they get worse,
I try to not fail at controlling them,
And not view them as a curse.

It all feels a bit overwhelming,
With me thinking too much,
But I feel a bit fine,
In times of no such.

I may prefer solitude,
Its where I work best,
Since I don't like interference,
And humans do no rest.

Being me is tiring,
It has no fun,
As I'm the one imagining the worse,
Even in cases with none.

The harsh truth

The struggles are left unseen,
Not unless you win,
Victory would make you great,
And everybody's kin.

The stabbed knives are left right there,
No one will take them out,
It will be just you alone,
When you want to cry and shout.

Hard work is ignored by everyone,
As long as you don't fail,
Because people just enjoy the view,
And forget about the trail.

The time taken will be seen by none,
Fame and money are the only show,
And once they both pass,
Everyone becomes your foe.

All of you will be left alone,
Everybody that you know will leave,
Because in the end of time,
In you; no one shall believe.

Ticking hands

Its ticking away,
Not listening to me,
Its passing down way too fast,
That I just can't see.

Its flying by before my eyes,
Paying absolutely no heed,
Ignoring my worries,
Not hearing me plead.

It's like a never-ending saga,
It never comes back to me,
Its flowing like the fast waters,
Yet stands as strong as glee.

It's undefinable; as many say,
It'll never return to you,
It will let you burn,
But let you heal too.

It will pass quickly when all is merry,
Like a predator runs for prey,
But in times of dark and gloom,
It plans for a longer stay.

It's a strange thing if you ask,
It has witnessed it all,
It knows each situation yet never helps,
It prefers to let us fall.

All this greatness,
But a word as short as dime,
Did you guess it yet?
It is the good old time.

Internal conflicts

“Live a little more,”
Whispered the heart,
“Life has just started,
And this is just a part!”

“Push yourself harder.”
Contended the mind,
“Because success shall come to those,
Who burned for it to find.”

“Have a little fun!”
Exclaimed the joyous heart,
“Work can be done later on,
And so can be filled the cart.”

“Run a little more”
Stated the mind,
“To excel at what you want to do,
To be one of many kind.”

“Laugh a little more!”
Glistened the childish heart,
“Because life is an empty canvas,
To be filled with your own art.”

“Sweat much greater”
Shouted the mind,
“For perfection is within you,
Very carefully bind.”

“But life was meant to be lived,”
Retorted back the heart,
To this the mind went silent,
Because surviving was getting hard.

Her Christmas in quiet

The night was cold,
The breeze blew out,
The moon was high,
O'er the church's stout.

Two blocks away,
Was a bungalow so fine,
Residing in it,
Would be truly divine.

The bungalow had rooms,
Chambers at that,
But one stood out,
The one where she sat.

Her aura was cold,
Colder than the night,
Her gaze was far about,
But oh, she was such a sight.

Her hair was as black as coal,
Eyes that resembled the sea,
Dressed in the most elegant gown,
Yet she felt no glee.

Her smile could light up rooms,
But hadn't been seen in a while,
Her life had gone uncharted,
Out of a single file.

She searched for joy all around,
Praying for it to be there,
She wished everyone a merry Christmas,
Not wishing to be here.

The saga of scores

They all called my marks the best,
To them it's a sign of pride,
To me, it feels like I've failed,
Like all the hard work had died inside.

They call them mere "tantrums",
But they won't understand why,
Even my triumphs feel so small,
As minor as a white lie.

They said that I had done enough,
They told me not to feel this way,
But it's not just about the countless hours,
Yet a dream that slipped so far away.

And no, it's not ungratefulness I feel,
It's just the weight of what I tried,
Did any of it matter anymore?
Now that even my heart cried.

Am I too harsh on myself?
To want much more than what I got?
Despite the cheers from other kins,
To want for goals that I have not.

The hours I spent pushing myself,
The hopes I had now seem so far,
Of chasing my dreams and earning my flight,
For they will see success, but not the scar.

The moon & the stars

The night is here, the world is still,
A quiet weight upon my heart,
Sadness lingers, soft and slow,
Yet peace is found in the dark.

The stars above, they seem to speak,
Of days gone by, of dreams I've lost,
But in the silence, there's a calm,
A quiet joy, despite the cost.

Alone I sit, yet not in pain,
A bittersweet, familiar glow,
Sadness laced with gentle peace,
In the night, I let it flow.

The moonlight falls in silver streams,
A soft embrace of tender light,
And though my heart feels full of ache,
It rests within the quiet night.

The world outside may sleep in peace,
While I remain both sad and whole,
For in this moment, dark yet bright,
I find the stillness soothes my soul.

Efforts or not

I pushed myself every single day,
Through endless storms, come what may,
I gave it my all and bled,
But the weight grew heavier instead.

Each step I took; the ground gave way,
Each win I sought; it slipped away,
The harder I fought, the more I fell,
Trapped within this endless hell.

I stretched my limits and burned my soul,
Chasing dreams that took me whole,
No applause and no sign of grace,
Just emptiness staring back in place.

Did I fail really, or is it fate?
Why does progress come too late?
I gave my all, but was it in vain?
Will I ever escape this chain of pain?

I pushed myself every single day,
But the echoes of doubt still stay,
And even if my heart says, "It's enough,"
The mind stays its ground; rough.

Beneath all smiles

There's a thought creeping in my mind,
Things that might not make quite sense,
I want to get rid of them all,
Say that it was just a pretence.

To tell you to not worry about me,
You have troubles of your own,
But I won't blame you for not attending,
I'll let you see the seeds you've sown.

Just mind that my heart is a fragile one,
Let it be on its own wires,
You can't change a thing about my life,
Live; while I burn in fires.

Like a book with a mind of its own,
If only the book was closed again,
You don't get to open it,
Hold it safe without any pain.

Me, Oh I'm just a broken soul,
Without a heart left to fix,
Hurting me is just a show,
Me; now made of robust sticks.

You can try as hard as you wish,
Will I be open to you or not,
Be the answer to that question,
The question not asked by a lot.

First, the whispers shall be heard,
Who could even see the scars made?
Ever present yet you could see,
Did you stay or did you just fade?

Note: Read the first word of each line.

To the rain, with love

Come forth, Oh rain,
And wipe all my tears,
Before they can see them,
They've scattered around for years.

Bring along with you a thunder,
A thunder that's louder than my thoughts,
Let my mind be quiet for once,
And do untangle all my knots.

Come as fresh as the morning dew,
Yet as pensive as the night falls,
Be gentle to me like you always are,
Try to harken to my calls.

Come slowly pattering down my window,
I'll toss all the umbrellas away,
If you promise to hug me tight in the air,
The cold; I swear won't make me sway.

Bring with you the gentle breeze,
To blow away the resilient dust,
Stay a bit longer with me,
And do not break my trust.

Oh, Rain do come to my town,
To stop the falling of my own,
For this young girl now yearns for your drops,
To sweep away the worries of a lone.

Drowning

Books pile up,
the work feels tough,
No matter how,
it's never enough.

The clock keeps ticking,
time feels tight,
I'm lost in papers,
deep in the night.

Eyes are heavy,
My mind's a mess,
The weight of it,
I can't confess.

Dreams feel far,
the stress is near,
The pressure grows,
I fight my fear.

But deep inside,
I know I'll cope,
I'll push through hard,
and hold on hope.

This storm will pass,
the load will end,
I'll try my farthest best,
And I know my will won't bend.

So, get up my dear reader,
For the world is awaiting you,
A few more years of burning the midnight oil,
Will lead to all dreams coming true.

Or so I want to believe my thoughts,
Through this very low tide,
In this whirlwind I wish to stay put,
And I hope my future takes my side.

Imperfectly perfect

She plans her days with care,
Each detail in its place.
Yet doubts still linger there,
A shadow she can't erase.

Her books are neatly stacked,
Her notes, a perfect line.
But something always lacks,
Her heart won't call it fine.

She practices each word,
Her mirror knows her fear.
But when her voice is heard,
It shakes in front of all to hear.

She gives her very best,
Her efforts are never small.
Yet in her quiet chest,
She feels it's not at all.

She longs for someone's gaze,
To see her strength shine through.
Yet she hides behind the haze,
Afraid of what they'll view.

But she's a hidden star,
Her worth beyond her sight.
Though she may fall afar,
Her glow still keeps her up in the night.

The sky of expectations

They tell me to climb so high,
To reach the stars up in the sky.
But I am small, my hands are weak,
I can't be all the things they seek.

They dream for me, they make a plan,
But I'm just doing what I can.
Their hopes are heavy, hard to bear,
I need some room, some open air.

Please let me grow at my own pace,
I'll find my dreams; I'll find my place.
Even small flowers in the sun
Can bloom just fine, one by one.

I want to walk, not always run,
I want to shine, but in my own sun.
Their eyes are set on what I should be,
But I just want to be simply me.

The weight of their dreams pulls me down,
Like a heavy cloak, it makes me drown.
But I am more than their design,
I'll carve my path, make it mine.

So let me breathe and take my time,
My journey's mine and my climb is fine.
I'll grow with care and find my way,
Even if I take a slower day.

Why do you write?

I write so I can breathe,
My mind's an utter mess,
Staying under it is truly a pain,
And living as this is no less.

I write so I can cry,
On paper not on a sleeve,
So I don't have to explain my tears to them,
The tears that shall always grieve.

I write so I can express,
For talking shall never be enough,
Unlike the calming way the pen flows,
My words, I'm afraid shall be rough.

I write so I can be free,
So that I can capture all that I've lost,
In a world that pulls and pushes me,
I find peace amidst the ink's cost.

I write so I can heal,
For every word I write is like a stitch,
Binding up the wounds inside my heart,
That time alone cannot switch.

I write so I can soar high,
Beyond the chains that hold me tight,
To a place where I pen my thoughts,
And the notebook judges me right.

I write so I can escape,
The queer reality of life's walk,
And the questions asked by them,
For I do write poetry better than I talk.

Words over knives

How hard is it to break a soul,
Easier than shattering each bone,
Words can wound with a silent force,
And leave a mark that's never known.

A knife may cut but the injured shall heal,
Yet scars of hurt will never fade,
For every cruel and careless word,
Is a stab brutally made.

It isn't a cup of tea to win a heart,
Harder than it may appear,
But once it's earned and left broken.
It hastily vanishes as if lost in fear.

A soul is fragile and so yet it hides,
The battles fought beneath the skin,
It bears the words that others speak,
And holds the scars of where they've been.

For in this world it's not the flesh,
That hurts the most or takes each toll,
But the quiet wars within the mind,
That tear apart and swallow whole.

The heart may bleed from gentle hands,
With actions sharp as any knife,
But the soul endures in hidden pain,
A bruise that shapes the rest of life.

Nursery rhymes

Twinkle twinkle little star,
I used to think that you were far,
Now I look up and all I see,
Is a night sky and a sad melody.

"Mary had a little lamb" they said,
What if the lamb was just in Mary's head,
Like the things I make up in my mind,
And those impossible answers that I find.

The wheels on the bus of course were round,
Like a cycle of disturbance that I have found,
The doors of my mind now open and shut,
Every smile covers the cut.

Old MacDonald's had a farm,
He spent his life in utter chaos and harm,
I'm afraid I'll live under the same noises too,
Just under the loud sounds in my brain that I knew.

"Rain rain go away, Come again another day,"
But now I would really want you to stay,
I don't want to go out and catch a ball,
Stay here and catch me if I fall.

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water,
But they too fell hard; the reality you can't alter,
Just like life's petulant climb,
You made me land right on my prime.

Walls that breathe without me

I walked into the four walls,
To find my lost self-there,
Walked in deeper only to find,
This place is no longer my lair.

The chairs that once needed my warmth,
The windows I opened for the sun,
The rooms which I kept with so much love,
Screamed how to them I was no one.

The plants that bore flowers of my care,
The table that held the weight of books,
The bed that once was my safe heaven,
Now said how they don't even remember my looks.

Each thing that once needed my attention,
Now turned a blind eye towards me,
Each part that craved my care,
Now strive for another's life to be.

Imagine for if a house can betray,
Why can't the sensible man,
Everyone will want you till you're of use,
Later you're just a part of a random clan.

A melancholic moon

Puddles of red all around,
A knife thrown on the floor,
A sinking through the ground,
A soft melody of gore.

A limp human to the left of him,
A wave of realisation hits,
A face was made that shouted "Grim!"
As he began to lose his wits.

He watched his hands with disgust,
That were a shade of maroon,
The stench had spread with a must,
On a night with a full moon.

The melancholy soon surrounded the room,
The murderer's breathing slow,
A thunder crackled that of gloom,
And a few cries of woe.
The world seemed very accusing to him,
The moon did not look calm,
He couldn't shout into the lighting dim,
He stared at the body thinking of the harm.

The perfect assassination

A clinging sound of metal,
A shriek cry of grief,
A body that was totally limp,
For life was stolen by a thief.

Streaks of red all around,
All over the assassin's self,
He wiped off his forehead,
And reached for the nearby shelf.

He grabbed a black cloth,
Trying to wipe the evidence of his sin,
A devilish grin plastered on his face,
For he now didn't matter killing kin.

He thought of what to do,
Where to hide the last bit of hell,
Where to run after cleaning up this mess,
But then suddenly rang the door bell.

He got terrified imagining who it was,
And didn't answer the door,
Then it rang again, Annoying him again,
He picked the knife lying on the floor.

He opened the door to find a parcel,
He breathed a sigh of relief,
And cleaned the puddle of blood surrounding him,
For meticulous attention was his belief.

His ways were very perfect; Almost a bit too much,
And he was never caught till date,
For his methods were sly and unidentified
And the reason was out of pure hate.

Not a fingerprint,
Nor a single strand of his hair,
He walked out of the house,
Breathing the fresh air.

The silent cry of woe

The world grew grey,
To a heart that was left to break,
The voices teased to the end of line,
A soul left in their wake.

The mind was a storm,
Its whispers were cruel,
The scars it carved carelessly,
Became its sole rule.

The world looked on, but turned away,
Its guilt became a heavy weight,
Since every word they chose to say
Helped decide the victim's fate.

The silence grew around,
A weight too strong to be steady,
A world that chose to never care,
Now bears the tragedy.

A life now lost like a stone left unturned,
The pain that grew too much to bear,
Because if suicide is said to be a word,
My dear reader, the world put it there.

The sinful demise

Underneath the dark and starry night,
The air blew yet the room was warm,
Two friends sat sharing smiles,
But one would soon bring harm.

Her friend ever so kind, did not suspect,
The darkness hiding there inside,
A bond so deep was now turning cold,
With secrets she could not hide.

They talked and laughed as the evening flowed,
The night to one seemed so cold,
For in her heart a plan was made,
A deadly secret to be showed.

With wavering hands she took the knife,
Her friend was so calm and still unaware,
A final moment was sharp and swift,
The friendship suddenly lost in the air.

The blood was spilled across the room,
Her heart quickly began to race,
She stood above her fallen mate,
A ghost in that quiet space.

The night grew even colder,
And her hands were stained sharp red,
The space they shared felt smaller,
There lay the woman, dead.

She stepped away, not able to see the mess,
She rinsed her hands till they were white,
But she knew her sins would never get washed,
As she stood there in the dim light.

No tears were shed and no words were said,
Her warm eyes grew foggy and blank,
For that night she sealed the fate of her friend,
Of one she'd known and would forever thank.

A walking shadow

He walks alone in quiet streets,
A shadow in the dark so deep,
His heart is cold, it never beats,
While all the town is fast asleep.

His knife is sharp, his steps are slow,
He waits until the time is right,
The moon above begins to glow,
He vanishes into the night.

They search for him, they call his name,
But no one sees, and no one knows,
He plays a cruel and deadly game,
A chilling wind through silence blows.

Each night he roams, yet leaves no trace,
A ghost that no one dares to fight,
A killer with a hidden face,
Still walking free beneath the night.

The streets grow dark, the lights burn low,
A lonely footstep taps the ground,
The night is calm, yet few will know,
The fear that lurks without a sound.

A scream is heard, then fades too fast,
Like whispers lost within the air,
The morning comes to find the past,
But finds no sign that he was there.

And so he walks, from dusk till dawn,
A shadow that the world won't see,
His name is lost, his soul is gone,
Yet still he roams, forever free.

Silenced

The night was dark, the room was still,
A son walked in with quiet will.
His father slept, so deep, so blind,
No clue of what was in his mind.

A silver blade, so sharp, so bright,
It caught the glow of candlelight.
One final breath, no time to cry,
A whisper soft, a last goodbye.

No scream was heard, no tear was shed,
Just silence where his father bled,
The walls stood cold, the stars looked down,
As darkness wrapped the sleeping town.

The hands that once held love and grace,
Now bore a sin he can't erase,
A son once kind, now lost, alone,
Forever tied to blood and stone.

Through empty halls his footsteps fall,
A ghostly sound, so light and small,
The night still hides the crime he's done,
A father's gone, betrayed by son.

A burden

In shadows deep, where silence swells,
A tale unfolds that no one tells.
A heart that pounds with bitter rage,
A soul trapped deep within a cage.

Some strike with hands, a final plea,
To break the chains they cannot see.
For hurt unspoken, wounds untold,
A darkness forms that turns to cold.

The world may judge with piercing eyes,
But none can know the pain that lies
Behind the mask, the rage they wear,
A fractured mind beyond repair.

Some are driven by a cruel need,
To make the world, their hurt, concede.
To silence voices, end the cries,
Believing peace is found in lies.

But murder bears no healing hand,
No peace, no closure, no command.
It's not the cure for all the wrong,
It leaves the soul both weak and long.

So, ponder deep the reasons why,
The ones who kill, who choose to die.
For in their hearts, a war still rages,
A battle that turns through the ages.

Who are we?

We walk with our heads held high,
But something feels a bit blank
A weight we cannot shed,
A truth that has truly now sank.

We laugh, we love and we speak,
But our souls are so very far away,
Trapped deep within ourselves,
In the silence where we stay.

We search for light outside,
But darkness calls within,
A battle we have never seen,
Where we lose and then we win.

The world only sees what we show,
But our truth is far from clear,
A story we don't tell them all,
Yet it's always lingering near.

Who we are is buried below,
In places we won't show,
A mystery that remains,
For only us to know.

Mysterious paths

Life winds its way through shadows deep,
A path we could never trace,
Each step was a secret locked away,
Its identity a fleeting face.

The skies may shine their blue self,
And then dark and grey another time,
As unpredictable as the weather,
Is life through low and prime.

The questions linger so vast and cold,
Remains unanswered in the air,
Why must joy be left in hollow bowls,
Why is peace so unfair.

A fragile thread ties us to time,
It bends around the thinnest glass,
The sweetest days slip through our hands,
And leave us on our own to pass.

What lies beyond the road unseen?
What waits beyond the veil?
Life didn't come with a map,
So silent through each fail.

Yet still we walk down those hills,
Through joy and grief's stay,
For life's a puzzle, half-complete,
Its meaning still a play.

Perhaps the beauty lies in this
The uncertainty and the fall,
For mystery is life's own song,
Its sorrow now refrains them all.

“What a way to be”

What a way to be,
Through the sky and through the sea,
Not of charisma or of a smile,
But of discourage and of vile.

What a way to be,
In a doubtful thinking tree,
Not of thoughts worth of belief,
But rather of those full of grief.

What a way to be,
Questioning about me,
Whether in doing alright,
Whether I reach up to my sight.

What a way to be,
Walking in the shadows silently,
Not of purpose or of that fire,
But one with unusual desire.

What a way to be,
To be bound in chains one can't flee,
To be held captive in one's mind,
Where peace is seen as good as blind.

What a way to be,
Not living till the way I see,
Instead, in one of hate,
Is it my path or just "fate"?

Overthinking- A myth?

I looked back and saw,
A girl decked in pink,
Her hair was longer than mine right now,
It was easy for her to think.

I stared at myself in the mirror,
Watching me in cloaked black,
I looked different than she did,
Like it was hard for me to keep track.

I looked into the future,
That they said would be bright,
But oh my dear reader,
I couldn't spot a sight.

I laid down and wondered,
Would things have been changed,
If only I had said something different,
Would life have been arranged?

Did I think of it too much,
My heart whispered to my mind,
I thought "No why would that be it",
Because the answer I could not find.

How do you define to "Overthink"?
The term they blame me of doing,
Or is it something that truly is not there,
Just something they are viewing.

I'm sorry for each thing I said,
I might not mean it through,
I'm quite doubtful of each of my words,
And sceptical of what I do.

It's more of a question that lingers here,
As nights I spend staring at my room,
Reflecting on my past,
Filling my mind with gloom.

Why am I not sure?
Why's the "if" in life there,
Is it just an ocean to sail through,
Or just a passing gush of air?

Death

Why does it scare so many,
An inevitable phase that's yet to come,
The reality will be forth you,
Open your eyes, face it unlike some.

Speaking of my perspective instead,
I know I'll too be engulfed,
Waiting hand in hand for it,
Like wine, the truth shall be gulped.

They'll then put flowers on my grave,
But what shall they truly say,
The colours of the petals will soon die,
Like the memories they too shall fade away.

To them it's a ritual of remembrance,
A way to keep me in the hearts,
Will it bring me back to their lives?
Will it fix the holes made by darts?

An expression of eternal love they'll think,
One to keep me away from the dust,
Yet underneath the cold sky,
The flowers will wither like broken trust.

Grief or maybe regret they might feel,
But they too shall leave and will be gone,
Not one bouquet shall mend my pain,
As I'll lie there till zenith dawns.

Adolescence

The stars once felt so close to me,
They sparkled in the night,
But now I know they're far away,
No longer in my sight.

The moon that followed as I ran,
A lantern to see in the dark,
Now hangs so distant like a lifeless rock,
Without its tender spark.

The skies that whispered words of hope,
Now hold the hollow air,
Their endless depths no longer make sense,
Just silence lingers there.

The dreams I often wove as a younger kid,
Now lie broken on the cold floor,
The magic that I thought would stay,
Is something I have learnt to ignore.

The dreams my younger self once had,
Don't shine the way they once did,
For the world has changed and so have I,
I'm no longer that naive kid.

The stars have turned their gaze away,
Their light now too high to see,
And I am left with just the truth,
The skies were never meant for me.

How is she?

No, really how is she?

I see the walls she's built this while,
The smile she wears throughout the day,
But I can see the pain behind that smile.

I know she isn't feeling herself,
I know she's not on her path but stray,
The silence screams louder than words,
But she pushes it all away.

I guessed all that she goes through,
Her words don't match her heart,
I feel the distance between herself,
Even when we're apart.

I felt the way she broke from beneath,
I see the cracks she tries to hide,
The weight that she carries on her own,
That she keeps buried deep inside.

I wish I could help her out,
I wish I could make it right,
But she pulls away,
And I can't see the fight.

I'm asking her this question so answer me now;
I know the smiles are just pretend,
And yes, just let her know I'm here,
If she ever has sorrows to lend.

Flawless lies

The stars still shine, yet none can say,
Why must some leave, while others stay,
The river flows, it knows no rest,
Yet where it leads is far away.

The dreams we chase, the paths we tread,
Are drawn in sand, then washed anew,
The words we speak, the tears we shed,
All fade like drops in morning dew.

We search for truth in endless skies,
Yet time moves on, so cold, so fast,
The questions stay, but no replies,
And only memories seem to last.

The hands we hold, so warm, so tight,
One day will slip like autumn leaves,
The sun will set, the sky turn night,
And hearts will break, but time deceives.

For joy and sorrow walk as one,
Like fleeting waves upon the shore,
And when we think the tale is done,
Life whispers, "There is always more."

A joke

Life's a joke, a little cruel,
Plays us all, makes its rules.
Gives us hope, then takes it back,
Leaves us lost, fades to black.

Smiles are fake, laughs are lies,
Tears stay hidden in our eyes.
Dreams we chase, dreams we lose,
Life just lets us pick and choose.

Promises come, then they break,
Hearts are played, left to ache.
Time moves fast, then stands still,
Takes what's ours against our will.

Love feels warm, then turns cold,
Leaves behind a hand to hold.
People come, people go,
Life moves on, we never know.

The sun still shines, the world still spins,
It never stops, it always wins.
We cry, we scream, we play along,
Life just laughs "It's never wrong."

And when it's done, we close our eyes,
No more tears, no more lies.
The joke is old, the game is played,
Nothing's left, but still, we stayed.

Shades of being

I'm tired of being the one they call,
The one who's trusted to handle it all.
Always the leader, always in charge,
With expectations that feel too large.

I long for the chance to take a step back,
To not have to carry what I can't track.
To let go of the pressure, just for a while,
And wear a tired, but honest smile.

I wish they'd see me as more than the grades,
More than the tasks and the plans I've made.
To just let me breathe, and take my time,
To be human, to fail, and still be fine.

I'm tired of always being the one,
The perfect student, always on the run.
Chosen for everything, expected to lead,
To do it all right, to always succeed.

I carry the weight, never let it show,
But inside, I just want to let go.
I wish for a break, to be free from the stress,
To not always be the one they expect to impress.

I'm more than the tasks and the praise,
I'm tired of living in this perfect maze.
Just once, I want to rest and be me,
Not the one who's always expected to succeed.

The human mind

The human mind, a twisted maze,
A labyrinth of endless haze.
Thoughts collide, emotions fight,
In shadows deep, they lose their light.

Beneath the calm, a storm does brew,
Whispers of doubt in shades of blue.
Promises broken, dreams undone,
A web of lies spins, one by one.

Regret and fear, they dance and creep,
In silent corners, where secrets sleep.
Hope once bright now fades to gray,
Lost in the chaos, it's led astray.

Questions rise, but aren't solved,
In minds that twist, that never evolved,
A restless churn, a burning fire,
Seeking peace, but never higher.

And so, we linger, torn and frayed,
In the tangled webs we've made.
The brain, a mess we can't unwind,
A puzzle cracked, a fractured mind.

The past, a shadow, never free,
Haunts every thought, a constant plea.
Each memory sharp, like a knife,
Slicing through the remnants of life.

Anxiety whispers, cruel and cold,
A bitter truth we can't behold.
It chains the soul, it numbs the heart,
A heavy burden, tearing apart.

Desire for the world, a sharp sword,
Its promises hollow, its cravings ignored.
It pulls us under, yet we still yearn,
Lost in the fire, we never learn.

Sleep

Silence has the loudest sound,
Too loud for me to bear,
In the solitude of this dark night,
This quiet wraps around my hair.

The world is hushed and maybe out cold,
Yet I lay down in my bed; thinking of the past,
Of each mistake that I ever made,
Of each thing that my future shall forecast.

Thinking shit about my future,
And things about my damn grade,
But all they say is "A number doesn't define you",
Try looking through them in my shade.

They'll call it insomnia; or some elaborate term,
But what is it really; the question remains still,
To me it's the lack of basic peace,
The one you need at the night hill.

I find falling asleep a formidable task,
One that my brain refuses to do,
Even if my body is begging for some rest,
My shitty mind refuses to.

They say "Try not to think about anything!",
As if it ever was as simple as that,
But my dear reader, if only this mind of mine,
Had a button to remove its thinking hat.

What an irony I've come to live out,
As being in the arms of Morpheus was once light,
Now performing this activity every night,
Is the morning and night's ultimate fight.

Questions in the quiet

Is life really that hard?
Or do we forget to keep guard.

Is life really that hard?
Or is it just an empty yard.

Is life really that hard?
Or is it just a deck of cards.

Is life really that hard?
Or does are we left with a broken heart.

Is life really that hard?
Or is it just left to be carved.

Is life really that hard?
Or are some of us just scarred.

Is life really that hard?
Or are we just broken down to the last shard.

Is life really that hard?
Or are you just a bad bard?

A storyteller's tale

A whisper drifts through the silent halls,
Ink-stained fingers, candlelit walls.
A quill that dances, swift and free,
Weaving worlds no eye can see.

A hero rises, bold and bright,
Chasing shadows, chasing light.
Mountains crumble, oceans roar,
A dragon sleeps beneath the shore.

A kingdom lost, a crown misplaced,
A nameless face in time erased.
Yet echoes linger, voices call,
The past still hums beneath it all.

The storyteller bends and molds,
A tale reborn, a fate retold.
And as the final words take flight,
The world awakes this moon tonight.

A symphony

Listen to my mind,
Its humming a tune,
A tune asking for a bit calm,
In this pressured dune.

Listen to my mind,
Its whispering a song,
A song wanting peace,
Through the nights long.

Listen to my mind,
Its singing a new rhythm,
A rhythm full of melancholy,
Makes the mind go numb.

Listen to my mind,
Its crying along a beat,
A beat as woeful as ever,
Yet, I look very neat.

Celestial listeners

I whisper to the stars,
Hoping they can hear,
I trace my heart in them,
Wishing they were near.

Their twinkle in the night,
Brings me an unknown calm,
Like the whole universe comprises of them,
Holding them tight in its palm.

I tell the moon my secrets,
Hoping it won't tell a soul,
I wish for it to keep them safe,
And not turn out a mole.

It's phases show the sides of life,
Both dark and sometimes light,
Light brings me utter ease,
Dark comes with a sense to fight.
I went out to the sun,
Hoping it does not mind,
Because in that burning ball,
A warmth I somehow find.

It lights up everyone's lives,

Brings joy to a gloomy day,
It finds a path to stop by,
And clouds give it away.

I stare into the night sky,
Hoping it will light up the next dawn,
For that is all I root for,
An escape from this dark endless lawn.

The flames below

A place for redemption of your sins,
A place where nothing ends well,
A place of fires and heavy vain,
Let me show you a sight of hell.

A place where monsters keep guard,
A place where terror homes,
A place full of sadness,
Absolutely no joy domes.

A place where love is missing,
A place with only hate,
A place full of haunts,
A place with no mate.

A place of utter disappointment,
Where regret rings the bell,
And that my dear reader,
Was just a glimpse of hell.

But this was the hell they talk about,
The one written about in holy books,
What about the one in our heads,
The one where no one looks.

Mirror of desire

The mirror of desire
Shows what one wants,
Their heart's big wish,
The secrets they haunt.

Some may see money,
Some may see fame,
Some wish for wisdom,
Some a good name.

Some just want kindness,
And betterment for all,
While some heartily wish,
For their enemy's fall.

But then Some might say,
"I see no one,"
Yet everyone has desires,
Even if just for fun.

Some desire to travel the world,
Some for a new hope,
Some want big cars,
Some want a bigger home.

Some wish for bravery,
Some for more wit,
Some for more passion,
Some cleverness for the lit.

Some want luxury,
Some just home comfort,
Some are completely healed,
Yet some are hurt.

But the man who sees,
Nothing but joy,
Will never treat life,
As just a joy.

Knives of the past

What cuts deeper,
Than every knife,
Isn't the answer obvious,
It is life.

Cutting at each fail,
Jabbing at each break,
Stitching back when success knocks,
Oh, and then you wake.

Expectations soar high,
Unbelievable at times,
Easy when hardships pass,
Only for you to climb.

Confidence all disappears,
Anxiety creeps in,
Then you work a lot,
And you get a temporary win.

Wins don't matter anymore,
All you see are defeats,
They come in at wrong times,
Life is truly such a cheat.

But in the end no one really cares,
Whether you lost or won,
Live a life of honesty,
And you'll eventually be done.

Dear reader, you must have pondered on a simple question:

"Why are your poems so dark?", a rather frequently asked one. I would like to answer that with yet another of my poems; Hoping you have received an agreeable reply.

Why are your poems so dark?

Isn't the moon dark,
Or isn't the night too,
Isn't my mind the same colour,
Aren't my wordings true?

Isn't a raven dark,
Or isn't a sapphire too,
Do you ask them why they are so,
No; since they seem pretty to you.

Isn't obsidian dark,
Or a cup of coffee too,
Inquire about their reason first,
Return to me when you do.
Isn't a pen's ink dark,
Or the colour of your eyes too,
If they can be stygian and still be serene,
What's the matter with my view?

You never questioned the existence of them,
Just admired their lovely presence,
Don't you comprehend the meaning of my words,
You never will catch their true essence.

Poetry- the dark

I love poetry—what a curse,
A spiral of words, a well-rehearsed
Dagger that twists inside my chest,
Never granting me any rest.

Each line drips ink, but also pain,
Drenched in thoughts I can't contain.
Every metaphor's a loaded gun,
Every stanza—nowhere to run.

I wish I spoke in simple prose,
Where every sentence plainly goes.
No rhymes that haunt me late at night,
No verses pulling me to write.

Yet here I am, a fool, a slave,
Digging deep into what I crave.
Poetry—my sweetest sin,
Loving it, loathing it, trapped within.

Poetry- the light

I love poetry—like a tide,
It pulls me in, it lets me hide.
A quiet place, a world unseen,
Where thoughts run wild but land serene.

It weaves my sorrow into art,
Stitches together my broken heart.
With every rhyme, with every line,
It turns my darkness into shine.

It holds my laughter, keeps my pain,
Dances with sunshine, sings with rain.
A single verse, a whispered sound,
Can shake the earth, yet feel profound.

It speaks for me when words fall short,
A refuge, not a last resort.
It lifts, it soothes, it dares, it breaks,
It bends the rules, it shapes, it shakes.

This one is the most different one yet for it was a dedicated gift to a very special person; the president of India, Smt. Draupadi Murmu. I had presented it to her as a small token of my appreciation towards her, I hope you my dear reader like it too.

She: an ideal

She is really admirable,
Flowers bloom in her palm,
She may even empower you,
Since she is very influential.

Elemented in her elegant gait,
Her charm is like a twinkle in the night,
With a layer of serenity around her,
She shines up an entire room.

She scatters optimism,
And acts as a vast ocean of knowledge,
She has a very grounding presence,
What an ideal she is!

So, expecting a wonderful- the best one yet- poem?

Dear reader, this does bring us to the end of our book, but instead of following your expectation, there is no last poem. Yes, 49 poems. Not 50. What a scam!

But reader, this is life. Everything you want is not going to be yours and you will get unexpected turns every route, and so you have received one now.

Awaiting the queerest of possibilities. And, this was it.

Thank you very much for embarking on this journey with me.

I hope I did not waste your precious time and that you might have learnt a few things from a teenager's book. Or maybe just a change of perspective, that's fine too.

I'll be leaving a bit space here, to motivate you to write a poem too. It Doesn't have to be perfect; nothing is. Do try to write a small little poem, dear reader for you may not know about tomorrow. What if this becomes your brand-new passion? Maybe not passion, just a hobby?

Surprise yourself. Live up to your standards. Thank you.



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Each one of you deserves so much more and I hope I never let you down.

Dearest Reader, once again I thank you for reading this book and taking a glimpse of my mind. Till next time, I hope these words stay.

Share your thoughts and poems at:

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