

You say no one knows you so well

I. Bengali, Hindi

You say no one knows you so well

And maybe I do.

Maybe I know the way you braid silence into sentences,
how you press your pain into your palms until it's invisible.
How you hold a memory like a dried rose
between the pages of a language no one reads aloud anymore.

You used to write poems. Bengali. Hindi.
A girl with a rose from my father in medical college.
Now you're a mother with hands that tremble
not from age, but from everything you've had to hold.

II. The Diary and the Google Doc

Your poems lived in ink,
mine hide on the internet.
You pressed petals between pages,
I press save.

We're not so different.
Both of us turned our grief into art,
only difference is
your grief had children.

III. Wildflower

You were the wildflower, once.
I've seen it. In photos. In the curve of your handwriting.
In that one moment you laughed with your whole face
before you remembered not to.

You gave up your bloom so we could grow.
But what if I'm blooming into you?
What if I'm not just your son—
but your reflection?

IV. Remember

I remember.

Five years old, soft toy stained with colour,
your voice cracking open the ceiling.

Six, sneaking Oreos.
Your hand found my cheek,
my glasses shattered. I flinched even when I didn't mean to.

Fifteen.
Math score: 72.
"You're not smart enough for this."
And I believed you.

I still do.

V. Haunting

You live in the back of my mind.
Not like a lullaby.
More like a siren.
Like the last note of a funeral song.

I try to write you out of me,
but you appear in the metaphors.
The flower that won't die.
The flame that won't cool.

VI. Funeral Poem

This is my funeral.
Not literal, but emotional.
A death of the version of me
that wanted to be nothing like you
only to realize
I already am.

And I don't know
if I'm grieving you
or myself.

VII. Love / Fear / Resemblance

I love you.
God, I do.

You carved yourself into ruin for me.
You sliced your youth into ribbons
to wrap around our futures.

But I'm tired of bleeding for someone else's legacy.
I'm afraid of becoming a woman who gave it all
and hated the parts of her that still needed something back.

I'm afraid of becoming a man
who inherits silence and calls it strength.

VIII. Wounds

You say no one knows you so well.
But I know you in ways I never asked for.
I know your wounds,
because they raised me.

I know your loneliness,
because I wear it like skin.

I know your rage,
because it echoes in me, terrifying, familiar.

IX. But also, this

You made beauty out of nothing.
You wrote poems in languages no one asked you to translate.
You were a wildflower
in a world that wanted you to be a bonsai.

And I was your soil.
And your storm.
And your sun.

X. Aftermath

I stand at the foot of a rosebush.
Not dried. Not pressed in pages.
Living.

I don't pluck it.
I don't write a poem.

I just stand there,
hoping that if I breathe long enough,
I'll learn how to love you
without turning into you.