

“I hope time hates how it couldn’t separate us.”

Poems at the surface level are arranged words to look fancy.
However, when used to communicate, they can very well express feelings and motivations in a
way that normal text couldn’t.

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“Soot”

A child born in a house already burning
will come to believe the whole world is aflame.

And perhaps,

it was always normal

to have every decision weighed like a fault,

to sit alone,

within four walls that offered no arms,

only a window slowly darkening with ash.

There, in silence,

I watched the glass,
hoping one day it might break,
not in violence,
but in mercy.

The longer I waited,
the heavier the air became.

Warmth thickened into suffocation.

Tension curled like smoke under the door.

I whispered to the sky for release,
quietly asking
if I'd been forgotten.

But time passed,
and like logs tossed to a fire
just to keep it alive,
my hope dimmed.

Still,

I made what I could

from the corners of that room.

Its walls held my learning.

Its quiet, my becoming.

And even as I feared the ending,

the soft ruin beneath me,

I stayed.

The day finally arrived,

not with sirens,

not with flame,

the window eased open.

It had never been locked.

Only warm to the touch,

and I,

too used to flinching.

But someone,

with hands gentler than my fear,

pushed it wide,

and through it came a sky

not grey,

but wide.

And a world I'd only imagined

began to hum.

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Little ladybug

Oh little lady bug,

The one who set home on my head.

On accident, with no intent,

Resting soundly between my ruffled hair.

Did you find comfort in the peace I gave you?

If I had mistaken you for another, would I have shaken my head in doubt?

Would you have forgiven me?

I walked slower,

And gave you space,
But you belong somewhere else.
So fly off safely,
And let not the wind carry you away,
Ever so ruthlessly.
So I will pray,
That the next head you land on,
Will you find comfort once more.

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Love in “taking”
Giving is common love.
Give anything for the sake of love,
Wish to give for the sake of love.
To prove how much you may care for one another.
But Is there a love in “taking?”

Appearance

Realizing the traces of someone else's personality, left behind after myself

Watching our paths cross so very casually, turns the skies grey, and the moon shining white

Even when not in sight, it seems as if their shadow still vaguely hovers over the lit floors of the hall

As days go by, there lies an omen sleeping subtly, hidden away behind enclosed thoughts,

So would there be no point in changing the atmosphere, and setting completely,

As some time along, there, I would find you again, hidden somewhere besides someone else

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Same Page

The universe handed us the same book,

at the same moment,

we turned the same pages

as if stitched into the same spine.

But your eyes caught different meanings,

your heart lingered in places mine never saw.

How did we stray from the same sentence?

How did the ending change,

when we began in unison?

Was it a test?

A riddle I was meant to solve?

You gave me the sense we'd read it together,

that we'd reach the final page hand in hand.

Yet your voice shifted,

your margins filled with words

I was never taught to read.

I searched between the lines.

I tried.

Until I, too,

began to skim,

just like how you skipped the tittle.

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“A Thought Left at the Door”

Perhaps I mistook the stars for signs,
believing what felt right for you
would echo right for us.

I do not know if I was misguided,
or simply blind to the quiet in your voice.

Still, something in me refused to walk too far,
as if your shadow called mine back
with every step I tried to take away.

This is no poem, only the remnant
of what I couldn't say aloud.

I stepped back,
so the ache in me could soften,
so I could stand beside you again
with no storm on my tongue.

But perhaps that too was foolish.

Perhaps the thread I whispered prayers into
was never tied to anything but my own longing.

And I, drowning in waters of my own weaving,
thought absence could gift you peace,
as if silence could cradle someone
better than presence ever could.

When I saw your words,
a quiet truth struck me:

that healing without you near
meant I had no one to return to.

So if there is space,
a corner untouched by questions
or worry, or eyes too sharp to see beyond the surface,

I would ask to remain there, quietly.

Somewhere between close and far,
a space where feeling doesn't betray thought,

if a name once sketched in stillness,

finds its way back to your breath.

Not loudly

just enough to make you pause.

You wrote gently,

as if afraid to wake something sleeping.

And maybe that's what I became.

Folded into a corner of a page you no longer turn,

but haven't quite torn away.

There are nights where I reach for the warmth

that used to settle beside me,

not the warmth of bodies,

but of being known.

Really known.

Even if it was only for a chapter or two.

I try not to trace the thread too far.

It tugs sometimes,

softly, like a memory asking if I've let go.

to steady my heart as the world grows quiet,

to listen for something just out of sight.

I slip beneath the surface,

gravity turning gentle,

as currents cradle me deeper.

Hands brush through dancing light,

and I reach,

for a warmth I can't name,

a presence woven into the blue.

It isn't always clear what I'm seeking,

only that the silence knows.

Only that the stillness feels familiar.

And when I rise, lungs full of air and wonder,

I carry a hush in my chest,

a soft echo of something I almost touched.

Some depths, I've learned,

are worth returning to,
even if no one's waiting at the bottom.

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Book of Breath

A man promised life
is a man promised to meet death.
Eternity does not sit
with those who breathe,
who ache,
who wonder,
who dream.
Yet what a mercy it is,
to be chosen to walk the path given to me.
And what sorrow,

to know that all paths

must inevitably end.

To live is not to be etched into memory,

though some may chase that calling.

To live is to write a story

only your soul can read,

an inscription carved for no one,

but you.

One day,

the ink will dry.

The page will not turn.

And whatever words remain

will close the final chapter.

Some will write without ever naming the tale.

Some will drift far from the theme.

But the story written,

the only story written,

is the one you dared to write.