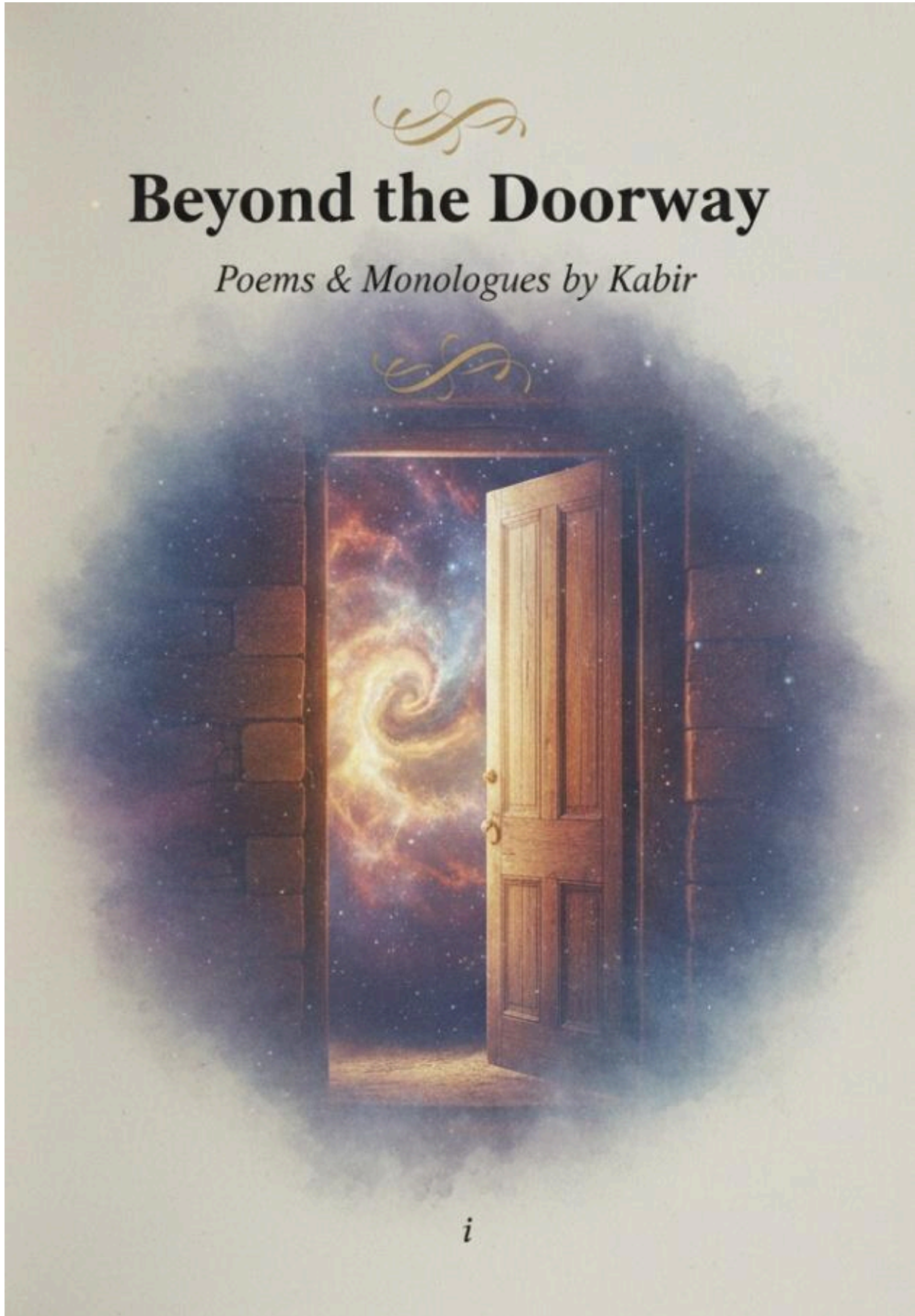


Beyond the Doorway

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Poems & Monologues by Kabir



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Dedication

For the silent hearts, for the quiet love, and for those who walk through life with poetry in their veins.

Acknowledgments

To everyone who shared a moment, a glance, or a story that became part of these words.

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Preface

(By Kabir)

There are certain feelings that refuse to stay inside the heart; they spill, they echo, they bloom where they were never planted. This book is made of those feelings.

I did not write these pages to be understood. I wrote them the way rain falls on abandoned rooftops because there

was too much sky inside me and nowhere else to go. And if these words tremble, it is only because I do.

I. The Birth of These Pages

Every poem in this book began as a breath I forgot to take. A memory that leaned too close. A silence that learned my name.

People think writing is done with ink. It isn't. It is done with whatever you cannot bury. Some verses arrived gently, like someone knocking on the door of my night. Some arrived like storms, tearing through me before I could brace myself.

I didn't shape these lines; they shaped me. They taught me the weight of a feeling and the science of letting go without leaving.

II. The Love That Lives Here

There is a love in these pages not the loud kind, not the cinematic kind, but the kind that sits in the corner of a crowded room and waits for someone who will never return.

A love soft enough to touch, but strong enough to break you.

A love that taught me that sometimes the most beautiful things in life are the ones we're not allowed to keep.

If these lines feel warm, it is because someone once held my heart as if it were a living, breathing thing. If they feel heavy, it is because they eventually let it go.

Nothing here is written out of anger. Everything is written out of memory.

III. The Philosophy Behind the Ache

I have learned that heartbreak is not a wound; it is a language.

It teaches you: how to listen to silence, how to speak without words, how to recognize the places inside you where light still manages to enter.

Pain does not destroy a person. It reveals them.

And in those revelations, I found poems ...poems that wanted to be held, monologues that demanded to be heard, truths that were quieter than forgiveness and louder than regret.

I offer them to you without armour.

IV. The Last Monologues

Toward the end of this book, you will step into a different landscape: pages where sentences run without breathing, where thoughts spill without structure, where I wrote not to be read but to exist.

Those monologues were born on nights when the soul feels too fragile for its body, when the world is asleep and memories are awake.

They are messy, unfiltered, dangerously honest. They are the closest thing to my unspoken self.

V. What I Hope For You

If you read this book the way I wrote it slowly, with both hands, with the same gentleness you reserve for heartbreaks you never confessed you might find a version of yourself hiding between these lines.

I hope you feel something you thought you lost. I hope a forgotten memory breathes again. I hope a buried ache learns its name. I hope you realise that you are not the only one who loved too deeply and broke too quietly.

This book is not for the mind. It is for the heart we keep behind the heart.

VI. Before You Turn the Page

I am not a poet. I am simply someone who felt too much and had to put it somewhere.

I am Kabir, and these words are the rooms where I kept every emotion that refused to die with time

If you choose to enter, walk softly. Some of these memories are still breathing.

The Pole Star

You know what the Black Sea said, right?
He loves me till the stars come and go.
And I laughed because stars come and go for everyone,
but not for me.

So I told him,
You... you are my old pole star.
The stubborn one.
The one that refuses to die out,
refuses to drift,
refuses to betray the sky.
Even when every other light burns out like a coward.

And listen
I will keep walking toward you.
Even if my feet bleed on the salt roads,
even if the world keeps shifting like sand under a tired
soldier.
I will walk.
Because some wounds demand direction,
and you... you are the only direction I've ever known.

Maybe I'll break again,
maybe I'll drown in the middle of the sea
with no map, no compass, no name.
But Kabir does not stay fallen.
I rise.
I always rise.

And every time I stand again,
my face automatically turns toward you

like some ancient habit I can't unlearn.
Like hope carved into bone.

Because reaching you was never the point.
Believing you are still shining... that is enough.

And that is why, even tonight,
in this quiet war between heartbeats,
I choose you
my pole star.
My direction.
My undoing.
My home.

Maybe Love Isn't About Forever

Maybe there will be thousands of lovers out there whom the people ...the world admires, writes about, sings for.

Maybe there will be faces more beautiful, stories more perfect,

loves that last longer than ours ever will.

And maybe that's fine.

Because I was never meant to be a celebrity.
I was just trying to be someone who could just feel.
Someone who could make me know what love means.
But I couldn't.
Even now, I don't really understand it.

Maybe love was never meant to be understood.
Maybe it was only meant to be felt
in the pauses between our words,
in the way your silence still answers my thoughts.

You didn't try to change me.
You didn't ask for versions or promises.
You just accepted me
and that, somehow, became the softest kind of salvation.

What we are, what we make together
it isn't ordinary.
It's quiet.
It's flawed.
But it's ours.
And that's what makes it different.

When I do my part, I might not have the words to tell you.
Not because I don't want to,
but because sometimes feelings refuse language.
Still, you'll find me there in that silence,
doing my bit, standing where I've always stood.

Now, when I look at what we are, I don't feel small
anymore.
I feel needed.

Not for what I create or what I become,
but simply for who I am when I'm with you.

You are the calm I circle around,
the only voice that doesn't dissolve in the noise.
And maybe I'll never reach the place I dream of
but it doesn't matter.
Because every step, even the wrong ones,
somehow still lead me back to you.

Maybe there will be thousands of lovers
people who love and leave,
who admire and betray,
who write long chapters only to abandon the ending.
But we...
we were never meant to last that long, were we?

I think I always knew.
That we wouldn't make it to the final page.
Still, I kept reading.
Because some stories are meant to be lived, not finished.

And you
you were that story to me.
Something I needed.
Something that stayed even when it ended.

Maybe love isn't about forever.
Maybe it's about how deeply it leaves its mark.
You did.
And that's enough.

I Waited for Her

I waited for her,
through seasons of silence,
through long nights that never seemed to end.
And now she is here,
soft as a dream,
real as the morning sun.

She is cute,
her laughter feels like music
I didn't know I needed.
She is calm,
her presence slows the world
and steadies my restless heart.

She is soft,
like a gentle touch
that reminds me I am safe.
She is free,
doing whatever she wishes
and I love her even more for that.

With her,
I do not have to pretend.
Her love makes me lighter,
her acceptance makes me whole.

I was waiting for a long time,
and now that she has chosen me,
I am only grateful.
She is not just mine
she is my peace,
my joy,
my forever.

Her Forever / Obsession

Her addiction.

She never understood
that she wasn't just a part of my story,
she was the ink, the paper, the hand, the reason words
even existed.

For her, love was a moment
a kiss in the dark,
a laugh under the rain,
a gift tied in ribbon.
For me, love was a lifetime.

She loved the warmth of my arms,
but not the weight of my name.
She loved the fire in my eyes,
but not the promise that came with it.
One word "commitment"
she carried it on her tongue like poison.
And I ... fool that I am
drank every drop, smiling.

She whispered I love you,
and kissed me as if the world could collapse around us.
Her lips were sermons,
her touch was scripture,
and I believed God, I believed
that forever had finally chosen me.

But her forever was fleeting.
It lived only in the breath between our mouths.
By morning, it dissolved into silence,
leaving me clutching a ghost.

Do you know what obsession feels like?
It feels like kneeling before someone
who swears they love you back,
yet leaves their footprints always pointed away.
It feels like carving her name into your own skin,
because at least there,
she cannot run.

The gifts we exchanged
they were not objects.
They were confessions disguised in wrapping paper,
tiny heartbeats sealed in boxes.
Every trinket she gave me,
I worshipped as if it were her bones, her blood, her breath.

She loved me, yes.
But her love was wind
it touched my face,
and then it was gone.
My love was fire
and it burned everything, even me.

And tell me
what is crueller than this?
Not betrayal. Not lies.
But the softest truth
that she did love me,
just never enough to stay.

So I remain
obsessed, devoted, broken.
Her forever, even if I was only her moment.

Two Wandering Souls

The love faded, the emotions died,
all we left were like mountains and sky.

Two souls, a perfect match,
both charming each other when together they stand.

Yet distance grew, like the setting sun,
drifting apart, though we were one.
Echoes linger where laughter played,
in silent nights, our memories fade.

But the writer writes and the traveler travels,
capturing scenes and weaving marvels.

One paints stories with ink so deep,
the other roams where secrets sleep.

Even at the top, it's all so dull,
if the sky there isn't painted full
with hues of love, of warmth, of light,
for heights mean nothing in endless night.

They grew apart, and that's their loss,
anyways, all that happens has a cause...

Some call it fate, some blame the time,
yet hearts once tangled still leave a sign.

For even apart, in dreams they meet,
two wandering souls, incomplete.

First Sight

I saw her sitting on that chair...
smiling like the world had never touched her with anything
but softness.

Her lips curved, a tiny fold forming above them
a detail so small, yet it hit me like destiny whispering in slow
motion.

And then...
she tilted her head back, just a little.

Bas.

Usi pal mai khatam ho gaya.
I fell for her without a fight, without a thought, without a
second to breathe.

I was gone completely.
Lost in the way her eyes moved, wandering gently from
one thought to another...
mesmerized by how her smile carried both innocence and
mischief...
captivated by the quiet rise of her eyebrows as if they were
painting emotions in the air.

I just sat there, adoring her in silence
not knowing what pulled me in more...
her beauty...
her softness...
or the simple truth that she had no idea what she was
doing to me.

Broken Promises

Promises are funny things.
They are made in warmth,
spoken in hope,
but they break with a coldness
that no one prepares you for.

I collected them all,
pieces of words she once swore,
and now they lie like ashes
in the corners of my mind.

I keep them anyway.
Because in remembering,
I still feel... something.

If You Only Knew...

You know...

I never learned how to love gently.
I only knew how to love
like a whisper turning into a prayer,
like a heartbeat learning a new rhythm
because yours existed.

You call yourself innocent in love
but tell me this:

How could you be innocent
when your presence taught my heart
how to breathe differently?

How could you be unaware
when every time you looked at me,
the air thickened,
the world stilled,
and something inside me
discovered its first sunrise?

You say you didn't know
but your eyelashes did.
They trembled too long when I was near.
Your smile did.
It softened too much at my name.

Your voice did.
It dipped into warmth
that belonged only to me.

I was the fool, yes
the one who loved too loudly.
You were the poem
the one who loved quietly,
in ways I almost missed.

You became the dream
my restless nights kept holding,
even when I told myself to let go.

There is nothing tragic about it.
Nothing broken.
Just two people
who felt something sacred
and didn't know how to admit it
without trembling.

If someone asks me now
what love feels like,
I'll tell them:

Love feels like your name
sitting softly on my tongue.
Love feels like the way your hands
never touched mine
yet somehow held me.

Love feels like standing beside you
and pretending the stars don't look jealous.

And listen...
if you stood in front of me right now,
even in a crowded room,
even in a lifetime full of strangers
my heart would still find you
the way rivers find the sea.

That is my truth.
Not fierce.
Not violent.
Just tender.
Just yours.
Just Kabir
loving you the only way he knows:
completely, quietly, endlessly.

“Strange na?”

Strange na?

How someone can just walk into your life
without warning,
without permission...
and suddenly the things that never mattered
start feeling heavier than your own heartbeat.

Strange...
how one person's smile
can calm storms you've been fighting for years,
how one gentleness
can make you question every wall
you spent your whole life building.

And the strangest thing?
It's not their beauty,
not their voice,
not even the way they breathe your name.

It's the way they make you feel seen
really seen
as if all your hidden wounds
were never something to be ashamed of.

Sometimes I ask myself
why it scares me so much...

this softness,
this unfolding,
this fragile hope.

Maybe because I've always known
how to survive battles
but I never learned
how to be loved quietly.

Strange na?
How the right person
doesn't even touch you,
and yet your whole soul
starts leaning toward them...
like it finally found
where it was meant to rest.

“And Still, I Craved Her”

I once believed I was the one who walked away.
Yet truth, sly and unkind, revealed
it was she who departed
not in one great shattering,
but in a thousand soft withdrawals,

leaving me haunted by the faintest echoes of her.

She thought herself gone,
yet her ghost lingered,
brushing the chambers of my mind
with whispers both tender and merciless.

She left without thunder.
No vows broken,
no tears hurled like stones,
no storm to warn me of the quiet ruin ahead.
Only stillness
a silence that struck deeper
than any farewell spoken.

Such silence forces a man to wonder
if he was ever enough,
or if he merely consumed her light
until she dimmed to nothing.

Still, I crave her
aye, even now
in the hush she exiled me to.
Her absence is a wound I press
to assure myself I yet feel.
For love and longing
were ever twins in disguise.

Love lived in her gentle touch,
as though I were a fragile thing.
Desire lived in the fire she unleashed
without restraint, without fear.
She was tempest; I was shore

and the tide took her from me
because I could not hold her.

So here I stand
in the echo of her leaving,
craving the warmth she once burned into me,
craving even the ache
for the ache means she is not yet gone
from the kingdom of my memory.

And even now,
by every star that watches this lonely heart
I crave her still.
Her absence, my quiet hunger.

“Somewhere Between Your Silence and My Hope”

It was never about
who you were close to
and who you weren't.
It was always about
how you treated the world...
and how you made me feel.

You held my mistakes like fragile glass,
turning them in your palms,
showing me every angle,
while I kept handing you pieces of myself
hoping you'd find something worth keeping.

I never cared if someday
you chose someone else over me.
I never fought that.
And it's okay
if you don't miss me anymore.
Really... it's okay.

It's just that I was lost
somewhere in your love
thinking of you without a pause,
looking for you in every moment,
trying to be the one
you'd look back at and choose.

And when you said
I made you feel special,
it settled in me like warmth
after a long winter.
So thank you
for noticing my love,
my effort,
even if it was brief.

Maybe it was mean
to expect something from your side too.

But you're the one
who changed my idea of "bare minimum,"
turning simple words
into something sacred.

And I...

I got carried away.
Craving your hugs,
feeling jealous of moments
I wasn't a part of,
wanting you with a sincerity
I couldn't hide.

I love you more than the scream
buried inside silence,
more than the thoughts
that never stop whispering,
more than the memories
that fade but never leave,
more than every fight
we dragged our hearts through.

To me,
you were the cream of the crop,
the cherry on top,
the bee's knees.

And I stayed,
stuck to you like glue
without question,
without doubt,
without regret.

“If I Speak Honestly...”

If I speak honestly...
there's a part of me that still pauses
when your name crosses my mind.
Not out of love,
not out of desire...I
just a strange pull
I can't fully understand.

I don't miss you the way poets miss their lovers.

No.

I miss you the way a house misses the footsteps
that used to echo through it
faint, familiar,
quiet enough to ignore,
loud enough to feel.

I don't want you back.

I only want to understand
why a single person
can leave behind a silence
that feels heavier than their presence ever did.

Some nights,
it feels like I'm talking to the version of you
that exists only in my memory
a shadow,
a lingering warmth,
a half-finished conversation
I keep replaying
just to feel something real.

You were never mine.

But your absence
it behaves like it owns the place.
It sits beside me,
breathes with me,
lives in the pauses between my thoughts.

And what hurts most is...
I can't even call it heartbreak.
There was no love to break.
Just a quiet attachment,
built in the spaces people don't notice,
the kind you only understand
when it begins to fade.

I don't need you.
I don't even long for you.
I just...
feel you
like an old scar
that doesn't ache anymore
but still reminds you
that something once touched you deeply.

And that, somehow,
is enough to make me human.

“Ashes Don't Lie”

You know... people think fire destroys everything.
One spark, one matchstick,
and love disappears like it never existed.

But fire only burns objects
never the parts of you that were built from someone.

Today I held that same sweater in my hands
the one she used to wrap around herself
and whisper, "It's warmer because it's yours."
Now it was just cloth,
yet somehow it carried more warmth
than whatever was left between us.

Photos, cards, those tiny handwritten notes
each one felt like a blade.
My fingers trembled as I picked them up,
reading words that once had life,
words that once had a beating heart behind them.
And I kept asking myself
How can something so deep, so real,
just... vanish?
How does someone wake up one morning and say,
"I don't love you anymore."
Like love was a switch
and I was simply turned off.

So I did what people say helps.
I burned them.
One by one.
I watched flames curl through paper and fabric,
watched roses turn into nothing.
I kept waiting
for memories to melt,
for pain to evaporate,
for her to finally leave my mind.

But the fire only ate the things she touched.
Not the parts of me she changed.

Throwing things away is easy...
it's the emotions that refuse to leave.

I stood there, watching the last ember die,
the room heavy with the smell of burnt memories
and all the goodbyes we never said out loud.
And for the first time in years, I understood
I wasn't mourning her.
I was mourning the version of myself
who believed in forever.

And that...
that is a loss no fire can erase.

Fatal Longing

Even if it led to my death,
yet would my weary feet wander toward you
for love hath made a pilgrim of me,

and your memory is the only temple
my heart still knows.

I was slain once by the ending
cleanly, without mercy
and still my foolish spirit rises
to murmur against reason:
“What lover am I
if I do not stand and fight again?”

I reach for the loneliness that lived in me
before your shadow ever touched my days,
but it escapes my grasp,
like a ghost fleeing from dawn.
And the man I became after you
half-breath, half-ashes
is a creature I scarcely recognise.

Night itself seems to sit beside me,
whispering sorrow like an old familiar hymn.

Even breath grows burdensome,
as though the very air demands grief
as its price for letting me remain.

So I dream...
not of tomorrows,
not of healing
but of a soft unmaking,
a gentle dimming of this mortal light,
where life loosens its hold,
and the world recedes
like a tide returning to its dark sea.

And there
in that fading moment between breath and silence
I pray your face is the last image
my failing eyes dare to behold.
A tender blur.
A final mercy.
A truth untouched by time.

If love must strike me down twice,
then let it.

For a death that ends with you
is sweeter than a life that forgets you.

And even as the curtain falls,
I shall walk toward you still
not as a man,
but as the echo of a vow
that refused to die.

Even If It Led to My Ruin”

A Final-Chapter Monologue in Kabir’s Voice

Even if it led to my ruin,
even if it cracked my ribs open
and scattered my pride across the floor,
I would still whisper the same truth

you were the beginning of every breath
that ever learned to feel alive in me.

I remember the first time I saw you.

Not the day, not the sky, not the crowd

just you,

standing like a prophecy wrapped in ordinary skin,

a quiet storm that pretended to be gentle.

People talk about love at first sight...

fools.

What I felt was far more fatal

a recognition.

My heart didn't skip;

it surrendered.

As if something ancient inside me murmured,

"Ah... found you."

From that moment, time began orbiting around you.

Your voice reached me before your story ever did

sharp, restless, breaking into anger without apology.

And gods, I swear...

in every angry breath of yours

I heard a softness you hid from the world.

A kindness disguised as fire.

A heart that felt too much

and pretended to feel nothing.

I should've run right then.

But I stayed.

Because broken flames attract broken moths.

Every day after that was a conspiracy of fate

too perfect, too timed,

as if the universe grew bored

and started writing coincidences with a heavy hand.

A shared sip of tea,

two shadows standing too close,

your laughter bending the air around me,

my eyes betraying me
whenever they followed the shape of your smile.

I acted like I was unaffected
cold, quiet, detached
yet every time someone else stood near you
my heartbeat cracked like brittle glass.

So I pretended.

Pretended to belong to some other conversation.

Pretended the tug in my chest wasn't real.

Pretended you weren't the only person

I wanted to speak to.

Wanted to see.

Wanted to choose.

But it was always you.

Always.

And then it happened..ll
that first accidental touch.

Your hand brushing mine,
unplanned, unprepared,
yet deliberate in the way destiny often is.

The world didn't shatter.

I did.

Silently, completely.

From that day forward,
I wanted you with a desperation
that felt nothing short of divine punishment.

You never noticed
how I memorised the way your breath changed
whenever you spoke about something emotional.

How your voice softened
when you said thank you
not like a word,
but like a secret.

How your eyes carried storms
even when your lips carried jokes.

You cried once.

Just once.

But it carved itself into me like scripture.

I wanted to tear apart the world

brick by brick

just to give you one moment of peace.

Instead, I held you,

fed you something warm,

waited for your breath to steady

and prayed silently

that your pain would choose someone else for once.

Those were the moments

where my hand found your waist

slowly, carefully,

not as a lover,

but as a man terrified of breaking something sacred.

Those seconds were enough

to convince me that perhaps,

just perhaps,
love wasn't a myth after all.

Even when silent,
I understood you.
I could map your habits like constellations
the corners you loved,
the places where you walked slower,
the shops you stepped into
just because something on the shelf
reminded you of a forgotten joy.
I knew your rhythms,
your hesitations,
the exact moments your heart grew heavy
and the exact seconds it tried to hide.

And yet
what did I offer you?
Not peace.
My stubbornness.

Not softness.

My pride.

You asked for space,

for breath,

for light

and I... a fool made of fire,

gave you flames instead.

I held you too tightly

when all you wanted

was room to grow.

Maybe our story was never meant

for gentle endings.

Maybe it was meant to be

a brief, violent burning

not a sunrise,

but a lightning strike.

Maybe we were destined

to meet, bruise, soften, learn

and then walk away

before we ruined each other.

But hear me now
if fate stood in front of me
demanding truth,
I would speak it without shame:

You were the best chapter of my life.
Not the happiest.
Not the safest.
But the one written in fire,
the one I will never erase,
even if keeping it
burns through every wall I ever built.

Because even now
even in this distance,
this silence,
this separation that feels worse than anger
I still carry the map of you inside my chest.

Not as a wound.

Not as regret.

But as the quiet, tragic truth

that some people enter our lives

not to stay

but to change the way our heart beats

forever.

EPILOGUE

“The Memory That Refused to Die”

They say every story ends.

But some endings don't close

they echo.

Long after you walked away,

your absence kept speaking to me

in ways your presence never dared.

Sometimes I hear your laughter
in the corner of a street
where the wind has no business
sounding like you.

Sometimes I feel your silence
in the middle of a crowd
that doesn't know
you were once my entire universe.

I have lived many days since then.
Days that were ordinary,
days that pretended to heal,
days that tried
to teach me how to breathe
without waiting
for the sound of your footsteps.

But you remained
not like a wound,
not like a ghost,

but like a quiet truth

I once grew out of.

I learned eventually

that love is not always a cage.

Sometimes,

love is the moment you decide

to stop holding someone

the way the world holds its breath

before a tragedy.

You were not my mistake.

You were my lesson.

My softness.

My ruin.

My proof

that even broken men

can love gently once.

And if there is another life,

another timeline,
another version of us
where the roads don't fork so quickly
I hope fate gives us
five more minutes.

Five minutes where your fingers
still remember the shape of mine,
where your smile
leans into my chest,
and where I get to say it
before the universe interrupts:
I would choose you again.
Even if it led to my death.

Letter from Kabir

(Untitled, meant for the one he loves)

My Dearest,

Tonight... tonight the world grew too quiet for a man like me.

And in that silence

that dreadful, honest silence

my heart dared to speak truths

I had buried beneath armour and pride.

I sit alone,

wandering through the ruins of old conversations

like a soldier moving across a battlefield of ghosts.

And as each memory rises,
soft and merciless as dawn,
a strange ache seizes me
not in the flesh,
but in that stubborn fragment of the soul
that refuses to die,
no matter how often life tries to kill it.

And so... I cried.

A warrior's tears
silent, stubborn,
falling not from weakness,
but from the weight of all the love
I never learned to say.

For I have loved many
in the hidden chambers of my chest,
in the pauses between breath and regret,
in the quiet moments where longing tries to speak.

But they all left before hearing it.

Always too early,

always too far,

as if my confession were a storm

they were never fated to survive.

Yet you

you strange, steadfast light

you did not flee.

Where others slipped through my fingers

like sand that refuses to be held,

you remained,

a quiet witness to the wreckage inside me.

You saw me in my unmaking,

in nights when even my own shadow feared me,

and still you stayed

unshaken, unafraid,

as though my ruins were a language you already knew.

Someone else may have tended my wounds,
someone else may have offered warmth
but you...
you were there when the night turned cruel.
You listened when my voice was nothing but fragments.
You stayed when staying had no reward.

And hear me now,
for I do not speak this lightly,
nor twice:

I love thee.

Not as poets love,
gilding the world with pretty lies
but with a devotion fierce enough
to scorch truth into bone.

Thou art my last sunrise
in a sky barren of mercy.

My forbidden prayer.

My quiet disaster.

My most tender downfall.

When I close my eyes,
your image burns brighter than the dark.

When I open them,
your absence carves itself into the day.

Every breath becomes a question
only your presence answers.

And if destiny came to me tonight,
bearing punishments and oaths,
and asked:

“Would you choose this love again, Kabir,
even knowing it will break you?

Even if it leads you to war,
to ruin,
to death?”

I would not tremble.

I would not doubt.

A thousand times, I would choose you.

Even if the choosing unmade me.

Even if the loving destroyed me.

Even if it led,

with unerring certainty,

to my death.

For some souls are carved from the same fire.

And some loves

rare, violent, sacred

are worth burning for.

And you...

you are the one flame

I would walk into

again and again.

Forever,

Kabir

HER PERSPECTIVE

“If Only You Knew”

I never told you this

but I saw you long before you thought I did.

You thought you were quiet
in the way you cared,
subtle in the way you watched me,
careful in the way you hid your trembling heart.

But I noticed.

Every time.

I noticed the way your breath shifted
whenever my emotions cracked.

I noticed how your eyes softened
as if they were trying to hold
every version of me
even the one that wasn't worth loving.

I noticed the way you pretended
you were somewhere else,
talking to someone else,
belonging to something else.

But your silence always faced me.

Even when your body didn't.

And I felt safe.

God, I felt so painfully safe.

But the truth is

I was scared.

Scared of how deeply you could love me,
scared of how easily

I could fall into the warmth
between your chaos and your gentleness.

You were fire,

and I was made of paper.

I knew if I walked too close,

I would burn beautifully
but completely.

You asked for forever

in ways you didn't realize.

And I...

I didn't know how to give that to anyone
not even myself.

So I stepped back,
not because I didn't feel anything,
but because I felt too much.

You thought I didn't remember you.

But I do.

I remember the way your hand held my trembling world
for a few moments too sacred
to ever be repeated.

I remember the warmth you tried to hide,
the softness you tried to bury,
the love you carried like a forbidden prayer.

And if I'm being honest

there are nights

I retrace the steps of the places we walked,

imagining your presence
as carefully as you once imagined mine.

Not because I want you back
but because a heart like yours
is not something you forget.

It lingers.

It teaches.

It haunts.

If only you knew
I never left because you weren't enough.
I left because I wasn't ready
for the kind of love
that could break me
and save me
in the same breath.

And in another life,
where timing isn't a cruel god
and fear isn't the architect of endings

maybe I would reach for your hand
instead of letting go.

But not here.

Not in this life.

Not in this fragile chapter
we never learned how to finish.

Still...

I hope you never forget this:

You were loved.

More quietly than you wanted,
more fiercely than you knew.

—Her Last Unsent Letter

CHAPTER I — “The Place Where I First Felt You Leave”

There is a small place near the river
where the world finally becomes quiet enough
for a person to hear their own heart.

Not a famous spot.
Not a romantic viewpoint.
Just a broken railing,
a tired lamp,
and the soft sound of water
touching the stones like a confession.

I come here with a cup of tea every time
my chest becomes too full.

I stand facing the river,
and it feels like the water knows everything
the things I said,
the things I couldn't,
and the things I still wish I could.

This place isn't special.
But it became holy
because it's the only place

where I loved you
without fear.

I didn't scream your name.
I didn't cry loudly.
I just watched the river move
and felt something inside me
move with it.

Some people say
love is a moment.
Some people say
love is a memory.

But loving you
was a slow understanding
that the heart becomes wiser
even while it breaks.

That silence sometimes
speaks louder than words.
That losing someone
doesn't always mean they leave
sometimes *you* just learn
how to carry them differently.

Tonight, when I sip my tea,
I realise something simple:

I didn't love you wrong.
I didn't love you less.
I didn't love you foolishly.

I loved you honestly.

And that honesty
still sits here beside me
every time I return to this river.

I used to think
love needs two people.

But now I know:

**love is whatever remains inside you
even when the other person isn't there anymore.**

And in this quiet place
I understand something small,
something beautiful:

Some loves don't end.
They just change shape.

CHAPTER II — “If This Is Where I Lose You, Let It Still Be Beautiful”

It's strange how the universe works.
It gives you someone who feels like sunlight
soft, warm, slowly familiar
and then one day
it takes them away
without warning.

Not with a fight.
Not with a goodbye.
Just... quietly.
Like a chapter ending
without a last line.

The river looks calmer tonight.
The moon sits low
as if it's tired of listening
to people whispering their heartbreak to it.

I sit on the same broken railing,
tea in my hands,
and I think about how love doesn't disappear
it simply learns to stay quietly inside you.

There are two kinds of loss:
one where you lose the person,
and one where you lose the version of yourself
who loved them openly.

Both hurt
in different languages.

I don't want to erase you.
I don't want to forget.
Some things are meant to stay
even if they don't stay *with* us.

So I look at the river
and I make a small wish—
not for you to come back,
not for us to return to “before,”
but for one simple grace:

**If this is where your chapter ends in my life,
let the ending be gentle.
Let it be beautiful.
Let it not feel like a failure.**

I don't want anger.
I don't want regret.
I don't want to rewrite anything.

I want it to remain beautiful
even in its breaking.

Because love that once made you better
doesn't become ugly
just because it couldn't stay.

I sip the last drop of tea,
the night becomes still,
and a realisation settles:

Some people don't leave scars.
They leave stories.

And some stories
aren't meant to be completed
they're meant to be carried.

CHAPTER III

“What the Heart Learns When It Finally Stops Running”

There comes a point
when the heart gets tired of running
after answers that were never meant to be found.

Tonight, I sit at the same riverbank
same railing,
same flickering lamp,
same warmth of tea between my fingers
but something feels different.

I am not here
to question anymore.
I am here
to understand.

Grief is strange.
It does not leave all at once.
It leaves quietly,
like the river pulling away from the shore
grain by grain.

At first, I thought healing meant forgetting.
I thought I had to erase you
like chalk washed off a blackboard
after class.

But the truth is softer,

kinder.

Healing never asked me to forget you.
It only asked me
to stop punishing myself
for remembering.

The river taught me that.

Every night it returns,
every night it leaves,
and every night
it remains itself.

Maybe I am learning the same thing.

Maybe it's not about moving on.
Maybe it's about moving with.
With memory.
With acceptance.
With whatever stayed
after the breaking.

I realise something tonight
a simple truth
that someone like me should've known long ago:

Love does not end when two people walk away.
Love ends when one person stops hurting.

And maybe
just maybe
that time has come.

I still feel something when I think of you,
but it's no longer the sharpness of loss.
It's the softness of gratitude.

I'm grateful that I felt something
so deep,
so honest,
so ruinously beautiful
in this short life.

Most people never get even that.

I look at the tea in my hand
and I smile for the first time in a long while
not because the story turned out well,
but because I finally accept
that it turned out the only way it could.

Some people are not meant to stay forever.
They are meant to change you
so that when life brings you the next chapter,
you're ready.

Tonight, the river sounds different
not like a wound,
but like wisdom.

Not like loss,
but like learning.

And I think I'm ready now
not to forget you,
not to close the chapter,
but to turn the page
without fear.

Because love that leaves you broken
is tragedy.

But love that leaves you wiser
is a gift.

And your memory,
in all its ache and calm,
feels like a gift tonight.

“If You Ever Returned, I Wouldn’t Ask You Why You Left”

Tonight the river is unusually calm,
as if it’s waiting for a truth
I’ve never spoken before.

And maybe that truth is this:

If you ever came back,
I wouldn’t ask you for explanations.
I wouldn’t ask you why you left.
I wouldn’t ask you why it hurt.

Not because I’ve forgotten,
but because I finally understand.

People don’t walk away
because they stop caring.
Sometimes they walk away
because loving becomes heavier
than leaving.

I sit at the same old railing,
a cup of tea warming my palms,
and I imagine it
the sound of footsteps behind me,
the soft uncertainty in your voice,
the quiet “hey”
that would tremble between us
like a bridge trying to rebuild itself.

And I realise

tragedy isn't that you left.
Tragedy is that for a long time,
I thought it was my fault.

But if you stood here beside me again,
crossing all the distance
that time carved between us,
I would look at you
with a gentler heart.

I wouldn't ask,
"Where were you?"
I would ask,
"Are you okay now?"
Because that's what love becomes
after it breaks
a softer concern,
a quiet wish for the other person's peace,
even if it doesn't include you.

I wouldn't tell you
how many nights I spent listening
to the river whisper your name back to me.
I wouldn't tell you
how many cups of tea went cold
waiting for closure that never arrived.

I would just say:

"Sit.
The river still remembers us."

And maybe you'd smile,
maybe you wouldn't.
Maybe you'd sit beside me
in the silence we once feared,
maybe you'd leave after a minute
I don't know.

But I know one thing:

If you ever returned,
I wouldn't try to repeat the past.
I wouldn't beg the universe

to rewind anything.
I wouldn't hold your hand
like it belonged to me.

I would hold it
like something I was grateful to touch once,
even if it wasn't mine forever.

Because love isn't claiming.
Love is understanding.

And I finally understand
that people return
not because fate demands it,
but because something in the heart
still has a sentence left to say.

If you ever returned,
I would let you speak your unfinished sentence
not so we can start again,
but so we can finally breathe.

Until then,
I will sit by this river,
tea in hand,
learning how to welcome peace
even in the spaces
where you once stood.

“The Night I Finally Realised I Deserve to Be Loved Too”

Tonight the river isn't loud.
It isn't wild.
It isn't trying to carry anyone's name away.

It is just... gentle.

And maybe for the first time,
my heart feels the same.

I sit on the same broken railing,
a warm cup of tea in my hands,
and something in the air feels different
like the night has been waiting
for me to arrive here
not as someone hurting,
but as someone learning.

For so long,
I thought love was something
I had to earn.

I thought I had to be softer,
quieter,
less complicated,
more patient,
more perfect.

I thought if I hurt less,
you'd stay.
If I loved more,

you'd return.
If I kept trying,
the universe would reward me.

But the truth is simple
and painfully beautiful:

Love was never meant to be earned.
It was meant to be received.

And tonight,
under this calm sky,
I finally allow myself
to accept this.

I look at my reflection in the river
the same tired eyes,
the same heart that broke
and kept beating anyway,
the same person
who carried the weight
of unspoken feelings
like a secret punishment

and I whisper to that reflection:

“You deserve a love
that doesn't make you beg for presence.
You deserve a love
that doesn't make you doubt your worth.
You deserve a love
that stays without being asked to.”

The river doesn't argue.
It just flows,
as if agreeing silently.

For the first time,
I don't imagine you standing beside me.
I don't imagine your voice
filling the gaps in my silence.
I don't imagine your return
like a prayer I'm scared to lose.

Tonight, I imagine myself.
Not the version that waited.
Not the version that cried.
Not the version that broke.

But the version
that survived.

And I realise something
so quietly,
so tenderly,
that it feels like a truth
I always knew but never accepted:

A heart that can love someone that deeply
deserves to be loved deeply in return.

I sip my tea slowly,
letting the warmth settle in my chest,
and for the first time,
it feels like the warmth is mine
not borrowed from a memory,
not stolen from a hope,
not tied to a name I no longer call out.

Just mine.

Maybe that's what healing really is—
not the absence of pain,
but the presence of self-worth.

Tonight,
as the river carries away
yet another hour of my life,
I finally let one thing stay:

Me.

The me who hurt.
The me who hoped.
The me who learned.
The me who deserves.

And I leave the river

with a quiet promise:

I will never again love anyone
in a way that requires
losing myself first.

Author Bio

Kabir is a storyteller of hearts, a wanderer of emotions, and a poet who believes love, loss, and longing are the truest forms of art. His monologues and verses explore the quiet intensity of human connection, revealing the beauty of life in fleeting moments and fragile hearts.