

# FOR YOU ON QUITE DAYS

INK, PAUSES AND YOU



## *d i m n e s s*

Some evenings arrive without clarity  
the world slightly out of tune,  
as if the light forgot  
where to rest.

You walk through it anyway,  
holding feelings  
that don't ask to be solved,  
only carried  
not hidden  
for a while.

Not everything that hurts  
is loud.

Some things ache quietly,  
like eyes adjusting  
to dimness.

People drift,  
not always out of cruelty,  
sometimes just  
because they don't know  
how to stay  
or how to listen.

Still  
your heart keeps its rhythm.  
Gentle.

Stubborn.  
Unashamed of how deeply  
it knows how to feel.

Let the blur exist.  
Let the questions soften.  
There is no rush  
to make yourself smaller  
tonight.

Morning will come  
on its own terms  
and when it does,  
you'll still be here,  
whole,  
even if a little tender  
around the edges.

## e c h o e s

In the hush of night, where shadows breathe,

Two souls connect, with hearts beneath.

No promises, no flowers bright,  
Just voices shared past quiet midnight.

She laughs, she teases, throws her flame,

And plays her part in a quiet game.

Her words may sting, but still they stay,

They're half in jest, and that's her way.

I listen close — each little line,  
Somewhere between the sharp and kind.

And truth be told, if she's around,  
Even silence feels like sound.

I've found in her a kind of space,  
Where time slows down, and thoughts find place.

And though she says she walks alone,  
There's something warm in her unknown.

She dreams of skies beyond this land,  
Of distant ways she understands.

And I? I simply hold the part  
Where she lets me linger, close at heart.

She walks her path with steady pace,  
Eyes on a far and distant place.  
While I just trace the quiet glow,  
Of moments only we both know.

And if she asks what keeps me near,  
It's nothing loud for her to hear—  
Just echoes of a gentle spark,  
That lingers softly in the dark.





## s h a d e s

In a world of black and white, we  
bloom,  
A feeling shaped in a quiet room.  
Not flawless, not pure — just gentle  
and true,  
A hint of dawn, passing me and you.

You came like rain on waiting land,  
Breaking the silence, close at hand.  
Every glance a spark, every smile a  
flame,  
Moments brief, without a name.

Through streets where shadow meets  
the light,  
We learn the beauty of softer nights.  
No promises held, no vows to keep,  
Just fragile hours we choose to keep.

If distance grows, or time moves on,  
Some echoes stay when moments are  
gone.  
Among many faces, familiar somehow,  
A quiet knowing, then and now.

Your presence eases lingering strain,  
Turns ordinary days into passing rain.  
The world stays whole, steady and  
wide,  
Yet warmer still with you nearby.

You are moonlight crossing the night,  
I am a thought that fades with light.  
This black-and-white tale, subtle and  
true,  
Lives for a moment—shared by two.

And even if colors thin with time,  
And paths diverge without a sign,  
These shades we knew, imperfect and  
kind,  
Will linger softly, in the mind.

## *p e r s e v e r e*

We don't keep going for glory's sake,  
Not for the finish, the win, the break.  
We move through storms, through  
aching days,  
For softer reasons, quieter ways.

We love because we choose to stay,  
Even when hearts drift far away.  
We care not just when skies are blue,  
But in the dark, when no one knew.

The world will twist, the rules may  
bend,  
Not every game is meant to end.  
But still we rise, and still we try,  
With hope that outlasts every why.

It's not the prize that pulls us through,  
But every hand that once felt true.  
A glance, a word, a breath, a touch —  
Small things that somehow meant so  
much.

For what is life, if not a test,  
Of how we love and give our best?  
Of how we break, and heal, and grow,  
And learn to stay when others go.

So let the lights fade where they will,  
Let empty crowns be cold and still.  
We've lived. We've felt. We've dared.  
We've cried.  
And that alone  
Was worth the ride.



*F o r y o u -*

*n o t a s a p r o m i s e ,  
n o t a s a n a n s w e r ,  
b u t a s a s m a l l p l a c e  
t o r e s t f o r a m o m e n t .*

*H a p p y B i r t h d a y .*

*- a k a s h*

