

Each verse I never sent still carries your name in silence

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Echonoir

Unsent Verses

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Some words were meant to stay
quiet,
just like the love behind them.

— Echonoir

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Chapter One -

The First Glance

*Some glances stretch across time-lasting
longer than the moments they were
meant to fill.*

— *Echonoir* —

A glance, no longer passing breeze,
But something sharp that stops the seas.
The world, once steady, slips and sways-
A quiet quake in ordinary days.

No words exchanged, no promise made,
Yet all the colors start to fade.
Time bends around that sudden spark,
A fleeting light inside the dark.

And though you looked, then looked away,
I still live in that fragile sway-
Where everything changed in just one beat,
When hearts forgot they shouldn't meet.

It started in silence, not in speech,
in stolen glances just out of reach.
No greeting passed from lips to air,
yet something formed and settled there.

A brush of presence, light and brief,
like blooming joy wrapped tight in grief.
No need for language, sound, or sign—
just knowing, softly, you weren't mine.

And still it grew, this quiet flame,
without a voice, without a name.
A love begun where silence stayed—
unclaimed, unspoken, and delayed.

*I knew you before I knew your name — a memory I
never made, yet kept longing for all the same.*

— Echonoir —

There you stood-unknown, unname
yet something in me softly claimed
a piece of you I'd never met,
a ghost my soul could not forget.

Your eyes held echoes not yet heard
silence speaking more than words
A warmth that flickered, then withdr
like deja vu that never knew.

No past to hold, no truth to chase,
Just the ache of a half-known face.
A stranger still, yet strangely mine-
familiar as a missed lifeline.

I held your first glance like a vow,
etched in silence, sacred somehow.
No words were born, no moment claimed,
yet everything within me changed.

It lingered-soft, a fleeting thread,
a whisper where no word was said.
As if your eyes, in passing light,
had promised something out of sight.

But time moved on, and so did you,
while I stayed still in what felt true.
That single look-my heart's refrain,
a promise made, yet never named.

*Some beginnings aren't spoken-they're written
in the way our eyes paused, as if they already
knew the ending*

— Echonoir —

A gaze that lingers, slow and still,
holds more than words could ever fill.
It presses soft against the skin,
a silent pull, a quiet sin.

Too long it stays, and time stands thin
between the lines where dreams begin.
A heaviness that cannot speak,
the ache of closeness yet so weak.

Held hostage in that steady look,
a story written, never took.
The weight of eyes that won't let go—
the love we feel but never show.

In just one stolen moment's breath,
a thousand dreams began to rest.
A fleeting touch, a glance too shy,
where silent wishes dared to fly.

No words were spoken, none were planned
yet hearts were drawn like grains of sand-
to something fragile, undefined,
a love that blossomed in rewind.

That single spark, too brief to hold,
became a story left untold-
a quiet ache that lingers still,
born in that moment's stolen thrill.

*You didn't break my heart — you just never
noticed it was in your hands.*

— Echonoir —

Chapter Two -

THE UNSPOKEN

____DEVOTION____

*Some loves dwelt quietly in the heart,
felt deeply, yet never spoken aloud.*

— *Echonoir* —

In quiet corners of the day,
where words fall short, and eyes betray,
devotion hides in gentle acts-
the silent love that never cracks.

A brush of hand, a lingering glance,
small kindnesses that dare to dance
between the moments left unseen,
where hearts reside, untouched, between

Though love may go unclaimed, unheard
it lives within each whispered word-
in simple acts, a truth confessed,
the quiet pulse that won't rest.

I loved you in the silent space,
where giving asks no sure embrace
No promise made, no debts to weigh-
just open hands that gave away.

A love that blooms without a claim,
no echo sought, no shared flame.
It dwells in quiet, selfless art-
an endless well within my heart.

Though empty pockets hold my love
it rises gentle, pure, above-
not bound to want or sweet return,
Just loving, simply, with no concern

*You never knew- I loved you in every quiet
moment, in the spaces where silence speaks
loudest*

— Echonoir —

Silent vows hang heavy in the air,
words we never dared to share.
Promises folded, tucked away,
waiting for a distant day.

Their weight pulls deep within my chest
a quiet ache that won't find rest.
Unseen chains, soft but tight,
binding hopes in fading light.

Between what's said and left behind
lie whispers lost to time and mind-
the weight of promises never told,
a story paused, a love grown cold.

I held a love that went unseen,
a quiet hope, a secret dream.
Unspoken words, a silent plea,
a heart that beat so endlessly.

No glance returned, no touch received,
just shadows where my love believed.
I clung to light that never shone,
to seeds of warmth forever sown.

Though never named, it stayed alive,
a ghost within that still survives-
love held close, yet never known
a garden grown in silent stone.

*Not all hearts speak aloud- some tell their
truths in silent acts.*

— Echonoir —

I gave in silence, step by step,
a thousand ways you never kept.
Invisible threads pulled tight and thin
sacrifices worn beneath my skin.

No eyes to see, no thanks, no grace
just empty space where you erased
the quiet battles fought alone,
the love I built but never owned.

Unseen, unheard, my heart gave all,
a silent rise, a steady fall-
for someone lost in skies above,
too blind to see my hidden love.

In the hush that fills the air,
between your words and my silent stare
love waits softly, shy and true,
in spaces only I pursue.

No sound to mark where it begins
just echoes held beneath our skins
A quiet dance, a tender trace-
love's shadow in the empty space.

Unspoken, yet it clings so near,
a whisper only hearts can hear,
between the lines we never speak
the love that time can never break.

*Though the words stayed locked my love for you
never wavered- quiet, endless, unnamed.*

— Echonoir —

Chapter Three

The Almosts

*We almost had forever- but forever
never took its first breath.*

— *Echonoir* —

It hovered quiet, soft and near,
a love not brave enough to clear
the fragile line we never crossed,
a flame half-lit, a dream half-lost.

In every glance, a world unsaid,
in every pause, a thread we shed.
We danced along what might have been,
too close to start, too far to win.

Still it lingers, thin as mist,
a touch we felt but never kissed.
Not broken—just unfinished art,
a love that brushed, but missed the heart.

They weren't moments the world would see-
just passing breaths between you and me.

A pause too long, a look too deep,
the kind of silence hearts still keep.

They never turned to solid ground,
no confessions, no clear sound.

Yet somehow, they still cling to me,
like tides that kiss but never reach the sea.

Not quite love, not fully air,
but something fragile hanging there.

A ghost of what we didn't say,
still haunting me in quiet grey.

*You were almost mine- and somehow, the
`almost' hurts more than 'never' ever could.*

— Echonoir —

They hovered like breath on winter glass,
fragile truths we let slip past.
Caught in the hush between two hearts,
where silence tears the soul apart.

A glance, a pause, the air grew tight-
so much unsaid beneath the light.
I felt them rise, then fade away,
the words I couldn't make you stay.

Now every quiet holds their trace,
like shadows time cannot erase.
Unspoken, yet they echo through-
all the things I couldn't say to you.

I search the silence for a start,
a single line, a beating heart-
but all I find are scattered signs,
half-built hopes and broken lines.

We were a whisper, not a name,
a fleeting warmth, a flickered flame.
No chapter marked, no page was turned,
just ashes from a love unburned.

And yet I grieve what never grew,
the ghost of something almost true.
How strange to mourn what's undefined-
tale unlived, but still enshrined.

*Some loves exist only in the spaces between
what-ifs-quiet, unfinished, and endlessly
echoing."*

— Echonoir —

It wasn't thunder, it wasn't flame,
just a hush that never spoke my name.

A gentle ache I couldn't flee-
the quiet sorrow of not meant to be.

No promises, no bitter end,
just silence posing as a friend.

A tender glance, a fading hue,
a love that lived in shades, not truth.

Now I walk through days you'll never see,
carrying what you'll never grieve.

Not a heartbreak, not a plea- just the soft,
enduring ache of almost-meant-to-be

Love whispered soft in fleeting eyes,
in stolen glances and silent sighs.
It lived between the beats of time,
in pauses brief and unsaid rhyme.

A trembling heart that dared not speak,
in hesitation, fragile and weak.
Moments caught but never held—
story only shadows tell.

No promises, no hands to hold,
just love in silence, shy and cold.
Forever trapped in what could be,
love's fragile breath, too faint to see.

*We were almost something- now we're just a
memory whispered between the lines.*

— Echonoir —

Chapter Four—

The Shadows of Hope..

*In silent corners of my heart, hope still
waits for what never came.*

— *Echonoir* —

In silent skies, I write your name,
among the stars that never fade.
Hope glimmers softly through the dark,
a wish that knows it can't be made.

The moon keeps watch on hidden scars,
collecting tears I couldn't show.
In every breath, your shadow stays,
a warmth the night refuses to let go.

Yet even love that stays unseen,
can haunt the heart, can light the way.
In shadows deep, my hope still breathes,
for what was lost, and couldn't stay.

I built a thousand silent dreams,
all resting softly on your smile.
But hope grew heavy in my chest,
and stayed too long, though all the while.

In quiet rooms, I speak to air,
pretend your voice still answers mine.
Love, unfinished, stays behind,
like letters lost but left unsigned.

Now shadows hold what light can't keep,
and hope, though faint, still learns to breathe.
Not every wish is meant to bloom,
yet even wilted hearts can grieve.

*Hope stayed longer than love ever did,
lingering softly in the spaces you left behind*

— Echonoir —

kept my love where eyes won't see,
a silent wish, a secret plea.
Hope built its home behind my chest,
and learned to live with no request.

The nights grew long, the words grew few,
yet still I dreamed the dream of you.
Though hearts may break and tears may fall,
hope stayed behind, despite it all.

Unseen, unheard, but breathing still,
a softer strength, a quiet will.
For even love that's left alone,
can cast a shadow all its own.

I planted wishes in the dark,
and watched them bloom without a spark.
No light to guide, no hand to hold,
just quiet hope that felt so bold.

You never saw the words unsaid,
the silent dreams I softly fed.
Yet still they lived beyond my sight,
a tender ghost that loved the night.

Now shadows guard what hearts conceal,
a hope untouched by what is real.
For love may fade, but hope remains,
a softer ache that speaks my name.

*Not every love asks to be found —
some live quietly in the spaces we hide.*

— Echonoir —

I held my hope where no one looks,
between the pages love once wrote.
It never asked to be set free,
just stayed and learned to live with me.

Some days it felt too small to name,
yet somehow burned behind my shame.
A quiet wish I couldn't hide,
though even you stayed blind inside.

And now it sits where words run out,
a softer truth I won't deny.
Hope isn't loud, but still it stays,
breathing in the space you left behind.

I traced your absence on my skin,
a map of places you had been.
Not every wound was made to bleed,
some live as whispers, soft, unseen.

I learned to wait without a clock,
to keep my faith in fading light.
Hope isn't loud, it hums so low,
like quiet rain before the night.

And if you never turn around,
this hope won't ask for more than this:
to stand where love had once begun,
and hold what's left, though it is less.

*Some hopes don't ask to be fulfilled —
they exist just to keep us warm in the silence*

— Echonoir —

Chapter Five-

The Weight of Silence..

*Sometimes silence isn't emptiness — it's
everything we never dared to say.*

— *Echonoir* —

I held my words behind closed lips,
like tides that rise but never slip.
A thousand thoughts you'll never know,
soft confessions I couldn't show-

Your smile lit worlds I couldn't reach,
a galaxy beyond my speech.
In quiet corners, love took shape,
unspoken truths I couldn't break.

Now silence holds what I won't tell,
a hidden hope that learned to dwell.
Not every heart can find its voice —
some loves remain an unheard choice.

I kept my love behind quiet lips,
where dreams grew heavy, yet stayed hid.
Some words were born to never leave,
soft truths my silence chose to keep.

Your eyes felt close, yet worlds away,
so near my hope, beyond my say.
I watched the moments come and go,
still held my heart where you won't know.

And in the hush between each breath,
I loved you more than words confess.
Some hearts don't speak, yet still they burn
in silent rooms, love waits, unheard.

*Some loves live so quietly,
even silence forgets they're there*

— Echonoir —

I held my feelings like folded notes,
tucked away where no one knows.

Not fear alone kept me apart,
but hope that trembled in my heart.

Each glance at you lit hidden sparks,
yet I stayed quiet, kept them dark.

A thousand chances slipped like sand,
while words stayed locked inside my hands.

Now all that's left is what I missed,
unwritten truths and silent wish.

Some loves remain a secret thread,
unseen, unheard — but never dead

I traced your name in passing thoughts,
a hidden truth I never brought.
Some feelings bloom behind closed eyes,
too fragile still to see the light.

I watched you laugh from worlds away,
my hope unspoken, kept at bay.
What if my words had crossed the space?
What if you'd turned to see my face?

Yet silence built its gentle walls,
and there my quiet longing falls.
Unsaid, unseen — but beating strong,
a secret love I've kept so long

*Some truths never touch the air, yet they shape us
more than words ever could*

— Echonoir —

I carried feelings I couldn't name,
a hidden spark I couldn't tame.
Some loves aren't meant for open skies,
they bloom unseen behind our eyes.

You lived in thoughts I couldn't share,
a quiet truth too soft to bear.
Hope built its walls where words grew thin,
and silence kept you locked within.

Now days move on, but love stays still,
unspoken yet it lingers still.
Not every heart finds voice to speak —
some loves survive in what's kept deep.

I watched my hope outgrow my fear,
yet kept it close, you never hear.

Some truths feel safer left inside,
like petals pressed where hearts can hide.

Your smile became my hidden prayer,
a wish I made but couldn't share.
What lives in quiet often stays,
between the lines we never say.

So love remains a secret thread,
unseen, untouched, but never dead.
Not every story finds its voice —
some hearts just learn to love in void.

*Not every love must be spoken aloud;
some are meant to live quietly inside us*

— Echonoir —

Chapter Six—

The Love That Never Was..

*Unwritten, unlived —yet felt so deep, o love
that never was, but still won't sleep.*

— Echonoir —

We crossed paths like morning haze,
brief and bright in borrowed days.
No promise made, no vow to keep,
just glances left for memory.

I spoke to you in quiet thoughts,
built a future that time forgot.
Yet nothing grew beyond that hope,
no story carved for us to hold.

Still sometimes, when the dusk feels kind,
I trace your face in passing minds.
A love that never had its place,
yet softly lingers all the same.

You were almost, never mine,
a name that stayed between the lines.
Moments slipped like falling sand,
dreams we held but never planned.

I built castles in my mind,
homes for feelings left behind.
Yet morning came, the tide erased,
what never bloomed can't leave a trace.

Still at times, your thought appears,
quiet guest of distant years.
Not every wish becomes a truth,
yet some remain as tender proof.

*Sometimes the most haunting love is not the one we
lose, but the one we never dared to begin*

— Echonoir —

I kept your smile somewhere inside,
a softer place my thoughts could hide.

Built a dream I couldn't say,
hoped the silence might still stay.

I held your name in secret hours,
a garden locked without its flowers.
Moments slipped like morning rain,
left behind a sweeter pain.

Yet even now, when nights grow cold,
your memory feels warm to hold.
Not every wish becomes a start,
yet some remain within the heart.

I wrote your name in hidden notes,
a truth I kept behind my quotes.
Dreamed of moments never shared,
loved in silence, unprepared.

I traced your face in passing crowds,
a secret thought I spoke aloud.
Built a world where you were mine,
lost it all between the lines.

And though no promise crossed your lips,
your memory sails in quiet ships.
Not every hope can find its way,
yet some remain, though kept at bay.

*A love that never bloomed still grew unseen, rooted
softly in the corners of my memory*

— Echonoir —

I watched you live beyond my reach,
a lesson love forgot to teach.
Held a thousand silent prayers,
hoping somehow you'd be there.

I built my world from could-have-been,
a quiet place you never' d seen.
Spoke your name in empty rooms,
lit my nights with hidden moons.

Yet hearts can ache for what won't start,
and silence still can bruise a heart.
Some loves are born, yet never shown,
and leave their mark on skin and bone

I kept your laughter in my chest,
a secret song I loved the best.
Dreamed of words I'd never say,
hopes that bloomed, then slipped away.

I traced your path from far behind,
a silent echo in my mind.
Wrote our story, page by page,
yet never stepped upon the stage.

And though my truth stayed out of sight,
it flickers still in quiet night.
Not every heartache makes a sound,
but some remain, though never found.

*Not all love must be lived to leave its mark, some
remain as quiet scars on the soul*

— Echonoir —

Chapter Seven—

The Goodbye

That Never Came

*It wasn't the parting that hurt the most, but
the farewell left unspoken.*

— *Echonoir* —

I waited for the words you'd say,
a parting note to end our way.
But silence stood where you had been,
a quiet ache beneath my skin.

I searched the dusk for signs of you,
a whispered truth, a last adieu.
Yet all I found were empty skies,
and echoes held in tired eyes.

Now all that's left is what remained,
a hollow space that bears your name.
Some goodbyes never touch the air,
yet leave their weight still lingering there

I held my breath for your last glance,
a final word, a parting chance,
But all that met me was the air,
an empty space where you weren't there.

Nights turned slow, the silence stayed,
memories whispered, slowly frayed.
Yet not a sound, not one goodbye,
just quiet truth beneath the sky.

Some endings never find their name,
yet burn the heart all just the same.
It wasn't leaving that left pain —
but waiting for a word that never came.

*If wasn't the leaving that broke me most, but the
goodbye that never found its voice*

— Echonoir —

I watched the day you turned to leave,
but kept your reasons up your sleeve.
A pause too long, a breath too still,
a truth unspoken haunts me still.

Your absence grew like winter's hush,
no final word, no gentle crush.
Only the knowing in your eyes,
a quiet end without goodbyes.

Now seasons pass, yet still I find,
your parting locked inside my mind.
Some stories close without a line,
yet echo on through borrowed time.

Your lips shaped words you couldn't give,
a pause where parting failed to live.
A single breath that dared, then died,
and left goodbye unsaid inside.

You turned away, the silence stayed,
no promise kept, no debt repaid.
A quiet end without a claim,
a leaving that refused its name.

Still memory wears that empty thread,
a chapter closed but never read.
Some partings fail to speak their name,
yet leave us haunted all the same

*There are departures so quiet, only the soul hears
them leave.*

— Echonoir —

I watched you leaving, soft and slow,
no backward glance to let me know-
Words dissolved before they came,
farewell hid behind your name.

Your shadow slipped through open doors,
echoed steps on quiet floors.
A memory dressed in muted light,
a ghost that visits me at night.

Now silence holds what speech betrayed,
a love unfinished, left to fade.
Some goodbyes break without a sound,
yet haunt the heart that stayed around.

I rise each day with words unsaid,
a silent weight my heart has fed.
No final glance, no closing phrase,
just empty rooms and hollow days.

Your absence lingers, undefined,
a ghost that lives between the lines.
What wasn't spoken finds its place,
in shadows time cannot erase.

And so I walk with quiet ache,
a love that silence chose to break.
Some farewells never cross the lips,
yet leave their mark on fingertips.

*Left unsaid, your absence became a verse —
incomplete, yet breathing in the spaces I now
carry.*

— Echonoir —

Chapter Eight—

The Lingering Ghost..

*Memories don't always leave; some become
the ghosts we quietly learn to live beside*

— *Echonoir* —

I see you drift where shadows crawl,
A silent breath beyond my call.
No heartbeat left, yet still you stay,
A ghost of words I couldn't say.

You haunt the edges of my sleep,
A promise buried far too deep.
In every sigh, your shape appears,
A whisper clothed in vanished years.

unseen, unheard, yet close as skin,
A phantom love that dwells within.
Not life, not death, just something lost—
The lingering ghost I never crossed.

I glimpse you in the dying flame,
A hush that whispers through your name.
No heartbeat now, yet still you cling,
A ghost sewn into everything.

You dwell where silent rain has slept,
A secret wound the years have kept.
In every breath, your presence sighs,
A story told by unseen eyes

.

Not ash, not wind, yet bound so close,
An echo wrapped in tattered prose,
Beyond goodbye, beyond the lost —
The lingering ghost love made the cost.

*You remain, not in sight, but in every pause —
A silent tether time could never unlace.*

— Echonoir —

I see your shape in moonlit dust,
A breath that breaks but won't combust.
No voice remains, yet still you stir,
A phantom truth I can't defer.

You hide in cracks of sleepless thought,
A wish undone, a love unwrought.
In every pause, your shade is near,
A memory dressed in brittle fear.

Not gone, not here, yet close as sin,
A hollow vow that dwells within.
Beyond my reach, yet never far —
The silent echo of who you are.

I walk new roads, yet sense your trace,
A ghostly breath I can't erase.
Each crowded room still feels your lack,
A whisper pulling my heart back.

I paint my days in lighter tones,
Yet find your name in undertones.
No matter how I change the view,
The world still bears the shape of you.

I step ahead, but not alone,
Your shadow stitched into my own.
Not love, not loss, but something stays —
An unseen weight that never sways.

*"I left your world behind, yet you remain,
written in every silent corner of mine.*

— Echonoir —

I changed the roads, the songs, the view,
Yet find the ghostly trace of you.
In empty seats and passing trains,
Your shadow clings, defies my chains.

I learned to breathe without your name,
Yet every breath recalls the same.
In whispered winds and midnight rain,
You bloom in silence, bloom in pain.

I walk ahead, but not alone,
Your memory carved into my bones.
Not love returned, nor sorrow gone —
Just echoes following me on.

I've packed the letters, burned the pasts
Yet still your shadow seems to last—
In crowded streets or quiet rooms,
You rise like smoke from hidden wounds.

I wear new smiles, I speak new dreams,
Yet still you linger in the seams.
In dawn's first light or dusk's retreat,
Your ghost walks softly at my feet.

I chase tomorrow, break these chains,
But find your breath in falling rain.
A love that left, yet won't be gone —
A haunting felt though life moves on.

*In learning to let go, we find that what haunts us
often walks beside us, not behind.*

— Echonoir —

Chapter Nine—

The Unwritten Letters...

*Some truths never found a voice, yet stained
the soul like secret ink.*

— *Echonoir* —

I traced your name on paper's edge,
a vow unsent, a silent pledge,
My tongue betrayed what heart had kept,
so love remained where letters slept.

In empty lines, the truth took shape,
soft whispers sealed by fear's escape.
Each tear became an unseen mark,
a hidden fire in pages dark.

Now only ghosts of words reside,
confessions lost, yet still abide.
What wasn't said still haunts the air —
a quiet ache I could not share.

Between the folds of unsent lines,
a love concealed by fear's design.
My hand would shake, my breath would slow,
and so the words remained unknown.

In every pause, a thought of you,
in silent ink, confessions grew.
Yet lips stayed still, afraid to speak,
and so my truths turned soft and weak.

Now all that's left are pages bare,
the weight of words I couldn't share.
A quiet sorrow, deep and small —
the letters lost that held it all.

*In the quiet between heartbeats,
live the words I never dared to send.*

— Echonoir —

I held your name behind closed lips,
a weight that silence can't eclipse.
Nights grew heavy with unsent lines,
verses kept where hope resigns.

I shaped my love in hidden sighs,
in quiet dreams the dawn denies.
Each feeling penned but left unread,
a letter burned inside my head.

Now empty pages guard my truth,
unheard vows from timid youth.
And all that's left of what I meant,
are words that stayed, but never went.

I held a thousand lines inside,
each word a wound I learned to hide.
A love that bloomed yet stayed unseen,
like secret verses in between.

MY tongue grew heavy with what I felt,
thoughts that paper never held.
Silent storms behind calm eyes,
truths that lived and softly died.

And though these lines won't touch your hand,
they're etched in spaces you won't scan.
A quiet proof of what won't show —
the letters you were meant to know.

*Unspoken words turned to ashes inside me, burning softly
where your name still lives.*

— Echonoir —

I held my voice behind closed lips,
while paper stayed untouched by scripts.
A thousand truths I dared not free,
kept safe in shadows close to me.

Nights I traced them in my head,
silent vows that stayed unsaid.
Each heartbeat hid what ink could show,
a love you were to never know.

Now those letters haunt my chest,
unwritten words that knew you best.
Stories lost in silent art,
still alive inside my heart.

Words once burned behind my lips,
soft confessions the night eclipsed.
Pages bare, yet thoughts so loud,
feelings wrapped in unseen shrouds.

Heartbeats wrote what hands denied,
verses born but never tried.
Silent letters held so tight,
ghosts of love I could not write.

Each unsent line a secret kept,
truths unspoken, deeply wept.
Poems living in my chest,
unvoiced dreams that knew no rest.

*Some stories end not in silence, but in the words our
hearts were too fragile to release.*

— Echonoir —

Chapter Ten—

The Quiet...

acceptance

*In the hush of what could never be, I
found the grace to let it simply remain.*

— *Echonoir* —

I watched you bloom beyond my reach,
A tender lesson time would teach.
No need for vows or promised ties,
Just silent truths behind my eyes.

I held the sunrise in my chest,
A love unspoken, still confessed.
No bitter end, no shattered plea,
Just letting go to set you free.

In what we lacked, I found my grace,
A softer light in empty space.
Not every love must claim its name —
Some live in peace, without the flame.

I wished for more, yet asked for none,
A story written, left undone.
In silent corners of my chest,
Your ghost still lingers, yet I rest.

No bitter word, no final plea,
Just letting go so tenderly.
Love half-bloomed yet strangely whole,
A gentle ache I made my own.

For hearts can break yet still be kind,
In empty hands, a peace to find.
Not every end must burn or fight—
Some fade like dusk, and that feels right.

*Not every story needs an ending; some grace is found
in simply letting it be.*

— Echonoir —

I watched the dusk embrace the day,
Soft colors bleeding into gray.
No fight to keep the fading light,
Just letting go felt strangely right

Among the ruins of what could be,
A softer truth revealed to me:
Love incomplete still leaves its trace,
A hidden warmth, a silent grace.

And though the dream was never mine,
Its quiet glow refused to die.
In empty hands, I learned to hold
The beauty found in letting go.

I watched our story lose its fire,
No bitter words, no lost desire.
A gentle hush replaced the ache,
A softer love no end could break.

What wasn't mine, I let it rest,
Not every hope needs to be pressed.
In letting go, I came to see,
Even absence can cradle me.

A whispered truth the heart confessed:
Some loves aren't held but still are blessed.
Incomplete, yet warm and true,
Quiet acceptance—my gift to you

*Some hearts do not hold on by force; they stay,
because they've learned to be gentle*

— Echonoir —

You weren't meant to stay for long,
Yet in your absence, I grew strong.
A fleeting touch, a half-told tale,
Still taught my silent heart to sail.

No perfect end, no promised dawn,
Yet somehow peace in what was gone.
In broken verses softly penned,
I found beginnings in the end.

Not every love must reach its prime,
Some bloom, then fade, yet leave behind
A gentler heart that dares to see
The grace within what could not be.

I wished for you yet held my peace,
A tender hope I let release.
Not every dream must bloom to stay,
Some softly fade, yet light the way.

Your shadow walked beside my own,
A silent truth I've always known.
No need to claim what wasn't ours,
We found our grace in empty hours.

And so I keep what was, not lost,
A warmth untouched by gain or cost.
In letting go, I learned to see,
Unfinished love still sets us free.

*Some loves remain unfinished,
not because they failed,
but because their silence —
taught the heart to be gentle.*

— Echonoir —

Chapter Eleven-

The Echoes Of Yesterday...

*Time moved on, yet your whispers stayed,
A symphony of yesterdays my heart still plays.*

— **Echonoir** —

At morning's edge your thought appears,
A ghost that time still keeps so near.
No sun can bleach what hearts have kept,
Old echoes wake where love once slept.

Through every day your shadow clings,
A whisper caught on silent strings.
Unwritten words still fill my chest,
A weight that time has not addressed.

And though I move, I can't escape,
Your memory's shape, its quiet ache.
Some yesterdays refuse to die,
They breathe within each blink and sigh.

At dawn, your memory softly calls,
A faded touch behind these walls.
No passing years can wash away,
The voice that haunts each break of day.

In crowded rooms, your presence hides,
A ghost that walks where silence bides.
Each heartbeat taps a name I keep,
A vow that never fell asleep.

Though days may dress my wounds in grace, Your
shadow finds its secret place.
For some goodbyes are left unsaid,
And live like whispers in my head.

*What the present forgets, the heart keeps alive in the
echoes of yesterday.*

— Echonoir —

Old roads I walk, yet find you there,
In autumn winds and midnight air.
Your shadow cast on passing years,
A ghost that smiles behind my tears.

Morning light can't wash away,
The quiet ache of yesterday.
In every laugh, in every sigh,
Your echo waits, it won't comply.

No prayer can hush what hearts have kept,
What wasn't ours, yet never left.
Some loves don't leave, they learn to stay,
And haunt the heart in gentle ways.

Along the banks of thought I stray,
Where shadows wear your old bouquet.
A scent once ours now drifts apart,
Yet clings like dust upon my heart.

Raindrops tap on window panes,
Murmuring your hidden name.
Each drop recalls what stayed unsaid,
Each tear revives what love had fled.

Silent halls still hold your trace,
Steps I followed, time erased
And though the years may dull the ache,
Your yesterday I can't unmake.

*In the museum of my heart, your memory stands
untouched by time.*

— Echonoir —

I trace the scars time couldn't mend,
In pages burned, yet kept as friend.
Your name still stirs a hollow ache,
A wound I soothe but never wake.

I walk where dawn feels like goodbye,
Where memories bloom but never die.
Your ghost still hums beneath my skin,
A song of loss I hold within.

I breathe in days that won't let go,
Unwritten words the night still knows.
And though you fade with every year,
Your silence stays — achingly clear.

I tread on memories left to fade,
In corners where your laughter stayed.
A touch still burns upon my skin,
An ache that time won't let rescind.

I whisper truths you never heard,
Between each breath, an unsent word.
The days move on, yet shadows keep,
A love that wakes when night runs deep.

And though the world forgets your name,
In me, the ashes guard the flame.
For some goodbyes remain unspoke,
An echo bound to what you broke.

*Time moved on, yet some yesterdays kept
breathing softly inside my silent hours.*

— Echonoir —

Chapter Twelve—

The Last Page,

never written..

Some stories end without a full stop; they fade into memory, living on between each unwritten line.

— *Echonoir* —

At night; I whisper just her name,
I see the girl I couldn't claim.
A dance at dusk, a glance so near,
A truth I held but couldn't share.

I write of moments left behind,
Of stolen looks, of borrowed time.
Yet in each verse her shadow stays,
A soft goodbye the heart betrays.

Years may pass, yet still she's there,
A memory that feels like prayer,
Not love returned, but love that stayed,
An echo inked on the last page.

I wrote your name where no one sees,
In quiet thoughts, in midnight pleas.
A love so loud, yet left unheard,
A thousand beats without a word.

I watched you dance through passing days,
My heart adrift in hidden praise.
Longing burned where courage failed,
In every breath, your smile prevailed.

Yet silence shaped what couldn't be,
A tender ache that set me free.
And though I loved in secret ways,
My heart still keeps those softer days.

*Some loves are born not to stay, but to teach us how
deeply we can feel before letting go.*

— Echonoir —

I kept her photos in a hidden place,
More of her than mine, a quiet grace.
Each pixel holds what words won't say,
A stolen past I can't give away.

Eyes that knew me not at all,
Yet in my dark, they still recall.
A smile untouched by love confessed,
Yet closer kept than all the rest.

Let years go on, let pages close,
Some truths no passing time erodes.
For in that folder, sealed and small,
She lives — unseen, yet holds it all.

I saved her texts I never read twice,
Lines so simple, yet they felt like ice.
words that meant nothing to her, maybe,
But to me, they felt like "maybe, just maybe."

She moved on, her silence grew,
Yet those messages felt almost true.
Unread, unsent, still living there,
Echoes of hope caught unaware.

So let them stay where shadows keep,
Fragments of love I dared not speak.
For sometimes loss is sweeter found,
In broken words that still resound.

*In every breath I take, her absence writes itself again
— an invisible letter only my heart can read.*

— Echonoir —

I wrote these lines for eyes that read,
Hoping someday your heart might heed,
A tale you'd find between the lines,
Unmarked by years, yet traced in rhymes.

Once crowned in fights, a tempered flame,
Yet bit my tongue each time you came.
A warrior's pride laid down so still,
For gentle words to match your will.

Perhaps you'll find these pages worn,
A hidden truth my heart had sworn.
What took me years to dare confess—
All for the chance you'd read, and guess.

On the last page, I wrote no goodbye,
Only verses that shook with a hidden sigh.
A trace of 'L' slipped into my line,
A secret meant for her eyes to find.

She wandered through my shadowed skies,
In quiet hopes and unvoiced whys.
A love I kept where no eyes see,
Bound in the hush between heartbeats and me.

Years may pass and pages may turn,
Yet still, in the ash, a spark will burn.
For even unwritten, she lives in each space—
Lalita, my pulse, my unfinished grace.

Letting go isn't forgetting; it's learning to carry the echo without letting it break you.

— Echonoir —

About the Author

I write from the quiet corners of one-sided love and
unfinished confessions.

My words are stitched from memories that once hurt and still
burn softly in the dark.

Inspired by a girl I love in silence, my poetry drifts through
stardust, empty benches, and unsent letters each piece a
fragment of what I could never say out loud.

Beyond these pages, I Share my verses on echonoir.quotes —
hoping that somewhere, someone understands what it means
to love deeply, even Without being loved back.

And so, with every word I write, I keep her memory alive —
not to hold on, but to let go beautifully.

— *Echonoir* —

Connect with Echonoir

If these verses echoed something within you, you can find more words, quotas, and poems here:

 YouTube: [echonoir.quotes](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCFvDjZUgKXQmYkzGqWwTtPQ)

 Email: echonoir.quotes@gmail.com

I share fragments of unfinished love, soft confessions;
and verses that never made it to the page.

Thank you for turning these pages with me,
-Echonoir