Do I even exist?

Life lately has not been the same as it used to be

And I feel like connected to somebody and I can’t be free

Only noticed her and I don’t really know the things that I missed

And I am confused that, for her, Do I even exist?

Might just be a forced conversation which I always start

And I might be hitting on the right target with the wrong dart

I know that even if I try, I can’t actually be apart

My mind is playing games with me but not my heart

I think I could never confess to her that how much I care

I could never gain the courage to face her glamorous glare

I know others will confess to her soon and she might well accept

After that I will be on my very own and nothing will be left

She is a treasure that I always cherished but couldn’t get

She is the gift who is prettier than evening pink sunset

And I am trying still, doing my best of efforts

But I can’t show it to her and write it only in words