

The Pendulum Petals

A POETRY THROUGH TIME



GAYATHRI BALAJI

A decade of dreams, pressed beneath time's patient weight, Begins to stir the morning Laya finds the letter— Left on her dressing table, unassuming yet impossible to ignore. Penned in a hand nearly forgotten, its words reach past memory's edge, Tugging at something older than understanding. What she reads doesn't simply pose questions— It repositions the sky she thought was hers. Breath stalls. Thought stumbles. The world leans sideways. In search of something unnamed, Laya slips through borrowed selves— Drawn by feelings too vast to name. And here, where sensation unravels into symbol and shape, The metaphors arrive—unbidden, exact.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Gayathri Balaji began writing at ten, then tucked her words away—too shy to share, too unsure of the world. Years later, when reality unravelled her imagined storylines, the pen found its way back to her hand. Time passed, and so did pages—first in notebooks, then in her notes app. Eventually, she stopped hiding. This book is her first public whisper.



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