



Whispers of My Heart to Shiva

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Introduction

This is not a poem written to describe Shiva,
nor an attempt to understand him through words.

These are the whispers that rise when my heart feels too full,
when devotion does not follow rules,
and love does not know how to remain silent.

I did not write this to prove faith,
or to speak what is right or learned.
I wrote it only to tell him what my heart keeps saying—
in doubt and hope,
in longing and surrender,
in love that is imperfect, human, and honest.

Drawn Without Knowing Why

I don't know what magic you cast on me.
I feel drawn to you without any particular reason.
I've forgotten how I even began walking in your direction,
the path that led me to be so deeply attracted to you.

I don't know whether it is devotion or something beyond that.
All I know is that I love you, and I want to be with you all the time.
Your thoughts make me forget every other emotion, and leave me blushing.
When I look at your pictures or statues,
I forget everything else for a few moments.

A Heart Made of Snow and Ash

If you live in Kailash, full of snow,
then isn't my heart a Kailash too
filled with love for you, as pure as snow?

If you live in a graveyard,
then isn't my heart a graveyard too
where my ego was buried just to reach you?

The World I found in You

You are my friend, my parent, my guide, my care, my all,
what more can words hold when you are everything I call?
I see you in all that lives, and even what stands still,
and in you I find the whole world, quietly, deeply, completely.

I imagine you beside me,
a father's strength in silent guard,
steady hands, unseen courage,
protecting me without a word.

I imagine you around me,
a mother's warmth, soft and deep,
love that asks for nothing back,
a promise meant to keep.

I imagine you laughing with me,
a friend who makes the world feel light,
where worries fade into the crowd,
and joy lasts through the night.

I imagine you leading my steps,
a well-wisher who knows the way,
guiding me when roads grow dark,
so I never stray.

I imagine you teaching me life,
shaping my soul with patient art,
not through lessons spoken loud,
but wisdom placed in my heart.

And I imagine you listening still,
to every foolish word I say,
with endless calm,
you stay with me,
you never turn away.

And I feel these are not just my imaginings-
they are a living truth,
quietly real,
felt by the heart
even when the eyes cannot see.

Before You, All Else Fades

You are the greatest truth my heart has known,
the calmest presence my soul has felt.
No beauty in this world compares to you,
before you, even greatness fades to nothing.

The sun dims in the light of your brilliance,
the moon forgets its glow before your smile.
Even the most delicate flower bows in silence,
unworthy of being compared to your eyes.

Your hair flows like endless night at rest,
where silence learns how to breathe.
The crescent moon crowns you gently,
as if time itself chose you as its home.

Vasuki stirs around your neck, unafraid, unbound,
his motion finding rest in your stillness.
Your face speaks truths without a single word,
and silence understands everything you are.

The Courage to Love Anyway

Because you are the greatest my heart has known,
I often feel unworthy of loving you at all.
And yet, without thought or claim,
my heart keeps loving you anyway.

I have made many mistakes.
I was never perfect, never fully good.
Still, you chose to stay with me,
and I felt your presence quietly beside my flaws.

So many worship you with folded hands,
so many lose themselves in penance and prayer,
and still they long just to glimpse you.

How selfish my heart must be.
I do not worship,
I do not perform penance,
I do not fast,
I do not follow rituals or temple paths.

I love you the way one loves their own—
without fear, without permission.
And still, quietly,
I hope
you will love me.

Tell me—
is this greed,
or is it the only truth
my heart knows how to offer?

Loving You in My Own Way

Most people tell me I can never reach you,
because you are God,
and I am only human.

They say I am not like the others,
I do not do what they do,
I do not love you the way they expect me to.

I carry many insecurities within me,
yet somewhere, quietly, I still hope—
that telling you all my nonsense
can be its own kind of mantra.

Isn't my heart a temple for you?
Can thinking of you not be penance?
Can speaking of you not resemble holy baths?

Isn't accepting that you are the greatest a ritual in itself?

And telling you that I love you—
can that not be my abhishekam?

The Things My Heart Longs For

I cannot say that I want nothing from you,
because there is so much my heart longs for.

I want you with me, always.
I want your arms around me when I am sad,
and your patience when I overflow with joy.
I want you to listen—
not because I am broken,
but because I want to be heard by you.

I want you to tell me stories
until sleep finds me in your voice.
I want to cry in your lap
without having to explain my pain.
I want to sit beside you when I am alone,
and feel less alone simply because you are there.

I want to spend my time with you,
to create memories that do not need proof.
I want to admire you without fear,
to be pampered without shame.

Guide me when I choose my paths.
Hold me back when I might hurt someone.
Let me stay near you—
like a flower at your feet,
asking for nothing but place.

I do not wish to leave you after death.
I do not wish for another life.

Tell me—
am I asking for too much,
or only asking for you?

When Words Fall Silent

Sometimes I forget my words while talking to you.

Sometimes I forget even the wishes

I meant to ask,

the moment I feel your presence.

Seeing you does not always mean

seeing you in a form before my eyes.

Sometimes, seeing you

is simply imagining you

in whatever form

lets my heart feel close to you.

The Joy I Didn't Resist

When I turn to you, words fall short.
Sometimes I have nothing left to say,
yet my heart keeps leaning toward you,
full, and still wanting to speak.

I don't know the name of this feeling,
and I don't wish to control myself in it.
No matter what people think,
even if they call it madness-
I call it true happiness,
and I do not ask it to make sense.

A Quiet Offering

I do not know if these words reached you,
or if they were only a way for my heart
to learn how to stay near you.

I do not know if this love makes sense,
if it follows the paths it should,
or if it fits into names and meanings.

I only know this—
that whenever my heart felt too full,
it found its way to you.

So I leave these words here,
not as an ending,
but as a pause.

Because my heart is still speaking,
even when I am silent.