

A.Z Rosli

-someone strong until it mattered most-

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Pages I Wrote Instead of Saying It

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!Permission to Hope!

There was a time I believed love meant letting go of someone I couldn't have.

But now I understand — love can also mean holding on quietly, trying sincerely, and growing steadily.

Not to win someone over, but to become someone worthy — in case the chance ever comes.

As long as her heart wasn't promised to someone else, I had a reason to grow — to become better.

It was never about making her mine. It was about giving myself the permission to hope, and the discipline to keep improving.

And if one day she finds someone she truly believes is best for her — someone who makes her feel safe, seen, and deeply loved — I will stop.

Not out of defeat, but out of respect.

Because loving someone also means knowing when to let go — especially when their happiness is all you ever wanted.

Not Quite Something, Yet Everything

It might've started on the 1st of June, 2025. Strange, isn't it? We never had a label, no clear lines drawn, no promises exchanged. Just two people sharing stories, laughter, and moments—until, suddenly, there was nothing. But if we were truly nothing, why does your absence feel like everything?

Uninvited Emotions

I keep trying to tell myself it shouldn't hurt. You were a fleeting presence, a passing shadow in my timeline. But no matter how many times I repeat that, the weight of your absence tells a different story. These emotions hit harder than they should, and I find myself drowning in feelings I can't quite name or explain.

Rays of Light

Maybe it's because, for a little while, you made the world feel lighter. Your words, your presence—there was comfort in them I didn't know I was missing. You brought laughter, understanding, and something rare: a moment to look forward to. And now, without you, there's this persistent void I can't seem to fill.

Zero Expectations, Infinite Impact

You weren't just another face in the crowd. There was something effortless about being around you. The mundane felt magical, and even silence held meaning. You made the ordinary feel extraordinary. I didn't realize how much that meant to me—until it was gone.

Unspoken Loss

The hardest part is knowing I have no right to feel like this. We were never anything official, so why does this ache resemble heartbreak? I can't explain it—not to you, not to anyone else. So I carry it quietly, this invisible grief, pretending I'm okay while thoughts of you linger in the background.

Lingering Reminders

I try to pretend I've moved on. I smile, stay busy, keep going. But then a song plays, or a phrase you once said pops up—and it all floods back. The way you made me feel noticed, important, even if just for a moment, was unforgettable. Letting go is proving harder than I imagined.

Always Felt, Never Defined

What made you so unforgettable? Was it the way you listened? The sincerity in your laugh? Or maybe it was the ease with which we understood each other. In a world of noise, you made me feel seen. Whatever it was, you left a mark that time hasn't managed to fade.

If Only

Sometimes I wish I could rewind to the time before I met you. Maybe then I wouldn't feel this hollow pain over something that was never officially mine. Yet, even with the heartache, I don't regret knowing you. If I had the chance to meet you again—I would. Every single time.

Keepers of Moments

Maybe that's just how it works. Some people aren't meant to stay—they're here to leave a lesson, to mark a chapter, not a forever. You might've been one of those people: a gentle reminder that even short-lived connections can change us in lasting ways.

Held by Memory

You were never meant to be permanent, yet your memory clings to me like something sacred. You taught me that even brief encounters can hold depth. You reminded me that being seen, even for a fleeting moment, is a powerful thing.

A Quiet Goodbye

So this is my silent farewell. No dramatic closure, no goodbye texts, no final words. Just the echo of what never was, and what still somehow is. Even if you were never mine to lose, you'll always be someone I'll quietly remember.

Zoned in the Past

Even when I try to focus on the present, I find myself drifting backward—to you. It's like my heart is caught in a time loop, replaying moments that never had a proper ending. And though I tell myself to move on, a part of me still waits for a message that will never come.

Unfinished Chapters

We never got closure, did we? No real goodbye, no final conversation. Just a slow fade into silence. It feels like our story was left mid-sentence, a book I wasn't ready to close. And maybe that's what hurts the most—not knowing how it might have ended if we had tried.

Lost in the Maybes

I find myself stuck in the "maybes." Maybe if I'd said more. Maybe if you'd stayed a little longer. Maybe we both felt something but were too scared to name it. All these unanswered possibilities play on a loop, and each one leaves a trace of "what if" on my heart.

Kept Feelings

I've kept all these feelings locked away—tidy, hidden, quiet. I carry them in my everyday life like invisible weight. No one sees it. No one knows. But it's there, in the way I pause when I hear your name, in the way I still check my phone without meaning to.

In Silence, I Heal

Healing, I've learned, doesn't always look like letting go. Sometimes it means learning to live with the ache, to coexist with the absence. I don't cry about you anymore, but there's still a softness in me where your memory lives. And maybe that's okay. Maybe not all pain needs to disappear to be healed.

Fading, Not Forgotten

You're not as vivid in my mind now, not like you once were. Your voice is quieter, your smile a little blurrier. But that doesn't mean I've forgotten. It just means I'm learning to live without you. Slowly, the sting is turning into something gentler—something I can carry without breaking.

Learning to Let Be

Letting go isn't always a clean break. Sometimes it's just learning to let things be—without forcing a reason, an ending, or an answer. Maybe we weren't meant to be understood. Maybe we were just meant to exist in that one fleeting, beautiful moment—and then move on.

Enough, at Last

And now, after all this time, I think I'm starting to feel enough again. Not because I've stopped missing you, but because I've stopped waiting. I've made peace with not knowing. And though part of you still lingers in the corners of my memory, I can finally say: it's okay. I'm okay.

Conclusion

This was never meant to be a love story.

It was a quiet reckoning — of what I felt, what I failed to say, and what I've finally let go.

I didn't write this to be remembered. I wrote it so I wouldn't forget.

Not her.

Not the warmth of being seen.

Not the lesson that even unreturned feelings can leave behind something meaningful.

Sometimes, we don't get closure from others. We write it for ourselves.

And in these pages, I found mine.

- one who lost with dignity, not despair -

Epilogue

Some people leave without warning, and some feelings never ask for permission. Still, we live through them, carry them, and eventually make peace with what they became.

This isn't a confession. It's not a plea. It's a closing of a door that was once left slightly open — not in bitterness, but in understanding.

There's strength in accepting what can't be changed, and there's grace in loving without asking for anything back.

If she's reading this, I hope she's happy.

If she's not, I hope this finds her gently.

Written by – a heart that stood, even when it broke.

Afterword

This book was not written to change anyone's heart.

It was written so I could understand my own.

In the quiet hours, when the world moves on and names fade from memory, some stories still echo within us. Not because they were grand or lasting — but because they were honest. This was mine.

Every page was a step toward acceptance. Not closure in the traditional sense, but something quieter — clarity. A way to breathe again without the weight of what could've been.

To anyone who has loved silently, walked away gracefully, or stayed kind in the face of goodbye — may these words remind you that what you felt was valid, even if it was never returned.

Some emotions don't need permission to exist. They just do. And that's enough.

— one who let the heart speak, even when no one was listening