

THE OBSESSIVE WRITER

POETRY

ROSES

Gone are the days we traded hearts for roses

Now we only see the bed of thorns



Enough

For a day, just a day

I would kill to be

Not anybody's dream girl

Not the most popular

Not the kindest soul

Not the greatest friend

Not the best daughter

Just for a day

I would like to be enough.

© Abirami

King

Told me I needed no knight in shining armour,

Told me I wasn't a damsel in distress.

He said,

Every day I'll work on making your dreams come true,

And every night I'll rule them.

What he didn't have to say,

And I already knew,

Is that he is mine and I am his.

For better or for worse,

We will always be ours.

© Abirami.

To be a Writer...

All it takes is a feeling. A kiss that sends you reeling. The smell of the rain or the music that momentarily takes away your pain. Everywhere you look there lies an untold story. So, keep an eye out for the poetry. It's not always pretty. Not if you want reality. The truth doesn't have to rhyme. What has to be said, needs to be said when it's time. Those demons on your shoulder, they will tell you,

"What do you think you're doing?"

"You can't"

"You won't"

"Don't"

Flick them off and keep writing anyway.

© Abirami

What My Dreams are Made Of

Some people can captivate you with words,

Like the sound of their voice simply resonates with your soul.

Like every thought they utter has crossed your mind.

Like they have discovered in you, things no one else could ever find.

Like them,

I do not aspire to change the world,

Nor do I wish to touch every heart.

I could never be that bold.

My wings could never soar that far.

My dreams are made of simpler things.

In a lifetime of writing,

If I could touch a single life, make a difference to one person,

That is all I dream of; that would be enough.

© Abirami

Day and Night

A raging ball of fire slowly slips into the shadows. The darkness embraces the light, and gives birth to the night. The gold turns to silver, all the noises now merely a quiver.

I hear nothing.

I see no-one.

I am relieved.

Little by little the dark fades into lighter shades, the moon leaves to light the sun ablaze. The world comes to life and with it, it's strife.

I hear lies.

I see liars.

I am betrayed.

© Abirami.

Sleepy Hollows

To be stopped and once again revived, the mind is not as patient as the heart. Hope is more comforting than intelligence when struck by a poison dart. During the wait to be brought back to life there are a few things that just make you wonder.. Is each minute a funeral march to the grave or a brave stride towards a rightful destiny? I should hate to lose myself in the fulfillment of an untold prophecy. Regardless, I lie here, awaiting my calling. A century long slumber, in a haze between flying and falling.

© Abirami

The Girl in Love

You wield your cold, steely eyes like a deadly weapon.

Each stare is a merciless stab to the heart.

As I bleed out from the gaping wound,

Nobody comes to rescue the girl in love.

Every touch sends chills down my spine,

You suffocate me with your smouldering smile,

As I pant out of breath,

Nobody comes to rescue the girl in love.

You are my ocean of endless trust,

In you I drown, with complete submission.

As I enslave my heart to you,

Nobody comes to rescue the girl in love.

© Abirami

Inside Out

I write away my sorrow

It is the only way I know.

Spilling ink thicker than blood.

Leaving behind words in place of scars.

They said, Be the change and the world will follow.

I pretend to be reborn.

I tell myself that I am the change.

And the world did follow,

On Instagram to mock at my expense.
Some people see a few familiar faces and call it home.
What if I need to look at hearts and not faces?
When I look through those chunks of rock
Will I still be able to tell them apart?
This mind of mine colourfully black and white,
Scatters them into piles of two
They all judge me for my depth
Some look at my pockets and some my poetry.

© Abirami

All I Need

I don't need another saviour,
I don't need a pair of helping hands.
I don't need another critic,
I don't need the judgement.
I have had enough,
Of all these so called guiding lights.
That only leave me squinting.
I am done with the pushing and shoving.
All I need,
Is a heart to come home to and a soul to call mine.
All I need,
Is warmth beside me in bed.

All I need,

Is you.

© Abirami

Unspoken Words

You are,

My warmth in a rainy day,

All the happiness that's here to stay.

You are,

The fire in my heart,

The greatest memories that never part.

You are,

Faith at times of worry,

Forever, my strong and steady.

You're life.

You're love.

You're every fleeting thought.

You're every little day dream.

And if I get lazy, I'll simply tell you,

You're everything to me.

© Abirami

The Storm

Little flashes of lightning,
They come and go.
Like memories of a forgotten past,
Surface wounds that did not last.
With every roar of thunder,
I feel it get closer.
The darkness creeps in
When the lights flicker out.
Through the pouring rain,
And shuddering pain.
All that's left is a heart that's torn.
As the storm within my soul is reborn.
© Abirami

Marriage

Abusive husband.
Submissive wife.
One day she finally found the strength to leave.
Half way out, she turned back.
She forgot to make him coffee that morning.
Some things never change.
© Abirami

The Instagram Life

If only the human eye came with filters,
There could be one for no judgement.
There could be one for kindness.
There could be one for honesty.
And the world would be a better place.
If only people came with captions,
Every soul alike, labelled without bias,
We could see the pretenders for who they are.
We could see through all the bull shit.
And relationships would be a lot less complicated.
If only life were like Instagram,
Where people share hearts so easily.
If our mistakes disappeared over time like stories,
And the good memories stay forever in posts,
Life would be the way it was supposed to be.

© Abirami

Complete

Have you ever felt so complete?
A heart so full that it could explode,
Into little pieces of nerve wrecking joy.
Sometimes it's a good thing
To feel the weight of the world on your shoulders,

If it is your little girl asking for rides on your back.

Sadness can be a happy emotion

When it is felt for the loss of a loved one

You are lucky to have loved and lost.

Shot up nerves is the rawest of passion

When you're on that first date,

And you can't get over his smile.

© Abirami

Love and Pain

You can break my heart,

Time and again.

Let it shatter to pieces,

And shower like the pouring rain.

Take the half,

That belonged to you then,

Scribe on it a scarlet letter-

My love for you that died unspoken.

Whether it's love or pain,

They're both a throb to the heart.

Whether you knew or not,

It still would have broken me apart.

© Abirami

A Poet's Tale

A poet's soul,
Is neither kind nor forgiving.
We have been hardened by life,
And moulded by its strife.
These are things we are not born with, but acquire:
Eyes that reek of judgement,
Tongue bitter from the taste of truth,
And an imagination that defies gravity.
These are things we do not dread, but desire:
Nights devoid of sleep,
Passion that burns a hole through your heart,
And a mind that obeys no one.
© Abirami

The Feude

It comes from deep within,
This rage you trigger.
The way you get under my skin.
Like nothing else is bigger.
Every time I pull, you push
I am shunned for living as I wish
The more I walk away,
The more horrible things you say.

I am done letting you throw stones at my castle.

There is only one survivor in a battle.

It could be you or me,

The end is all I'd like to see.

© Abirami

War

Heroes speak of battle scars,

Knives and bullets that seared their skin,

The blood they spilled,

And the lives they lost.

Little do they know about

The wounds that words can cause.

They don't know of all the haters

The cowards behind masks,

And the sordid whispers they wield.

Lately, the battlegrounds have shifted

And wars are camouflaged in civilisation.

© Abirami

Ah the Irony!

Flaws I have many,

I talk too much.

I share very little.

Because life hasn't always been easy,

Those who listen, don't care.

Those who care, can't bare to listen.

© Abirami

Masks

Who's turn is it today?

Will it be,

The ambrosial lover, or the mad cynic?

The unforgiving critic, or the loyal advocate?

The curious child, or the unimaginative adult?

A different mask a different day.

Take it off and what are you?

A reflective vessel of scars and hopes.

© Abirami

MOONCHILD

Would you think I was crazy

If I said the dark gave me peace?

There are no blaring lights,

In these calming nights.

No one can really see,

The dark offers a lot of privacy.

To just be, to exist.

Live a life unnoticed.

What goes unnoticed, remains untouched.

I'd like to be that unbruised flower.

The one you water every day in your garden of dreams.

For when the morning comes,

So does all the hate.

I am more than how the light falls on me.

I am more than what they see.

They teach us to beware of the monsters under our bed.

Whilst they hide in plain sight, all the demons in their head.

© Abirami

Breaking, Breaking, Broken.

I searched,
For a single drop of tear,
For a second of regret,
For some compassion
In your unforgiving eyes.
As you tore apart my wings.
I prayed,
For a morsel of kindness,
For a minute of sympathy,
For mere reluctance
In your cold, dead heart.
As you shot your poison dart.
Some people cannot be saved.
And some people cannot be loved.

© Abirami

Faces of Friendship

Friendly faces scare me the most,
I would like not to be haunted by their ghost,
That lies waiting beneath the kind facade.
I prefer enemies who skip this charade.
I've always feared the unknown.

To the company of pretenders I prefer being alone.
Save me the empty smiles,
I've been surrounded by the likes of you for a while.
Thanks to you,
In every act of kindness, I search for lies.
For each helping hand, I search my back for knives.
Thanks to you, I've seen not one, but all the faces of friendship.
© Abirami

Superhero

Long cape and slick mask,
Garbed in a veil of darkness
As if to hide the light within.
Heart soaked in courage,
Muscle toned with rage
A rage to punish those who sin.
Fighting battles yours and mine,
To make up for lost time
In memory of their kith and kin.
© Abirami

Triggered

It's not about what you say,
Or the things you do
Every second you breathe
I am triggered by you.
It's either loving or hating
There's no in between
I can't live with you, or without you
How can you be so nice, yet mean?
You've got my heart jumping ropes
You toy with my hopes
Then you sweep me off my feet
Making this circle repeat.
© Abirami

Music

Tip tappin of the toes
Swaying heads with satisfied smiles
And all the hearts are full,
From the memories that come rushing.
All that we're looking for,
Is a voice in the dark.
A whole fire lights up,
From that little spark.

When the words you hear,
Hit so close to home,
And you're walking on common ground,
Its not so lonely any more.

© Abirami

A Lover's Woes

Rummaging through memories,
I found pieces of your soul
Forgotten glimpses of affection
And time spent in adoration.
We were kids who didn't know better
Thought all we needed was each other.
And as our pool of love dug deeper into the ground,
I inevitably drowned.
Now we speak of joy in past tense
Not a lot of what we do makes sense
In the process of growing up,
Life happens to love.

© Abirami

Afraid

I have been afraid.

Afraid to write.

Afraid to set free,

The monsters, caged in my words.

Every time I hold a pen.

I feel it's grasp around me,

Squeezing my fickle heart.

And as I choke out of breath

I am left wanting more.

© Abirami

Broken

I thought I was your pool of endless love,

In reality, my soul is just the water you wash your hands in.

What I would give to feel like I was more than that?

To feel like I am to you what you are to me.

Only to feel. Not to be.

I am too scared of heights,

To be put in a pedestal as high as that.

Nor am I deserving.

I didn't know how to love, I was only good at feeling.

What good are feelings to a man who has no heart?

What good is a heart to a man,

With a woman who keeps ripping it apart?
I know I keep complaining,
Even though I'm not new to this fire.
It's just that it never hurt when you held on.
But I burn when you let me go.

© Abirami

Gravity

I am pushed and pulled
Left to suffocate in silence,
A voiceless fool.
I am taut and teased
Stripped of my pride,
A spineless tool.
Made to feel so silly,
By a heartless bully.
You bring me down like gravity.

© Abirami

Shapeshifter

Hiding in plain sight,
I am more myself as someone else.
Will you take the bait?
To steal hearts I patiently wait.

Hoping to be everything you want,
Nothing more, nothing less,
I've got your dreams carved in different masks.
In return your approval is all I ask.
Fans of the charade,
Don't seem to care what's inside.
And those who don't buy it,
I carefully cast aside.
As careful as I am, you should know
These masks are made of glass.
One gentle touch of affection,
And they seem to shatter apart.

© Abirami

Woes of Adolescence

One moment I'm smiling,
The next I run and hide.
For a while now,
It's been a roller coaster ride.
Trust comes easily,
And so does affection.
Followed by betrayal,
And a wounded heart.
I feel the weight of the world,

As it comes crashing down.

On my feeble shoulders,

Made heavy by bitter words.

© Abirami

Memory Lane

Life comes so suddenly,

Capturing you before you know it.

Love, ambition, hope, fear.

A test of everything you hold dear.

There comes a time when things, only happen in the past,

And everything is too good to last.

A time when you are left with more memories than you can hold,

And you speak of life as an adventure untold.

A moment of victory and sorrow,

And all you want is another life to borrow.

Familiar faces fade away,

In a rear view mirror that has too much to say.

People come and they go, but these streets never change.

It's no wonder that memory is a lane.

© Abirami

No

She might wear a tiny dress,
Trot around like a hot mess.
She might be the type
That's all about the hype.
She might even have a drink,
Giving everybody something to think.
But,
Bare skin isn't an open invitation,
For narrow minds to jump to conclusions.
Her attire may not be by your books.
There's more to a woman than how she looks.
No simply means no.
And that is all you vultures need to know.

© Abirami

Parting of the Ways

The worst kind of fall,
Is when you give your all.
It shatters your bones
And muffles your moans.
In a lover's way
Comes unexpected barriers.
For the heart that swears to stay,

If often the one that wavers.

As if promises of forever

Are only made to be broken.

There is no hope for love

Unless time stands frozen.

© Abirami

Pills

Green ones for my head,

Blue before I go to bed,

The white one helps me see,

Yellow, keeps me buzzin like a bee.

The black one, like my soul

Has a stench so foul.

All these pills inside,

They've got me bleary eyed.

How much can they really do?

But make you a little less you.

© Abirami

Castle in the Clouds.

I knew you were the centre of my universe,
The minute I felt that pull.
Falling for you was no surprise,
For I am falling still.
Gravity doesn't hold me down strong enough,
The way your arms do.
Around my waist,
Making me wait.
Wait for life to get better and better
In each day that goes by.
And as I built our castle in the clouds,
You showed me we could fly.
© Abirami

What the heart wants.

There's no right path,
Nor a rule book that dictates,
What the heart can and cannot desire.
There's never a right person,
Nor the right time,
Two hearts simply come together when they do.
There's no right kind of love,

To each his own,
Some last and some don't.
And the ones that never make it,
And their memories that lie buried deep within,
Are ironically more cherished.

© Abirami

Lesson

The glance before good bye,
The falter before the fall,
The doubt before decision,
The reason before revenge.
Life is not lived in the deed,
But it's thought.
The prize may rest in the destination,
But the lessons are learned in it's path.

© Abirami

Brevity

Paint me a pretty picture, not with colours but words.
Sing me a song of love, not with words but gentle notes.
Write me a note of admiration, not with love but perfection.
Give me a life of joy, not with perfection but tenderness.

Wish me a death of peace, not with tenderness but hope.

© Abirami

Wordly Woes

It was another gloomy afternoon, as I set to work. Looking hard and deep for just about anything. Any frivolous theory, rhyme or word string. All at once, there it was, the faintest noise. It could have been the mid summer wind, for it had the grace and poise. Midst all the world's ranting and chanting, I could hear them calling out to me. Out of breath, panting, I hear the words shouting out their plea. All these years of being taut and twisted seems to have left them tormented, being fashioned into 'witty' prose or 'thoughtful' poetry. Apparently, they dream of a life of ingenuity. They cried out to be relieved after ages of being besieged.

Let new verses trail your tongue and fresh lines be put to paper. Have your literary praises sung and creations left to savour.

© Abirami

Shopaholic

The thin line between want and need,

Wavers at the brink of greed.

Horde until you're no longer empty.

Buy enough to keep yourself busy.

Little bit of that,

Some more of this.

Anything you set your sights on,

You wouldn't dare miss.

Those nature lovers never understood your plot.

Who said happiness cannot be bought?

© Abirami

The Dream

Every night, we meet in a recurring dream.

Making new promises, to redeem.

Your eyes locked on mine,

Our fingers entwine;

Two hearts beat as one,

All the masks are undone.

I couldn't walk, but with you I fly.

Amongst the stars setting fire to the sky.

© Abirami.

Winter is here!

When its all pouring rain and cloudy days,

And the truant sun is rarely ablaze.

When mornings are as dark as the night,

And there isn't the slightest bit of green in sight.

.

When the north wind howls in humble tones,

Through snowy homes and shivering bones.

No children play in the park,

And everything is just too cold and dark.

.

Then came a man dressed in red,

With a belly full of jelly and a laugh so merry.

The darkest of nights, twinkled in Christmas lights.

Trees are decked with presents, and our hearts are content.

.

Homes are neither cold nor lonely,

When they're blessed with the warmth of family.

And if you think of the happy carollers and their songs,

Suddenly, winter doesn't seem so long!

© Abirami

Happiness

A friendship that sparked,

From an excited bark.

Joyful eyes and furry paws.

A being that loves without cause.

The search for happiness ends at last.

It was last spotted, walking around on all fours.

© Abirami

Writing

Not knowing what to say,

Not knowing what to write.

It has never been the issue.

Having too much to pour out,

That endless train of musing,

It goes on a journey
From too much truth to heartache.
Putting pen to paper is like,
A vacuum to the heart.
In the end there's a dirty bag of poetry,
And a soul drained of all emotions.

© Abirami

What kind of a writer am I?

What kind of a writer am I,
If all I can write about is love or hate.
What kind of a writer am I,
If rhymes are the deciding factor of my fate.
What kind of a writer am I,
If truth is my prominent style.
What kind of a writer am I,
If nothing I write makes it seem worthwhile.
What kind of a writer am I,
If my choices are the roads less travelled by
What kind of a writer am I,
If I knew the darkest corners of the world but had to ask you,
"Who am I?"
- The Obsessive writer.

© Abirami

Midnight Wish List

I must,

I could,

Perhaps I will

Be a little out of the ordinary.

Pursue dreams, dreams of changing the world.

Put passion before goals.

Love all of life; as it is; whole.

© Abirami

Chained

At times, reality isn't real enough,

Everything's better with a tinge of drama.

Struggling to conform

To ordinary norms.

Some lies we tell the world,

Some to ourselves.

© Abirami

Mom

First cry.

First step.

First laugh.

First word.

Last smile.

Last tear.

Last glance.

Last breath.

Kindest soul.

Best friend.

© Abirami

To all the mothers out there.

Nightmare

The war ends.

Dust settles.

No blood. No gore.

No winners. No losers.

Torn up soul. Scattered pieces.

© Abirami

Unfinished Drafts

Voices fill up my drafts

Unfinished thoughts that haunt my soul.

They drift around in an ocean of their likeness

Waiting to be turned into masterpieces of perfection.

Blinding flashes of joy and nerve wrecking misery,

All wedged into flimsy pieces of paper.

I stand in the eye of the hurricane.

My storm of endless musing,

The bittersweet catastrophe of my choosing.

© Abirami

The Life of a Writer.

A life on clouds made of what could have beens, where obvious thoughts always seem out of reach but conjuring up new worlds is as easy as breathing. A passion fully driven by the fear of censure and miniscule hopes of recognition. What was reality yesterday fades out of memory today and comes uncalled tomorrow. Determination that turns into procrastination after sudden fits of inadvertency as the goal is never permanent. A convenient oscillation between accomplishment and pleasure which once started out as the same thing. It is a life of delusional captivity.. a delusion that seems real enough to believe in, letting loose the grasp of reality.

© Abirami

Eclipsed by Love



They say, a long time ago,
When the world had just begun,
The moon fell for the blazing sun.
Every day she chased him into the light,
For when the night fell, he was hardly in sight.
The way he glided past the skies,
He gave her butterflies.
Hoping she has the courage someday, for now she faded away.

© Abirami

Word vomit

The words our souls bleed, bandaged every day. For the world would be too quick to judge anything you had to say. It's a free world, without freedom of expression or thought. And a life that rhymes with irony more often than not.

© Abirami

Winter Dew Drop

All of time is spent swimming across an ocean of discarded ideas; of devastating depths from the intermittent tears of wisdom; creating a silence that drowns out the world with its mystic rhymes; spending long enough soaked in these waters helps formulate a train of thought or two at times. As some do make it up to the sky and then there are some untimely deaths. A glimmer of hope, these incomplete thoughts, that drive my obsession to seek the end. Giving me reason to go over the sickle bend. Unfinished melodies have always been the music I craved, for pleasure fueled by anticipation is the most lively of all.

© Abirami

Why?

A tiny speck of dust, I, float in measureless oceans of space. All I am is a vacant stare amidst a seemingly sophisticated world where I will never belong. Lost in a trance in a crowd doing the happy dance. Will faking a smile earn me an offer to stay? I never think twice about the price I've had to pay. Yes there was once a time when I would have liked to be understood. The time when I gave up reality for delusion, endorsing a new attitude and a made up passion. You see, the safety of monotony can mask the missing happiness.

© Abirami

The Choice

They say this is where inspiration comes to die. Past the dreaded deadline, not a soul has ever made it. One after another they all went into a bottomless pit.. I asked myself, "Dear heart, what about you? Has all this hassle left you down and blue?" Fear not for there is always a choice. Venture out to tread new waters or go over the line another undead carcass. All of life spent in a philosophical stride only to end in literary suicide. Perhaps there is a way, another way. I could be the one to learn the trade and still stay in touch with reality and keep my soul. What if I could actually pull off inventing that role?

© Abirami

Procrastination

One night, when the Internet was alive
I went in for a long-awaited dive
I could've instead gone for a walk
Or met a friend for a nice talk
I could've played my part for world peace
Or done something to save the trees
I could have started on my long list of chores
Hit the books or so much more
But this night the Internet was alive
And I just had to take that dive.

© Abirami

Love

They say it's the most beautiful thing in the world
And that it brings warmth into a heart so cold
The reason why we celebrate
And the only thing that destroys hate
A little guy called cupid carries it around
It's his job to deliver it safe and sound
It has the power to link two hearts
And when it does, they can't be broken apart
This is the only weapon to control
All the deadly evils in this world
Out of swords it can make flowers
That is the might of its power
It's what a mother feels for her child
And a dancer for his shoes.

What a bear has for the wild
And a fish for the blue!
What is thing so marvelous?
That makes our lives so harmonious,
Don't u know?
Its love!

© Abirami

They Belong to the Ages

One moment he was safe and sound.
The next one they laid him to the ground.
And they called it fate.
To which we men are bait
Sometimes life without them is impossible
Fate taking them away is unforgivable
And it's like nobody cares
When you're lost in one of your worst nightmares
Nothing's forever maybe you can pretend
For the beginning of everything there is an end
Once a man has crossed life's stages
He becomes one with the ages
At one point we've got to move on
This one life isn't for long
Don't ever think they've just disappeared

They're right there in your every tear!

To grandpa : love, 12 year old me

© Abirami

FLASH-FICTION

Forever

When asked the secret to a good relationship, the elderly couple replied,

"Back then, date nights were at the park"

Love is strong where the WIFI is weak.

© Abirami

Magician's Code

Lights on. Centre stage. Crowd cheers. It was his golden age.

They believed in his magic.

Curtains close. Only he knows.

And the politician stepped off the dias victorious yet again. "The freebies get 'em every time.", he thought.

© Abirami

Him.

Words are all I had and he took them from me. It drove me insane, not knowing what to say; to just stare in awe and adoration. All of a sudden there was something I loved more than myself.

Him.

His smile.

His eyes.

His warmth.

Him.

I remember it all. How he looked into my eyes, like we were the only people in the world; the sound of his voice...his laugh. It's the kinda laugh that reminds you of the good things in life. He didn't just give my heart wings, he made me want to fly. Flying is not so scary when I know I've got him to catch me when I fall.

© Abirami

The Break-Up

She decided to bite the bullet and return his things.

T-shirts, Keys and a lot of memories were packed.

Just as she started to walk away from his door where she had dropped off the boxes, her phone chimed.

"What about my heart?", read the text message.

© Abirami

The Arranged Marriage

Words were said and things had been done. Arranged marriages hardly work out. Two months in and they called it quits.

But every night she'd call him over. It was always an emergency.

Tonight it was the mysterious case of the missing tv remote.

As he pretended to find it once more, love found them.

© Abirami

The Sentence

"She's just a writer", scoffed the politician as they stood in front of the courtroom.

An hour later he walked out in handcuffs. It's a shame he couldn't appreciate the irony of being *sentenced*.

© Abirami

Swept Away

An adrenaline junkie with the heart of an adventurer. She toughed it out in desert storms. Survived deadly blizzards.

But with him, the tables often turned.

With a single smile, he swept her away every day.

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The Boy

A little boy eyed the bakery for hours.

He waited for his opportunity all day as the Baker diligently sold his cakes and scones.

His stomach rumbled in agony, almost giving away his cover. It seemed, he was low on luck that day.

Suddenly, an elderly man stumbled and dropped his walking stick. As the Baker went to help him, the kid grabbed a pack of bread and ran.

He walked to a quiet corner to enjoy his loot.

"Hey little guy! I'm here", he said to a scrawny little pup.

"I told you I'd not let you down, didn't I?"

He emptied the contents of the bag on the floor for the dog to eat and went on his way to work at the medicine factory.

Things are not always what they seem.

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The One

"What if she says no?" he thought, as he stood on one knee in front of the girl of his dreams.

It was going to be a simple answer.

Yes or no.

But, he seriously doubted his ability to process any piece of information as of then. At intense moments, the thin line between flying and falling gets blurry. The fear of the latter always trumps the prospects of hope for the former.

She always spoke about love being the only thing that transcended space and time. He laid down his faith on that very love and hoped it was enough. They've been in love for as long as he remembered. What are these silly doubts then? He always trusted her. Why not now? Even though none of it made any sense, he still couldn't shake the fear. He wondered how silly he must look. A grown man trembling with fear. *Perhaps she'll take me for a coward.* After what felt like ages she finally looked like she was about to say something.. that was when the trembling got worse.

It took him long enough to realize he wasn't really trembling. He was being woken up.

"Up sleepy head! You promised me some brunch, remember?"

Seven years of marriage and he still couldn't believe she'd said yes.

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Love Letter

She recollected the contents of the note: she left on his desk, earlier that morning.

It wasn't

Your eyes,

Your smile,

Or your personality.

I fell for the way you made me feel safe in the heart of a raging storm.

-XOXO

P.S. You can keep that heart, you stole.

Seven years later, he framed it for their anniversary.

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The Typewriter

Y O U.

Every morning, she found the same three letters etched onto the piece of paper on her dusty old type writer.

The presence was too big to ignore. She felt it. In the air. Something calling out to her...

Another writer with a busy life. She was torn in between making a living and wanting to live.

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