**THE HEART THAT HOLDS ON**

*Reflections on True Love and Loss*

By Divyansh Maghanani

**Authors Note**

**This book is not just a tale of fantasy or fiction, but a collection of poems and reflections born from some of the darkest moments of my life. These words are fragments of emotions many of us carry — the ache of lost love, the tenderness of true connection, and the rawness of vulnerability.**

**As you read these lines, you will take a journey down memory lane — moments that may make you laugh, make you cry, or simply pause and reflect. These poems are written from a place beyond gender, for love itself knows no bounds or labels.**

**I encourage you to do more than read these pages. Immerse yourself in them. Feel the pulse behind every word. Let the essence of these lines touch your heart as deeply as they have touched mine.**

**Table of Contents**

*PART I: Falling In Love*

1. *What Is the Best and Worst Part About Being a Writer?*
2. *What Goes Through a Guy’s Mind While Falling for a Girl?*
3. *What Is Love?*
4. *I Want You to Be My Forever*
5. *What’s More Romantic?*
6. *Your Soul a Robber*
7. *Do Guys Get Butterflies Too?*
8. *The Moment I Knew I Loved Her*
9. *If I Could Hug Her One More Time*

*PART II: Breakups, Silence & Heartache*

1. *If Tomorrow Starts Without Me*
2. *The Feeling of Losing Your True Love*
3. *We Were Almost a Story*
4. *Let’s Meet Again for the First Time*
5. *Unsent Messages*
6. *When Forever Ends in a Text*
7. *I Still Write About You*
8. *Goodbye Without Closure*
9. *She Was a Poem I Couldn't Finish*

*PART III: A Man’s Mind*

1. *Do Boys Have That “I Need My Girl” Moment?*
2. *Do Boys Live in a Fantasy World Too?*
3. *Do Boys Read Old Conversations Too?*
4. *In Tough Times*
5. *Hiding My Pain Behind Jokes*
6. *How Men Break Down Silently*
7. *Why We Don’t Cry in Front of Anyone*

*PART IV: Letting Go & Healing*

1. *Souls Don’t Meet by Accident*
2. *Sometimes Home Is a Person*
3. *Hearts Are Wild Creatures, Thus Ribs Are Like Cages*
4. *I Rehearsed Our Reunion a Thousand Times*
5. *Becoming Whole Without Her*
6. *Forgiving You Was the Hardest Thing I Did*
7. *Thank You for Breaking Me*
8. *What Healing Really Feels Like*
9. *One Day, I’ll Write About You Without Crying*

*Final Letter to the Reader*

**Part I:**

***Falling***

***In***

***Love***

**What is the best and worst part about being a writer?**

*The way writing gives us a way to express the universe present inside us that is just so eager to get out of our mind. The way we can express a whole universe in just few lines, the harmony of words arranged such that it sounds beautiful even to those who know nothing about poetries.*

*That’s the fu\*\*\*g best thing about being a writer, while the journey that led us to become a writer is the worst, the things we have to let go, the people we have to leave behind, the promises that weren’t kept, the future which just became a memory and the forever which remained a past all of this is what makes a writer and yet this is the worst part of being one too….*

**What goes through a guy’s mind while he’s falling for a girl?**

*We realize far later that we have fallen for someone and that gap in between realizing it and actually falling for her is the sweetest. Suddenly everything about them seems magical, you can’t compare this feeling to anything else in this world. We start thinking about how we would look together in a marriage, we imagine her as our wife, we start thinking about our families. The future planning is done in that short amount of time and that’s when we know she’s the one…*

**What is love?**

*The boy who had wished for luxury cars, food and houses all their life from God is now wishing for being with that one girl is love. The transformation of a boy who just thought of himself now putting a girl’s needs before his own is love. The boy who didn’t even visit the market his whole life is now looking for a gift for her, the boy who didn’t care about what he’s wearing is now putting efforts in skincare this is love. The boy who liked loud music is now listening soft love songs, the boy who didn’t even wrote in school is now writing poetries for her this is love. The transformation of a selfish boy to a kind gentleman is love…*

**“I want you to be my forever”**

*I want you to be my forever, doesn't matter how we met or how late we met. You're so close to me that I always pray that we can be together forever. I do the same when I think about you because having someone so beautiful in my life who actually knows me can never get out of my mind. You were a stranger to me then we got to know each other but weren't on good terms still our destiny got us together and I have nothing but gratitude towards it, To give me someone so beautiful and wonderful that I didn't even deserve. Because of you I have understood how powerful loving is. You truly made me realize the meaning of romantic love. Thank you for being so understanding for me I want to give you the whole world while you don't even ask for a single thing. I just want you to know that no matter how hard the circumstances are in front of us I will always be with you holding your hand looking in your eyes and facing those difficulties. You don't have to be too expressive, if you would just call me to talk nonsense or just go out with me for a coffee or some food, that would be like whole world to me I don't want anything from you expect some time which I know you can't give right now and I rather than being sad am worried about you. I haven't seen a girl so strong managing her studies, household, friends, relationship, social life I just pray for you to be safe and please don't overdo yourself, you are going at a very good pace you will succeed in your life you have my support just be alright cause there is someone worthless romantic waiting for you to come to him think about it even just for a while…*

**What’s more romantic?**

*You know what’s more romantic, me staring at her and her asking “what” while I say nothing and just keep staring at her with a smile admiring how a person can be the whole world to you, how one person can change everything revolving around you, how she can be so beautiful so effortlessly. How the time stops when I’m looking at her but whenever it happens it’s all just in a moment which made me realize how just a moment can last forever and how forever can end in a moment….*

**Your soul a robber…...I won’t mind getting my heart lost to...**

**You are the sunshine that brightens up my world every day, my love for you is deeper than the ocean and brighter than a thousand sunrises…**

**Do guys get butterflies too?**

*Butterflies nah it’s an understatement when a girl ties their hairs in a messy bun or let them free it isn’t just butterflies we feel but our whole body shivers with adornment of her beauty when she looks at me as though there’s no one else in the world it makes our heart skip a beat when she smiles I tend to lose all control over my mind when she speaks it’s like the whole world stopped, so getting butterflies is truly an understatement when it comes to her….*

**“The Moment I Knew I Loved Her”**

*It wasn’t like a fairytale, no fireworks, no background music, it was quiet. You laughed and it felt real for the first time I saw a smile so real, so free and as I saw that, I wasn’t thinking about past or future. I just wanted to stop time and stay with her in that moment, in that exact second, that’s when I knew. Not because of the way she looked, but because of the way she made the world feel a little livelier, a little less heavy and in that exact moment I knew I loved her.*

**“If I Could Hug Her One More Time”**

*If only I could hug her one more time, I wouldn’t want to say another word, I wouldn’t ruin it with questions or apologies. I’d just hold you tighter than I should and maybe longer than necessary, so maybe…just maybe, your heart would beat once in response to my heart who beats for you daily, and in that moment your heart would remember mine. But as the time passes the moment would have to end and, in that moment, I would let go but not without whispering the lines I wish to say the most: “I missed you in places I didn’t know existed.”*

**Part II:**

**Breakups, Silence &**

**Heartache**

**“If tomorrow starts without me”**

*Don’t be sad, don’t be depressed as I am not the kind to be depressed over even if I am not with you, even if tomorrow starts without me, it won’t change a thing as I’m not worthy enough to cause an uproar just cause I’m missing. One day tomorrow will start without me…*

**The feeling of losing your true love?**

*It’s not very easy to express that feeling in words. It’s a fight between mind which is telling you to let go and the heart which holds on to it. The feeling of looking for her in every girl you see but never finding her in any, the feeling of not finding her not even in herself is the feeling of losing your true love because what you love and hold are the memories of the person you loved. The feeling that they gave you, the joy of being with them. It’s the past version of her that you love which is why you couldn’t find her even in herself because that person you loved is only alive in your memories…*

**“We were almost a story”**

*‘We were almost a story’, doesn’t it sound depressing like the whole world’s falling apart, like there is no one who could understand what you are feeling. But maybe it isn’t as depressing as we all perceive it to be, maybe we weren’t meant to be a story because stories because stories have endings and what we had wasn’t supposed to end, what we had is to be kept alive forever in our memories. Maybe like a story we didn’t get a happy ending but at least we got to keep it going with us forever***.**

**“Let’s meet again for the first time”**

*Let’s meet again for the first time not to be lovers but to be friends, let’s meet again for the first time not to drift away but write a story that will stay, maybe if we do it will be different this time instead of despair there would be forever not as lovers but as friends. We will meet as strangers again not to walk alone through loss and pain, but to walk together not as lover, but as soul-tied friends. Maybe not in this life but in next life let’s meet again for the first time…...*

**“Unsent Messages”**

*I have written like thousand messages or even more in my head, and deleted every single one. Do you know they all started with “Hey, how are you?” and ended with “I still care.” But I never had the courage of hitting the send button. Not because I stopped loving you, but because I knew I wasn’t the person you would need in your life, not that I’m blaming you for it because I know we can’t force something on someone thus some messages are meant to stay unsent. Some love stories are better lest unread.*

**“When Forever Ends in a Text”**

*It’s strange how something that once felt like forever can end with just a vibration, just a tone of text message which holds the knife capable of murdering millions of moments the future would have held. One message-cold, distant, final. No last hug, no proper goodbye, just blue ticks and a silence that screamed louder than any fight ever could. I read those texts a hundred times over hoping that the words would change. But they didn’t. And neither did the fact that forever was only ever meant to be temporary.*

*looking in each other’s eyes hoping to relive the moments we missed at the time we were apart and as soon as the silence would break there would be tears following the silence not of pain this time, but of joy, this is how it goes every time I think about our reunion.*

**“I Still Write About You”**

*I don’t say your name anymore, not in the convos, not in my prayers. But in poems? You never left, every word that I write, every line that I frame it still carries your image, your reflection-sometimes it is as a metaphor, sometimes it is like a silence between two aching hearts. Even when I pretend everyday that I have moved on from us, but the ink still reminds me that some people don’t leave they stay forever as if they lest a part of themselves we could never throw away thus they never leave, just change forms.*

**“Goodbye Without Closure”**

*You left…like a movie that never ended but was left mid-scene. No credits, no explanation-just black screen. And I have been sitting in the theatre of my mind ever since that day, waiting for an ending that never came. It’s not just you leaving that hurts. It is the question that echo in the silence after you left. What did I do wrong? where did the things took a wrong turn? Closure is a luxury some of us never get and I am one of them. This taught me the patience to carry the weight of unfinished chapters,*

**Part III:**

**A Man’s Mind (Vulnerability & Pressure)**

**Do boys have that ‘I need my girl moment’?**

*We sure do, whenever we feel like a failure, when everything is falling apart, the insecurities kicks in, the family pressure, the career tension and every single problem that hits hard when we can’t express it cause we are ‘men’ that’s when we have the I need my girl moment cause she’s the only one who can calm our mind full of disasters, she’s the only one who got the power to lift us up from all of this world’s problems and give us peace that’s when we have that moment…*

**Do boys live in the fantasy world too?**

*Yes we do it isn’t just girls who got all those fantasies, maybe it’s not as wild as them and maybe it’s even wilder but yeah a girl who’s obsessed with us, so possessive that she would take out the eyes of every girl who puts their eyes on his man, a girl who’s only submissive to us and no one else, a girl who can stay with us when the whole world is against it, so yes we do fantasize…*

**Do boys read old conversations too?**

*Nah we don’t, no let me rephrase it we don’t have to use those conversations those moments all of these sweet little moments are imprinted in our head and never goes away we can be sitting in a room full of people and still be thinking of those convos we don’t have to read it to remind ourselves of them we just close our eyes and there she is standing smiling looking just perfect like there is no other who could match how majestic she looks…*

**“In tough times”**

*In tough times always know that I am here to lend a helping hand, in tough times know that I will always be there to protect your back, no matter how hard the situation gets know that you will always have a shoulder to lean on. I didn’t fall for you because I wanted a relationship, it was**because for the first time in forever I felt peace…I felt at home…*

**“How Men Break Down Silently”**

*We don’t break things.*

*We don’t scream.*

*We don’t cry in public.*

*We disappear into our own thoughts.*

*We overthink obviously.*

*We scroll old convos at 2 AM while pretending we are fine during the day.*

*We hurt quietly-because somewhere along the way, we were taught that men don’t cry, we were taught that pain is weakness and silence is strength.*

*But inside, we’re screaming louder than anyone ever could and deadlier than anyone would ever know.*

**“Hiding My Pain Behind Jokes”**

*They all laugh at my jokes, they call me the funny one. But they don’t know-humour is just like the costume pain wears when it wants to hide. Because no one asks what is wrong with the guy who makes everyone laugh, no one can look into the guy who cracks all those jokes, so I tell stories, act stupid, keep the room light. And when I am alone? I rehearse the lines that keeps me from crying in the moment there was a mention of yours thus I crack jokes.*

**“Why We Don’t Cry in Front of Anyone”**

*It’s not because we don’t feel. But because every time we do or we did, we were told to “man up”, “man don’t cry.” Because tears on a man’s face are met with questions, not comfort, not reassurance, but questions. So we cry when no one sees, we scream when no one hears, and we heal when no one cares, we heal in private. That is how we survive-with dry eyes and heavy hearts hoping that one day we would meet with a person in front of whom we can let go, be free, thus we*

*don’t cry in front of anyone.*

**Part IV:**

**Letting Go & Healing**

**“Souls don’t meet by accident”**

*‘Souls don’t meet by accident’, meeting someone has a purpose behind it, the stories that are about to brew up, the memories that are about to be created, the relations which may last for a lifetime or end in such a way that the scar it leaves behind remains for a lifetime. Yes, souls don’t meet by accident there is a fate behind it or maybe the theory of invisible strings are working behind the scenes but one thing is for sure no matter whoever we meet or whenever we meet there is a whole new experience waiting for us to be lived.*

**“Sometimes home is a person”**

*What is a home? Is it the structure we build by bricks or the people we live in it with. Is it the place we live in or is it the space we fill in. But can’t I find all of that in a single person. Can’t that person be our home. After all home is a place where we can return to after a long day and everyone would prefer a loved one to return to instead of an empty building. So maybe not sometimes but every time home is a person and not the building made of bricks we perceive as a home.*

**“Hearts are wild creatures, thus ribs are like cages”**

*It is said that our hearts are wild creatures thus ribs are like cages but what if there were no cages what if our heart was set free no boundaries, no shackles, just freedom, how would the world be would there be no wars, no hatred well maybe… but that’s just a fairytale of course hearts aren’t that innocent either, they hide the secrets that even mind couldn’t handle but there wouldn’t just be bad there would be love too, with all the spark, there would be passion in the silence, and fire in the dark. And maybe just maybe, the cage is there to guard that spark.*

**“I rehearsed our reunion a thousand times”**

*Even though I know that there’s no chance of getting together, I still sometimes think about how our reunion would be-a Bollywood kind where there are guitars in the background, or maybe something more quiet, more real. But every time I think about it I am stuck at what the first words coming out of my mouth would be, will it be something like sorry or how have you been? or maybe a long hug hoping that it could keep you with me forever but if it really happens there would be silence a long uninterrupted silence where neither of us speaks a word but just stay still*

**“Becoming Whole Without Her”**

*I thought I needed her to feel complete. Like you were the missing piece in a puzzle I didn’t knew I was building. But time taught me that love doesn’t mean losing yourself. It means finding someone who helps you see yourself clearer. And when she left-I thought I broke. But maybe I just cracked open enough to let the light in. And that is how I began to become whole again, I doesn’t mean I don’t love you anymore but maybe I took the biggest step in loving you which is letting you go.*

**“Thank You for Breaking Me”**

*You broke me in places I didn’t know existed in the first place. At first, I was mad at you for it, then I grieved over you. And now-I thank you for all the moments we spend together, all the memories we made, because in breaking me, you gave me a chance to rebuild without the parts that didn’t belong to me. You taught me that love isn’t always a shelter, a safe place, a home. Sometimes it is the storm that clears the path. I am better, not because you loved me, but because you did not.*

**“She Was a Poem I Couldn't Finish”**

*Every time I tried to write for her or her, the words fell short, I just couldn’t bring myself to complete it. You were the kind of beauty I can’t capture with ink-soft, powerful, and out of my reach. Some stories are meant to be written but never told, that is what our story is a secret between us that would never be disclosed to the world. Some poems don’t need an ending. They just live on forever between the lines we never say aloud.*

**“What Healing Really Feels Like”**

*Healing doesn’t it sound magical, but I guarantee you that it isn’t. It is slow, messy, and unglamourous. It is deleting the photos, then restoring them, just because you want to look at her for the last time. It is missing them during the day in a room full of people, but finally sleeping at night. It is being okay with not being okay for a while. It is learning to be whole without the hand you once held. And one random afternoon-without tears-you realize you didn’t think of them all day. That is what healing really feels like but let me warn you it is a recurring process and even a moment can cause us to go through this again.*

**“One Day, I’ll Write About You Without Crying”**

*Right now,*

*Every word I write is soaked in the pain of your memory. But I believe a day will come when I will write about you not with pain-but with peace. When your name won’t feel like glass in my throat. When our story will be just that: a story. And I will smile at what we had, instead of mourning for what we lost, maybe just one day…. just one day I will write about you without crying.*

**Final Letter to the Reader**

*“To the one still learning how to let go…”*

*Dear Reader,*

*If you’ve made it to this page, thank you — not just for reading, but for feeling.  
This book is more than a collection of words.  
It’s a piece of my heart I tore open so that you might see your own reflection in it.  
It’s every silence I sat through. Every "I’m okay" that wasn’t. Every night I couldn’t sleep because I was haunted by memories dressed as dreams.*

*I didn’t write this to get over someone.  
I wrote this to get back to myself.*

*And maybe you picked up this book because you’re going through something too.  
A heartbreak that lingers. A memory you can’t shake. A love that didn’t stay.*

*I want you to know:  
Letting go is not weakness.  
It’s not about forgetting.  
It’s about honouring what was, grieving what can’t be, and freeing yourself to feel again.*

*If even one line in these pages sat with you on a lonely night,  
if even one piece made you feel seen,  
then all the pain it took to write this was worth it.*

*You are not alone. You never were.Love,****Divyansh Maghanani*** *the one who felt too much and finally made peace with it*