**IT’S**

**NOT **

**PRACTICAL**

**Author**

**Harshita Sonkar**

Dear Readers,

This book is a sequel and continuation of my previous work, "***Where Love Drowns in Shadows***" In this book, the author contemplates life after grief. It delves into the experience of surpassing the five stages of grief: denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance.

However, like many things in life, dealing with heartbreak isn't a linear process. Those who have felt the pain know that even after surpassing all five stages, there can be moments where you experience a confusing intersection of all of them. Denial, anger, depression, and acceptance might all resurface at once, and on those dark nights, it can break even the strongest of us. Some people give up on life, but others are wired to find a way forward with the little spark of hope that still flickers within them.

The author attempts to express her grief and the darkest night that follows the five stages. It is her hope that this book reaches out to all those who are suffering, so you won't feel alone. The night may be dark, but the journey doesn't have to be.

With Love,

Harshita Sonkar

**Foreword**

This book delves into the raw and complex emotions that follow heartbreak. The author, building upon her previous work, explores a truth many of us recognize - grief isn't a linear path. Even after traversing the stages of denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance, the embers of those feelings can resurface. Here, the author confronts the darkest night that lingers after supposed closure, offering a poignant voice to those grappling with loss.

Through vivid imagery and heartfelt prose, "It’s Not Practical" invites readers to share in a journey of healing. It's a testament to the enduring human spirit, the ability to find hope even in the face of immense sorrow. Whether you've experienced heartbreak yourself or know someone who has, this book offers solace and a reminder that you are not alone.

**Celestial Love**

Have you ever wondered how the moon's reflection on the surface of the sea makes it shimmer and so beautiful? It feels like the sea itself isn't alive, yet the moon's touch brings it to life. Isn't it a marvel, how these two celestial bodies, forever bound yet forever apart, weave a tapestry of such breathtaking beauty? Loving you felt the same way. Some things are simply beautiful, and their beauty doesn't require a practical explanation.

**I Miss You**

It's not like I miss you every day, but there are moments I wish you were there. Like the day I fell ill and wanted you around me because your presence would cure me. Or the day I was feeling low after work – if you'd been there, I know your magic spaghetti would have made my day a little better. Someday, when I get praised for good work, my mind would spiral back and urge me to share it with you.

I miss you in all my good times and bad. There are nights I hug myself to sleep, longing for your touch. Your absence haunts the faces I see, the people I cross paths with. When I see couples, I miss you even more – that's how we used to be, in love.

I miss you while I stand here, at marine drive, watching this breathtaking sunset, hoping I had you beside me, just like old times. Do you miss me like I do?

**Voices In My Head**

Sometimes, when I wake up in the morning, I'm confronted by these loud noises – my own thoughts in my head. Some mornings, I can bear it, most mornings, I cannot. The voices, the thoughts, are so loud that it feels like my head will explode and they will creep out of the wall that I have built around me. I fear that day a lot, and I try to keep them under the surface, but the more I try, the more irresistible it becomes, and they start to rush to the surface. These voices are the memories, the memories I hold onto, the memories that pierce my heart to death. These are my memories of you.

**Feeling**

I know I've lost my touch, but someday I hope to feel it in my bones and veins. I know I've lost the spark, but someday I hope to find my glow. I know it, I know it all. But you were never supposed to know all this. Because the demons in me still feed on the remnants left of me, and I knew it when I first felt it within me.

**Universe**

As a kid, I was always fascinated by Marvel. I remember the first time I watched Spider-Man and being completely captivated, especially by the love story between Gwen Stacy and Spider-Man. That got me hooked on comic books. However, I soon realized that Gwen and Peter Parker were tragically destined to never be together in any Universe.

Some loves are like that. No matter how much effort you put in, some things are simply out of your control, and no one is to blame. You might wish you'd met them at a different time or in a different situation, but trust me, if things worked that way, Gwen Stacy wouldn't have died, and Spider-Man wouldn't be haunted by grief and heartache.

**How’s it going?**

I saw you that afternoon and you seemed nothing like how you described your feelings when we last met. You told me you felt numb, yet you were out with her. The last time you gave me a ride home, you didn't speak to me the entire way back to my place. But I heard you talk to her when we ran into each other. You didn't even have the guts to check up on me later, if not in front of her. I know you saw me, I know you did. We held the stare for a little too long, until my heart dropped to the ground, realizing you'd become the death of me.

There are so many things that don't make sense or add up, but I know there's no point and it's better to let sleeping dogs lie.

But tell me, do you regret anything, or the fact that there were so many words left unspoken? How do you sleep at night, knowing someone else is out there waiting on you because you couldn't care less to at least bid a final farewell? How does it feel to cut me off completely, as if I never mattered to you? How is this no contact working for you so far? How does it feel to silently dismiss me, even as I begged and cried for your forgiveness? Do you feel the pain, or do you feel nothing at all? Or are you just comfortably numb?

**Confess**

Well, it's June now, and guess what? My feelings for you are still the same as the day I first fell for you. That night, I remember resting my head on your chest, close to your heart, and saying, "I can't do this anymore. I can't fool you, and most of all, myself. I see this as more than just casual, and I would really want us to be something more. I understand if you don't want what I'm asking, and I swear, I'll just leave right now with no questions asked."

I remember you swiftly moving your hand to cup my face. Still in disbelief, you told me, "I want us to be more. Since the day we first kissed." And that was it for me. That was literally it. At that moment, I couldn't thank my stars enough. I mean, I wished for one thing and had it – I had you. But again, how could anything last forever? How foolish of me to build castles in the air. Sometimes, I wonder if you remember those moments as vividly as I do. I wish I could just go back in time and never confess my feelings. I might have been hurt then, but I would have saved you from so much pain now.

**Love At Second Sight**

As a kid, I was always fascinated by the small things in life. First, it was my favorite coco candy, then it turned to kulfi, and finally, to hot chocolates with brownies. I realized that with time, you start finding the same comfort in different things. Ultimately, the things that bring you joy are replaced by something that makes more sense to you at that stage. It's like first love turning to a sham every time you find someone else to replace it with.

Sometimes, I feel first love is overrated. But the second love is what I call "Kintsugi." When all the broken pieces of your heart are put back together, when you start to fall in love with love, for the second time, there's nothing more beautiful and therapeutic. Love at second sight is rare to find and difficult to maintain. It's like walking down memory lane for the second time, but this time with a different traveler. It's scary, but with the right person, the night might feel dark, but not for long.

**Just A Statement**

Feelings are like catalysts, you know? When they're involved, even a small statement from someone can make it feel like the end of the world for you. It's not just the words themselves, but the whole package – the tone, the body language, the past experiences you bring to the situation. All of a sudden, a casual "Oh, you've changed a lot" becomes a gut punch, questioning your growth or identity. Or, a seemingly innocent "It's just not practical anymore to stay in a relationship with you" can feel like a death knell for your future together, even if it wasn't meant that way. Our feelings act like a spotlight, intensifying even the smallest details and making them feel earth-shattering. But remember, that spotlight is in our own hands. It might hurt you, but it was just a small statement from the other person.

**Courage**

It's not like my heart was never broken before. But after you, it was completely shattered to pieces. I realized quite a few things because of your loss. It had a profound effect on me and my well-being. I lost my appetite, I lost sleep, and I suffered (and still suffer) from issues too difficult to count on my fingers.

But amidst all that, in all the darkness that surrounded me, I somehow felt closer to myself. I started to understand myself better. I realized that when the chaos of your inner self meets the silence of the outer world, that's when you truly get to know what it's like to be you. It takes a lot of courage to be there, and I hope everyone finds themselves when they are detached from their entanglements.

**Endword**

As you close this book, you may carry with you the lingering echoes of the author's journey. The vulnerability she shares invites introspection. Perhaps you've recognized fragments of your own story within these pages.

Remember, the path to healing is unique for everyone. Embrace the raw emotions, the moments of despair, and the moments of fleeting joy. There is beauty in the messy process of picking up the pieces.

"It’s Not Practical" is a testament to the resilience of the human spirit. It's a reminder that even in the darkest night, a spark of hope remains. May this spark guide you on your own journey towards wholeness.

**About the Author**

**Harshita**

Born in India, Harshita has been writing poems since early childhood. Her passion for art extends to social media, where she frequently shares her work.

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