

GARDEN OF GRIEF

Poems on Love, Philosophy, and Grief

IRON HEIST



IRON HEIST
POETRY

Garden of Grief

GARDEN OF GRIEF

A Brief collection of poems

By Jay Shivram (Iron Heist)



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Author's Note

About the Book

This book is a piece of raw poetry, a collection I've been working on throughout the past year. Each experience within these pages remains in its rawest form. I speak of my grief the way I speak of God—religiously, yet like a friend in need.

These words are my attempt to transfer the weight of my feelings, to give shape to the grief that has lingered within me for as long as I can remember.

I seek nothing in return for these words. My only wish is for them to exist as a record of my being, a testament that I was here.

Each word stands resilient against time, proving that while I am not defined by my grief, it has been a part of me.

This book is a chronicle of my love and all the grief that has followed it through the years.

*There's always enough love for her
That makes me come back to this book
I will keep reading these pages
And i will feed these delusions*



PART 1

A DIARY OF MY THOUGHTS



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A Diary of My Thoughts

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Garden of Grief

"The darker the night the brighter the stars. The deeper the grief the closer is God."

— **Fyodor Dostoevsky, Crime and Punishment**

A DIARY OF MY THOUGHTS

Table Of Contents

- 1) Sleepless Nights*
- 2) With You Comes Life*
- 3) Hollow*
- 4) A Burning House*
- 5) Death Wanders on a Cliff*
- 6) My Words are your Treasure*
- 7) A Dark Universe*
- 8) Nostalgia*
- 9) The (S) Note*
- 10) Loose Ends*
- 11) My End*
- 12) Mistakes*
- 13) Masochism*

Sleepless nights

**10th of April 2024,
Wednesday.**

[10/04/2024 01:52 AM]

I am thankful for these sleepless nights.

Perhaps these sleepless nights bring out a different version of me.

And perhaps these sleepless nights keep me away from dreaming about you.

If you're not a ghost,

then why do you haunt me?

Sleepless nights because you don't let me sleep.

Yet I am thankful for these sleepless nights because I don't dream of you.

I just pray that when I've recovered from you, "you" don't happen to me ever again.

I would rather stay awake and guard my heart than sleep and break my heart after seeing you in a dream.

But in the end,

this dream will remain something that only I can experience,

yet at the same time,

it would mean nothing to you.

With you comes life

27th of March 2024,

Wednesday.

[27/03/2024 01:34 AM]

*All my nights are yours.
I have dedicated my sleep to you.
My dreams consist of nothing but you.
I have dedicated all of my poetry to you.*

*With you comes my life,
and without you,
there's nothing but death.*

*Even if you haunt me in my dreams,
my life is a bit scarier without you in it.*

*I wrote you down in my poetry,
even after all the pain you fed me with,
Yet I am reborn after all the pain I deal with.*

~ J.S

Hollow

**27th of March 2024,
Wednesday.**

*When I choose to go,
Perhaps I'll let myself drift away,
I will not say goodbye because it's never about the goodbye.
I will choose to leave in silence
Leaving behind only words
because,
In the end i am immortal ✨*

but,

*I don't exist anymore,
What exists now is a dream,
An idea,
An imagination,
Of being full
Full of dreams,
Yet being hollow from inside that even after being this empty,
nothing really fills me up.*

~ J.S

A burning house

*11th of October 2023, 12:23 AM
Wednesday.*

*I let my house burn
Now that i think of you leaving me,
I let my house burn,
I stood there and looked at my house burn.*

*When you left,
you set my house on fire,
The house was nothing else but my heart,
And I stood there and watched my house burn,
Not able to do anything but burn in agony,
Leaving nothing behind but just some ashes ,
And these ashes will fly all over this planet till the end of time,
and those ashes will carry memories,
a few memories of what you were,
What we were.*

~ J.S

Death wanders on a cliff

03/10/2023

3rd Of October 2023, Tuesday

I'm afraid that death will come for me.

I'm afraid you will be my death.

Because every time,

I love you more,

I love myself less.

And I am no immortal

Love pierces my heart

And even if I were an immortal being

I would have been dead,

Because the only thing that can kill an immortal,

are its thoughts.

~ J.S

My words are your treasure

*30th of September 2023, 08:52 AM
Saturday.*

*Now only words can keep you with me
Because you're too far
I hope you hear these words
And keep them by your heart
Because they have nowhere else to go
And i see they're best fit inside your heart
I think perhaps that is the only place where my secrets will remain safe even
after we're all done with everything.
When you're gone,
when we're all gone.*

~J.S

A Dark Universe

*22nd of July 2023, 12:22 AM
Saturday.*

I can be no home.

There can be no home within me.

Because there's no peace within me.

And within me lies nothing but vast experiences of the universe contained in its darkness.

Even if the universe is full of stars,

It will still stay dark.

And the only thing that can shine brighter than the darkness is you.

Only you can overpower the shadows of the darkness.

~ J.S

Nostalgia

**24th April 2024,
Wednesday.**

[4/24, 11:07 PM]

*What are my words now that they don't reach to you?
What are you now that you don't listen to them anymore?
Are they even worth writing if you stop reading?*

*All my poems were for you,
Yet also all the hurt I received came from you.*

*tonight, once again I long for you,
Nothing can keep me away from you.*

You are familiar but also a stranger.

Perhaps in a different universe we are together.

And I hope you are still familiar enough to not be a part of my nostalgia.

~ J.S

The (S) Note

20 May 2024,

Monday

11:01PM

I am now dead.

Killed by corporate slavery,

Killed by years of heartbreaks,

In the end I keep asking myself,

Is this my end?

A Stranger to you,

A Stranger to me,

Now also to this city.

All of your pain was mine

I shared it with my soul

Was my pain yours?

Is it still?

I think you would have waited enough

You don't have to anymore.

And perhaps when I die,

that is when the real search will begin.

I will die and I will never be dead.

But I hope I am found when I am dead,

because all my life I was lost.

Now that I'm dead is it a win for me?

Or is it a loss for you?

Perhaps it would be the best thing to have me as a memory rather than be there

It has been done,

I have achieved rock bottom,

I'm completely hollow,

And there won't be anything left for the worms to eat off from.

The only thing that exists,

Is a hollow shell,

Garden of Grief

*A house with nobody around who can live in,
A heart with nobody to give to,
A life that is not great enough to live through :)*

~ J.S

Loose Ends

*23rd of May 2024, 05:36 PM
Thursday.*

Ends

Loose ends,

Perhaps we should have stuck together.

I wish you would've stuck around for a little bit more.

I wish you would help me change.

I hoped you would stay till the end,

I do not want a next,

But you won't even reply to my texts,

What should I amend,

My heartbreaks are now becoming a trend,

But I believe my words were as true as what they said,

They were true to what they said.

~ J.S

My End

[20/05/2024 07:50 AM]

I have ice running inside my veins,

I will never bleed,

I'm stone cold,

And I know my heart will never beat,

Because, I am out of time.

You slowly slipped away from me,

You have now banished me,

I am nothing but a stranger,

Carrying nothing but you on my mind.

~ J.S

Mistakes

01 May 2024,

Wednesday.

[5/1, 6:14 PM]

You'll never burn with the same flame I do,

I will burn till I turn into ash,

yet you'll be the reason I turned into ash,

I cannot explain to you the pain that eats my heart,

While I rot in my thoughts every night with the pain of loving you but yet not receiving that love back.

Tell me my beloved... Was it a mistake to fall for you?

For me, this isn't something new.

Perhaps we remember people just to end up trying to forget them

But my dearest

You will live inside my poems

You will live inside my paper

You will live inside my heart

because,

I have destroyed us

More than I have destroyed myself

And perhaps this was my biggest mistake.

~ J.S

Masochism

*27th of May 2024, 11:27 PM
Monday.*

*You have killed me,
For I was the one who handed you the knife.*

*Where else do I find my death?
If not in you?
If it did not come from you,*

*then where did it come from?
I have a strange, masochistic sense of familiarity with my death.*

*And the irony of it is that it came from a place of love.
Perhaps death is love in its betrayed form,*

And it comes with an unshared form of love that is grief.

*In the end, my heart will bleed,
But for how long?*

*How long will it take for me to heal,
only to turn into nothing?*

~ J.S

PART 2

MIDDAY BLUES



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Midday Blues.

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introduction

About "Midday Blues"

"Midday Blues"
captures the heart's quiet struggles and profound joys.

This collection explores themes of love, faith, identity, and time's passage.

Each poem reflects life's changing seasons and the dance of hope and renewal.

*With lyrical grace,
"Midday Blues"
offers solace and a deep connection
to the shared
human journey.*

Garden of Grief

In the total darkness, poetry is still there, and it is there for you.

~Abbas Kiarostami

MIDDAY BLUES

Chapter List

- 1) *midday blues*
- 2) *poems for you*
- 3) *poetically and religiously*
- 4) *erase me*
- 5) *Walls*
- 6) *faith*
- 7) *freedom and hope*
- 8) *the last minute*
- 9) *forgiveness*
- 10) *Summer, autumn, winter and the spring*
- 11) *engraved*
- 12) *definitely not dead*

midday blues

*Midday blues,
my letters are to you,
I hope you read them too,
To get my words through,
I can give no more clues,
My heart isn't clear of these dues,
And now I see no muse,
But only a few memories of you
that I am determined to pursue.*

~ J.S

poems for you

*I wrote a poem,
It was about you,
I wrote about you,
But did you ever write about me?
Did you ever write back to me?
Ghostly adventures captured in my letters to you,
Yet only ghostly replies come from you.
Till when do I keep it within me?
These corpses of dead words that I carry.
Perhaps I have more words for you than I have any for myself.
But who are you?
If not a ghost.
If not lost.*

~ J.S

poetically and religiously

*Perhaps i didn't know how to live,
Just the way i never knew how to love you.
I knew that being on fire would burn,
I knew that being stabbed would sting,
But i never knew that being in love can also kill.
Perhaps i am destroying my life,
because your love is destroying me,
And,
i don't know how I am destroying it,
But it is either religiously or poetically.*

~ J.S

erase me

*You can erase me,
You can stop caring,
You can throw me off a cliff,
And call me a 100 bad things,,
You can throw dirt on my name
And call me just to blame.
But my dear,
Yet even then,
i can never erase you,
Because,
know that you are where my words come from,
And,
If I could erase you from my memory,
how would i erase you from my poetry?*

~ J.S

Walls

*The walls i had built were so high,
I could not let you cross over it,
Because i had fear feeding my doubts.*

*Now silence exists between the distance we have,
And the only thing i can hear are the echoes of my blame.*

*With the whispers of your name,
Haunted by the moments we lost,
Which came with all the costs.*

*I vow to fight the shadows,
To reclaim my stolen light,
To mend the rift I've caused,
And emerge from this night.*

*Though I faltered and I fell, in your memory,
I see the possibility of redemption,
A chance to set us free.*

~ J.S

Faith

*I believe religion is a scam,
And mine is no different.
It seems an illusion,
this religion of mine.
Born into faith deemed
perfect and divine,
Yet others hold their beliefs as true but
Also oppose mine,*

*In this tapestry of convictions,
what am I to do?
What am i to believe?
To which religion do i turn to?
In a maze of faiths,
Which one will be my truth?
If there are none,
Then do i accept nothing to be the one?*

~ J.S

freedom and hope

What is freedom?

An idea?

A thought?

Or just an illusion?

What is a country governed by corruption?

If not a prison bound by chains that are unseen.

Or a puppet bound to its master with the strings that remain unseen

What is a country?

If its freedom is at stake?

Do i forfeit and forsake?

And let despair spiral?

Or

Do i Consider it under attack?

And stand to fight back?

~ J.S

The last minute

*It was all about to end,
A few seconds ago,
Everything would end,
There would be nothing,
Yet there would be something.*

*We have been captives to life but,
We have forgotten to live.
We want life,
But we forget to thrive,
we don't want to live our life.*

*And only when it is all about to end,
one figures out what is at stake.
when one finds out what the last minute is here to take.*

*Every memory,
Every heartbeat,
Every breath,*

It would all be accounted for.

And at that moment we would visually accept that this is what we will see at the last stage of our lives.

*Perhaps we will beg for a second chance
But we will have none*

*Perhaps that is when we will realise that we failed life
We failed ourselves.*

~ J.S

forgiveness

How do we forgive ourselves for all the things we'll never become

How do we accept things ?

Yet how do i deal with my grief

My grief is my nightmare

And my nightmares are of you,

Not of you, but of a life without you.

So tell me my dearest,

Are you my grief?

Or am i grieving you?

~ J.S

Summer, autumn, winter and the spring

*Perhaps there's a summer out there,
Where we are together,
No spring needed,
Having just survived our winter,
Before I let our love turn to autumn.*

But soon,

*My summer days grew bleak,
And I let autumn fade away,
Now I'm consumed by winter,
Waiting for that one spring.*

~J.S

Engraved

There's not a single day where i don't wake up and think of you,

You're the first thought that pops in my mind,

and,

you're the last thought that leaves from my mind.

*I'll always remember you,
and keep you close to my heart.*

*I'll always keep you in my poetry,
So that you always exist when someone reads a piece of my soul.
And when they read it,
they'll understand,
how deeply you are engraved into my soul.*

~J.S

Definitely not dead

*I write all my poems around midnight,
So when death wanders around me,
It'll leave me alone,
For it knows that i am a poet,
and as a poet,
i must suffer,
And death would be an easy escape when compared to my heartbreaks.*

*Because it has never been the heartbreaks,
But it's the tragedy of living,
The tragedy of life,
That ends me every night.
But remember it is the tragedy of life that shapes out the best poets.*

~ J.S

PART 3

FADING LIGHT



About Section

About "The Fading Light"

"The Fading Light" is a poignant journey through the complexities of love, loss, and the silent battles we face within. Each poem captures moments of vulnerability and strength, exploring themes of connection, despair, and the inevitable passage of time. From the shadows of "Silent Torment" to the tender echoes in "You and Me," this collection weaves a tapestry of emotions that linger like fading light at dusk.

With powerful imagery and raw emotion, "The Fading Light" offers a deep reflection on the human experience, illuminating the beauty and tragedy found in life's quietest moments.

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The Fading Light

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Garden of Grief

“How odd, I can have all this inside me and to you it’s just words.”
~ **David Foster Wallace, The Pale King**

FADING LIGHT?

Chapter List

- 1. My Words That Revolve Around You**
- 2. You and Me**
- 3. Letters to You**
- 4. Lie in Dirt**
- 5. Silent Torment**
- 6. Bottles and Smoke**
- 7. Are We Interlinked?**
- 8. Soaring Violence and Calmness**
- 9. January**
- 10. A Bad Dream**
- 11. My Love Is Like Fine Wine**
- 12. A Rose**
- 13. I wrote a poem**
- 14. A thousand poems**
- 15. Grief**
- 16. A song i guess**

my words that revolve around you

*And i guess the only poem in my mind is **you**,
You are the center of my universe.*

*And tonight,
my words revolve around **you**,
My words have always been mine,
Yet **you** own them,
And i like,
How these words that are mine,
are more of **yours** than they were ever mine,*

*And i cannot explain to **you**,
how these thoughts,
that are mine,
speak about **you** more than they speak about me.*

~ J.S

You and Me

*Perhaps it's the end to You and Me,
Without your touch,
All hopes,
All dreams,
All of me,
They will all cease to exist,
Only thing that would exist are my poems for you,
And all those poems,
They will come to life
They will keep existing,
And will exist till the end of time.*

~ J.S

Letters to you

[17th July 2024]

[Wednesday]

[9:15PM]

**This is a letter,
To the one across the sea.**

I hope you are well.
I wonder every day if you are well...
But how do I know if you are well?
You do not write back!
Are you well?
You do not write back.

Do you despise me?
If yes,
Please do not give in to despise.

I have recently been dreaming about you.
I see you standing in my dreams,
Next to a void.
I believe it is your heart,
And your heart,
Is like a void—
It pulls me in,
Makes me paranoid.

Now, in this emptiness,
I feel destroyed.

I hope to write to you each night,
Bringing you into existence,
Hoping my words find a way into your heart,
Through the void,
That has split us apart.

Garden of Grief

*But then I look at you,
And I cannot tell if it's really you.
I look at you,
Nothing rings a bell.
Who are you?
Can you please tell?*

*But when I look closely,
I know it is you.
Because you are familiar—
Something I value.*

*Yet I feel different now.
I am bedridden,
Like leaves falling,
Carried by the wind.
But am I taken with ease?*

*We are each other's Roman Empire,
Because our hearts are a mess.
I will not think less.*

*Like Rome, we fell.
This city is a mess,
And only time will tell.*

*But I hope you write back,
Before the city burns,
And turns into ash.*

~ J.S

Lie in dirt

*I lie in dirt,
Facing north,
Glazing at the stars,
Thinking about June the fourth.
The night is silent, the world asleep,
But my mind is restless, because my thoughts run deep.
Was it a day of joy or pain?
A memory that lingers, drives me insane.*

*The veins in my body do not have blood
They run on ice,
Just like my heart.
I am now cold,
Like winter,
But your warmth,
Is what I remember.*

~ J.S

Silent torment

*If grief had a face,
My words would be its tongue.*

Perhaps writing is the only form of torment that will save me.

*But tell me,
What are my written words to you all?
If not a cry for all my voices to be heard.
By the rest of you.*

~ J.S

Bottles and smoke

*No bottle could save me from my pain,
Because I've already drowned in your memories—
Our memories.*

*I wish I could blow away these memories
Just like this thick fog of smoke
From the cigarette in my hand.*

*I cannot get over the fact that you told me we would never be together,
Because the lines in your hand told you so.*

*But in the end, these lines held no values to me.
Yet, I was ready to carve one,
Right into my hand,
With this knife that lies next to me.*

*And i wish i could carve a smile,
In my heart,
Like the tattoo on your hand that has a smile.*

~ J.S

are we interlinked?

Do you really think we're interlinked?

Like the bright moon up in the sky on a dark night,

*With the sounds of crickets,
On a warm night.*

*I see moths,
But i think of you.*

But you are a bright lie,

Drawing me in like the moth towards a bright light,

Despite knowing i carry a tune with this fragile heart.

~ J.S

soaring violence and calmness

*Perhaps losing you
Made me regret choosing myself*

*Perhaps i would have let myself go insane,
with you,
But now here i am,
Lying to myself,
For being sane,
While im all mad,
And sad,
Without you.*

*Yet with you
Everything would have soared calmly
Because everything else has been soaring violently*

~ J.S

January

*Its January,
And i feel your warm hug again,
"Till Death do us apart." I said.
But there Was this one thing ahead,
We were walking on a thin thread,
That was stretched,
And one day i knew,
It had to break.*

~ J.S

A bad dream

I wish you would consider me a bad dream

So that one day

When you wake up

And you are over me

Like a bad dream

We could start over,

Again.

But all i think of right now,

Is of a wish,

to have been a better dream.

~ J.S

My love is like fine wine

*My love for you,
Ages like a fine wine.
I write poetry,
Right after i pour myself twice,
And i see your love,
Come in,
Like the alcohol of this fine wine.
And when I'm finally drunk,
I see the stars form,
Around the wrinkles of your fine smile,
Laced with thorns,
Like the color of your rose colored lips, intertwined,
With mine.*

~ J.S

A rose

*You can be a rose over my grave,
Like the cross on its head,
But i remember,
I will burn and turn into ash,
And be scattered in the air.
I will haunt the very air your breath,
Do not consider this to be a threat,
And now,
I must sing the song,
Now that i walk with death,
For i am deprived of love,
Hoping it would let me escape.*

~ J.S

i wrote a poem

*I wrote a poem.
It asked me to set it free,
So,
I set my art free.
I let it be
I spoke to it
And yet i remember it speaking of you*

*"Who are you?"
I asked,
It replied
I was born out of solitude
With a deep longing
For a soul
That listens
And talks back
But it is far away
Like our love
That has lost it's way*

~ J.S

a thousand poems

*I look at you
And i know love exists
But i feel like
Love has lost its way
Because you do not walk towards me*

*A thousand poems
Written for you
Yet they go unanswered
Ignored
Like the call
We had on our last night together.*

~ J.S

grief

*I wish i could hold you again,
Like how i hold my grief,
And in this very moment,
I miss you,
More than i remember you,
And,
all this is nothing,
But a torment,
To my heart that is fragile.*

*I call myself insolvent
Because of the debt i left behind
And In this solitude
I roam without any hope
And,
I suppose,
this is my demise,
To find a love,
That i left behind.*

~ J.S

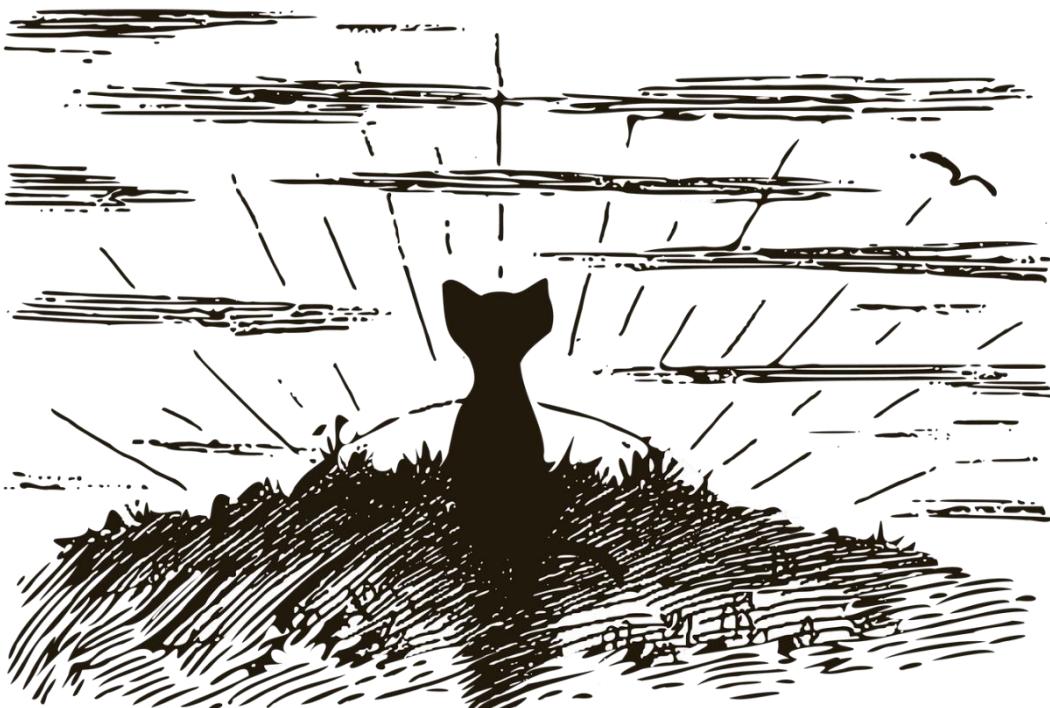
a song i guess

*I want to sing a song.
To sing a song,
That sings of our moments,
Connecting me and you,
Which reminds me of carrying you
Through a rhythm
In the monsoon
Next to the lagoon
With you in my arms
And from that day
Nothing ever felt blue.*

~ J.S

PART 4

DUSK & DAWN



About Book

Dawn & Dusk is a poignant exploration of life's dualities, weaving together themes of growth, loss, and introspection. Through chapters like "Green" and "Mosaic,"

The reader is invited to reflect on the complexities of existence and the beauty found in the fractured moments of life.

Each section, from "Curse" to "Mercy," delves into the shadows of the human experience, capturing the essence of overthinking and the weight of memory.

This collection of poems serves as both a mirror and a refuge, illuminating the path from darkness to light, yet ultimately acknowledging the struggles of navigating a world where hope often feels elusive.

Garden of Grief

“Do you understand, sir, do you understand what it means when you have absolutely nowhere to turn? For every man must have somewhere to turn...”

— Fyodor Dostoevsky, ***Crime and Punishment***

DAWN & DUSK

Table of Contents

Chapters

- 1. Green**
- 2. Mosaic**
- 3. Curse**
- 4. Conquered Lands**
- 5. North Star**
- 6. Smoke**
- 7. Overthinking**
- 8. Seasonal**
- 9. Linger**
- 10. Still Flow**
- 11. From Shadows**
- 12. Poems**
- 13. Medusa**
- 14. Mercy**
- 15. The Gods & Her**
- 16. Imminent Loss**
- 17. Homeland**
- 18. Dirt & Soil**
- 19. Road to YOU**
- 20. Once Alive, Now Gone.**
- 21. home**
- 22. Longing**
- 23. Phantom**
- 24. Least Favorite Child**
- 25. A Divine Stranger**
- 26. Perspective**
- 27. A Divine Shower**
- 28. Blue**
- 29. Memory**

Garden of Grief

green

*Her favorite color was green,
So I decided to lie on the grass,
Hoping to feel her hug me one last time.*

*The blades of the grass pressed against my skin,
Leaving a few cuts, reminding me of the hugs I received.*

*I could see the setting sun
And the wind blowing from the east.
But the truth settled in like the setting sun,
A quiet end to us, when I expected it least.*

*She was gone,
And now the grass is just green.
No matter how long I stayed there,
The green was just a color now,
And she was already gone.*

~ J.S

mosaic

*I do not accept that all the love i have poured will turn into hate someday,
But,
We are mosaics of all the people we hate,
Perhaps hate is just love that is lost,
Like how grief is love with nowhere to go.*

~J.S

curse

*I don't know how many pieces
my heart has broken into,
but I can't let anyone else collect
what was always meant for you.*

*I wish you'd keep breaking my heart,
and I'd curse you to gather every shard.
Maybe, when the pieces are whole again,
I'll be someone different.*

*And when that day comes,
you'll have me,
but I won't even be myself anymore.*

~J.S

conquered lands

*Your heart was with me,
But it belonged to strangers.
I often heard them speak
Next to the space I carved in your heart's hidden chambers—
A forbidden land
With a few forbidden neighbors.*

*I dream of stolen homelands
That can never be mine,
Only conquered by others
Through the passing of time.
Now I know, I was fighting for a land that wasn't even mine.*

~J.S

North Star

*I see within you my north star,
My dreams,
My will to live,
Yet I know you will leave.*

*My dearest moonlight,
I accept you as a guide,
Only if you swallow your pride
Through your wretched windpipe.*

*But when you go, take with you, too,
The weight of love I gave to you.
For I am tired of losing sleep,
Chasing a light I cannot keep.*

*Stay or go-just let it be,
A flicker lost or eternity.
For even stars must fade to night,
And I deserve to find my light.*

~J.S

Smoke

*Will God welcome me to his paradise?
For I exhale my pain with every breath?*

*Is it just to condemn a soul
For seeking peace in a burning chest?*

*If smoke keeps me from Heaven's gate,
Then let me find my solace here,*

*For all I seek is a moment's calm,
A life where I feel no fear.*

~J.S

overthinking

*I want to let go, to trust, to dive,
But overthinking is a tethered chain,*

*I'm caught between wanting to soar or hide,
And fearing love more than the pain.*

*So here I stay on the falling edge,
Wishing I could let my mind be still,*

*Wishing I could fall and not regret,
Loving you beyond my own will.*

~J.S

Seasonal

*Seasons change,
They do not last.
Then why does this frost not end?
Why does this winter prevail?
My life has always been about winter.
You were a brief glance of summer.
Why must my summer end?*

~J.S

Linger

*I still feel you in empty spaces,
A ghost that time could never chase.
Your love clings like a fading scent,
A memory that won't relent.*

*I walk through rooms where we once stood,
The air is thick with what we could
Have been if time were not so cruel,
If love didn't break its own rules.*

*I let you go, but not the ache—
A lingering loss I cannot shake.*

~J.S

still flow

*There are rivers of pain
that run within my heart,
yet the flow is still,
frozen in time,
stuck in the place where I lost you.*

*Excruciating pain strikes,
when even the smallest thought of you
drifts in.*

*I should have been swallowed by the current,
carried away by its endless pull.*

*But then I remember,
the river lies still,
stuck in time,
always in the same place.
and my punishment is to remain still with it while I drown in it.*

~ J.S

from shadows

*In our darkest hours,
when grief and hopelessness weigh us down,
May we learn from the stars,
that are silent yet radiant,
To shine,
even when surrounded by the night,
For in the depths of darkness,
our true light is born.*

~J.S

Poem

*I had a dream
Where I was a poem, and you were the poet.*

*Where you would write me, though I hated to be read.
You sought to find me, but I hid from the world.*

*I was a dream, and you were merely asleep.
But in the end, it was just a dream—*

*The dream became a nightmare,
And only nightmares feel real.*

~ J.S

Medusa

*I wish to call you Medusa
Because after your glance,
I see nothing but a stone-cold heart—
Not within you,
But within myself.*

*I wish to teach you
How I can suffer indefinitely,
With futures I have murdered
With my own hands.*

*I wish to never meet you again,
For I do not know
If I will survive another trip with you.*

*I wish to never meet you again
In another lifetime.
I just want to be happy.
I just want to smile.*

~J.S

Mercy

*I saw there was no mercy,
Only lies.
Are gods truly merciful,
or is that just a myth in disguise?*

*The gods watched me
weep and cry.*

*I held her hand,
And in her silence,
I asked the sky,
"Do you take us back,
or do you just watch us die?"*

~J.S

The Gods & Her

*The gods know,
if I had her,
I'd abandon them.*

*They see it in my heart,
the way I've saved my devotion,
not for them, but for her,
and they fear it.*

*So, they keep her away,
build walls between us,
to maintain their glory,
to keep me at their feet,
worshipping in the silence
where she should be.*

*They feed off the love
I have for her,
twisting it,
turning it into prayers
they don't deserve.*

~J.S

Imminent Loss

*Loss is imminent.
It may be my niece,
a lover,
or a dream that I failed to discover.*

*I search for the pieces of myself
left behind in every loss,
each one taking something from me
until I don't know what's left.*

~ J.S

Homeland

*Once again, my homeland, are you
Far away, yet I discuss about you.
Once again, distant,
Yet my home, are you.*

*What is this patriotism
That I cannot stay without you?
You are a home,
Yet you are away again.*

*My homeland stays far from me,
And this story repeats endlessly.
No barbed wires,
Yet I am cut off.*

*The ocean is not the only thing
That severs our bond.
Once again, I am homeless,
Because my homeland is gone, gone, and gone.*

~J.S

Dirt & Soil

*The grass is greener now,
but you refuse to see it.*

*How do I tell the grass
there are clouds, but no rain?*

*How do I tell the earth
it will never drink from the sky again?*

*I wish I could pull you out of the soil
and clean off the earth
that clings to you.*

*The clouds hover over me,
asking for your location.
They too, like me, beg to wash the dirt off you.*

*To the one beneath the grass,
how do I tell you
that the rain will never find you?
You are shelter now
to whatever lurks beneath the earth.*

~ J.S

Road to YOU

*I stay awake,
clinging to regrets.
The idea of you offers me solace,
A quiet reminder of our times together,
Times you now consider a mess.*

*I look at the skies,
Heavy with regrets,
Asking the stars to twinkle,
To pave a path that leads to you.*

*I would walk across oceans to reach you.
Through endless nights,
I'll walk this road.
I will let the fireflies guide me through this road.
I only hope it doesn't lead
To another void.*

~ J.S

Once Alive, Now Gone.

What is this horror?

Why are we apart?

What is it that haunts us?

Spirits of misguided lovers?

Do you see what we've become?

Our hearts once spanned across oceans,

But now they lie beneath the waves,

Buried with the carcasses of whales.

The dead have a tendency to haunt,

And so do your thoughts.

They keep me from my sleep,

And yet, when the faintest thought of you creeps in,

I cannot resist.

How do I bring you back?

If it were simple, I wouldn't be writing this.

But I suppose, once something dies,

You cannot revive its soul.

No matter how hard you try,

what comes back are the regrets and the memories,

But never the soul.

~ J.S

home

*How am I meant to hate you?
You were my home.*

*How do I hate my shelter?
My shield against the rain of grief?
How could I hate my shade?*

*How could I hate you?
Because once I called you my home,
My bliss,
My poems,
And my peace.*

~ J.S

Longing

*I wish death were merely an illusion,
Softer, kinder and merciful.
More so than the thought of loving you.*

*Pain follows me,
Lingers around and haunts me.
I see it to be an unwelcomed stranger that follows me, and I cannot escape from it.*

*I long to lie still, to be nothing
Yet I remain alive,
I am something.
Breathing in this endless ache,
Longing to be nothing
Letting go of this desire to feel something.*

~ J.S

Phantom

*I know the person I'm searching for no longer exists,
You're just a phantom,
A precious memory.*

*You linger in my thoughts,
For in my mind, you are dead,
and now you are a ghost,
that is haunting its own grave.*

*My heart sees you well,
Alive & bright,
But it's blinded by your light,
Unable to see what's right.*

~ J.S

Least Favorite Child

*Once again,
A stranger knocks at my door.
It is my god,
Who has disguised himself as one another test*

*Tell me,
Oh lord!
How many tests before I give up?
How many before you deem me unworthy of my mortal existence*

*Perhaps even you hate me enough to not call me back to you
And now you prove it to me daily as I scream back at you that,
“I am the least favorite child.”*

~ J.S

A Divine Stranger

*The moon holds a crescent blade,
Sharp enough to sever my bond
With you.*

*Yet across the ocean,
I sit beneath this blade,
With the ghost of you.*

*And today,
You are one year older.
I know this
Because once, I was close to you —
My divine stranger.
Close once, yet a stranger again.*

~ J.S

Perspective

Your perspective is a spectrum

And my poems are something you can never see.

My existence would burn you

Yet i live on

Within these words

That are sad yet are mine

~ J.S

A Divine Shower

*The clouds passed over me,
Pouring a divine shower from above,
Yet they could not wash away the thought of you.*

*I have stitched it within me...
My dearest, this thought of you.*

*My dearest,
This cloud that passed over my head
Soared in with the wind,
Yet it could not blow away your scent.
What am I to do?
If even a divine shower
Failed to strip you off my soul.*

~ J.S

Blue

*Ask me why blue is my favorite color,
And I won't be shy to mention it.
Why green and blue belong together?
It's just like her and me.*

*The grass needs water,
A liquid that religiously feeds on the sky's color.
Blue isn't my favorite anymore.
It's just there...
To keep her alive.*

*The sky is heavy,
And I cannot carry the weight of this blue.*

~ J.S

Memory

*How cruel it is
To know love
And then be stripped of it.*

*To be worth everything
And then suddenly,
Nothing.*

*It doesn't make sense.
One day, you're home.
The next, you're a memory they don't want to remember...*

~ J.S

Epilogue – The Garden Where Nothing Else Bloomed

I wrote for her.

I bled for her.

And I stayed,

even after she left.

This was my garden.

*Built from letters never answered,
memories never buried,
prayers never returned.*

*I planted everything I had here...
my grief, my guilt, my God.*

But nothing else bloomed.

Only silence.

Only echoes.

Only me.

And maybe that's all this book ever was.

A graveyard pretending to be a garden.

A heart pretending to heal.

~ J.S