



A Diary of My Thoughts

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Introduction

<u>**About the Book**</u>

"A Diary of My Thoughts" is an intimate journey through the labyrinth of the human mind, captured in a collection of evocative poems. This anthology delves into the depths of emotion, exploring themes of love, loss, longing, and introspection. With unflinching honesty and lyrical grace, each poem offers a glimpse into the soul's most vulnerable and powerful moments.

Through restless nights and nostalgic memories, passionate connections and profound solitude, this book chronicles the highs and lows of the human experience. It is a testament to the resilience of the spirit and the enduring power of words to heal, transform, and illuminate the darkest corners of our hearts.

"A Diary of My Thoughts" invites readers to reflect on their own journeys, to find solace in shared experiences, and to embrace the beauty and complexity of their inner worlds.

Introduction 2.0

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

- Fyodor Dostoevsky,

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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.

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 (only if I stop thinking)

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.

A burning house

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.

My words are your treasure

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.

A Dark Universe

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.

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.

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:)

Loose Ends

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.

My End

[20/05/2024 07:50 AM]

I have ice inside my veins

I will never bleed

I'm stone cold

And i know my heart will never beat

because

You slowly slipped away from me,

You have now banished me,

I am nothing but a stranger,

Carrying nothing but you on my mind.

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

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

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?