

The Pause I Didn't Expect

~~Dear sus.... Dearest sus....~~

Susmitha... Maybe I'll never be able to say this to you properly, so listen carefully this is the only way I know how. Before 2025 comes to an end, I wanted you to read this. This year arrived without asking, and everything that followed felt unexpected. I walked through days that were heavier than they should've been, carrying struggles that didn't end when the days did, they stayed with me, quietly following me long after the moments passed. After all of that, I wanted something simple, something steady. I wanted to keep life normal or at least find one thing that could change my routine, something I could hold onto, something that might help me focus and slowly move forward. I decided to commit to that change, I stayed with it, I believed in it.

And then...

I saw you.

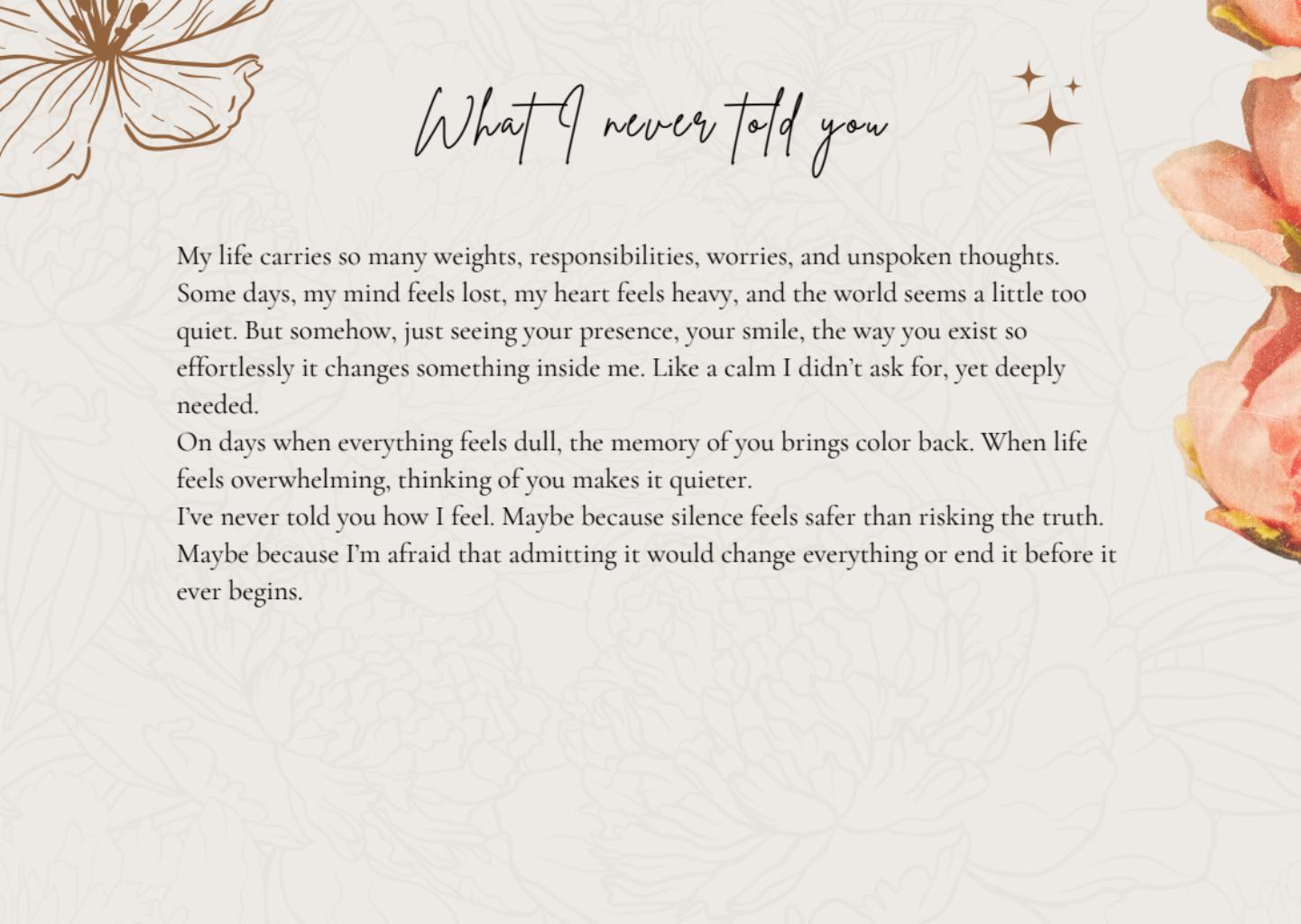
And somehow, without trying, you became the pause in my chaos, the unexpected moment that shifted everything.

What I Couldn't Say



Crossing paths with you was never something I expected in 2025, yet it remains one of the year's quiet moments.

There are so many things I carry for you, yet I don't know how to place them in your hands. If I don't speak to them now, I fear they will fade into silence forever. Coming to you directly felt impossible, my voice never learned the courage. So, I leave these words here instead, hoping this quiet way is gentler than none at all.



What I never told you



My life carries so many weights, responsibilities, worries, and unspoken thoughts. Some days, my mind feels lost, my heart feels heavy, and the world seems a little too quiet. But somehow, just seeing your presence, your smile, the way you exist so effortlessly it changes something inside me. Like a calm I didn't ask for, yet deeply needed.

On days when everything feels dull, the memory of you brings color back. When life feels overwhelming, thinking of you makes it quieter.

I've never told you how I feel. Maybe because silence feels safer than risking the truth. Maybe because I'm afraid that admitting it would change everything or end it before it ever begins.



Liking, From Afar



I like the way you are not the kind that rushes the heart, not love, not longing just a soft comfort from the moment my eyes first found you. It wasn't desire, it was something gentler, like sunlight resting on an ordinary morning.

I watch you from afar, never stepping into your space, never asking for more. Just knowing you exist somehow makes my day kinder. Your presence doesn't steal my breath; it steadies it.

And on the days, I don't see you, the quiet lingers a little longer subtle, almost unnoticeable yet enough to remind me how calmly you've settled into my thoughts.

Where 'You' and 'Me' Fade

I feel drawn to you without knowing how it began, or when, or from where it came. There is no effort in it, no struggle, no pride to defend it simply exists, quietly and completely. It lives in me as naturally as breathing, without asking permission. There is no clear line between where I end and where you begin, your hand resting on my chest feels no different from my own, and when sleep finds me, it feels as though your eyes close with mine. This is the only way I know how to feel unnamed, unseparated, and close enough that you and me no longer feel like different things.



This Is Enough

After everything, if there's one thing I want to tell you, it's this I really liked you, though I don't know how it began or how to name the feeling. I like the way you look (your innocence), your smile, and that little dimple in your cheek when you smile. Sometimes it feels like I'm quietly drawn to you from afar, and just sensing your presence from a distance makes me happy, and that is enough for me. Because I know where I stand, and I understand that I'm not meant to be in the place my heart silently wishes for.



Thank you for reading this with patience. I don't expect a response from you.
I only wanted to be honest once, and this is where I choose to stop.
This was never meant to place anything on you only to say what I carried and then let
it rest.
I hope you know who I am. Thank you, always.

--from a fan

*Everything will be alright in the end.
If it's not alright, then it's not the end.*