

LETTERS NEVER SENT

A VERSE NOVEL



CHAPTER 1

THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU

April, 2015

You were light-wrapped dusk on the
platform's edge,
Where footsteps softened into longing.
I had no name to give you—
Only silence, spilled in my ribcage.
A flicker behind your lashes caught me—
Or maybe it was just wind teasing the dusk.

I carried you home in my eyes.
Wrote you down in a notebook meant for
haiku,
Where every word was too small for this
feeling.
I pressed my fingers to paper as if they
could remember.
My breath trembled for days,
Failing to spell what you already were.

Strangers passed. Life stayed.
But I lived only in that moment now folded,
A single page out of sequence,
Tucked in an unfinished chapter.
You never knew what you stirred—
A first line with no ending in sight.

CHAPTER 2

COFFEE CUP, LEFT BEHIND

August, 2016

The cup was ordinary—brown sleeve, faint lipstick,

but when your fingers brushed the rim
you claimed it like a relic.

You sat down, unaware of the gaze
nestled four breaths away.

I memorized the way your hand curved
around warmth,
as if you had cradled fragile things before.
You stirred sugar with such affection
that I wondered if time tasted different to
you.

When you left, you forgot the cup.

I took it—not as thief but as keeper of proof.
It sits on my shelf now, cracked at the base,
whispering memories it was never meant to
carry.

No one believes in talismans anymore,
but this one hums with your absence.

I still think of what that morning might have
been

if I'd said hello instead of goodbye without
a word.

CHAPTER 3

RAIN THAT DIDN'T END

July, 2017

The downpour arrived like a confession
you never had to make.
For seven days the sky wept
as though it mourned
a bond that never lived but broke all the
same.

I walked with my collar pulled high,
no umbrella, letting every drop sting
like the words I never gave you.
They pooled in gutters and coffee cups,
in the wrinkles of my unwritten letters.

One night, I whispered your name into the
storm—
but it vanished before reaching your street.
This letter fell apart in my hands,
the ink bleeding like heartbeats.
So I rewrote it—on fogged glass, on wet
leaves,
and in dreams that never dried.

That monsoon made ghosts of us.
Mine stayed. Yours never arrived.

CHAPTER 4

WHEN YOU SANG THAT SONG

March, 2018

I was in the back row, unseen,
when your voice found the melody
I had written beneath candlelight years ago.
It wasn't a song yet—just a whisper in my
bones.

But you carried it like it belonged to you.

You sang without knowing
you were returning it to its birthplace.
I held my breath—afraid the world might
crack
under the weight of shared creation.
My hands ached to applaud, to confess.
But silence won the encore.

I don't know how it found you—
if music has its own tides,
or if heartbreak has a frequency
that tunes hearts in synchronicity.
You'll never know the lullaby you borrowed
was stitched from my sleepless nights.

But I clapped. I always do,
quietly—where the world won't notice.

CHAPTER 5

THE FAREWELL PARTY

December, 2019

The room clinked with laughter,
draped in confetti and hollow cheer.
They said you were off to chase stardust—
bigger dreams, brighter cities.
But I stayed tucked between shadows and
chandeliers,
holding still so I wouldn't unravel.

You didn't see me—of course you didn't.
I was a half-poured drink, a seat not taken.
You wore joy like you'd rehearsed it
and your goodbye didn't need my name.
Still, I whispered it into the rim of my glass,
as if the fizz might carry it skyward.

I watched the door close behind you,
and with it, the weight of years
that never made it into your palms.
I went home with a silence loud enough
to echo off every regret in my room.
And still—I didn't send this letter.

CHAPTER 6

THE ONE I ALMOST SENT

October, 2020

I wrote it clear, without metaphor.
No veils of rhyme, no guarded half-truths.
Just “I love you” laid bare
like skin in winter.
For once, I didn’t hide behind imagery.

I sealed the envelope with trembling fingers,
placed a stamp with something close to
hope.

I even walked to your street—
watched your windows flicker
with a world I wasn’t part of.

But fear caught me mid-step—
that old friend who’s always on time.
He whispered every version of rejection
I had rehearsed but never survived.
So I turned around.

The letter now sleeps in a box
beneath my bed,
with others just like it—
a mausoleum of what I never said.

CHAPTER 7

A YEAR I SKIPPED

No Date, Just Emptiness

There was a year I don't remember writing.
Not because I forgot—
but because I couldn't feel.
Grief dulled my ink,
turned every line to static.

I tried. Pages piled up,
but every sentence ended in silence.
The words rebelled—refused to shape
the pain I had finally stopped naming.
My pen hovered, uncertain, unholy.

I stopped visiting our haunts.
Even coffee lost its warmth.
I spoke less to friends,
more to ghosts.
That year wrote itself as absence.

And though no letter emerged,
it may have been the loudest one yet—
a howl carved in blankness,
where your name would not echo.

CHAPTER 8

THE LETTER THAT ENDED ME

March, 2022

Not death—just a closing of doors
I left open far too long.
Eight years in silence,
and you still echo in my pauses.

This letter doesn't beg for love.
It doesn't even ache.
It merely exists—like a monument
to unshared tenderness.

I placed it on my windowsill,
let the moon read it instead.
Perhaps she'll carry it through wind,
or tuck it in some forgotten corner
of your mind that wonders, once.

You may never find it—
but it's okay.

I lived.
I loved.
I let go.

At last, this ending belonged to me

CHAPTER 9

A STRANGER'S GAZE

April, 2015

Someone saw me that day.
Not the way others do—
not like a glance, or a name.
It felt... softer.
Almost like being remembered.

I turned, expecting no one
yet feeling known.
There was no face,
but a weight lingered in the air,
like a sentence that almost formed.

I told myself it was nothing,
but it clung like pollen.
That sensation returned for days—
on elevators, in passing trains,
like a thought I hadn't earned.

Why did I feel watched...
not in fear, but in belonging?

It didn't make sense then.
Maybe love doesn't need to.

CHAPTER 10

FAMILIAR HANDS, UNKNOWN EYES

August, 2016

I picked up a cup someone left behind.
There were no initials, no message,
but the warmth lingered long after.
I stared at the faint coffee ring—
an echo of someone staying behind.

A strange ache settled into me,
not sadness, not joy—just weight.
Like part of me knew
this object had been touched by memory.
By intent.

I took it home.
Don't ask why.
It rests on my bookshelf,
a silent souvenir from someone
I never met but almost did.

Sometimes, I wonder
if we're all just passing messages
in invisible bottles—
waiting to recognize what we already know.

CHAPTER 11

THE RAIN THAT FELT LIKE GOODBYE

July, 2017

The rain wasn't just weather that week—
it felt like something ending.

Each drop traced shadows I didn't know I
carried.

It fell with a rhythm too familiar,
like a song I'd never heard but still
remembered.

I stood by the window longer than usual,
watching strangers run for cover.

But one man stood still,
face tilted to the clouds
like he was letting go of something I couldn't
name.

I didn't know him.

But grief? I recognized it.

The quiet kind. The kind that doesn't scream
but sits inside you and watches.

I made tea and never drank it.

Some people are just reflections
of pain we've yet to understand.

That week, I saw mine
on a stranger's soaked silhouette.

CHAPTER 12

THAT MELODY WASN'T MINE

March, 2018

I hummed a tune one lazy morning—
a little fragile, a little familiar.
But I couldn't remember where I'd learned it.
It slid from my lips like memory's echo,
haunting and home.

My friend asked, "Is that your song?"
And I said yes, because I thought it was—
until something in my chest stirred
like pages turning, like recognition denied.

That night I couldn't sleep.
The melody followed me,
gentle but insistent—like a hand
reaching out in the dark.
I thought of unseen composers,
of stories trapped in forgotten chords.

What if that tune belonged to someone else?
What if it was a gift I received
without knowing I was the beloved?
Who do we borrow magic from
without ever saying thank you?

CHAPTER 13

A TOAST I NEVER UNDERSTOOD

December, 2019

That party shimmered with empty sparkle.
People toasted to ambition, to cities,
to goodbyes that weren't really goodbyes.
But I felt untethered.

He stood alone near the back—
glass raised, but not toward me.
His eyes held storms,
yet his lips never moved.
When our eyes met, I forgot to blink.

There was something in him
that felt older than the room—
like he'd already lived this farewell
in a hundred private rehearsals.
And I was merely the final act.

He left before dessert.
I never got his name.
But that night I dreamt
of letters burning midair.
I woke with his silence in my throat.

CHAPTER 14

A LETTER NOT ADDRESSED

October, 2020

I dreamt of a letter soaked in red.
No words, just warmth and waiting.
It pulsed like a secret at my bedside,
hovering between memory and myth.

When I lit a candle that evening,
the flame danced strangely—
as if flickering in response
to something already lost.
It felt sacred, but also sad.

I didn't speak of it.
Some dreams don't translate.
But I wore that silence like a shawl
on walks and bus rides.
I looked at strangers differently after that.

Sometimes you feel written about
without ever being told.
And sometimes,
you mourn a love
you never knew to grieve.

CHAPTER 15

THE YEAR I FELT WATCHED

No Date, Just Stillness

There was no proof, only feeling—
a gaze that followed without threat.
Corners hummed with invisible presence,
like pages turned by breath alone.
I began to wait without knowing what for.

Benches held warmth I hadn't placed.
My name seemed to echo in stranger's
laughter.

Mirrors felt crowded,
and dreams wore unfamiliar faces.
I brushed it off—until I couldn't.

One morning, I found a daisy on my
doorstep.

Just one. No note, no sender.
But it was enough to make me sit still
and wonder if absence had a name.
If so, it might've been yours.

They say the body knows
before the mind catches up.
I think I was being loved in silence—
and my heart noticed
before I ever did.

CHAPTER 16

THE BOOK WITHOUT A NAME

March, 2022

In a bookshop that smelled like dusk,
I found a journal. Blank, untitled,
yet pulsing with invisible ink.
Each page felt full,
though no letter was written.

My fingers tingled as I turned them.
Like they'd been there before,
like they remembered the pressure
of words never spoken.
The whole book breathed longing.

I bought it without knowing why.
Some things call us home
without direction or address.
I sleep beside it now.
Sometimes I dream of someone writing.

If I ever find the sender...
I will read every unsent letter
aloud—to the moon, to the sea,
to the silence that stitched us together.

And maybe then,
it won't feel too late.

A collection of unsent letters —
an intimate verse novel.

Each letter a heartbeat,
each stanza a silent confession.

Spanning years of quiet longing,
this book traces the tender trail
of a love unspoken—letters written
with trembling hands, but never sent.
Words meant for one heart,
never read by the one who inspired
them.

From the first sparks of hope
to the ache of quiet resignation,
Letters Never Sent is a journey
through devotion, distance, and
the haunting beauty of love
unanswered.