



A
POETRY

Do You Hate Me?

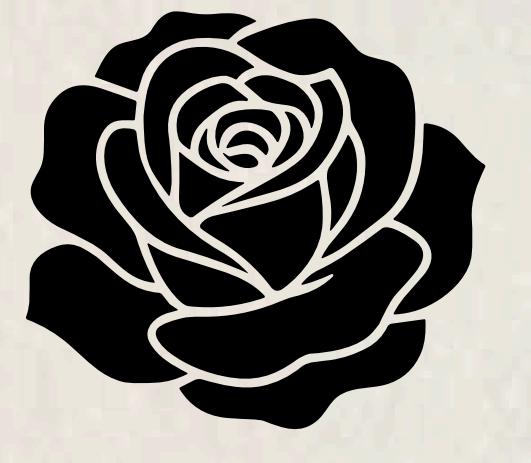
I

RITISH DHAR



*Do You Hate
Me?*

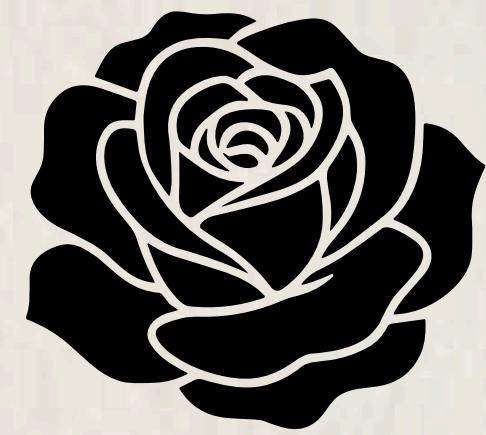
I



To Sweetbear -

I could've waited forever, because your heart was worth
every second, but you didn't wanted me to.



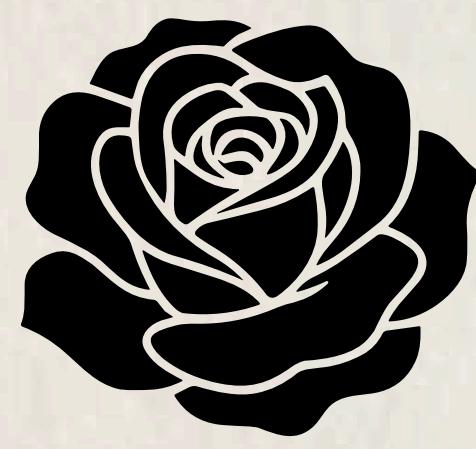


THE PLAYLIST



“Pretty Girl” – Clairo
“Somewhere Tonight” – Beach House
“Champagne Coast” – Blood Orange
“Juna” – Clairo
“Mystery of Love” – Sufjan Stevens
“Liability” – Lorde
“Heavy” – The Marias
“White Ferrari” – Frank Ocean
“Thinkin bout you” – Frank Ocean
“The Night We Met” – Lord Huron
“Fourth of July” – Sufjan Stevens
“K.” – Cigarettes After Sex

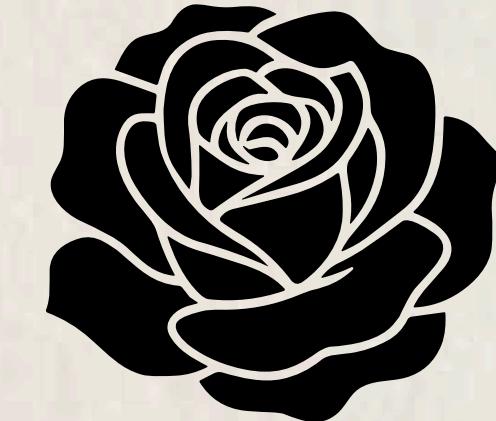




INDEX

- Chapter 1 – As if the hour had been waiting for you
- Chapter 2 – The Nights We Didn't Sleep
- Chapter 3 – The so called platonic dates
- Chapter 4 – When Closeness Finally Spoke
- Chapter 5 – Where I Fell Too Deep
- Chapter 6 – The things I didn't understand but i did
- Chapter 7 – Did i cared too much?
- Chapter 8 – The Night I Needed You the Least and Most
- Chapter 9 – The Aftertaste of You
- Chapter 10 – Do You Hate Me?
- EPILOGUE
- A SPECIAL NOTE





CHAPTER 1

“AS IF THE HOUR HAD BEEN WAITING FOR YOU”

Everyone rushed by, chasing places to be.

*I stood still, lost in my own start,
fading into shadows quietly,
feeling the beat of my unsure heart.*

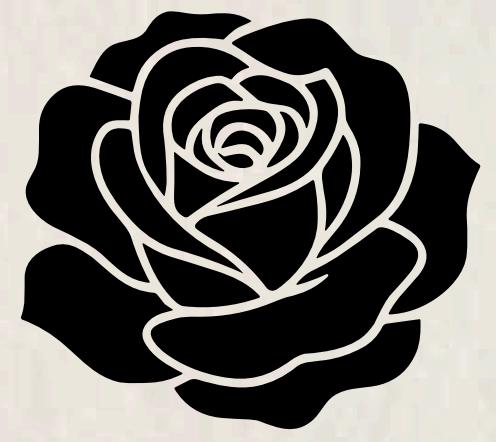
Then, under a sky sharp with daylight's blaze,

you stood there, steady, like you belonged.

A figure framed where the world's rush strays,

my eyes caught, held, where you stood strong.





*In a space where the crowd's noise seemed to fade,
you stood, arms crossed, phone in your hand.*

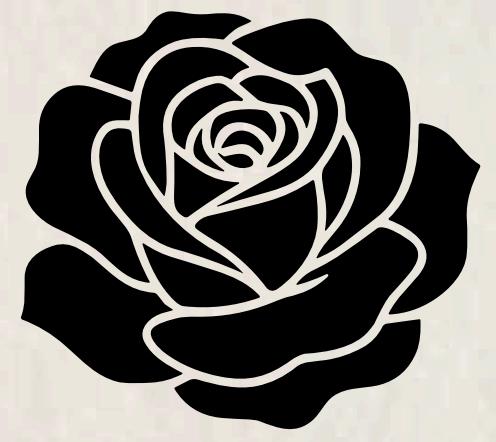
*Time slowed, like it bent to your calm shade,
and my heart stirred in a way I hadn't planned.*

*I didn't know you, but your clear, calm gaze,
lit something inside, a spark, a flame.
It burned soft, like a dream in a haze,
a feeling too big to give a name.*

*Your red top caught the light, not loud,
but bright, like it chose you to shine.
It spoke to me, stood out in the crowd,
like a sign you were meant to be mine.*

*You weren't moving, yet you held me tight,
my breath caught, scared to lose that sight.
Each second felt like a spark of light,
turning my day into something right.*





*You didn't see me, and that was fine.
Your presence made the moment glow.
It felt like fate, like a carved-out sign,
that you were there, and I needed to know.*

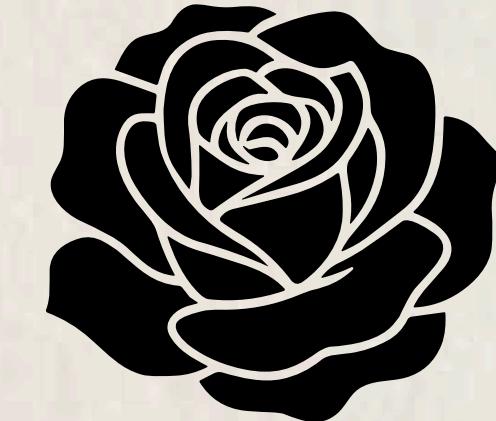
*I stayed too long, caught in that view,
not sure why my heart wouldn't move.
For the first time, I felt something new
a quiet ache, a pull I couldn't prove.*





CHAPTER 2

“THE NIGHT WE DIDN’T SLEEP”



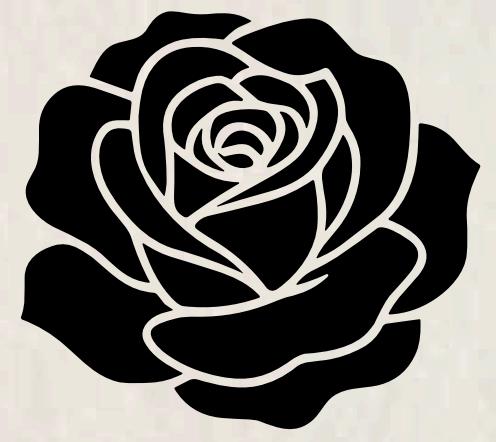
That first sight of you didn't leave my mind.

*It lingered quietly,
through days that felt empty
and nights that stretched longer
because I knew you existed somewhere
just beyond reach.*

*You had a boyfriend then
and all I could do
was admire you from the distance
life had placed between us.*

*For almost a year,
I carried that feeling alone,
a soft, constant wanting
with nowhere to go.*



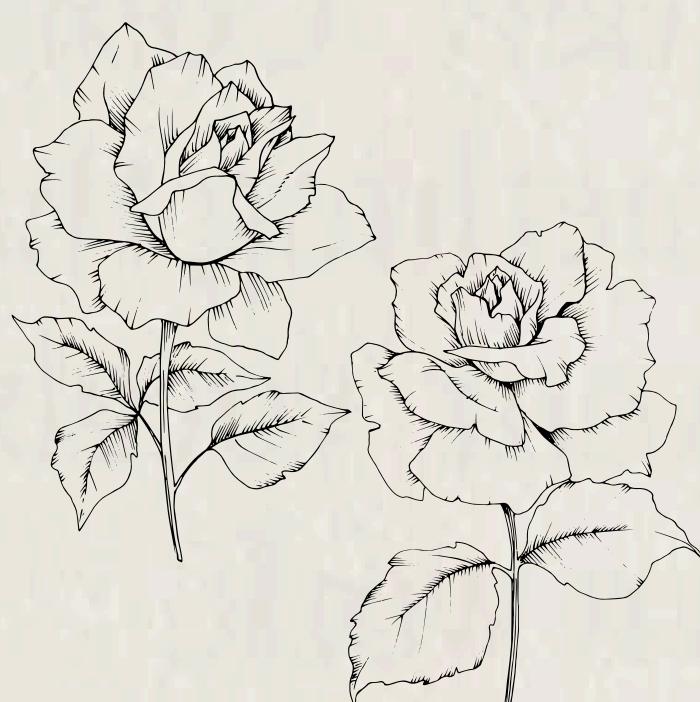


*I had sent you a follow request once
you ignored it.*

*Maybe that should've been my sign,
but the heart rarely obeys
the boundaries pride draws.*

*And then one day,
after all that time,
I sent it again.
No self-respect,
no strategy,
just that same ache from the corridor
finally choosing honesty over ego.*

*And you accepted.
Not days later
but right there,
right then,
while you were standing
just a few steps away from me.*



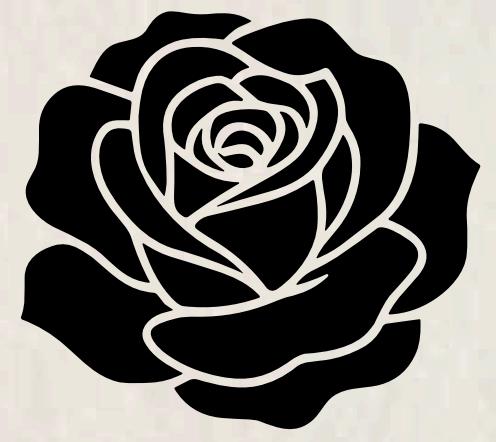


I saw it.
I saw you look at your phone,
then look at me
a tiny glance,
a flicker in your eyes,
like you knew exactly
what you were letting into your world.

Something shifted in me.
A small spark,
a quiet rush,
a feeling that maybe
this story hadn't been one-sided after all.

So I texted you something simple,
something harmless,
something "work related,"
just to see if the door was truly open.





*But the conversation
didn't stay small.
It softened,
deepened,
opened like a window
I'd waited a year
to breathe through.*

*One moment
we were strangers
sharing small talk,
and the next
I was confessing everything
that had been sitting heavy
in my chest*

*I said i liked you,
you said you did too
but i wasn't aware that it was platonic.
but wait, was it?*



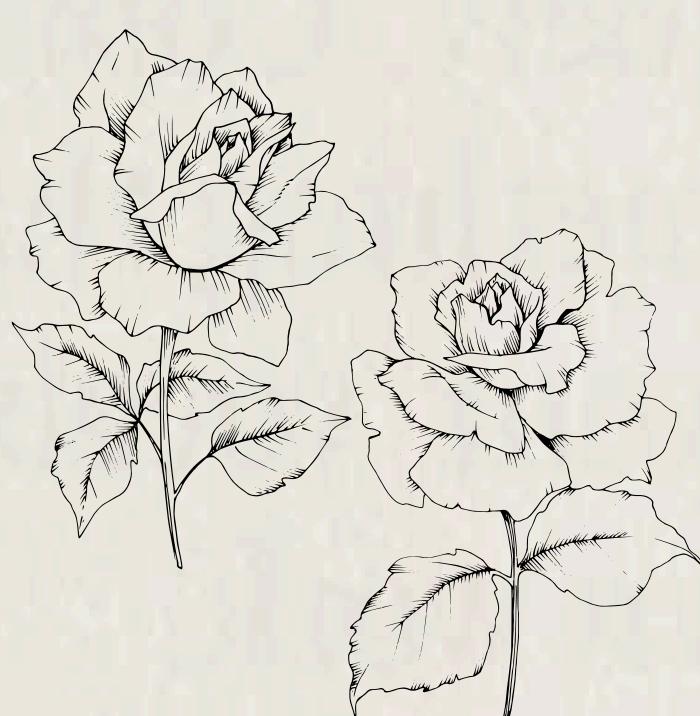


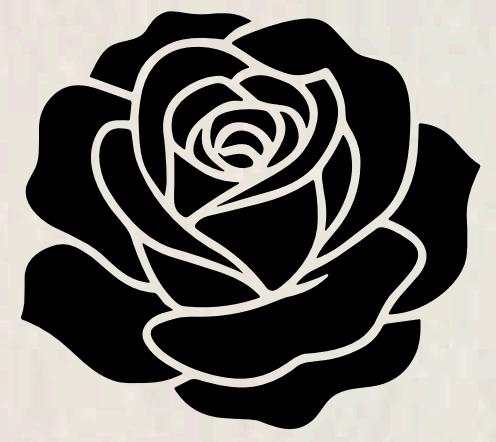
*And that's how
one message
became the beginning
of the nights
we didn't sleep.*

*You said you couldn't sleep,
and I laughed softly,
because suddenly,
neither could I.*

*You said "I can't sleep,"
I said "same here,"
and before we knew it,
four a.m. was near.*

*We talked about nothing,
we talked about dreams,
the kind you whisper softly
in moonlit streams.*

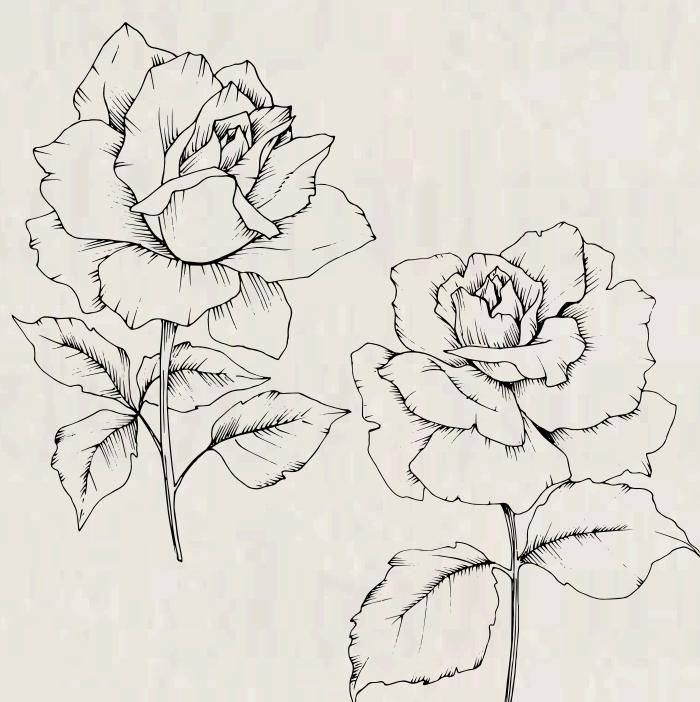


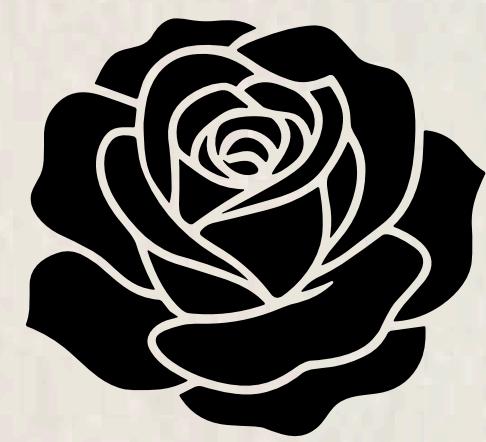


*You told me secrets
no one else knew,
and somehow I felt
invited into you—
your wounds, your fears,
your quiet ache,
the softness behind
your heartbreak.*

*Every laugh felt warm,
every pause felt safe,
like time slowed down
to give us a place.*

*And I stayed awake
not for the thrill,
but because something in you
felt painfully still.*

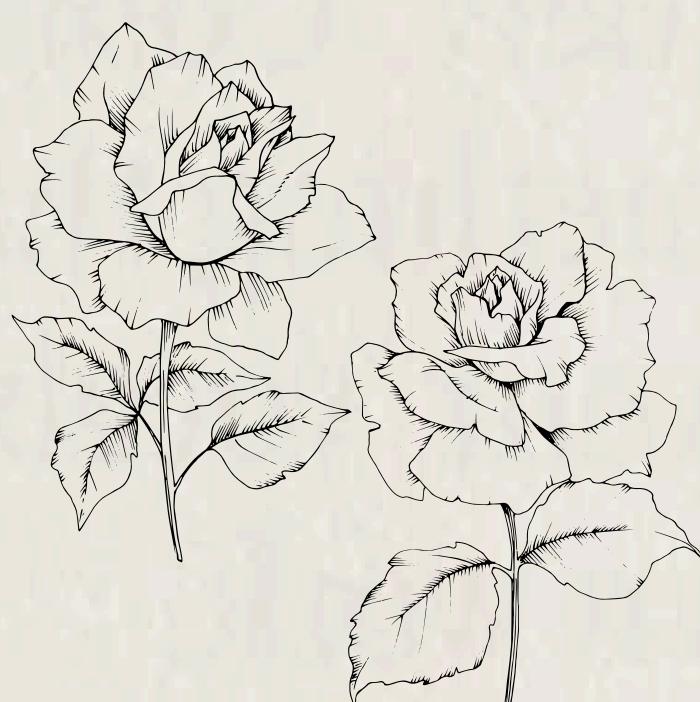


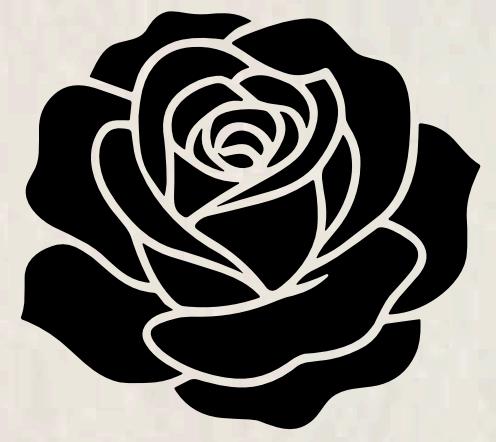


*Hours passed like minutes,
minutes turned to dawn,
and as the sky brightened,
my guard was gone.*

*You said “goodnight”
as the sun came through—
funny how I slept better
after losing sleep with you.*

*Those nights weren’t dates,
no promises said,
but they built a home
inside my head—
a home where your voice
felt like a window opening,
and your silence
felt like a door closing.*

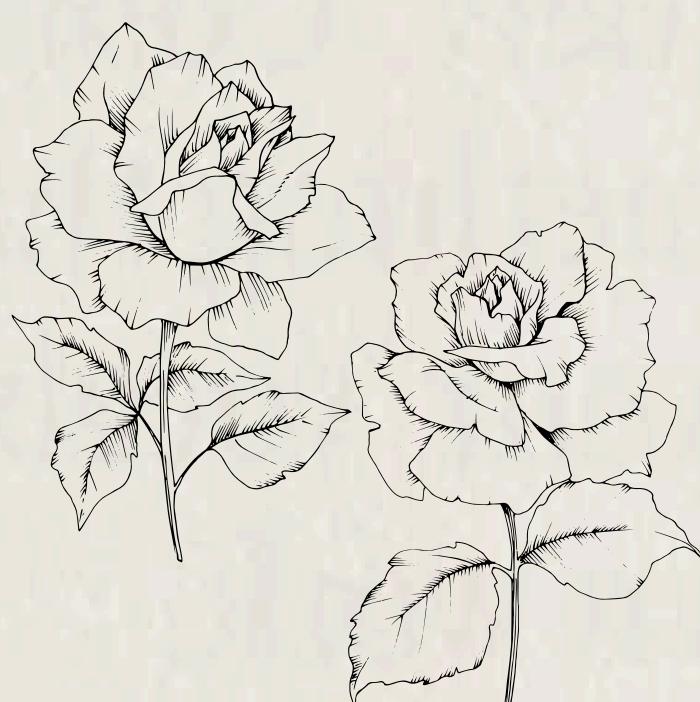




I didn't love you then
or maybe i did,
but you weren't ready to believe it
not quite, not yet
but those nights planted
the deepest regret.
Because they lit a spark
I tried not to see,
one that whispered softly,
“You're becoming everything to me.”

You became a habit,
not one I chose,
but the kind that grows quietly
under the skin,
under the clothes.

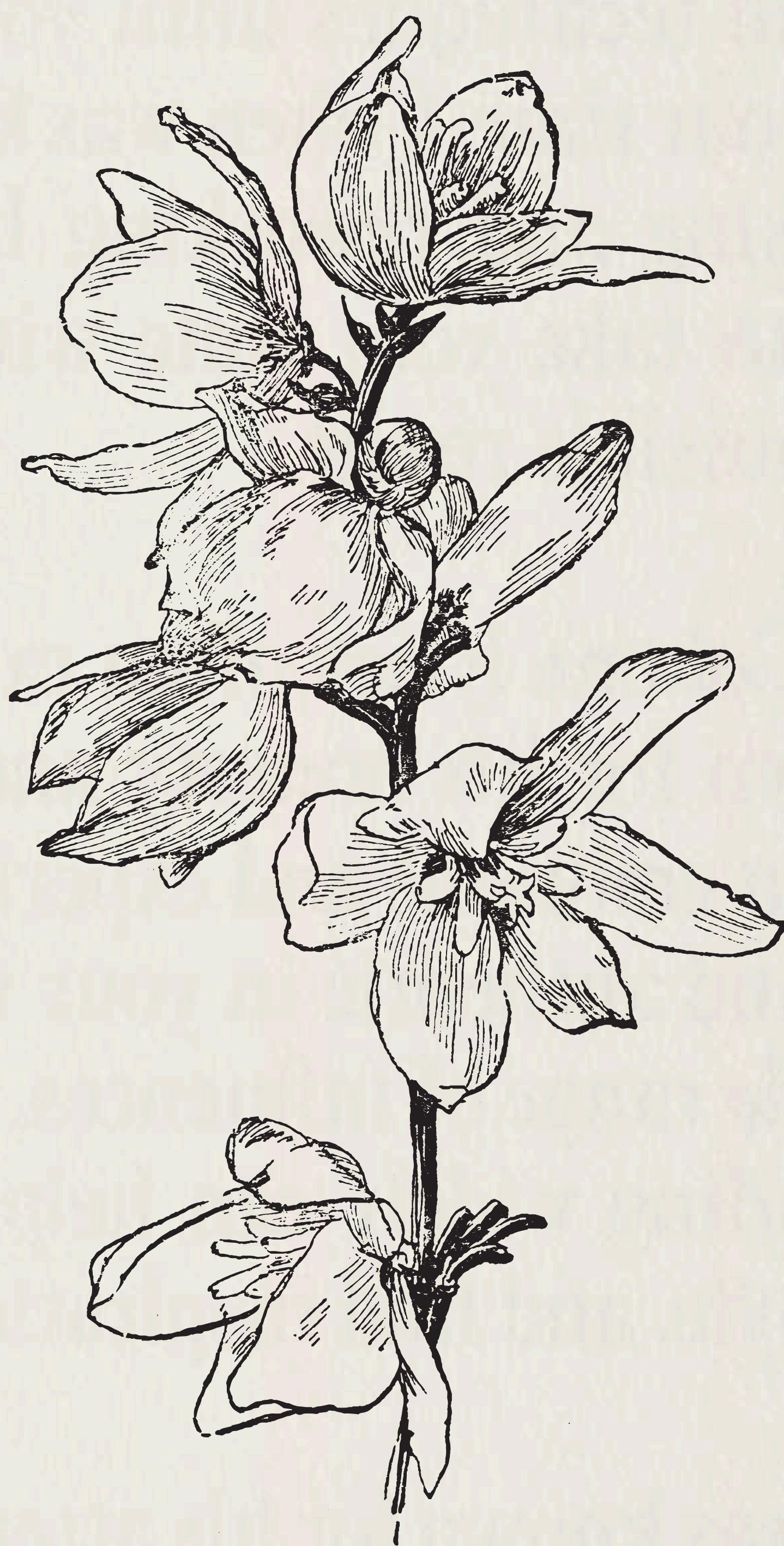
A comfort I looked for,
a rhythm I kept,
a presence I missed,
a thought I slept.

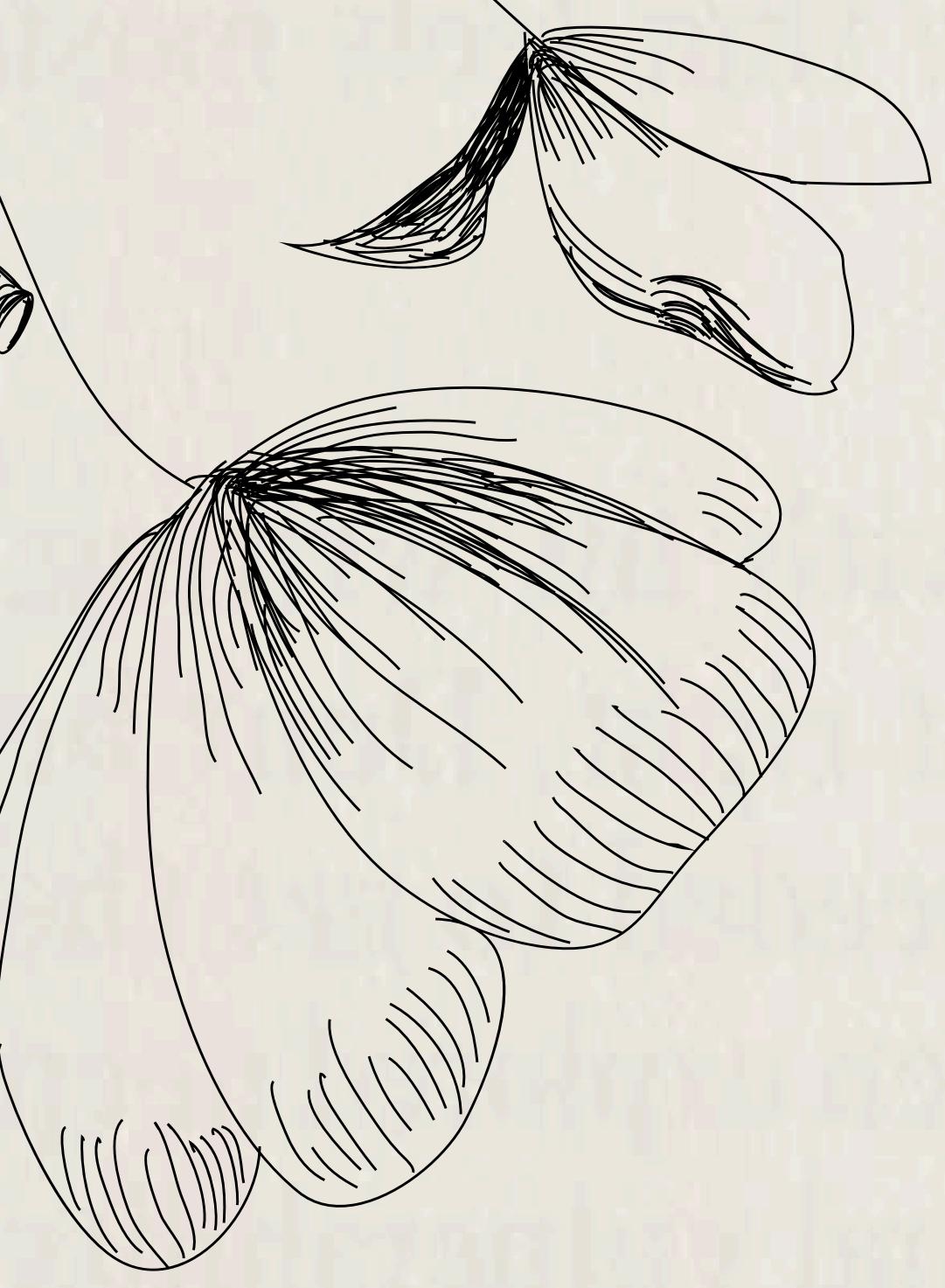




*And I'll always remember
those nights we didn't sleep,
because that's when
your presence
first started to seep
into pieces of me*

*I didn't know you'd reach
before the pain,
before the breach.*





CHAPTER 3

“THE SO CALLED PLATONIC DATES”

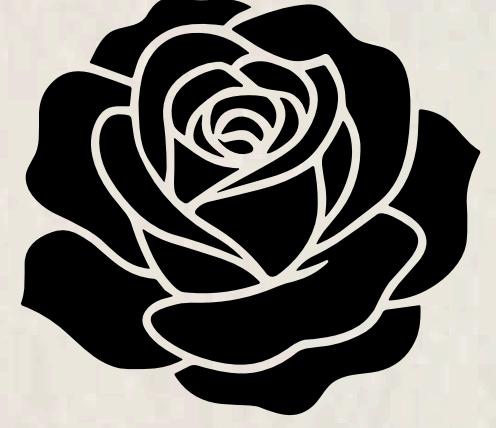
We called them “platonic,”
just to stay safe,
two people pretending
we knew our place.

But every moment with you
felt something more,
like a secret waiting
behind a half-open door.

Walking beside you
never felt light,
not heavy...
just right.

Like the world realigned
to the rhythm of our feet,
and silence between us
became something sweet.

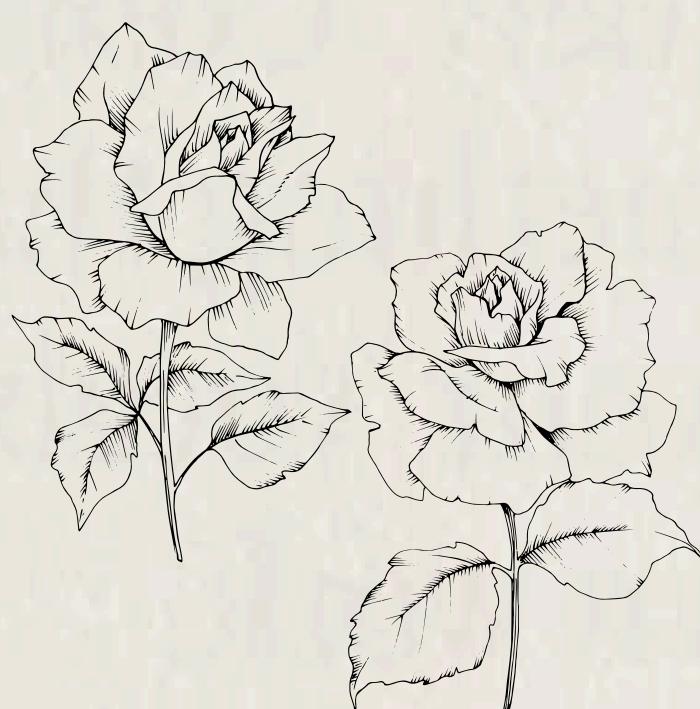


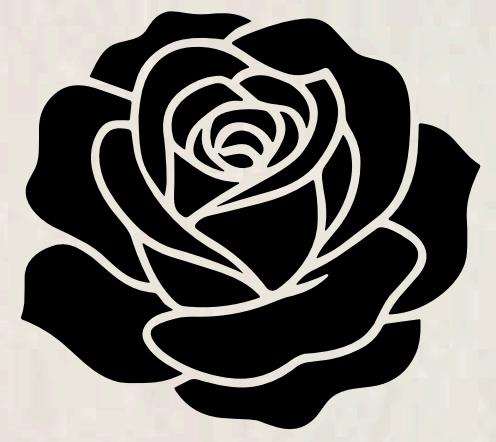


We sat in cafés,
talked soft and slow,
sipped on nothing
while letting everything grow.
You laughed at small things,
and I swear that sound
felt like the closest
to heaven I'd found.

I almost kissed your forehead once —
you didn't notice,
but the universe did.
My breath stalled,
my heart slid.

A moment too tender
to ruin with words,
so I held it quietly,
like wings of birds.



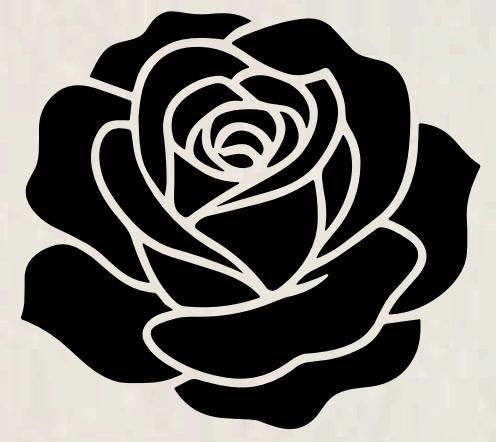


You touched my hand
when crossing the street,
a simple instinct
to keep you from the beat.
But my chest tightened,
my pulse misbehaved —
how does a soul stay platonic
when it already caved?

And there was that day
you fixed your hair,
and I caught myself staring
longer than fair.

You asked “What?”
with a shy little smile —
I said “Nothing,”
but inside
I was falling the whole while.



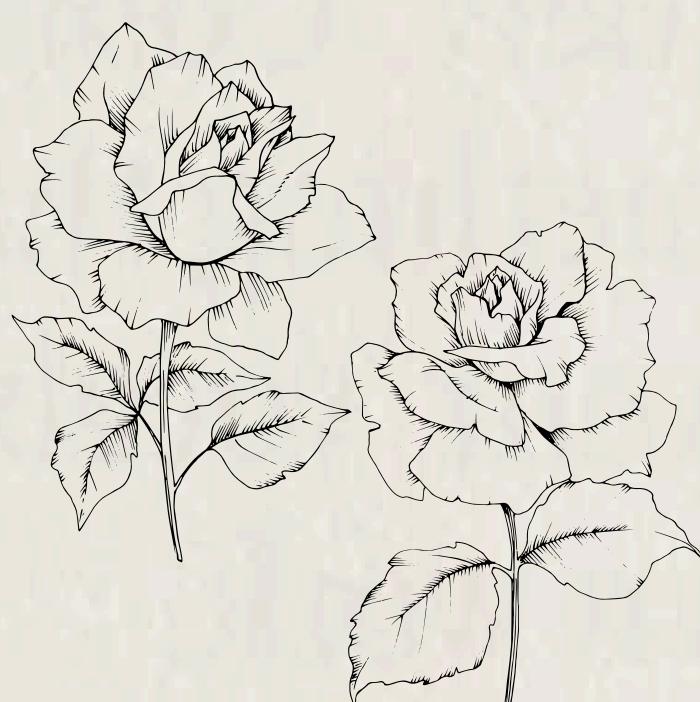


Every “platonic” moment
 felt like a lie
we both silently wrapped
 between you and I.

Two hearts pretending
 to stay discreet,
while everything between us
 slowly learned to beat.

I memorized the way
your eyes softened at dusk,
the way your voice lowered
when you learned to trust.

You never said much —
 you never had to.
Your presence alone
 felt like a promise
 you never knew.



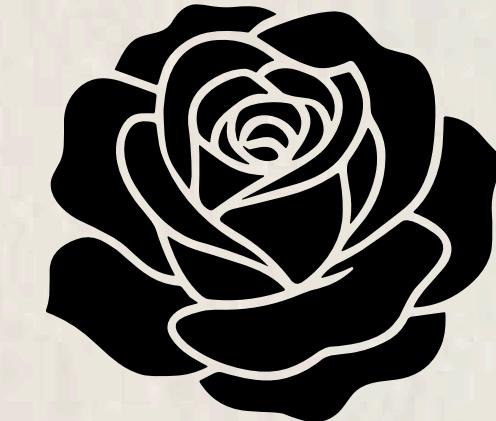
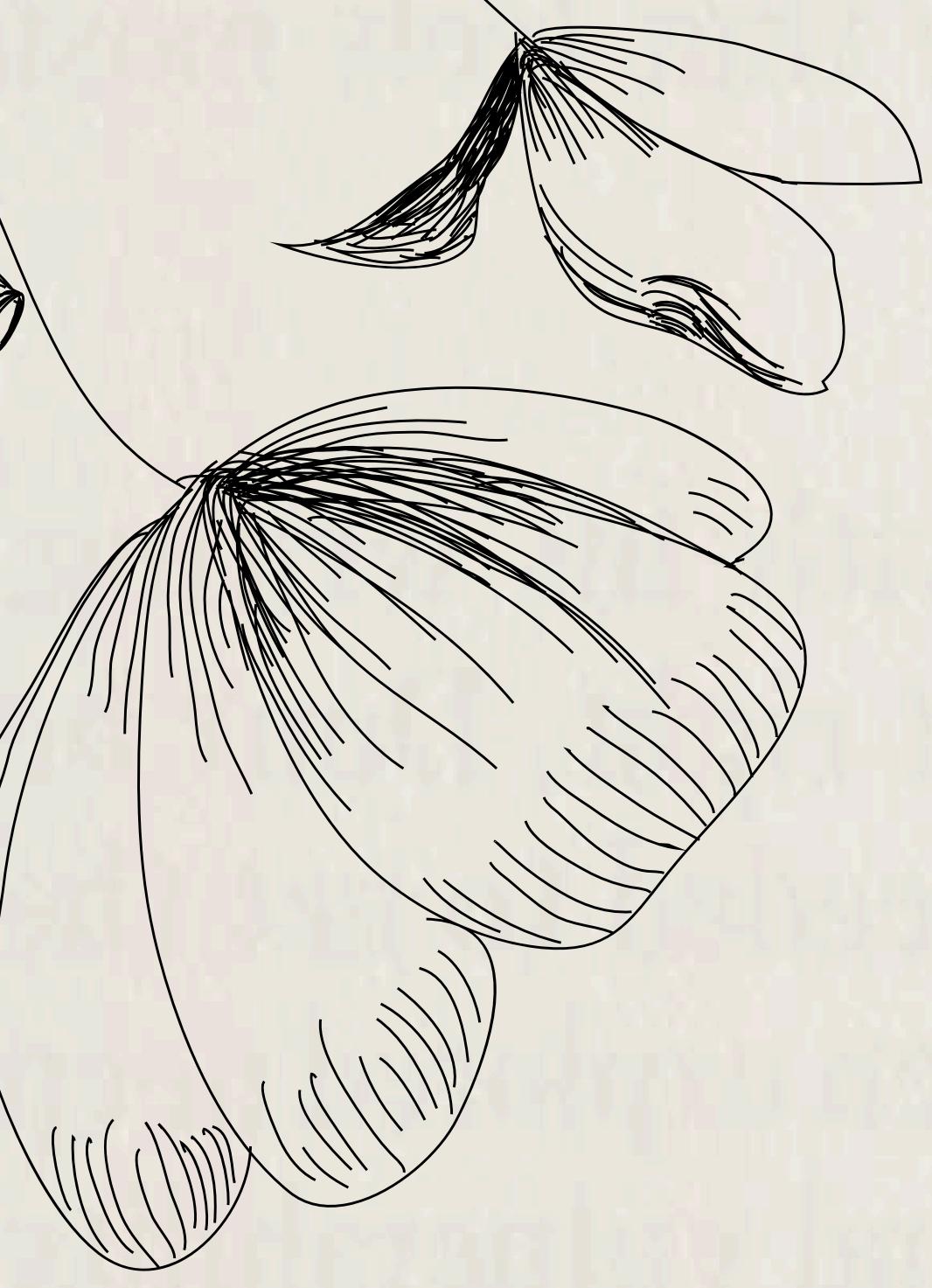


*These weren't dates,
but they shaped my fate,
slowly pulling me into a state
where "almost"
became everything,
where "just friends"
bid the sting.*

*And even today,
if I walk those paths,
I still feel echoes
of our silent laughs.*

*Because in those moments,
you weren't mine —
but you were close enough
for the world to feel fine.*





CHAPTER 4

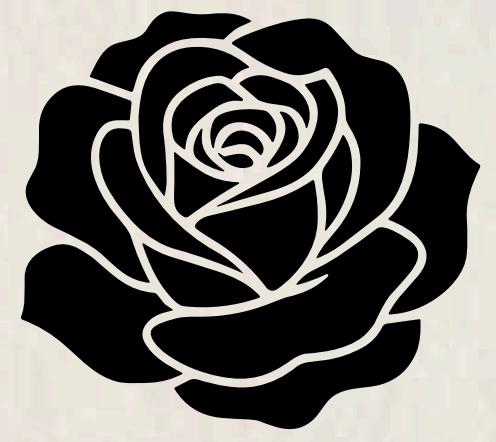
“WHEN CLOSENESS FINALLY SPOKE”

*You came back from vacation
with tired eyes and a softer tone,
like life had worn you down a bit
and you didn't want to face it alone.*

*I still remember the moment you walked toward me,
slow steps, quiet air,
and for the first time ever,
you weren't guarded
you were there.*

*You hugged me, at the airport
and the world folded into that touch.
It wasn't long,
wasn't dramatic,
but God
it felt like too much.*





*The second time you
bugged me inside the four walls ,
you said you like me so much.
and for the first time romantically.*

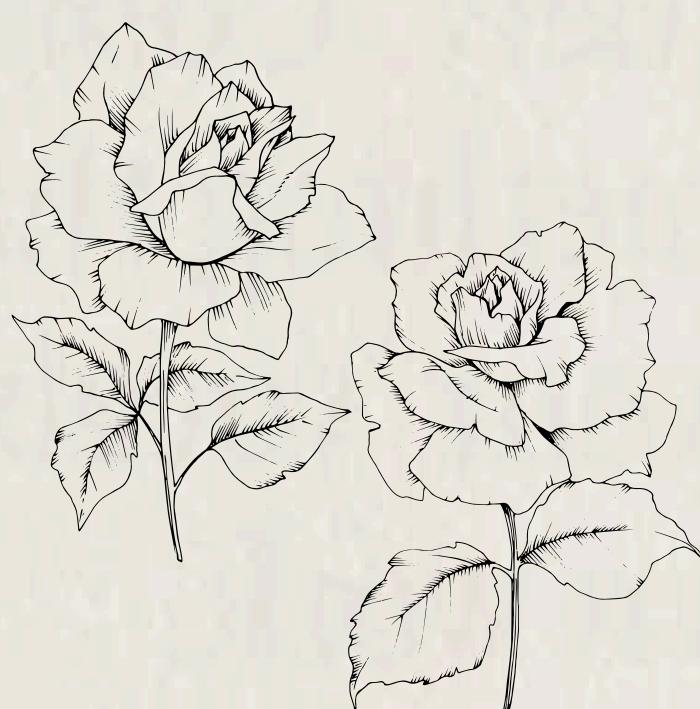
*Your arms wrapped around me
like a truth you didn't mean to confess,
and for a second,*

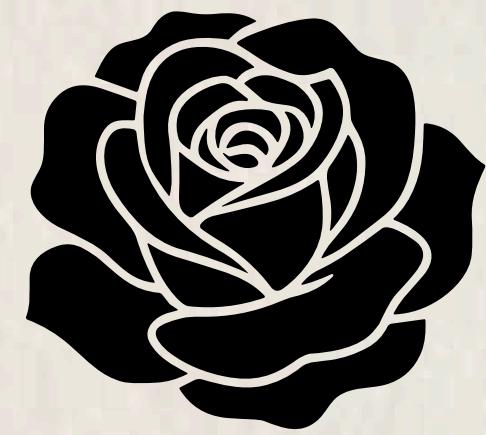
*I swear
the universe paused
to witness the tenderness.*

*In that bug,
I felt something settle,
something bloom,
something right.*

*Like all the doubts I ever had
finally stepped into the light.*

*Your breath on my shoulder,
your hair brushing near my face,
it wasn't romance,
it wasn't friendship
it was an unnamed place.*

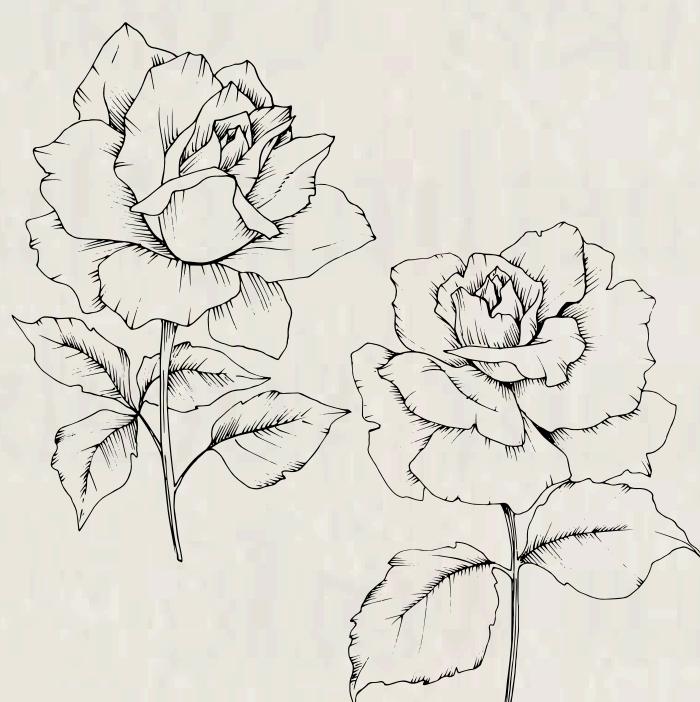


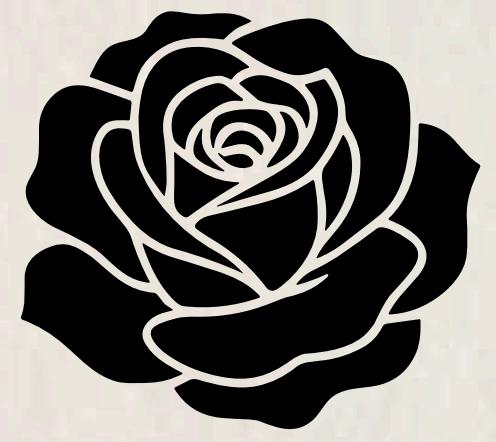


*A place where two souls meet
before they know what they're doing,
before the heart decides
there's no point in undoing.*

*After that day,
you weren't the same
you leaned in closer,
laughed louder,
said my name
with a softness
that made my chest tighten
every time.*

*You didn't know it,
but that hug
became the moment
that rewrote my timeline.*

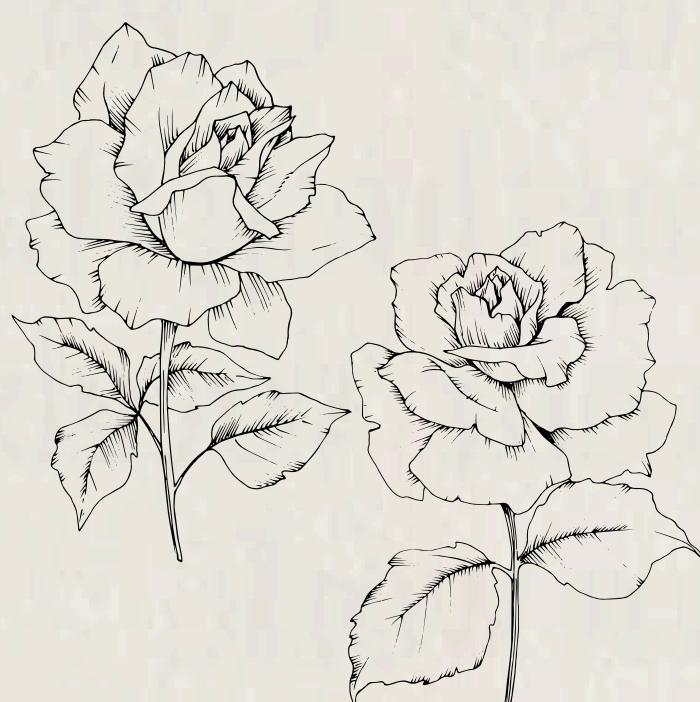


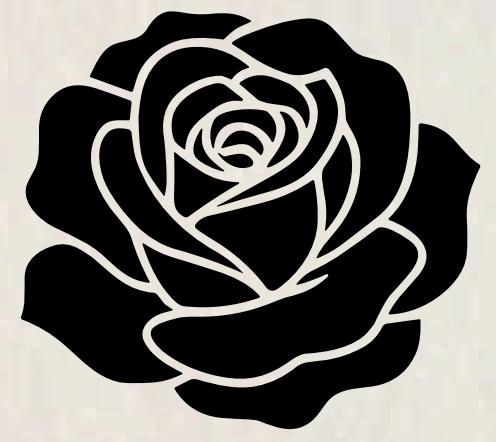


We walked slower,
spoke deeper,
our eyes lingered too long.
Even silence between us
started sounding like a song.

My hands shook the first time
our fingers brushed,
and I pulled away fast
because everything rushed
the fear of losing you,
the thrill of having you,
the truth that I was already
falling through and through.

You'd look at me sometimes
like you wanted to say something real,
but kept your lips quiet
and let your eyes reveal
more than your words ever could.

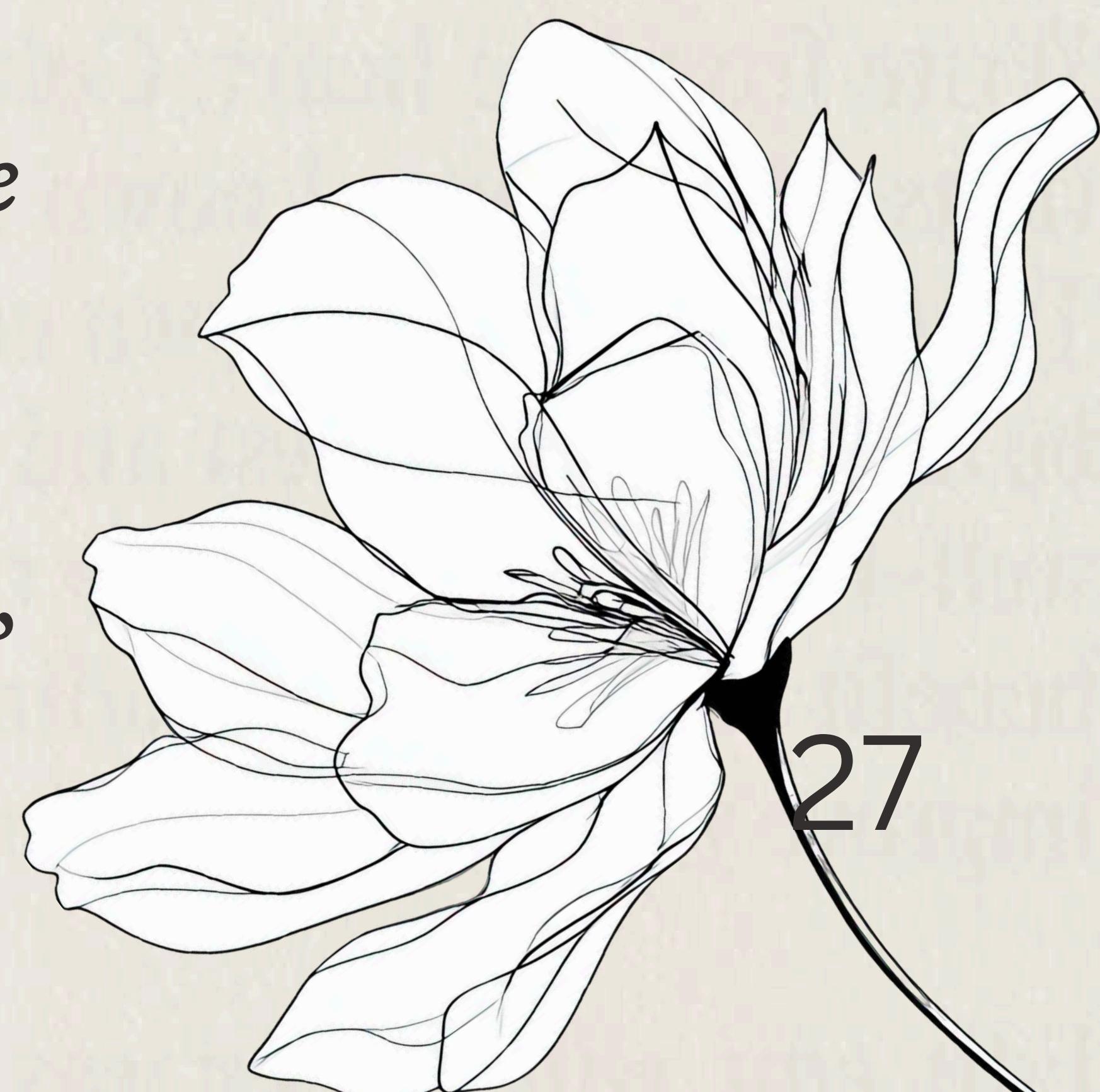


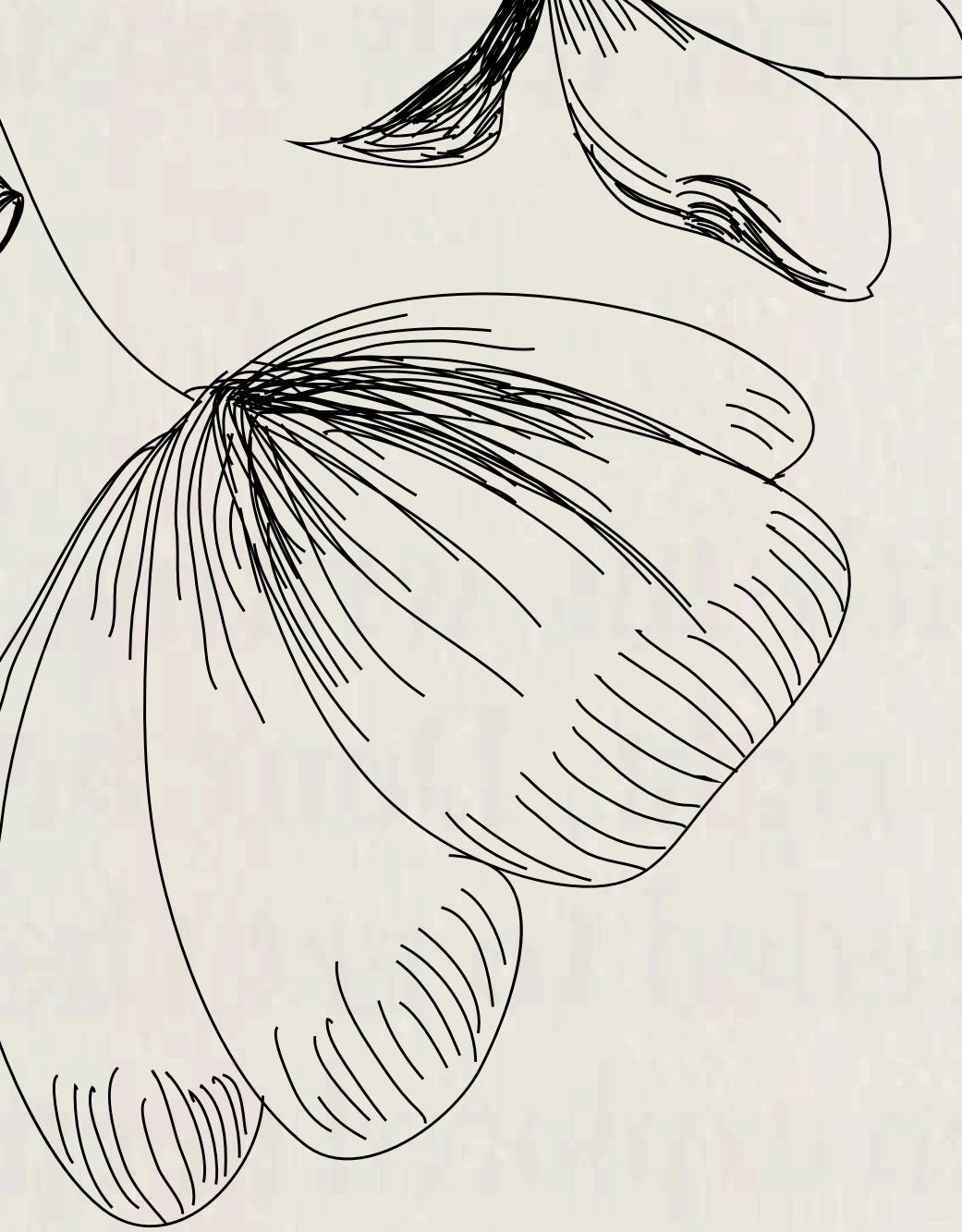


And I...
I stayed,
held space,
gave care,
not because I had to—
but because something in you
felt rare.

This is the chapter
where closeness finally spoke,
where touch became language,
where something awoke.

Before the kiss,
before the break,
before the silence
I couldn't take—
there was this moment,
soft, divine,
when you hugged me
and I thought,
“Finally...
she might be mine.”





CHAPTER 5

“WHERE I FELL TOO DEEP”



*I don't know when it happened—
there was no warning sound,
no line we crossed,
no moment marked as “found.”*

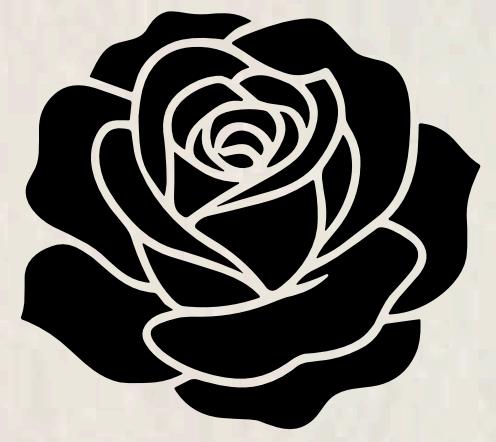
*But somewhere between
the late-night calls
and the softest touch,*

*I realized I wasn't just liking you—
I was drowning
in too much.*

*Your voice became
the place my thoughts rested,
a melody my worries
never contested.*

*I'd open my phone
hoping for your name,
like a prayer disguised
as a childish game.*



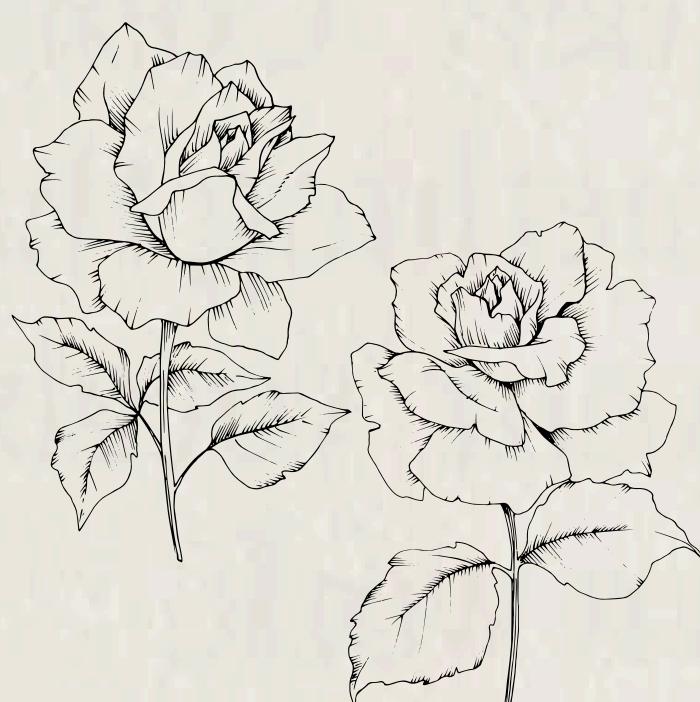


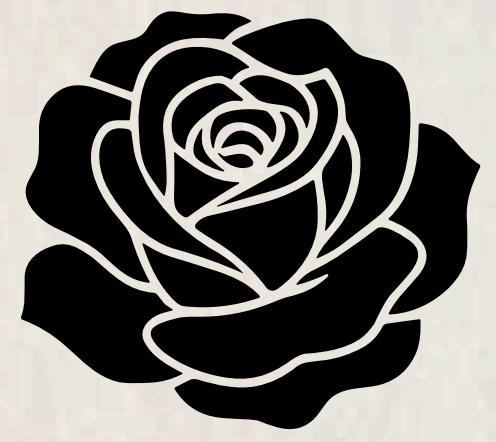
Falling for you
wasn't a choice I made,
it was gravity shifting,
a slow cascade.

Not dramatic,
not loud,
but deep—
deep enough to keep
me awake
long after you fell asleep.

Every smile of yours
felt like a reason,
every laugh
felt like a season
my heart didn't know it needed.

You walked beside me,
and the world receded.

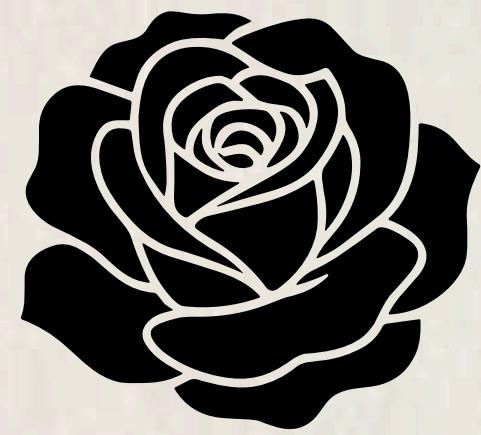




I'd catch myself staring
at the way you tucked your hair,
the way you sighed softly,
the way you weren't aware
of how beautiful brokenness can be
when someone sees it honestly.

And I did.
God knows I did.
I saw everything in you—
the fear,
the softness,
the parts you hid.
And still,
my heart chose you
with the innocence
of a kid.

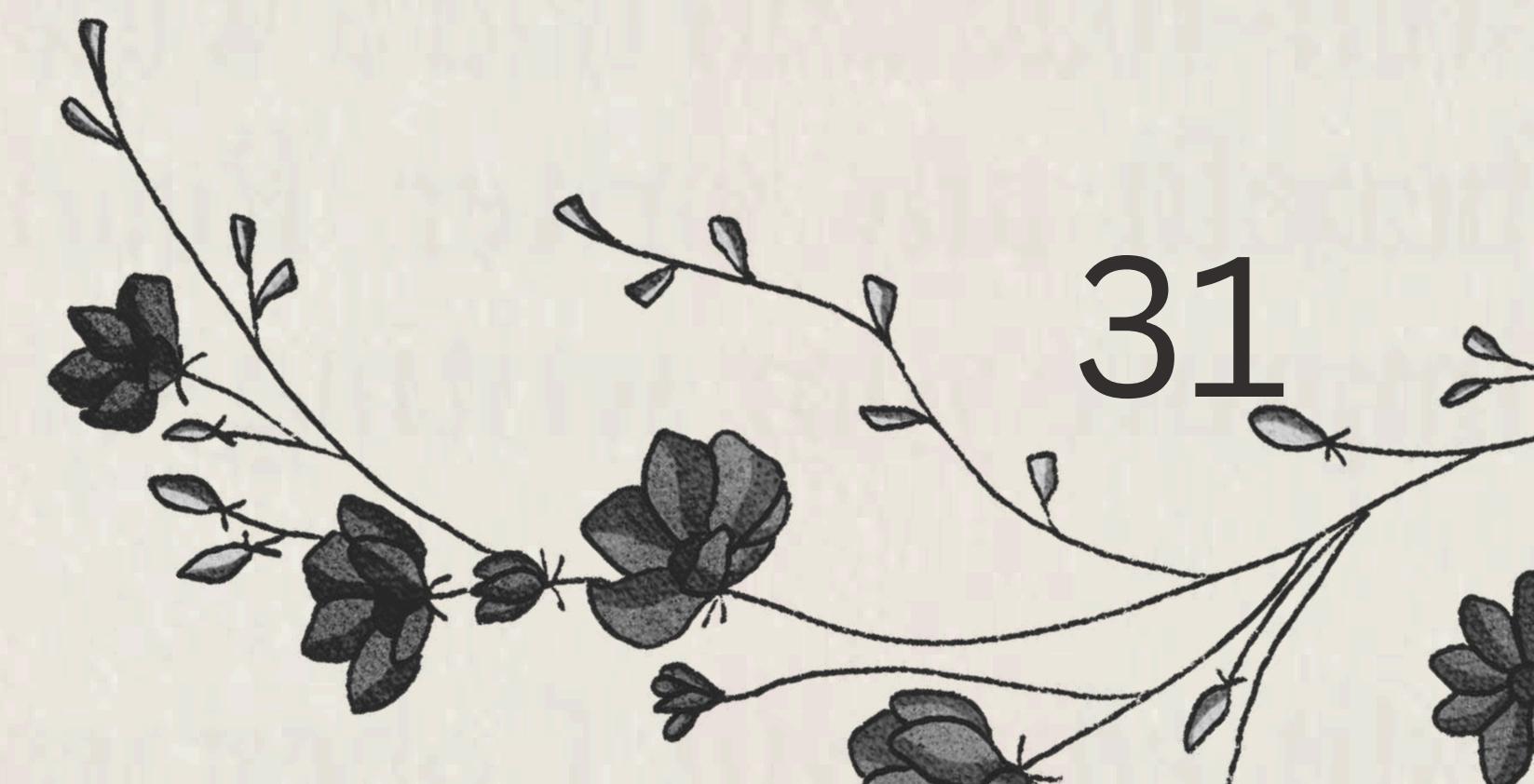




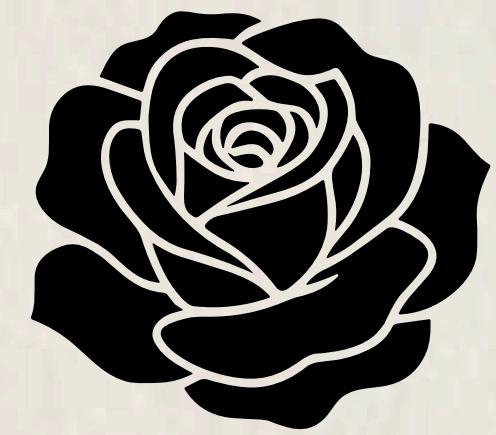
I fell too deep
in moments you don't even remember—
the way you said “take care,”
the calls in December,
the way you leaned in when you laughed,
as if your body already knew
my heart was yours
by half.

I fell
in the pauses,
the unspoken things,
the half-felt promises
wrapped in your wings.

And it scared me—
how much you started to mean,
how suddenly you weren’t just a person
but a quiet, constant scene
in a movie my mind kept playing,
a script my heart kept saying,
something too big
to keep delaying.



CHAPTER 6

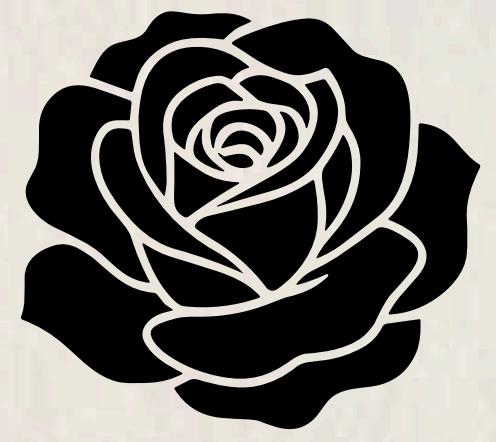


“THINGS I DIDN’T UNDERSTAND BUT I DID”

*the thought,
the one wrapped in care,
the one that whispered,
“She’s here...
but barely there.”*

*Then came the days
you’d pull away fast,
say only something,
leave me sinking
in questions cast
into the ocean of your mood
drowning,
but somehow
calling it “being good.”*



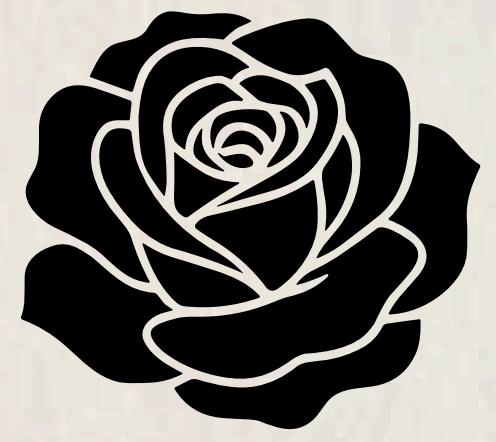


You'd reply slow,
sure you had your reasons
and blame the silence
on being tired,
being busy,
being small.

I believed you every time,
because loving you
made lying feel kind.
Another thought,
folded tight
you stayed in my thoughts,
but disappeared a lot.

And sometimes your eyes
felt miles away,
like your heart
had already begun to stray.



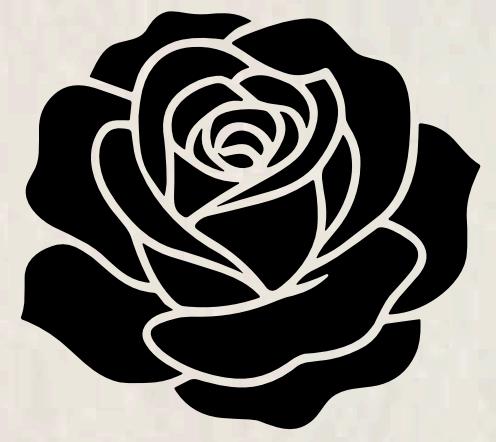


*Your affection
was a flickering flame
warm one day,
the next,
not the same.*

*And I convinced myself
that change was fine
another lie
I stitched into my spine.*

*You wanted care,
but feared commitment,
held my hand
then ran from attachment.
Loved the idea of comfort,
not the responsibility of “us,”
and I stayed foolishly loyal
to what I thought we could trust.*





I knew you had your reasons,
your wounds,
your stories you never told.

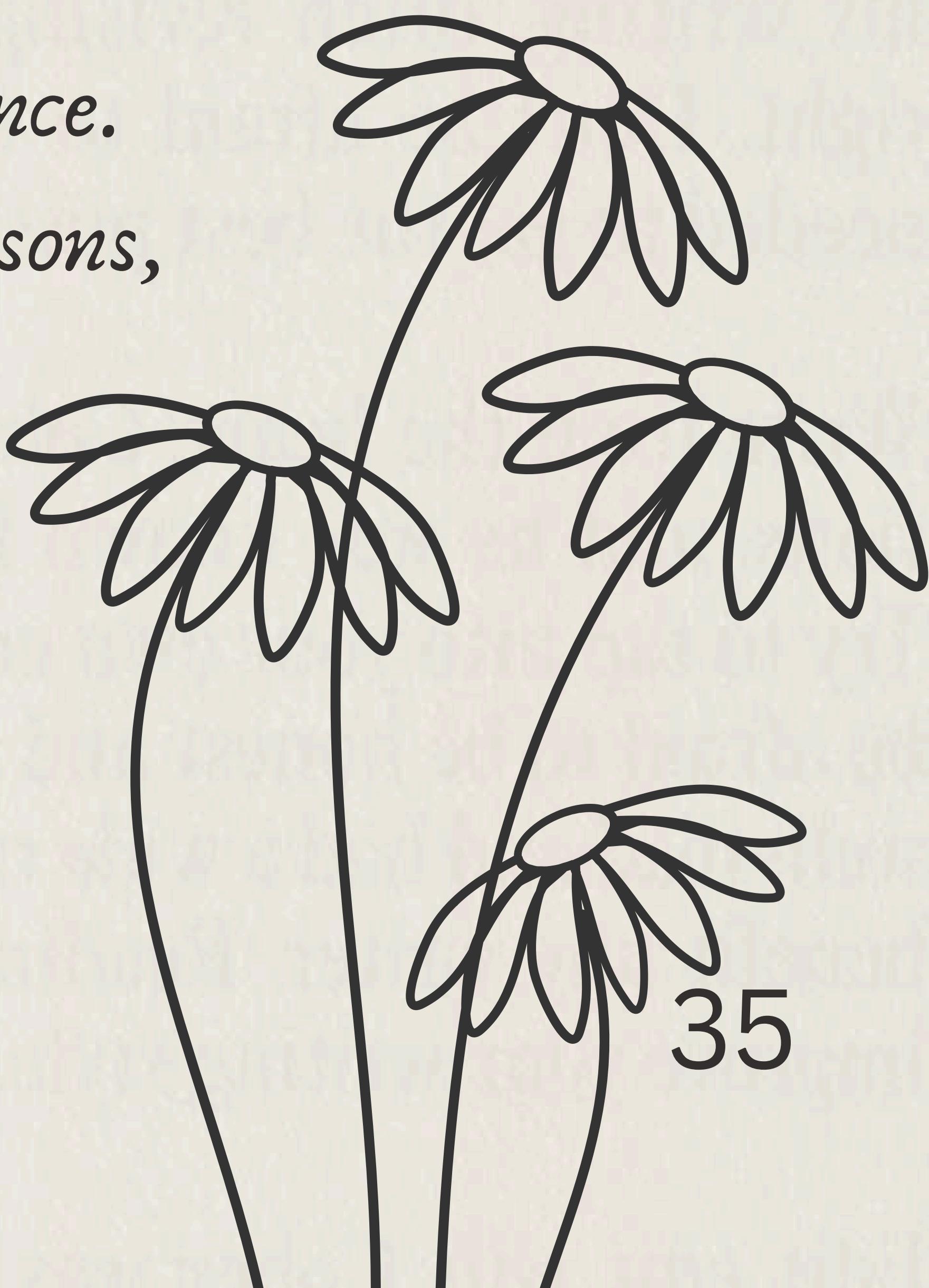
I knew your past shaped
the way you held love
carefully,
hesitantly,
like something that could shatter
if held too tight.

And I tried to understand it all.

I tried to make room
for every silence,

every pause,
every unfinished sentence.

I knew you had your reasons,
your fears,
your history...
but I never knew
where that left me.





CHAPTER 7

“DID I CARE TOO MUCH ?”



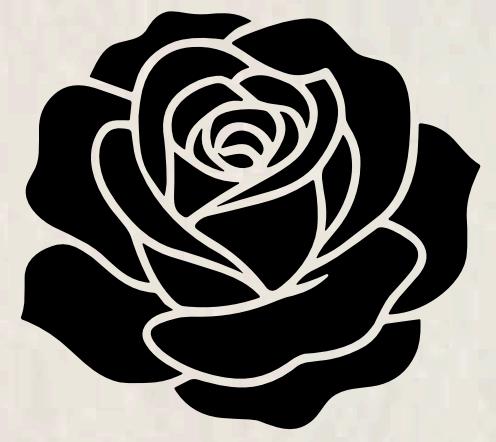
*Maybe I cared first,
and maybe I cared more,
and maybe that's why
my heart kept waiting
at your door.*

*Not to enter,
not to claim,
just to make sure
you slept gently
when the night came.*

*You said sometimes
my care felt like a bind,
like it pressed on your chest
or crowded your mind.*

*But it was never a rule,
never some test—
it was just me wanting
your tired heart
to rest.*

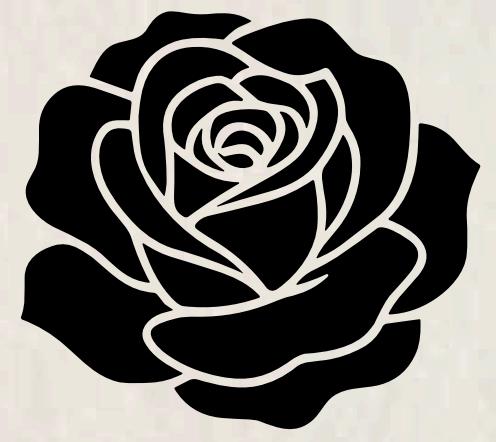




When I asked,
“tell me if you slept,”
it wasn’t control
or a promise I kept.
It wasn’t a label,
or something to prove—
it was just knowing you rested
so my own thoughts
could move.

Who was I
hoping for a small “good night”?
Who was I
hoping your world
felt light?
Who was I
thinking you’d see
that care
as love
and not some
contract you had to wear?



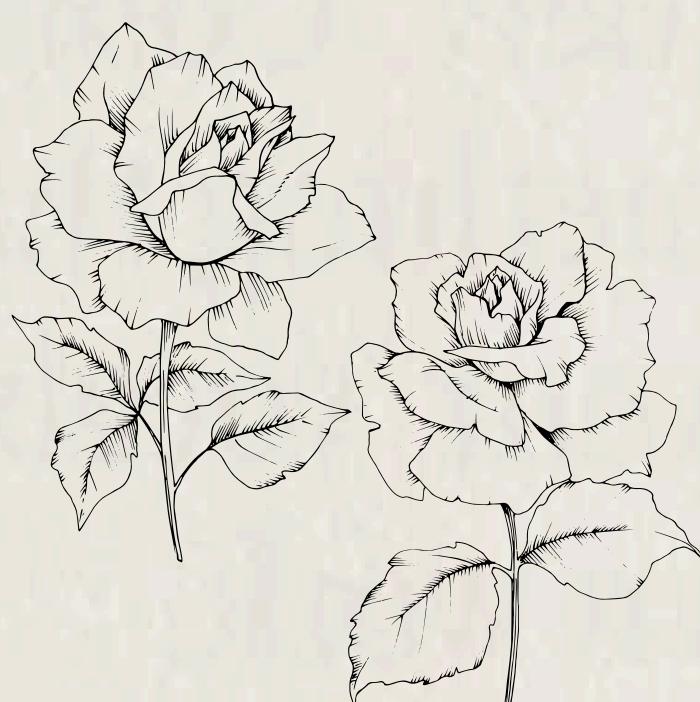


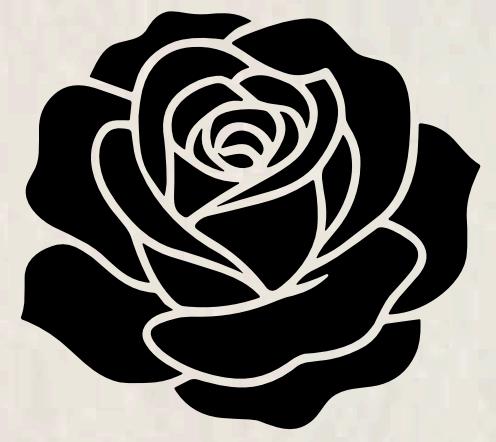
*Call it foolish,
call it soft,
call it young—
but every word I said
came straight
from the lung.*

*Never meant to pressure,
never meant to push—
just meant to wrap
your worries
in a quiet bush.*

*You felt locked in,
you felt unsure,
but that was your past—
not my cure.*

*Your heart carried storms
I didn't know,
wounds you hid
beneath a gentle glow.*

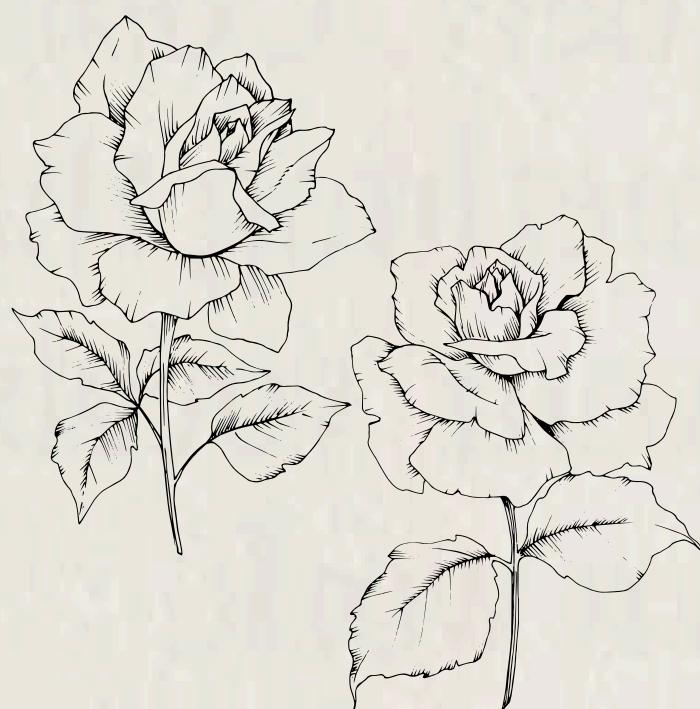


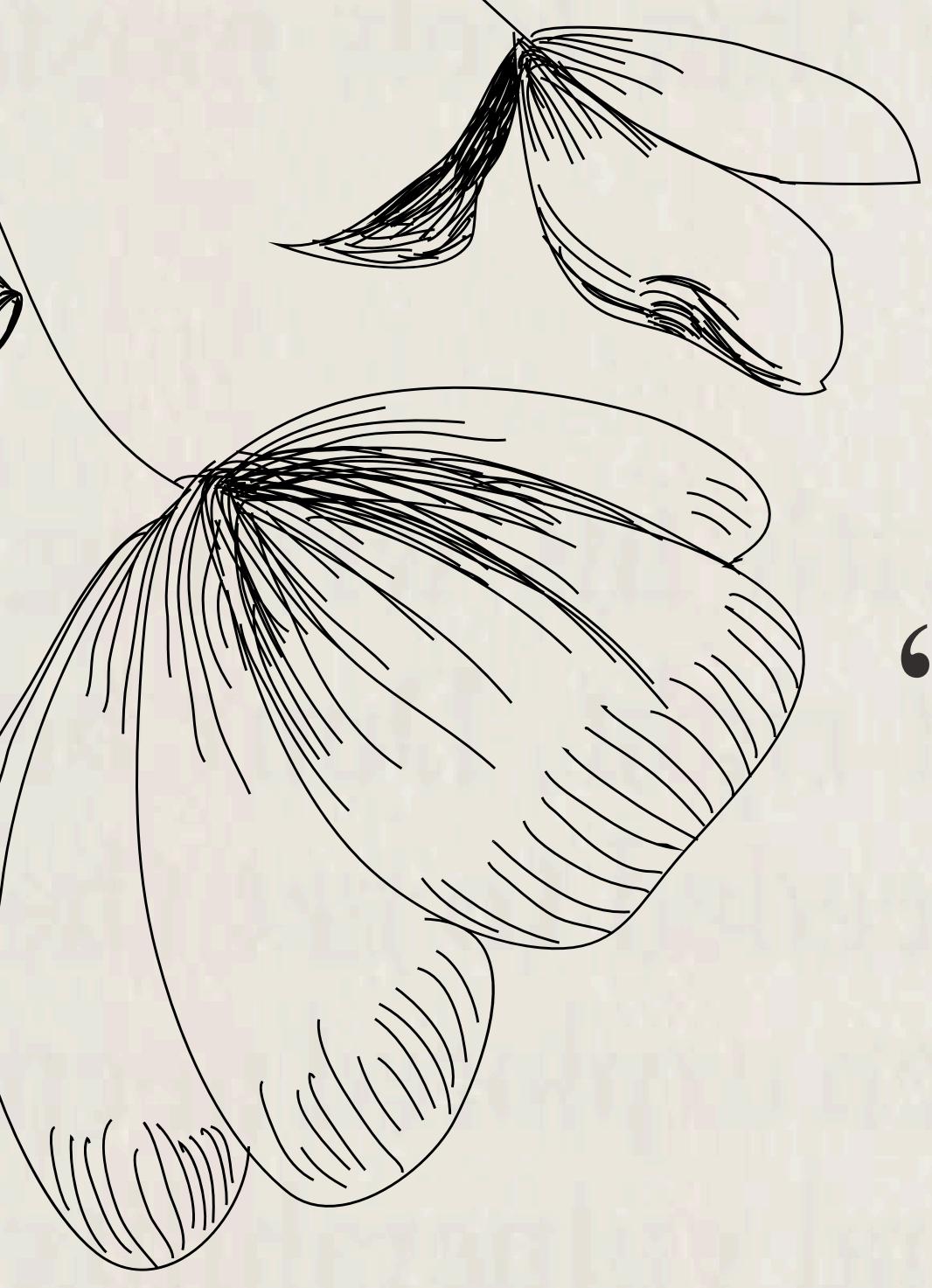


*And all those moments
you thought were “too much,”
were nothing but care
in a trembling touch.*

*I wasn’t desperate
to claim a name,
I didn’t want rules
or a love to tame.*

*I only wanted
the smallest truth—
to know you were sleeping,
safe,
in your youth.*





CHAPTER 8

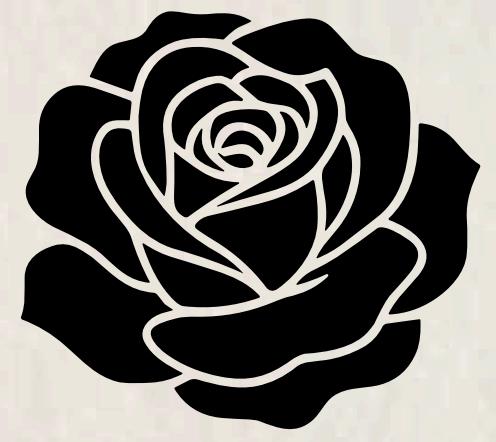


“THE NIGHT I NEEDED YOU THE LEASTTHE MOST”

*The night I was hurting
was a night I couldn't show
not broken bones,
not bruised skin,
just a heaviness
only one heart would know.*

*Everyone around me lectured,
everyone spoke too loud,
and I kept shrinking quietly
beneath the weight
of every worried sound.
I didn't need advice,
didn't need lessons,
didn't need blame—
just a corner of comfort,
a space without shame.*





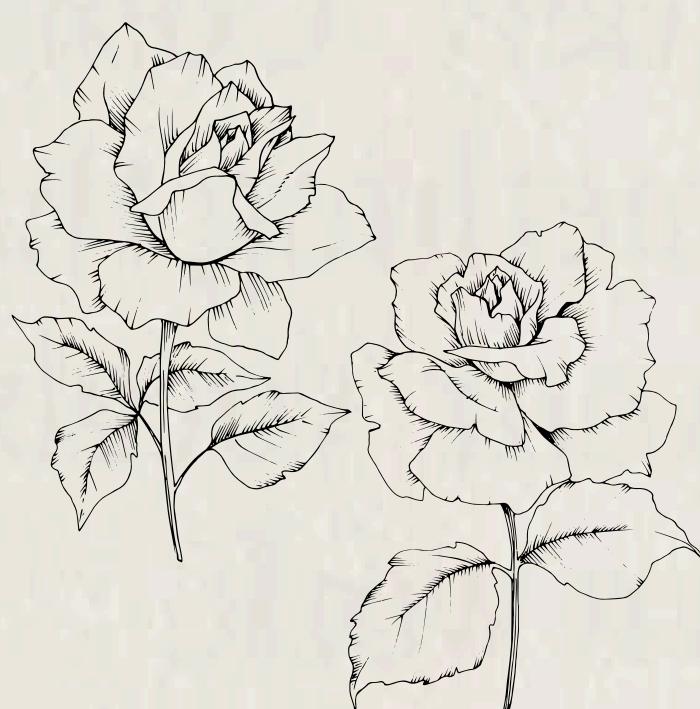
*So I came to you
with a softer tone,
not asking for love,
just not wanting to feel alone.*

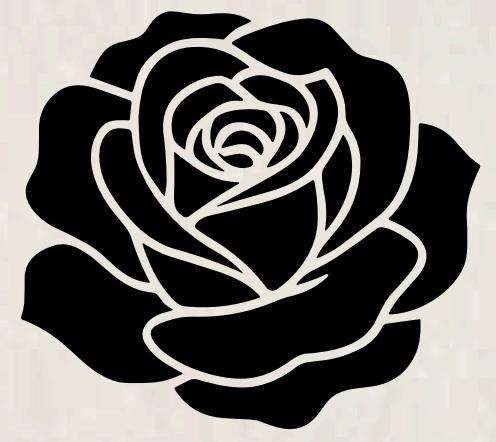
*I didn't want sermons,
I didn't want fear—
I just wanted someone
to simply hear.*

*You were there for me,
at first
and I hope you always know
I only said “don’t lecture me”
because everyone else had hurt me so.*

*But we argued instead,
and you told me to rest,
and somehow that sentence
hurt more than the rest.*

*Because how do you sleep
when your chest feels tight,
when every thought
feels heavier at night?*



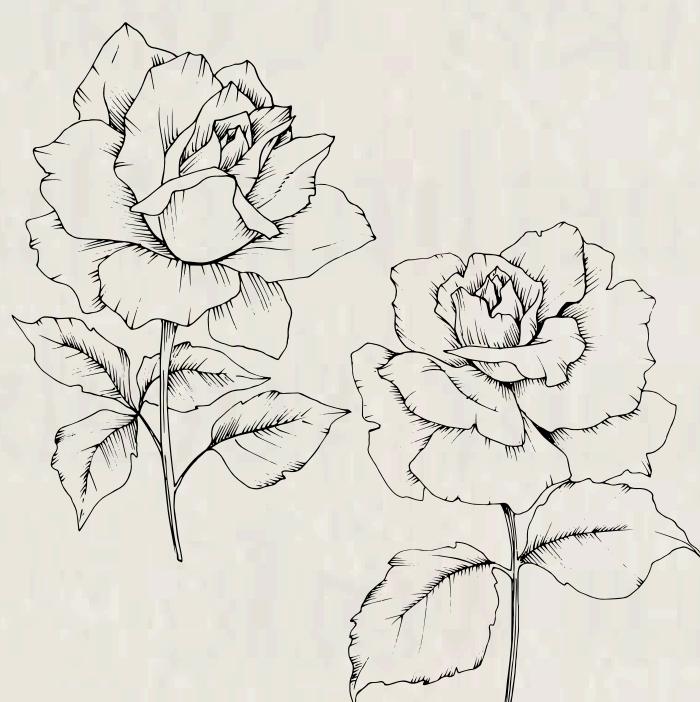


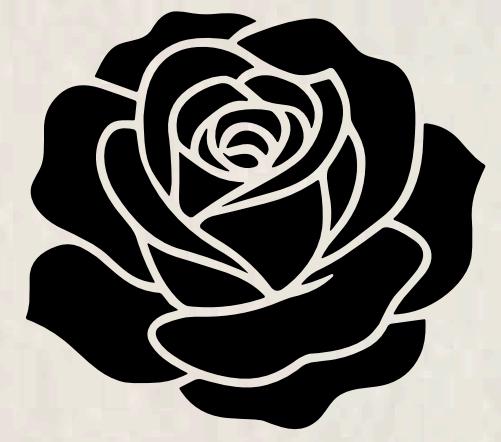
*Three days passed
with my hurt unaddressed
not because you didn't care,
but because you cared
less and less.*

*And when we talked again,
you said you misunderstood,
you said you were sorry..*

*you said, you didn't want a boyfriend,
you never said you would.
You claimed it from the start,
as if the start
could erase
every moment
that led me to break.*

*Still, I cried that night
not for you,
but for the truth:*

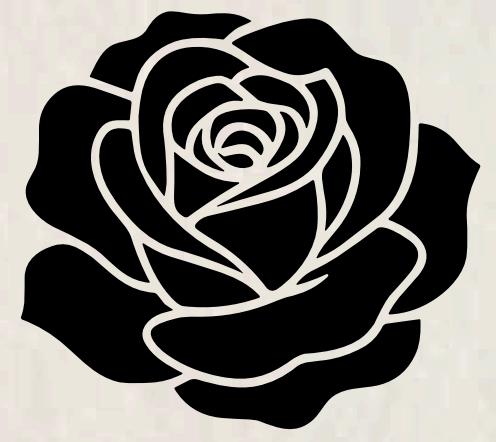




*that maybe I was forcing a story
you never planned to write,
even though
it was you
who held me close
that first night.*

*I told myself to walk away,
told myself to heal,
but then came the moment
that twisted the wheel.*

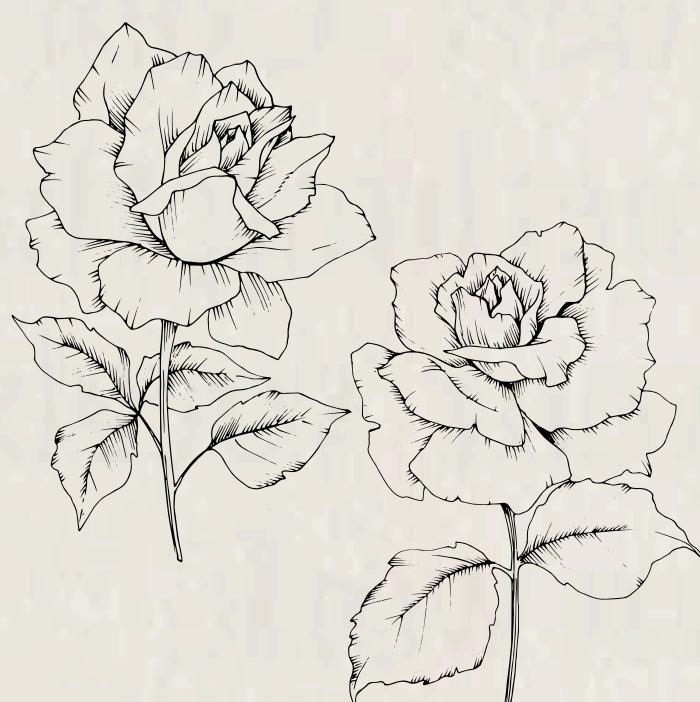


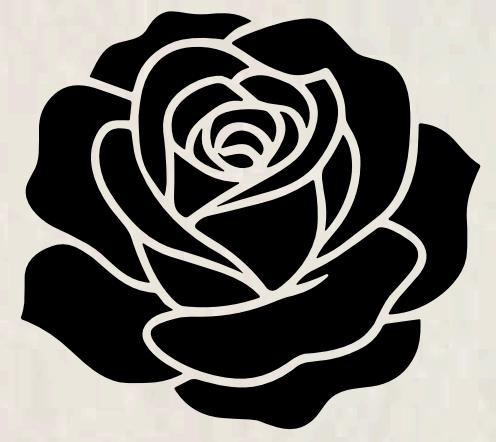


Unbothered?
Proud of the play?
And I found myself wondering
why would someone
who wants dignity
laugh at love
that way?

And I thought,
“If that’s the kind of person
you choose to be,
then maybe
I shouldn’t be choosing
you for me.”

It broke me,
because of what it revealed
that your heart
was never steady,
never sure,
never ready
for something real.
and it was never your fault.



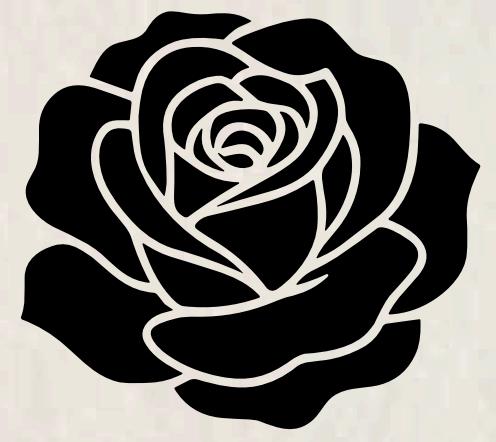


We argued again,
words tearing at threads
already thin,
and I realized
maybe this ending
had begun
long before
it
ever set in.

We didn't talk for days,
and in that silence I stayed
waiting for your message,
hoping you'd understand
what that night had weighed.

But you didn't write,
and I don't blame you for that.
We live differently,
we feel differently,
and maybe that's where
our hearts fell flat.





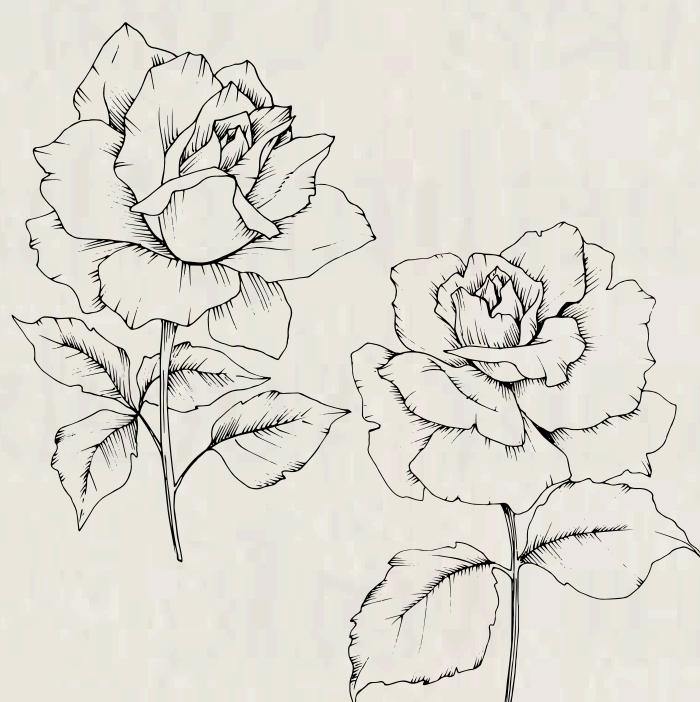
*So I texted first,
not to fight,
not to hold on tight,
but simply for closure
to say I couldn't continue
what wasn't feeling right.*

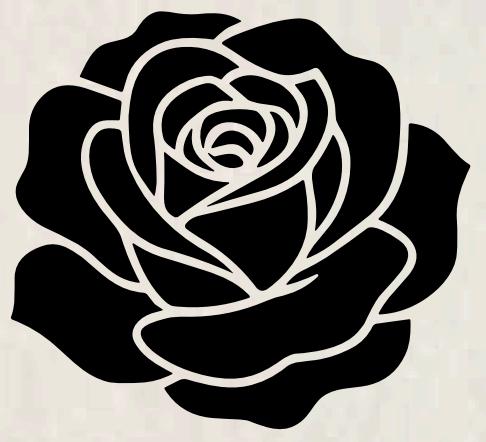
*I told you
I was letting it go,
letting us go,
even the version I loved the most.*

*And while it shattered me quietly,
you accepted it,
i knew you were aware of everything
and you didn't wanted to hurt me more
but letting go
hurt me more than anything
that was possible*

.

maybe that's okay.





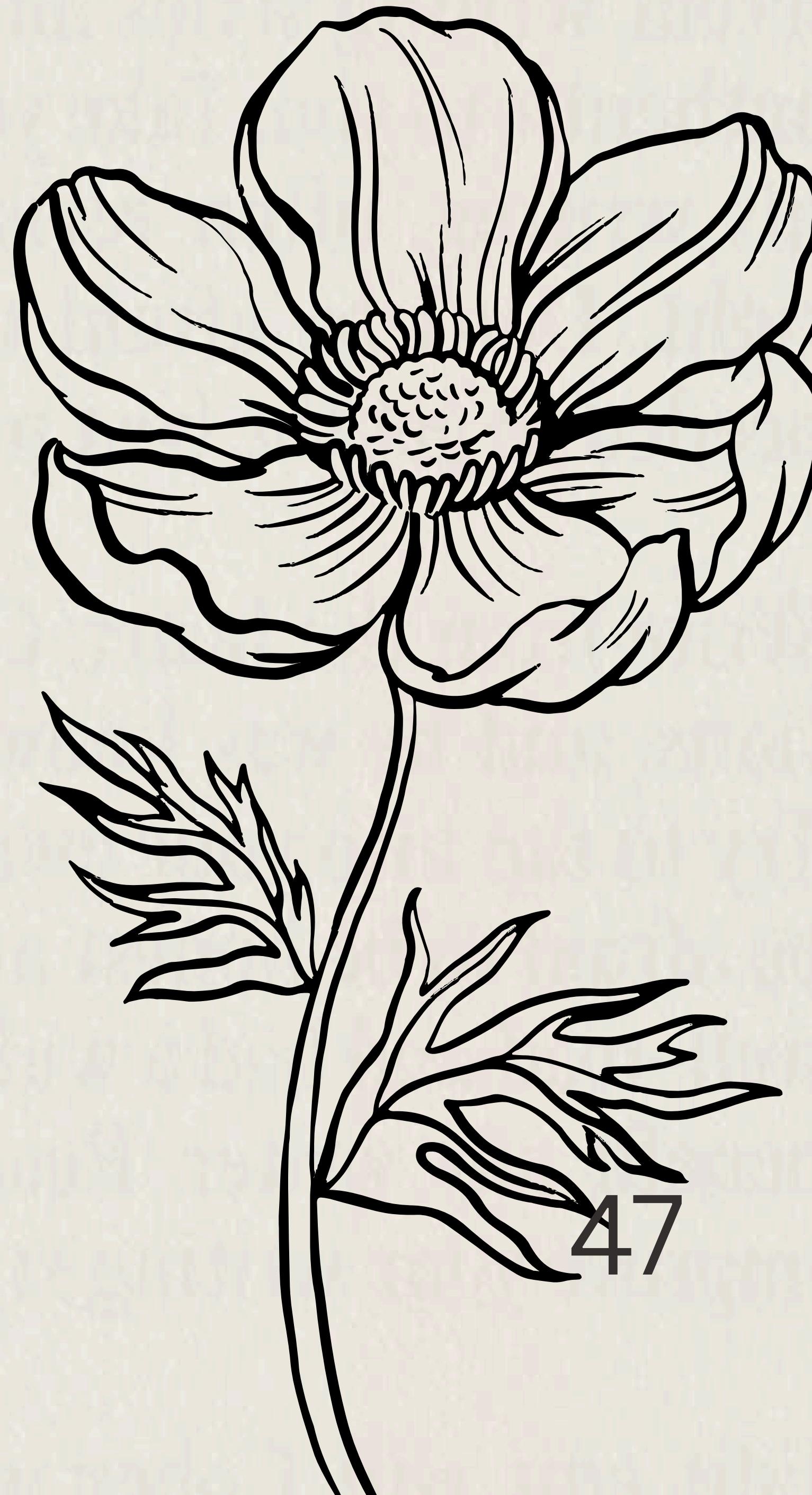
*after days of silence,
after nights I spent
untangling myself from your name,
when we finally met in class again,
you looked at me with concern,
like you still cared
in some small, hidden way.*

And I didn't know what to do with that.

Do you want us to be friends?

*How can we be,
when the thought of you
finding someone new
feels like a storm
I'm not ready to see?*

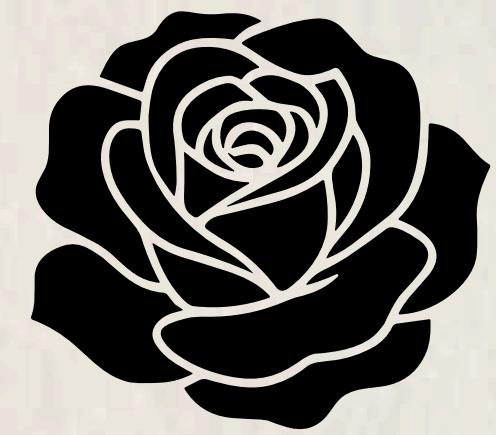
*What would I do then?
What would I become
when your heart belongs
to someone else someday?*





CHAPTER 9

“THE AFTERTASTE OF YOU”

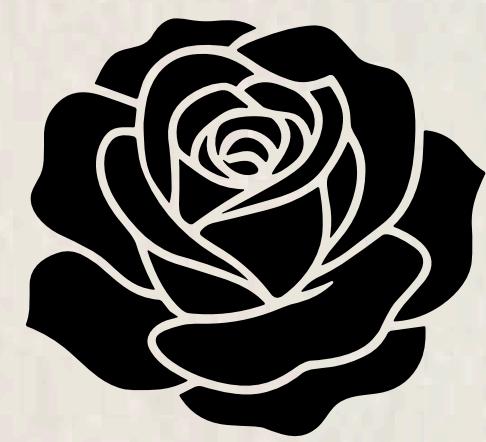


We don't talk now.
Not even accidentally.
The silence sits between us
like a wall built gently—
brick by brick,
day by day,
soft enough to ignore,
heavy enough to stay.

And it's strange,
how your absence
walks with me louder
than your presence ever did.

How everywhere I go
still whispers
where you bid.

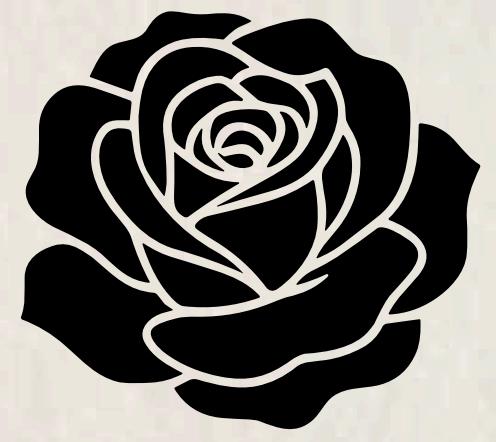




So tell me,
Who's going to go to Nainital with me now?
I still imagine ,
the wind in your hair,
your head leaning ,
your laughter in the air.
That trip was a picture
painted in my mind
a chapter we skipped,
a memory unlined.

Who will watch me wear
the hanging earrings I once talked about?
You would've laughed,
said something quiet,
something sweet, no doubt.
And I would've rolled my eyes
just to hide the way
your approval
made me feel okay.





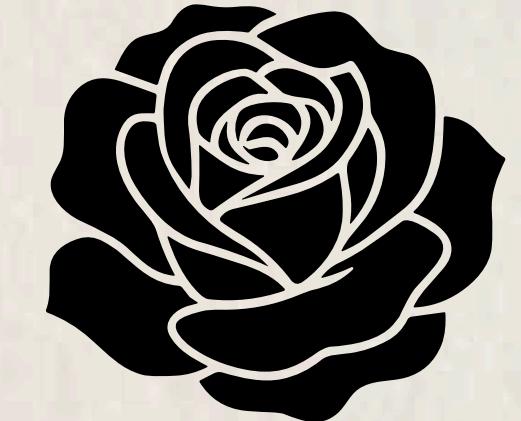
Tell me
how do I let go of things
that never happened
but still hurt like hell?
Did you forget
the way I cared?
The way I showed up?
The way I dared
to love you
even when you were unsure?

Did you forget
that I loved you
pure?

Or maybe you didn't forget
maybe forgetting me
was just easier to do.

Maybe memory is heavy
for hearts like you.





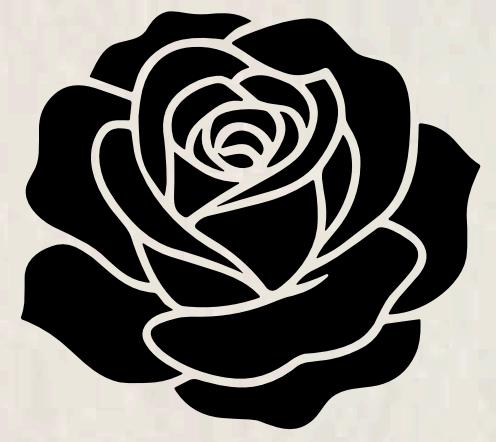
CHAPTER 10

“DO YOU HATE ME?”

I don't chase your name anymore,
or maybe i do
don't stare at your texts,
don't wait for the message
maybe i do
that never comes next.
But healing isn't clean,
and endings aren't kind
your ghost still visits
the corners of my mind.

I still think about the first sight,
the dates that lied,
the nights we talked,
the tears I cried.
I still feel the warmth
of the hug you gave,
the kiss that tricked me
into feeling brave.

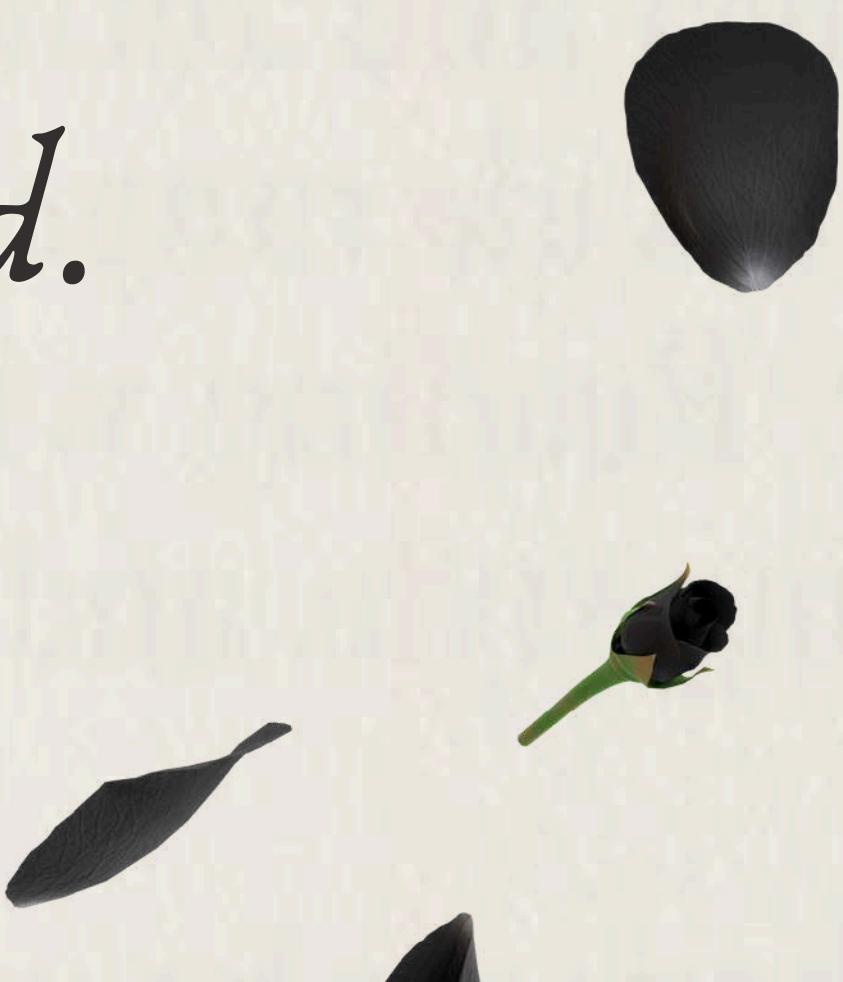
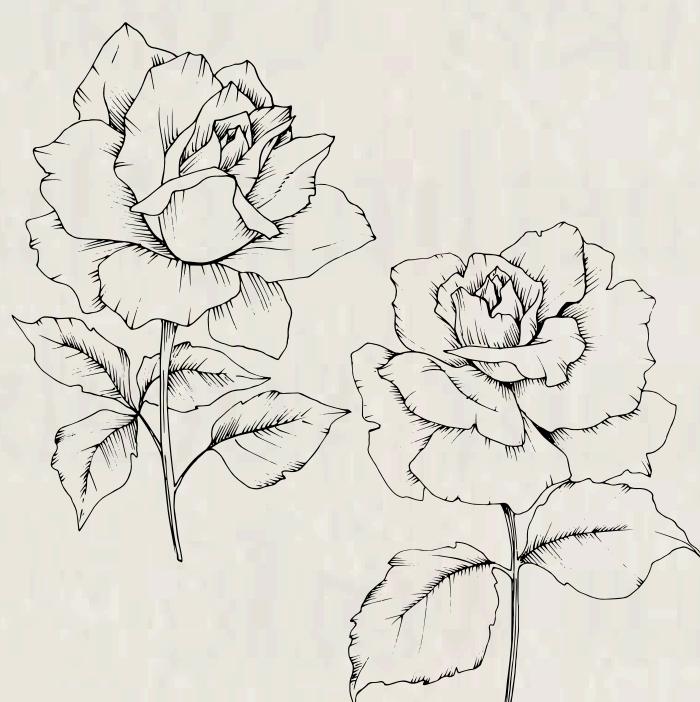


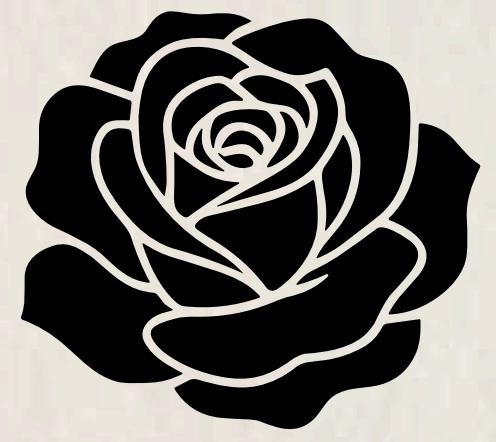


*But somewhere along the way
love turned to ache,
affection turned fragile,
promises turned fake.
And I became someone
you didn't need,
a heart you abandoned
after planting a seed.*

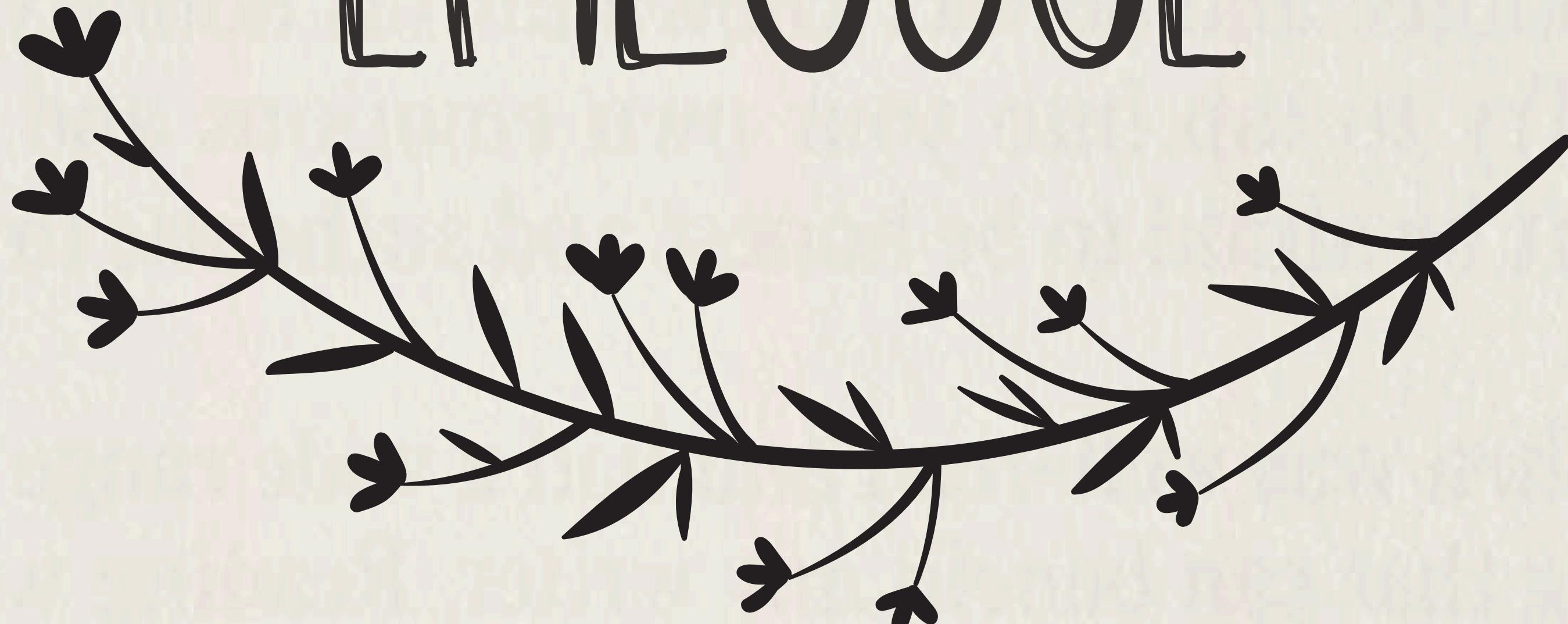
*So tell me honestly—
Do you hate me?
Do you hate the way I cared,
too much,
too real,
too true?
Do you hate the way
I never gave up
on you?*

But Now i did.





EPilogue

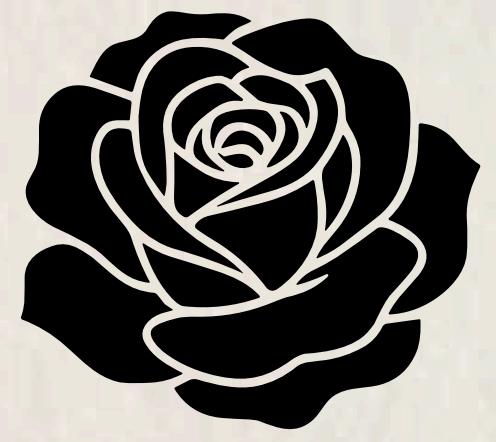


*This book—
these pages—
this final act of love...
it isn't to convince you,
or to show the world,
or to make anyone choose sides.*

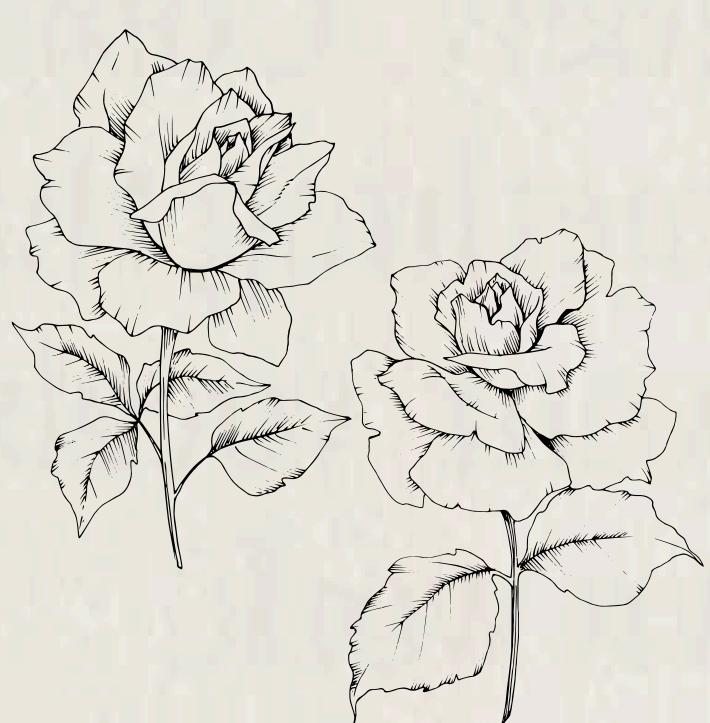
*It's just me
letting everything out
one last time.*

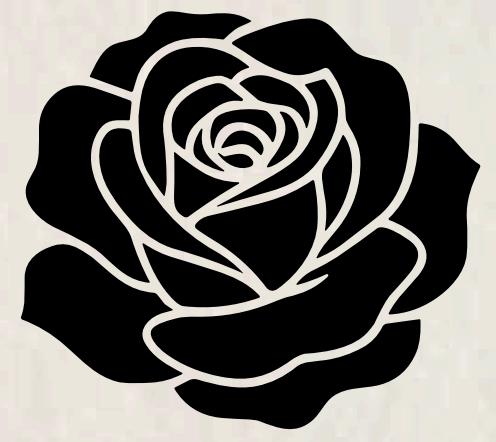
*I don't expect you to read it.
I don't expect you to feel what I felt.
I don't blame you
for anything.*



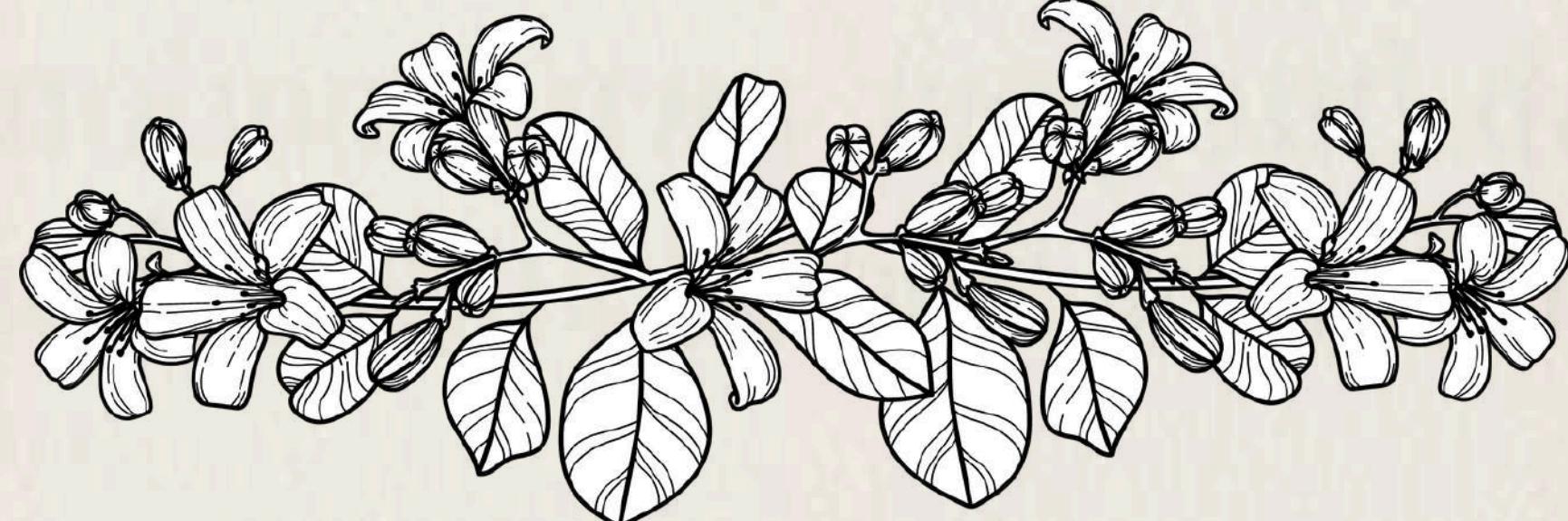


*You had your reasons—
and maybe this ending
was always written
in the space
between your heart
and mine.*





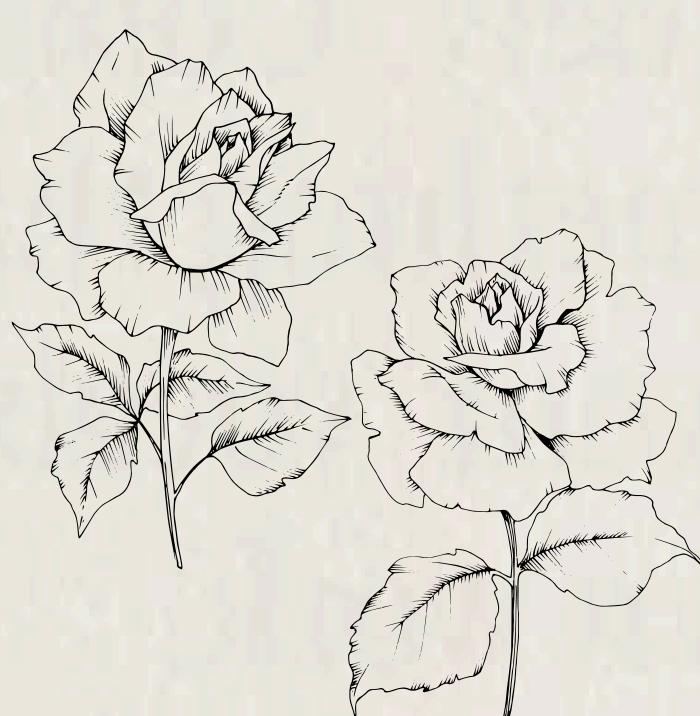
A SPECIAL NOTE

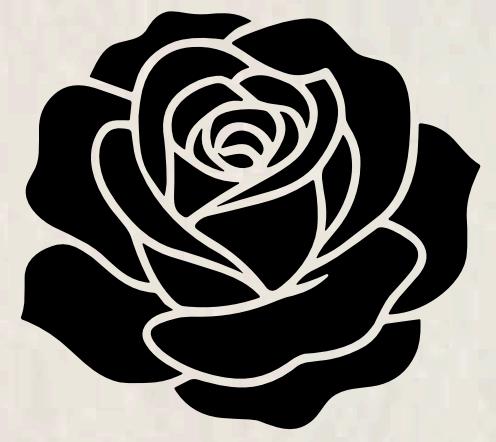


I named this book Part One,
not because our story was unfinished
of course it was
but because the question at its heart
never learned how to settle.

There are things I may never know,
and maybe that's how life wanted it.

But a part of me still wonders
if our paths will cross again
not in the way they once did,
not in shadows or silence,
but in a moment that gives us
the honesty we never reached.





*If that day ever comes,
if time is strange enough
to let you stand in front of me once more
not as a memory,
not as a ghost,
but as a person
then maybe you'll finally answer
the question this book has been circling
from the first page to the last:*

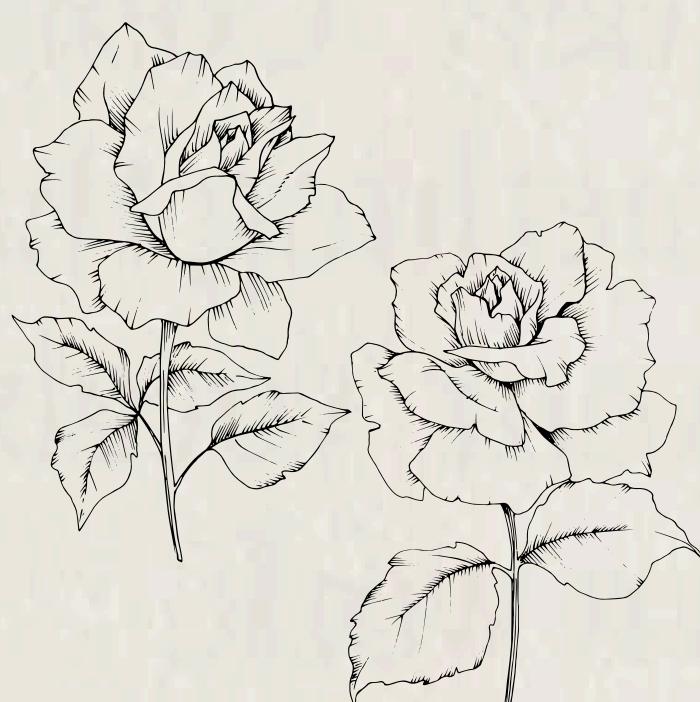
Do you hate me?

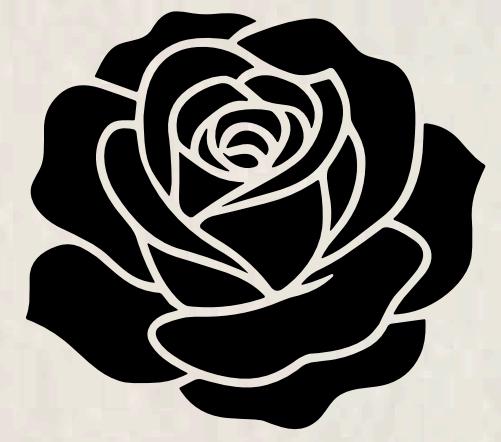
*And if I ever hear that answer,
if I ever see the truth in your eyes
only then will I pick up my pen again,
only then will I write Part Two.*

Not out of longing.

Not out of pain.

*Just to close the circle
we left open without meaning to.*





*Until then,
this book ends here
quietly,
honestly,
waiting only for life
to tell me whether
there's another chapter left*

for you and me.

— Ritish



