

PREFACE

"In Your Memories" is a collection of poems expressing the journey of always being the lover but never loved. Even though Love is a form of action towards one's beloved which is an experience not everyone is fortunate enough to fully encounter. For some, it remains an unconscious dream of 'what if...'

But The saga continues until the realization dawns that it was never meant for me. It's neither their fault nor mine; it simply wasn't meant to be.

Every single sentiment, from love to realization to letting go, is encapsulated and conveyed through words, honoring the unspoken feelings of many.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I am profoundly grateful to my brother for being the guiding light that fueled my inspiration by supporting my passion even when it sounds stupid and illogical.

I also want to give my heartfelt thank which is quite small word for my mother and father who had always given me the reality check about myself in every possible way of who I am and what I can never do, in spite of everything that had been said or unsaid either way heard of unheard, I really do appreciate their sacrifices towards me which I do not deserve but they do and I hope they get it in every other universe even though their destiny failed in this one. But I ensure you with my word that I would not...

And to you, I extend my heartfelt gratitude for being an integral part of this brief yet enduring journey. Your presence and understanding infuses meaning into this lifelong pursuit. Thank you for joining me and your old self that somewhere got left yet not forgotten.

I also want to quickly add that English is not my first language so bear with me.

27th MARCH

Were the sky shedding tears, or was it showing love to the
needy one?

To the believers and dreamers, ones.

Was that the power of love, or the unexpectedness of rain to
sun?

Wrapped in love's sweet rhythm, not standing a chance for
some whispered secrets,

*as if they had kissed the earth, like those tender moments of
immeasurable worth.*

World outside had faded, as if I had been found,

like those feelings of excitement and fear,

*a sort of risk to fall for someone not in kind of us, not in the
same mind of us.*

But in anticipation of the universe,

*I thought I had found my home after the confinement of four
walls to grow my roots.*

In that unexpected rain of the day that stayed till night,

through storm and delight.

Just like my love, that keep on growing,

like the rain that fell on the night of March 27th.

PERFECT

If nobody is perfect, then how do his amber eyes ember the
pain and suffering one breathes before his reality?

How come when he smiles with those eyes, worldly sorrow
seems to fade?

How does a lifeless creature start to shine.

As if it filled with a soul and a heart that beats even when
broke?

How does this transpire problematic world stumbled when he
speaks with his heavenly voice,

bringing back the brightness and life.

*How was I blessed by the Lord when sin hold beneath my skin of
humanity,*

under my greedy personality.

That I wish I could limit its beauty to myself,

cherished and admired by the eye not eyes.

And for which sometimes I prayed,

for the love of love, even begged sometime.

Whether from a distance or closer than close,
I saw a pattern of resemblances with no flaws.

A view nearly every soul yearns for,
For which every heartbeat and breath skipped for.

Nevertheless, for the view of paradise in your eye,

but the question remains:

would I ever be able to claim it as mine?

PERFECT TWO

In nature's grand design, does a perfect duo reside?

Where Two entities homogeneously bind, will the harmony
abide.

Witnessing the sun and moon in celestial as one
illuminates day, while the other guide the night.

The blazing orb with a golden fiery hue
showing warmth to the wisdom of his light
painting skies anew, every raising day and falling back
darkness too.

When his partner in silvery grace casts a soothing glow
in night's embrace what gotten from his love of warm yet
embrace it light.

Together they dance in this eternal chase,
each taking turns to fill their destined space.

Sunrise and set to set the cycle that remain Un-impact
just for the sake of the world happiness or might

were they counting on eclipse for a second of view in close
not to hold on yet to see them align,
for that once choosing yourself over is fine.
And as this endless saga of the ocean continue,
it salty tears hold on to the thousands of live.
Yet, disgraced by the thirsty guy.
Just like that ceaseless blue and green sky
or might one call it the reflection of the love and hate
one carry for themselves other reside behind.
While those dancing branches, reaching for the sky
as if the hand of love and peace.
And beside it stands the shore embracing the waves
that flows in motion of calmness to fool,
just too struck by the amber spark and thunder lights,
through the sky to the land of love showing some kind of sign

before it burst out in the tears but not salty this time.

In this world of seeking perfection,

I felt like you were the gift from nature that I have find.

The universe and its lessons, had me fumbling couple of times.

Yet for the peace of heart, I risk my mind

W&D

*Whispering winds in wistful where wonders weave the warmth all for the wilderness
wide yet not free and clear*

A dandelion dream for what winds fulfils what is lock and yet to be seen long wide
dreadful and delight.

*Sawn by waves wash in the weary shore, making it way for wandering pappus in a
world to explore.*

For what wings of birds is grateful whether for its graceful flight or just some
welling emotions wild and bright.

*Through the woods woven like the precious pearls are hidden somewhere in the
wishes that had been whispered in a window of dream.*

Backing from daydream to dawn breaks with its golden hue to dew-kissed petals till
morning's debut.

*Somewhere in between dappled forests deep and dense that only echoes of divine
presence*

Or somewhere wolves reside, In a world of wisdom deep and wide.

All wrapped in tales and whispered lore holds so much more within the soul with its
shape maybe a warrior's stance that was decades gone by

Yet hold down in the dusty pages of stories of dawning departures of destinies
traced all drifting through time yet embraced and encased.

In the welling up with warmth and wit, bit by bit to the heart into a cherished bond
in every dimension of love or till ever beyond.

Draws that strength from the day first light, daring to dream through darkest night.

Define in the realm where dreams and destinies are set free through shape of just
being,

In the diversity where daring deeds and courage arrives through distant lands and
souls, defining moments that heart consoles.

All in for just wreaths of flowers in fields arrayed where whispers of love are
serenade.

*Drizzling rain on a distant hill, or the depth of immeasurable ocean if I take still
where to be taken all in destiny, they say*

But then why I expecting to be close to something that isn't mine why I root myself
in a place where I could never be able to see what's under and over the sky

Was I Drenched in beauty of a myriad display by dancing all way.

So, in a very way let us cherish the curves of life and its stories entwined.

The perfect two that I was questioning this whole time,

Entitled and unite with an enigmatic flair with the wanderer in its shape so wide
that even a curve in a confident stride.

They meet, they mesh, in an oddity's trance.

That all the waves that wash is wondering how well wrought his words was for
diving into depths where dreams are sought.

In the symphony of their silent choir

Word woven "W&D" that look somewhere and something like fire with
imperfections that harmonize to compose a story that mesmerize

Or

Is it a wish for the reality to sound bit of like

While is reality it's wreck left in the hand of time for a while.

With the hope that I must unfold

And settled in place.

After that one long flight of seeing the worldwide outside that rose-tined eyes,

I used to dream things on and off,

To be everywhere, in everything aloft.

Just to find out I was nothing at all,

Nowhere to be seen, no rise, no fall.

Now that I'm looking to settle my place,

A dream I've held through time's long chase.

The patience and heat I bore within,

A journey of loss, yet strength to begin.

So, Whether I rot or bloom this time,

I just hold on we through the gloom.

IN THE BEGINNING

The shade and scent in the air indicated the time of year when the flowers blossomed again, offering a spacious view to feel alive.

Light across the water, a need for space in a specific place, requiring time and patience, accompanied by care to bind with devotion.

Rooted in the soil, blemish in a good time flawlessly in due time, providing everything it could, guided by the inexhaustible will of the provider to provide under as much ever enough.

Striving to improve, to be sufficient, rich, and productive, seeking betterment; under the guise of change, I wore a veil, seeking assistance to oversee.

For a question posed by you and me, will it be deemed worthy, or like a setting sun, admired for its beauty but never acknowledged for its duty?

Budding blooms, decaying leaves, sturdy on the outside, delicate yet resilient within, working to extend its life to others, even at the cost of its own.

Soft and comforting petals serving as an entry for pollen, not an expectation but a small effort marking the start of a story.

A happy or sad, or perhaps a lesson of joy to tears, maybe a question that everyone craves and fears.

BUT WHY?

MIDORI

In every uttered word, love's tapestry woven deep, embraced within my skin, love's pigment to keep.

Passion and admiration, for my beloved's eyes, A heart bared, amidst pain's ceaseless cries.

I placed my heart within my hands, open and bare, to be part of his world, to exist within his stare.

Suffering held deep, hidden beneath the surface, Unveiling each night, emotions in tumultuous furnace.

Through storms and sunshine, his every hue, Accepted and cherished, both old and new.

But in my thoughts, a flicker of selfish doubt, Envy once felt, now love's fullness to tout.

Terrified, I stand, fearing the role I played, always loving, never feeling the love cascade.

Today, a shift in perspective, a change to see, not just my view but embracing 'us' as the key.

No longer pondering solely from my side's perch, But an 'us' in the equation, a shared search.

"W&D"

gentle trace, now resides in Midori's sweetest embrace.

Enchantment in love, both in word and deed, A journey through emotions, a heart
that's freed.

GREEN

Radiant beams of light brighten small particles floating carelessly in the sky, much like how I've seen myself in his embrace, or nearby.

In an unseen world of hues, I stand witnessing a canvas of grayscale. No crimson sunsets or azure skies, yet I find beauty as colours pass me by.

To ask, a curious plea with no bias in tones, no palette to choose; in this monochrome world, every shade I'll use.

Equality reigns in my sightless domain; no prejudice lingers, no disdain for pigment. In a colorless realm, I embrace the harmony of shades, a boundless grace.

Twenty times I woke at eight, walked barefoot in a space where he expressed love for how I portrayed the green, a shade never knew existed all this time.

The dancing leaves on the trees accompanied by beautifully blossomed flowers and fruit within, transforming black and grey lands even faces into green.

Innocence in face, paws resembling clouds with hidden sharp thunder, small yet big eyes, captivating my gaze, much like his did when he spoke for his love for the green.

Greetings of 'Hi' and 'Hello' with grinning teeth, seeming peculiar and unusual but could be called experience indeed.

I talked and talked till time flew, till the sun goes off duty till the moon is on duty, until my sun to the moon is on his duty.

But this time, he confided that green wasn't his passion, but sort of an experiment could he like something new something resembling the endless blue from sky to

sea, with no shore but holding a depth without a bottom, much like his heart when
he revealed his true feelings

Of what he was on the third of July.

All through and through the land painted green turned grey as thing always turns
out

Yet gotten the blue in and on me from heart to mouth, that I use

In spite, who he was the last green leaf standing at the edge for a visionary had also
fallen out

On

Fifteenth of November...

NEWNESS

The sensation of a still body with the wandering eye to every corner amaze how spectacularly different it looks every time, yet the same.

Akin to stepping into a familiar room but only to discover the difference in the state of art from every bit of edge to corner, exhilarating rush as if experiencing the unveiling masterpiece, where every intricate detail captivates the senses.

Each encounter feels like an expedition into uncharted territories, where the known blends seamlessly with the unknown, creating an unparalleled tapestry escorted by air charged with anticipation, opening a long-sealed treasure chest, revealing not just gold, but an array of dazzling jewels that sparkle with unparalleled brilliance.

With each iteration, an overwhelming sense of enrichment, as if the world is expanding and unfurling its secrets.

The essence remains familiar, yet the experience felt deeper and vivid, almost as if reality has unlocked a new layer of its immortal potential.

It's the thrill a kaleidoscope turns, the same colorful fragments into an entirely novel pattern each time.

Each moment feels like a fresh chapter, in an ever-evolving narrative, where words are same, but the pages are never seen before yet the same, and the story continues to unfold in sudden but sought directions.

In this ceaseless cycle of novelty, mundane transcends, revealing a universe of infinite possibilities within the familiar, making each encounter a delightful revelation waiting to be savored.

Slowly, at the same time, poured in the mind that worked as a bias of thinking that
had thought

So, would it be new if all the time, it remained the same, just not something we
were used too.

ACHE

If everybody perfect in their own way How I would consider my as my,

As my was driven by the beauty of her mind and soul

But the pain beholds in the part where I know

Her,

I would never be her; she is flawless and I'm the definition of flaw in

Loving yourself,

Isn't hard but obnoxiously it gets hard when you know you never match the imagination of perfection that was beholden by his heart, soul and even mind

But to show comfort he called, my beloved I love you as you are,

As I'm?

Then why didn't you include "I" in the "love ya"

Why didn't you call me yours,

*Beautiful moon
from far as well as near
My dear?*

Obnoxious Heart

I hate how you said, "My whole heart belongs to you"

Knowing every well how u kept her for decade,

How you had told me love is never replaced or forgotten; it is always in the bottom
of your heart locked down in some basement.

And I had always envied for "But" in that statement, as if I would be exception

Of How you had drawn your words to replacement, if your heart belongs to me how
could you even say that you going to replace me isn't your heart was mine,

Mine

Through all this time.

Time when you say you love me but never include you,

*I hate every word that doesn't stammer from your mouth but has the power to rip
open my heart.*

Heartily, I hated the fact you aren't even aware how many times I had cried without
my eyes, in fear

how many times I had cried for being appreciated and loved by you.

I hate how I would never be able to hate you but blames on me,

I should had tried to understand when you don't need me, I should have given you
the space that you always needed from me

How I try to be her even when you told me I would never be her,

But Her is pretty and smart and funny she is everything that I would never be,

she the standard of the world beauty in that fact even,

You agree.

UNHINGED

If I lay bare my heart, tell you how I feel about things would you care, would you
truly care,

To hear,

To hear me out every time I would say you were harsh on me or just deem my
words as fleeting whispers, light as air?

Would you truly listen, show your care or you'll just deviate my words and say, "you
look fine in my eyes" But I'm only used to love your eyes when they look at me with
a vision and sort of fear of losing me

When I express the ache within my core, would you embrace it, or shut the door?
Would you fathom the weight I bear, or brush it off with "I won't ask again" in
fleeting glare?

I yearn for your gaze to reflect a bond, not mere words, but actions fond. When
tears trace the paths down my face, Will you be there, in my heart's space?

Or just ask me to Act in a certain way

Act and act and act Spend many years in that can't say that I break and hurt to Lose
every bit of me to be loved in a same way I love you. If u ever know how much I love
Ruby red though and I adore flowers too

Why shy from the depths of the real me? Amidst the echoes of what I used to be,
Close, yet far, within my own embrace, hoping you'll see beyond this surface place.

Love not just spoken, but lived each day, Embracing my hues in every way. When
my sorrow echoes, raw and loud, Will your solace be my tranquil shroud?

I tire of acting, of a scripted play, Losing myself with each passing day. Can't you see, can't you find the clue? I'm yearning for love that feels true.

Is it too much to ask, to know me through and through? Beyond the facades, beyond what's due. Not what I pretend to like because of you.

So, if I tell you how I feel inside, Will you listen and walk with me, side by side? To see the me that's often unseen, to love, to know, beyond what's been.

BUT WHY?

When everything is preplanned, the next step is revising what a future beholds for
you and yours whom you had given your words for better and together

Tomorrow,

That began with a hope of ray that had been shown that one day it would be us in
the whole new world with our small one inside

In the way things were moving somewhere had this feeling how could a life be in
Favour of me how come I'm heard, and everything is moving in a way it had been
expected when the second name of life in un-expectancy

The women gut feeling gotten from the time of girlhood that's never untrue,

What had been felt will be seen later or now just kept; I as a surprise of time,

I felt, yet to not see for what I would flow my materialistic good not to present in
my sight, but mother earth needs more than what is confined

Out of blue he had erased the green spoke with his words unclear I don't see a view
in you for tomorrow yet letting you know I had overcome and suppressed what I
had seen for ours in tomorrow

But the words were never chosen cause walking away was far better in the random
day of a year remember there is much dearer in life than being with someone that's
not even near

Not a such of a big deal just get over it like I hadn't saw every bit of me in him

Nothing wrong in going away or leaving behind someone you once you had call mine it's just life being life always moving on but the question is did you let them have their time to see you and hold every bit of you in their soul doesn't wants the words of comfort or the touch that every skin lingers just the acceptance from the eyes that is mine not the one I would going to find in some random night

It might be easy to say not a big of a deal only if you know how to love for not love but for the happiness of the one

So, pause this time and let me get free from this curse of "But why" and just hold you within me just with my eyes

ACCEPTANCE LIEU DENIAL

In a garden of passion, a bud so tender poised to bloom, bordered by evolved one's
side by side on deathbeds one's.

Nurtured with fondness, attachment, intimacy, warmth, and eagerness at the
gardener's room, for the promising petals' radiant hues to adorn dreams woven in
whispers, as each day was born to fulfil the need for captivating beauty.

The hands of a gentle embrace tended to this bud, a cherished space for growing
up to his expectation, to be flourishing, marveling, and behold, but fate had a tale
yet untold.

A relentless siege of bugs chipping away at the bud grew a fear of ever being able to
be free, and it grew out of unease; even the heart of the gardener was besieged.
Sadness gripped tight, a bitter pill to taste, as the dream of plucking and keeping
the bud soon to be a flower was slowly erased.

Yet, amidst decay, a resilience unfurled, the lookout persevered against the whirl.
Not for the bloom, nor the expected delight, but to honor the plant's fleeting flight.

Each drop of water, every nurturing touch, given not for the bloom, but simply
because life, in its essence, deserves its due, even if the bloom remained a distant
view.

The bud, now weathered, yet holding on, though not a flower, its essence not gone.
A testament to care, to resilience in strife, acknowledging the beauty of its fleeting
life.

The keeper smiled, though tears might flow, for they'd nurtured a life, watched it
grow. Not the anticipated beauty, yet a cherished sight.

Warmth was captivating the loss of unfilled realization how beautiful it is and would be either way, A plant embraced in its journey's light or upon the journey in gardener, keeper to the caretaker.

BEFORE YOU GO

Never thought of stopping at a place when eye wanders for new place. What to do,
where I will end or where I will begin from,

Far away from the destination as heart never knew what it needs from the people
and place too.

If ever questioned "what are, or will you be?" never knew in what language the
answer written that; it's even hidden from myself too.

In shame or acceptance everything I'll do, never settle at place; that's what I dream
to do

As I was a dreamer and a believer one and so the sky was sheading tear, in a fear of
universe being miss understood to positive but only if she knows,

That want to do everything will be in a second gone.

As I stop in a place and never dreamt for a second, as it was time for mind to
wandered in every thought but got fooled by the heart in a believe it's mine and
how dirty it could ever do.

Never been a selfish from a day I knew what I want. I didn't even expect you to be
part of it, as I know it from "*In the beginning*"

One's meet in life had to be gone; the closer, the dearest. Everything expires from
the cycle of life, only leave behinds what could be kept eternally

And if there was any before I knew I have, while you were gone,

Would have prepared to remember mine is dead that prayed in every tear of lost
but cherished the fact something new is born.

FEW MORE WORDS

Through Spring's bloom and Autumn's fade, Countless seasons have gently swayed
Since I last beheld your eyes, or heard your voice, so dear,

so new.

These bare hands, ne'er blessed to trace the strands of your hair, your forehead's
grace.

Memories fail to suffice, for they don't impart the depth of your essence, engraved
in my heart with the melody of your voice once played, an endless loop, never once
delayed.

I pondered time with and without your grace, Now, I comprehend each turn and
trace.

My search led to an understanding clear, Love isn't just to receive, but to adhere to
a deeper sense, unburdened and free, Love's courage defines its true beauty.

In tears and smile, even in heart's demise, Was it worth the definition, the love's
reprise? To beg, to bring my pride to its knees, to be loved in bounds, or love with
ease?

Situations and people hold no answer strong, it's not guilt, but the timing where we
belong. Unravelling life's unsolved questions, profound, the truth within is the right
time will never be found.

Yet again, it's March's twenty-seventh, no excitement, no rush, just the presence of
moments wrapped within my heart's living out in that timeless space.