LIVING THROUGH WORDS

CHRISLYN D

Presented by
My poetic Side

Dedication

This book is dedicated to my dear friend Akhi .

We both enjoy expressing ourselves in our own unique way using the art of poetry .

She has helped me go forward with writing new bits and untimely publishing my own book.

I owe this to her

:)

Also to my dear friends - Minu, Benson, Wabon Priyanka and many other wonderful beings ..

thanks for encouraging me to keep on writing .

About the author

Hey there. I am just a regular girl passionate about expressing herself through words and creating moments in the form of poetry.
I truly believe that writing poems is therapeutic and it helps you understand your creative and inner self.
In this book I have shared my poems right from the very first one to the most recent collections.
They mostly reflect on my personal experiences, the people I love, journeys through life and many more .

Happy reading!

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SHOW EM THE POEM?

Poems
They are the source of free therapy,
And they help you forgive your enemy.
It helps ease the stress,
Do better at work and progress.
It brings out the creative side in me,
where I narrate my life in the form of a story.

You can write poems about anything,
I bet you once you start, you won't regret it.
It'll help you recollect your memories..

In today's world where we're digitally online,
And physically offline..
Poetry writing has helped me connect with my peeps.

Poems are mysterious and strange,
It entirely depends on my brain.. coz
Sometimes it only takes me a minute to write a two page poem,
And on other days it takes me forever , truly it helps my brain kill time.

Poems help you express yourself,
Be it your crush or that pretty red dress.
Bringing out what's within
and scribbling it on paper,
Miraculously helps release the pain and anger .

Trust me you can even write
 when you're blushing like a tomato,
thinking about Jared Leto!
Those spicy poetic words only get better!

So pick up your pen,
Switch on your brain..
Unravel those memories,
And start to write poems again.
Let me remind you, they aren't lame!
Think of it like a game,
Coz somewhere through them you either lose or gain!

~MY FAV QUOTES

"Silence is golden"
This one's for the Adults , ignore this my children

"Being alone doesn't mean you're lonely"
Discovering yourself will help fill up the void that's left empty

"Treat people with kindness"
The world has become heartless

"Value time"
Spend some family time ,indulge yourself with hobbies , stop being online all the time

My fav one
"A great pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do"
Grill them with your success and say LOOK WHAT YOU MADE ME DO, THANK YOUU!

REWRITE THE PAST?

You once asked me
"What's the one thing you'll never forget?"
I blushed so hard
I shrugged, went past
I couldn't stop thinking
The answer is You..

Busy times, rushy days
We were so occupied in our own ways
But you still made me happy
You gave me your time
Maybe it isn't such a crime
To call you mine..

The cheesy moments, the awkward smiles,
Your beaming eyes and the way they shined.
The 5 min conversations we struggled to have,
Among the unwanted people, I swear!

I recall the sudden time you tried to touch my cheek,
And I screeched like a crazy freak!
Duh

Sometimes I wonder,
Why does my heart always ponder,
At the very sight of you.
The calls you give me out of the blue
What did I do to deserve someone like you?

We've been through ups and downs,

We're in this messed up world,
But at the end of day
I miss you so bad, I wish you could stay..

But nature has its plans,
I know we try, but we just can't,
live in harmony.
I don't blame you, neither must you.
You need to rest and
come back some other day,
I won't mind the delay.
As you said "it's peaceful, when you're away"
I gladly give you your space !

But once you're done meditating,
And you're mind's finally free,
Come back
For I shall wait ..

THE GREAT FRIEND IN YOU?

Let me introduce you ,
to the one and only
Best friend in my life.
We clicked like magnets at first sight !

She's always giving and humble,
She is a God sent angel.
But when she throws a tantrum ,
I call her an annoying devil.

She's fussy but not messy .
She has a lot of money to spend,
to buy her favourite scents .
She craves for chocolates , chips and mangoes
Yet she complains about her belly that won't go.

She listens to me ,
and
never judges even a little bit.
She's the one friend I can truly rely on,
And I do miss her when she's not around .

We're the complete opposite of each other,
Yet we have a solid connection , we feel homely when we're together .
She doesn't complain about the unfortunate things ,
She's always contented with what life has to give.

She nicknamed me her banana,
She hates the mess food and likes the sardar
She often has her social battery down,
But when she's with me, she behaves like a crazy clown.

She's famous for her hospital visits,
Often before the exam she falls sick.
Her favourite juice is the saline drip,
That's because of the breakfast she regularly skips.

She enjoys going out for evening walks,
She's crazy about tea and branded stuff.
The hair straightener and the eyeliner are her fav buddies,
She'd rather stay up at night to scroll through Instagram than study .

When we are together,
The shittiest of days feel a lot better!
We start our conversations with a hello,
But end up chatting for an hour or so.

But remember,
She's a keeper!
Don't ever hurt or deceive her.
For her Heart will tear apart like paper!

So dear BF,
Never change..
Coz you're awesome in your own way.
You're the Kutty with a big smile.
You're perfect like a glass of fine wine.
So..Can I call you mine?
Please don't make me number 40 this time
(you know what I mean)
;)

MY GREY RAINBOW ??

When I feel weak
I lie awake and just breathe.
I worry about my 3 AM thoughts
They bother me all day,
Got torture on my mind, but nothing to say.
These miseries..this pain,
Has put me to shame.

Why take me for a jolly round?
when you know I'm always your background !
I know my life, I know what's right
So what's the use of this pointless fight !

I wanna yell sometimes
Truth is the truth and lies are lies!
But I remain calm instead,
coz I'm not a freaking monster!

You want perfection,
but my heart faces rejection,
I can't tolerate all this commotion!

But I tell you,
And you must know,
That I will shine bright and tall!
I will flow with my decision,
coz I know I have brilliant vision!
The rest will fall in its place,
I guarantee
My success will slam you in your face!

MY FAVOURITE THINGS?

When no one's there,
These are the things I like to do by myself..

Cook and savour on my favourite meal,
Which otherwise my greedy monsters would steal .
Curl in my blanket and binge watch k drama for hours,
Coz It's peaceful when there's no one to interrupt or call me up.

Try on cute outfits,
Which otherwise would be inappropriate .
Take tons of awkward pics of myself in the hall,
Then laugh and later delete them all.
I'd go out for solo walks and take snaps of the sky,
Then sit all alone and introspect about life.

Surf through the internet for my favourite artist ,
Blush hard and call them my darling.
Listen to relatable music,
They give off good vibes when I'm crazily dancing .

Until someone knocks on my door.
Well, that's the end of Krissy's world..
They question, "What were you doing?"
I huff and drive them off saying , "Nothing"..!

POEMS OF THE PAST-1 (MY MOTHER)

My Mother

Mommy, you're the best person in my life,
Whenever I'm in trouble you're there by my side.
When I fall sick you nurse me back to health,
You are more precious than wealth .

You are like a diamond which is precious and rare,
and not like a stone which is found everywhere.
Girls look nice with ribbons and lace,
But you look nice with a smile on your face.

Oh mummy! Oh mummy!
You cook delicious food for me,
To fill my hungry growling tummy,
Thanks a lot my sweet loving mommy!
??

I wrote this as part of my school assignment on the occasion of Mother's Day back in 6th grade. I still recall reading this poem to my mom and seeing her eyes filled with happy tears. I will forever cherish that day.

POEMS OF THE PAST-2 (MY FATHER)

MY FATHER

My father is a man with a big smile,
But sometimes when he's angry he can go wild.
Although he works abroad we miss him,
He sometimes appears in my dreams.

In the evening we talk to him on Skype,
or sometimes on WhatsApp we type.
We chat , laugh and joke with him daily
Or occasionally he tells us a nice story .

But when Dad's back home
All we do with him is go out and roam.
He gets us chocolates, clothes and toys
which fills our hearts with joy

At night the house is peaceful and quiet
My brothers and I cuddle and hold our dad tight
Coz Dad's down only for a few days.
When he flies over the ocean far away,
the routine will continue in the same old way .

04/04/2016

Growing up, we would only get to see our Dad four times a year. He worked abroad to support our family . So whenever Dad would come down for a few weeks, we would make the best use of that time to spend precious moments as a family. Well my Dad has been home for the past few years now, so times aren't the same but I'm just glad that he's not away from us.. it makes us feel complete and whole now.

POEMS OF THE PAST- (A TEEN?S LIFE)

I remember when I was a teen,
what an awesome life it had been
We had many cool friends
All trying the latest swag trends

During class hours we had a lot of fun
Boys with cool spikes and girls with messy buns
Boys dribbling around and smashing window glasses
Girls hovering in washrooms and bunking classes

We nicknamed teachers with funny names
And in turn they would punish and put us to shame
We played pen fights on tables and fought for chairs
During free lectures we played truth and dare

The popular girl would always spy on her crush
When her cool dude would pass, she would look around and blush
Those carefree, good old days will never return back
I will forever cherish them till the very end..

May 2017

Does anyone miss their school days.. ? Well growing up is great feeling but it sure does come with a lot of responsibilities and duties. Back in school, my parents would take care of everything and I only had the job of studying . However life isn't the same now.. and I do miss my teen self..

ITS OKAY TO NOT BE OKAY ?

It's okay if you wanna stay alone at night,
Rather than go to a party that's not your type.

It's okay if others don't love your fav song,
Ignore them, turn on the music and dance along.

It's okay if you're sad on someone's happy day,
We aren't programmed like robots to be cheerful all day.

It's okay if you wanna speak up and shut someone down,
who did something wrong.
But we feel powerless at that moment coz
we aren't like kings who rule the town

It's okay to not be okay..
We aren't like souvenirs on display .
We're this big ocean,
Overflowing with emotions ,
that'll one day cause an explosion!
But that's okay ,
We're unique in our own way.

So I look up at the sky each day ,
And I say..
It's gonna be okay !

THE WORLD OF TODAY

This might be controversial
Nevertheless call me old fashioned but I'll say
What in the world is happening?
Are we running backwards coz this isn't how we are supposed to be progressing

Poverty and overpopulation
Unfed hungry mouths and deforestation.
Money minded corrupt politicians
Masking the truth to save their pride.
Exploitation of labour and gender discrimination
Cmon it's the 21st century I thought we did much better!
So called Artificial intelligence
A potent threat to mankind making us dumb and dumber .
Rapes, thefts and murders have become a daily ritual .
Uploading that content on social media is more important than being helpful .
Negligence and disrespect for elders
And Non deserving parents abandoning their innocent children

Oh the great Social Media
What have we become..
We'd prefer texting than having a good face to face conversation.
We see Happy Faces online
But it's just havoc and insecure beings offline
We're obsessed with their perfect life and in the process of achieving one..
we have forgotten who we are..
So called influencers,
influencing us with nonsense!

Obesity and crazy mukbang eaters
Anorexic girls trying hard to achieve the perfect figure .
Lazy freaks and junk food eaters,
Crazy keto diets to keep the fat burning faster .

Often neglected
Anxiety, depression and burnouts
Eventually leading to suicide which isn't the solution.
Life's too short to take take it seriously
But never to take it for granted you see.

Diverted away from nature and the creator
Focusing on demonic verses and worshiping the satan.

Meaningless trends
Dangerous and harmful pranks.
Only seeking attention from people who don't actually care.

Divorces and half hearty relationships
Who invented Situationships ?
Being together for One year is considered a big achievement ..huh!

Multiple Genders
Are you a Man or a Woman that's all I wonder ..
Crazy females ruined the meaning of feminism
Innocent guys falling in their traps

Everyone has become so sensitive
Say something inappropriate and boom you're out of the gate.
.
.
So the list goes on and on
This isn't the end, it won't ever be
I do agree that there has been good happening too
But the bad has overpowered it .

STUTTER MONSTER ????

Hello dear stutter
I hope you're keeping well
It was a wonderful day today,
Thanks to you falling sick, oh so sad.

Without your presence, my shoulders felt light
Right from dusk until the dim night.
I felt confident today
Thanks to you my demon, you stayed away

I didn't have to wear my mask,
Nor cover my face while talking.
Why do you ask?
Because otherwise it looks like I bark!

I hate it when people interrupt my conversations,
Or complete my sentence without hesitation .
I know that they're trying to be polite,
But in reality I get annoyed ,thats right !

I hate calling humans and making phone calls,
Coz I feel like a toddler learning to
speak, oh so small.
I go speechless most of the time,
When someone jumps in front of my face, just to say hi!
It's not like I'm the master of my words
It's my brain,
So dear stutter
Why do you always interfere and put me to shame..

Having you in my life has turned me into an ugly mess,

Do u know how much I love to participate in solo talks and debates?
But with you , I sound like a dying poor cow suffering in pain.

Do you know that I like to socialise and make many friends?
But the moment I initiate a conversation, you butt in and it all goes down the drain.

Do you know Mr stutter monster ,
How difficult it is to recite a tongue twister!
Do you know how much I like to answer in class?
I always say it in mind, before I answer .

I feel anxious
I feel conscious
When you surrounded me with blankness

You'd actually be nice and kind,
If you allowed me to say what's on my mind.
Having you in my life has make me an introvert
When I really am an ambivert!

But when I'm with myself,
And that's the only time,
You seem to be far far away..
Without stuttering , I convey what I wish to say.
Do you know?
I can sing without stammering,
Isn't that mind boggling!

Then why must you interrupt when I'm with other people?
Is it because you're jealous ?
Or is it because you can't leave me alone, do you think I'm that precious ?

Honestly sometimes I don't even care,

If you're absent or even there.
I've got lots of stuff to do
So why bother if I have you?
We can't be perfect ..
We're just perfectly imperfect !

So even if ..
You're my biggest insecurity
I will lock you up and set my tongue free.

So start fresh, go get a makeover
You need to turnover .
It makes me feel better,
when we're not together .

Disappear among the clouds!
And I will scream out loud,
Krissy you're finally free,
Out of Mr stutter's captivity !

FREAKY EXAMS!?

Oh no!
I have an exam tomorrow
Why do I feel sick?
Nauseous, giddy and weak.

My books stare at me from my table,
I feel mentally and physically unstable.
Probably it's covid that attacked me,
Or pathology that's trying to screw me.

The tablets and syrups aren't working
Are you joking?!
I try to sleep and take some rest
But all I think about is how am I going to pass the test ?

My friends and roomies take care of me
They treat me with love and show some empathy
But we all know that tomorrow in the end
I will be the one facing the exam paper with my pen

I start using my defence mechanism
Psychologically I say the exams aren't important
But when the results do come out
My family won't be that proud

Anyway,
I say
First I need to get better
My marks don't matter
They wont decide my future,
So why bother,
Hachooo! Ugh, this cold..
See you guys later !

26/04/22

I have a pathology and microbiology paper tomorrow ..

What is happening to me?!

THE K WORD THAT CHANGED THE WORLD!??

It's 4 am
Oh God I've done it again.
My head's throbbing,
My vision's blurry
Snap shut, the laptop
Headphones down, I rise up.

I have the sudden urge to pee
My stomach's growling, I'm thirsty..
Tip toe across the room
Wait, what did I just see?
Jung Haen's doomed!
Sae Gin's found a new groom!
At least that's what I presume.

I rush back to the flashy screen,
This is interesting, I silently scream with glee!
Sometime later I say
"I gotta rush that way"
I pick myself up,
I do my stuff , return to my bunk.
I toss in my bed , wiggle and turn
My brain's telling my ass to go to bed,
But my heart's driving me insane!

The heart says,
"Krissy , you gotta go watch"
But Brain replies,
"No way, Im tired , get lost !"

While they both have a mental fight,
I decide..

Ok just one more episode, it feels right
And that's how I wasted my entire night!

The next day,
"Chrissy, wake up, good morning !"
Nooo I groan..
Then hearty and brainy yell
"Ok K Drama, this is your last warning !"
Nooo I moan..!

ON MY FINAL DAY??

When I die,
Don't cry.
Coz I think of death as celebration,
Reunion with the Almighty for he gave me an invitation
To be with him in heaven,
after facing all of Earth's lessons.
Don't mourn.
For I won't be alone.
Attend my funeral wearing floral,
Rather than black and white formals.
Play my favourite song
And read my journals that I wrote all along.
Don't forget me..
Once in a while flash back on your thoughts and remember me.

THE CIRCLE OF CONFUSION??

What's this funny feeling
inside me?
The feeling of happiness, sadness
joy and grief.
I hate you, I love you
It's confusing!
I wanna leave you
yet I wanna be with you.

I try to forget the past and
The glorious days we spent together.
But somewhere through the day,
I travel back in time, I recall, I remember.
The more I try to understand,
The harder it gets.
Just like studying pharmacology,
It means nothing when I say sorry.

Lifeless words..
The same old love.
Shouldn't we just give up,
Well, I wish you the best of luck !

THAT PRETTY GUY?

Oh damn look at that guy,
I dare not see him in the eye!

Look at that perfect face and defined chin,
That gorg toned body, oh so slim!
Like a painting painted with perfection
Indeed he's God's wonderful creation!

Oh god it's gonna be so awkward if I go try talk to him

I pretend to be busy,
While I sip on my coffee.
I fix my hair and straighten my posture
Trying to look decently hot and better..

He ain't my crush, he's just an obsession!
We girls just have crazy infatuations..
When he walks out of the coffee shop,
This madness will eventually stop.

Well this is how I normally live,
I don't need boyfriends
Nor can I deal with breakups!
Don't worry I don't need sympathy
Coz this girl aint feeling empty !

Anyway ,while I leave the cafe with my laptop and coffee
Another gorgeous man walks in,
Time to get back to my routine
I'm gonna go fishing !

MONDAY BLUES?

I'm crook sitting, eyes shut and relaxed beneath an old banyan tree,
Amidst the fluffy clouds and cool winds, my soul feels free
Its peaceful and tranquil unlike the city's bustling noise,
Mother Nature here is indeed a woman with great poise.

I lay supine and caress the earth gently with my fingers,
The petite birds in the near distance chirp like magnificent singers.
A sudden burst of jingling and ringing chaos bestirs me,
Damn you alarm for racking and ruining my sublime dream!

PAST MIDNIGHT ?

You were my hero,
But now you're just being a zero.
What happened to writing me page long messages,
When now you neither text me a Hi or even an alphabet.

Don't stand aloof and chest up with ego.
It was a mistake, I agree, let it go..
I know it tore down your feelings and sentiments,
When I said we could just be friends.

I miss your stupid political talks,
and your melodious guitar songs.
I wish you could make me those choco brownies,
Through the phone, you always made hungry.

I could talk about all that you've done for me like this forever..
But will it matter?
I wonder what you must be doing on the other side?
Do you suddenly remember me like this past midnight?

SHE?S GONE?

A little girl stood across the street
Her eyes beaming with childish glee
Her world painted with vivid colours
Cut free from worldly pleasures

She seemed bubbly and full of life
Unafraid of the time ticking by
She lovingly patted the famished puppy
And crowned herself with garden roses and lilies

She didn't have any burden to carry
Nor did she think of the distant future
She has an empty memory bag waiting to be filled
She's gone but she used to be me

WHILE TRAVELLING

I'm afraid of landslides
I'm afraid of death
This exhilarating feeling inside me
Is making this journey feel like a threat

I'm a regular bus traveller
But out of all the times that I've traveled
This one's making me nauseous.
As I pass through the dark forest filled with spooky looking trees,
I imagine white ghosts looking at me.
This journey is gonna be long, 12 hrs or so.
I try to put myself to sleep
But I can't .
These frightful thoughts keep hitting me

I shouldn't have watched the news earlier
That flashed about landslides, cyclonic winds and people dying
I just hope I reach safely
I miss my dear ones badly.
I shall text them tomorrow
But for now, let me pass through this horror.

ANOTHER FACE ?

Hi
You probably have me as a friend
Online and just for trends.
You show up with no enthusiasm
Rather just small-talk and end the conversation.
You call me
but
Only when you need me for my phone
To snap some pictures for your pose,
Show the IG world how we're just so close,
OFFline and then we're back to being strangers

Why can't you see
It's super suffocating
Yes, you and me

You're just being a fake friend
At this point I'd just want us to end..

My 1st

How merciful and loving are you O Lord
It took me a lesson and trauma to get to you
How you waited for me and how I longed for your presence
I may be alone
But I don't feel lonely
because I know that you're there by my side.
Every day feels lighter
because you carry all the load like a power lifter .
Ive got someone to talk to..
I can pour my heart out
I can tell you all my problems with no filters
And you listen .

You're my Number 1!

CAMPUS COLOURS AT SJ?

Rainbows and Greys at St. Johns unfold,
A daily canvas of tales untold.
Each medico soul here spins a story, bold and grand,
So let me share my hated and loved stories from this land.

In the eerie and tranquil Research Area's lair, Peace blooms amidst exam-time despair.
Aesthetic haven for those who take selfies and snaps,
The dim lamps steals the show, shining perhaps.
With pretty stone floors that are uniquely charming and neat,
It's a lover's hideaway, and a gossiping retreat.
You'll find folks strolling, post-dinner parade, But after eleven, security spoils the escapade.

When the serpents of our department's strife,
Tangle us in their coils of torturous life,
We flee to the First Floor,
where peace we embrace,
And savour the goodness of coffee's warm grace.
It's mind quenching especially
For in those moments, our sanity's at stake.

The Old mortuary, ironically not for the dead,
But for living Dead students with thoughts in their head.
A hub of post work chatter, where laughter prevails.
And Flipkart guy calls to finish his daily delivery sales.
Pakodas and samosas, our tummies do crave,
Their scents make us hungry, no one can behave.
A post 4:30 ritual, sitting on those rectangular slabs,
Make the place a nostalgic nook where memories ignite.

The College building greets us each morning with cheerful charm,
Unlike our lives ruined because of the damn alarm.
At dawn, that's not our ideal scene,
We'd rather be anywhere else but college, if you know what I mean.
"Where's your ID?" asks the guard, quite sternly.
We're still half-asleep, and it's too early, surely.
From going to class to pay attention
To going only for attendance,
we have come a long way you see.
Gazing at Jesus in the College Chapel, hoping for grace,
Before rushing off to class, for we're always late.

And finally, after a hectic day,
My Hostel room is where I'd rather stay.
My bed's my best friend; on it, I'd lay,
Napping away every remaining hour of the day.
My roomies are more than just friends, they are family
From breakups to patch ups to burnouts to happy tears,
We have seen it all within our four walls.
The infamous Cooking Maggi, while Aunty yells from next door,
And complains to Warden make us rebellious even more.
"Keep it down, what's all this clatter?"
We laugh it off, enjoying the chatter.
Then off to slumber, our dreams to embrace,
Knowing tomorrow, it's the same old race.

Well sometimes being on Campus is the best place you'd want to be,
But daily life struggles occasionally makes it a misery.
We'd all want to rush home if given a choice,
Yet a magnetic force attracts us back to the place with so much joy
This is the story of my Grey Rainbow
A mixed feeling as a Johnite, you know if you know!

RAW ?

You hold back 'those' specific words,
because you are terrified of rewinding the clock and hurting them again

You pretend you're okay,
for the sake of your best friend
who can't stand to see you fall apart.
But inside, it's a mess?
like a ticking bomb of emotions
just waiting to cause an explosion.
You repent the things you did in the past,
And you can't change the future coz
the present feels like a mystery.
You miss them,
more than they probably realize,
and you still care about them so much.
But you try to keep a distance,
because you see them better off without you.

You wish you could tell them
that even though it couldn't last,
the time shared together
gave you some of the best moments of your life.

But time hasn't really healed anything;
it's just taught us how to live
with this pain ..that never really goes away.

UNDER THE SAME SKY ?

Next year at this time, we will be gazing at the same sky from a different rooftop....

On different paths, as different people all under the same sky..

This all felt like yesterday, indeed how time flies..

NICE PRICE

Don't take my kindness as a sign for weakness,
I wear it like a shield, though it feels too thin.
People see my silence and take it as a sign,
A chance to take, not knowing I'm breaking within.
I take it personally, even if I don't know them personally
A quiet hurt that very few see ..
I worry about speaking up, afraid I'll break the peace,
Fearing my words might hurt their pride
While they don't care if mine cease.
"You look dead," they say,
Like it's something I chose,
But I didn't choose this face,
The weight of the struggling thoughts beneath it, I suppose.
I try, I try, to do my best,
But sometimes it feels like my efforts are lost,
Like no matter how much I give,
It's never enough, no matter the cost.
That tiny feeling of self doubt,
It whispers and grows,
Killing my confidence,
Before I even know.
In this room with patients,
In this world full of care,
I know what I need to learn:
To draw the line, to stand and be fair.
Not let them take what's mine,
Not let them take it all,
But learning to speak up,
Even when I feel small.
This journey's not easy,
But it's mine to walk through,
I'll find the strength to hold the line

For me, and for what I'm due.

Being a healthcare worker, friend, daughter, sister, colleague, niece all at once can be challenging
But it's only just the beginning
For all of the responsibilities
That I will be facing .

COMFORT ZONE

We all have our comfort zones
A place to be alone, where warmth and silence surround us.
Someone who listens, without judgment, just understanding.
Something to vent our thoughts, a journal swaying with our mind's weight.
Food that lifts us, making the everyday feel soulfully right.
Quotes that brighten, just when we need them most.
Being in your comfort zone can feel like peace,
But being too comfortable in it keeps you from reality's release .
Do what feels right, and what makes you be alright
Find the balance, and let yourself thrive.

TEARFUL RAINDROPS??

A sudden outburst of rain today, mid-summer,
much needed after all the blazing heat,
An unexpected downpour in the city,
A cool refreshing moment to indulge in, a weekend treat.
Just like the clouds couldn't hold it in,
and poured their raindrops in a rush,
Unexpected, on this hot summer day,
A storm in the sky, just like the storm that was caged in my heart.
An unexpected visit led me to tears,
Falling when I never thought they would,
It's healthy to cry, to let it all out,
Just like rain clears the air, it does you good.
Crying helps ease the mind , don't keep it all inside,
Like rain today, tomorrow the sky will be clear,
Tears will pass, leaving peace behind,
And your soul will feel lighter, the weight disappears.
Cry in front of the one who truly understands,
Who won't judge your tears, just hold them near,
They'll know the meaning behind each drop,
And help ease the burden, wiping away each fear
Don't cry in front of those who mock or shame,
Who'll call your tears fake or weak,
Never share your heart with a cold, indifferent world,
Keep your truth safe, where it's understood and not mistreated .
Just like laughter is a therapy
Crying is therapy too ..don't hold it in,
Let your heart spill out if it brings relief,
Like laughter can heal, tears too can begin to ease the soul, release inner grief.
So I cried today, with a friend who gets it,
Just like the rain, she never judged my tears,
Today felt heavy, but the clouds will clear,
Bringing tomorrow a rainbow
And with every drop of tear, I find the strength to heal, seeing a colourful tomorrow

SECOND HOME?

Four strangers,
From four different places,
Met in room 324,
A four-sharing room.
And even though the fourth space of the room,
Was replaced by four members over the years,
We shared four years of memories
within those four walls..
..Four-ever to cherish.

A LITTLE OLDER

You don't always need someone to be in your shoes to understand what you're going through. Sometimes, all you need is for them to just listen and be there, offering their presence without judgment or advice.

Life can change in an instant. You can be living your best moments, feeling on top of the world, and then in a blink, you realize it won't last forever. That feeling of knowing it's all temporary can be overwhelming, but in the end, those moments become cherished memories that stay with you.

Learn to balance the different parts of your life ? professional, personal, family, friendships, and even those quiet, moody moments. Each one deserves its own space. Realise the importance of not mixing them up, because each has its own place in shaping who you are.

Having a goal is important, but obsessively planning every step isn't always the best approach. Sometimes, the best things happen when you let go and go with the flow. Life will give you opportunities and unexpected checkpoints that help you reach your goals in ways you never imagined.

Surround yourself with people who truly care about you, not those who want you to fit a certain image. Everyone has a different idea of who you are, no matter how hard you try to be perfect. Some will see you as kind, some as quirky and crazy, and others might not understand you at all. The key is not to try to fit everyone's perception of you.

Embrace who you truly are ? the raw, authentic version of yourself.

Life's too short to take it seriously, but not for granted

Everyday cannot be fun and exciting but it's all about the little things that make each day worth living

WIRED

The ones we try to keep the farthest from
somehow end up the closest in our mind.
not in a disturbing dramatic way
but just quietly,
in the background of random moments of daily life.
You're wired in like my tangled earphones.
no matter how many times I try to untangle it,
They are still... there.
tied up in songs,
in memories,
in things I didn't ask to remember.
You'll linger in my quiet moments
like that stain on my wall I tried to paint over.
faded in grey, but still there if I really focus and look.
our old conversations?
they come back in broken pieces.
like a jigsaw puzzle with missing edges.
and I still sit there, trying to make sense of it.
I wish I could just snap it all off,
like popping bubblegum.
quick. clean. done off my mind.
but instead, you show up randomly,
like my daily alarms I forgot to turn off.
unexpected, kind of annoying,
but still weirdly comforting.
You're in old diary pages ..
random motivational chits..
inside jokes I don't even laugh at anymore
but can't throw away either.

I just... don't know how to forget.
Quite surprising for a dementia brain like mine
But

because you mattered.
you changed things.
you were a phase ..not perfect, but real.
and I'd be lying if I said
I still carry bits and traits of you.
Saying it again
That even with a brain that forgets,
where I kept my charger or what day it is,
somehow, I still recollect the past
not fully .. coz then I would be called Crazy!
but
just enough to feel it.
just enough to remember you..