

Anthology of Sneha Sebastian



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

For those who feel too much and say too little

Acknowledgement

Some pages were written from love, some from loss, and some from the spaces in between. Thank you to everyone who became part of this journey, knowingly or unknowingly.

About the author

Sneha writes about the tenderness of human emotions the kind that lingers in silence, old conversations, and unfinished goodbyes. Her work blends vulnerability with storytelling, creating poetry that feels intimate and deeply personal.

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she already chose herself

I Miss You In Every Way

BACK THEN

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I miss being an obsession
unhealthy possession, favourite addiction
Oh I loved being the only exception
his worst tension, 24*7 attention.
Dumb talks and stupid fights
love letters and candle lights
he says sorry, even though he was right
A messed up love at first sight.
I miss that foolish smile and Backup plans
the way he chose me in every chance
I miss being the only one
his woman, favourite human
I miss being someone's number one
the way I was loved back then.

That's enough for me

Caught your scent in a sidewalk breeze,
Coffee steam and old daydreams.
It hit like glass but didn't break,
Just a whisper my heart couldn't shake.
Helmet clicks, a memory ride,
I see brown eyes and pause sometimes.
But that old curiosity has died.
I walk the street where you first said "hey,"
Feels like yesterday, but I've changed
Sometimes I'm glad you're gone,
Other times I'm not that strong.
But it already stopped hurting
That's how I know I'm moving on
You played The Weeknd on repeat,
Now silence feels like a heartbeat.
I traded tea for coffee lies,
Told you once but now I've switched sides.
Back to tea, back to me,
Dark circles fading quietly.
I go on dates with just my soul,
To places we once dreamed as goals.
And now I name the cars that pass,
Spot bikes like a second glance.
You left that habit stuck in me
Strange how small things choose to stay.
Was it love or was I blind?
Now I see with clearer eyes.
You left your shadow, not your name,
But I no longer feel the shame.
Sometimes I miss the high we had,
But I don't want you back that bad.
It already stopped hurting
And I think that's worth learning.

That guitar string we bought back then,
Still looks strong, but won't pretend.
The tune is gone , it's time to change,
Like hearts that learn to rearrange.
Friends say I'm quieter, more grown,
They don't know how far I've flown.
I still carry bits of you,
But I've made more room for truth.
No, I'm not ready to love again,
But I've made peace with where I am.
I know you don't deserve a song,
This one's not for you, it's for me
For the phase I fought to get through,
For the strength I had to see
So here's to ghosts that smell like home,
To walking streets I walk alone.
You were a storm, I was the sea
Now I just breathe.
And that's enough for me.

Are you okay?

Are you okay?

Cause it feels like you want to fade away.

Is everything alright?

Looks like you cried yourself out last night.

Your smile feels softer, like it's forced in place,

Your laughter dimmed, like it's lost its grace.

You nod, but your eyes look far from here,

Like you're holding back every unshed tear.

So I won't push, but I'll stay near

Just in case you need someone to hear

I wish I was into you

I wish I was into you
The way you're into me
You're everything I should want
But I like the tragedy
You're kind, you're real, you're always there
But I chase what ruins me
You're too good, too soft, too true
For a girl like me
You buy my tea, won't let me pay
Check on me ten times a day
You're what I need but never choose
I only run towards things I lose
You're the only man who never looked at me with lust
Only brought me flowers, chocolates, and trust
You loved me right but I wasn't there
Too busy loving those who wouldn't dare
I know it's messed up, I know it's sad
But I crave the hurt, I chase the bad
You're steady light, I'm storm and flame
You play it safe, I play a game
I like the ones who make me cry
Who leave without saying goodbye
I don't know why, but I'm drawn to pain
Boys who lie, boys who play games
The ones who shout, who walk away
They make me feel something in a twisted way
If I was into you, I'd be okay
Wouldn't cry in church or lose my way
I'm sorry that I can't pretend
You deserve more than a dead end
You're the kind that heals and stays
While I fall for the one who walks away
You don't understand hearts like mine

I can't be the girl you keep in line
I'm a thunderstorm, you'll just get burnt
You're an angel and I'm the ghost who's hurt
Loving me will only end up breaking you
I don't want your heart to hurt like mine used to
You deserve someone who feels the same
Not a girl who runs from gentle names
Maybe in another life
Where pain didn't feel like home
I'd fall for someone good like you
And learn to love the known

Now you are just a memory to me

If you were just passing through
Why show me the deepest parts of you?
If you knew you'd walk away
Why let me hold your heart that day?
Why treat me better than all before
Then turn out worse and hurt me more
Why show me pictures of your past
Tell me I could call if the storm crashed?
Why say I was yours out loud
Hold my hand in every crowd?
Why get so close, take me on rides
Show me the places where you hide?
Why strap my helmet, care like gold
If you planned to leave me in the cold?
Why sing my favourite songs so sweet
Now they are the ones I can't repeat
Why tell me everything each day
Now you're just so far away?
Why make me fall, then break my trust
Turn my open arms into dust?
Why take pictures, plant the seed
If you'd never let it grow or feed
Who takes someone in to throw them out?
Who promises love, then leaves in doubt?
If this is how you treat them all
You should've never let me fall
I deleted every picture we took
Don't wanna see your face in my book
Maybe it's true, my love looked good on you
But now you're just an ordinary view
I used to keep your songs and voice notes
Now they're gone like sinking boats
I can't waste my time, I've found

You were only ever playing around
I'm over it, I'm over you
You had my last innocent truth
The last to see this loving part
Now I'm back to my selfish heart
This is my last sad song for you
The last piece of me that holds your view
Now I'm back on track, I'm finally free
And you're just a memory to me

The Life I'm Living On

I've never written a song just for me,
Always sang about how others made me be.
So here's one about the life I'm living on,
Chasing quiet moments where the peace belongs.
The week slips away, Sundays just pass,
sometimes I stay quiet, let those moments last
Reading again, not just running away,
Not just staying busy to escape the day.
Doing the things that feel honest and true,
Finding myself in the small things I do
I used to hold on to every tiny scar,
Searching for the meaning in a broken star.
Now I breathe out, let the small things slide,
Choose the light that lives on the other side.
I don't cry over scraps, I let them fall away,
Stopped wasting hours on what won't stay.
Letting go isn't big, it's a quiet art,
Nothing matters more than my genuine heart.
Stopped searching for answers I'll never need,
Started exploring the life I can lead.

I met a boy

I met a boy, he looks so innocent,
But deep inside, I still have doubts I meant.
He makes me laugh, lets me be myself,
With him around, I forget the stress I felt.
My work, my worries fade into the air,
Somehow the world feels lighter when he's there.
When I see him smile, I lose myself somehow,
I want to give him a chance, but I know me now.
When I fall in love, I give my whole world,
So I guard my heart, keep my feelings curled.
Yet with him around, everything feels light,
If they ask, "Is he your type?" I'd say, "Not quite."
He's loud, extroverted, steals every room,
Smiles at every stranger, chases away gloom.
Won't leave me alone, always breaking my space,
Not the silent, tough kind I once used to chase.
He calls my name out loud in crowded streets,
When I turn back, it's his smile I meet.
Like a playful golden retriever pup,
Always a little wild, never grown up.
He's the immature type, jokes out of place,
But when I'm low, he reads my face.
He asks me why, lets me fall apart,
Listens to my worries, steadies my heart.
I want to kiss his forehead, tell him he's sweet,
Say all the words my heart wants to speak.
But I pull it back, hide it in fate,
Turn love into laughter, "Good luck, mate."
I swallow the moment, let the feeling wait,
Afraid of how fast my heart could break.

I feel like I?m the poem ..and not the poet

I never really wanted to fall in love this way,
And honestly, the timing couldn't be any worse, I'd say.
Yet here I am, smiling at my phone like a fool,
Blushing at your texts, breaking every rule.
Sometimes I wonder where you've been all this time,
Like you were a missing piece I was meant to find.
Sometimes your love scares me , feels so rare and kind,
Like something too perfect for this little heart of mine.
If you ask me, "Do you love me?" I'd probably say no,
But I've been falling for you since the day your feelings showed.
I'm still too unsure to admit what my heart wants to say,
I want to take it slow, but at the same time rush your way
Sometimes I want to step back and ask you to move on,
To find another girl, coz I feel Like I don't belong.
But then I want to hold you close and keep the world away,
Fight you off in fear, while secretly wishing you'd stay.
Even though I tell you I'm not ready for us yet,
I've already made us a cute bucket list
Though I say marriage is a thought that scares me deep inside,
I've caught myself in a white dress, standing right by your side.
And when I look at you a little longer than I should,
I see our future kids and a life that feels so good.
I love the way you talk, and how you pause mid-sentence for me,
Stopping your words just to hear what mine might be.
I love how your eyes light up when you say you love me,
Like your whole world begins and ends where I might be.
I love how you understand me without a single explanation,
Like my silence itself speaks our whole conversation.
I love how you show me places and thoughts I never knew,
And how you smile so softly when I say something nice to you.
I love how you make me laugh on days I feel undone,
I love how you listen to me, like my words truly matter to someone.
I love that you handle my thousand different sides,

Every mood, every silence, every storm that hides.
I love how you seem to put me first somehow,
I love the admiration that lives in your eyes when you look at me now.
I love how you talk about my paintings and every little piece of my art,
Like you're reading the quiet stories hidden in my heart.
I love it when you tell the story of how you fell in love with me,
I love how you never fail to leave me a sweet compliment.
I love that you notice the tiniest things in my life,
And I love it when you simply call me pretty.
Sometimes I even love how you get on my nerves,
And how quickly you mend the little storms you cause.
I love how you brighten my mood and give me reasons to smile,
And how you make me feel like I deserve a love so worthwhile.
I love the way you say you want to love me for the rest of your life,
Like a promise whispered softly in the middle of the night.
And for the first time in all the poems I've written through it all,
I feel like I'm the poem... and not the poet at all.

The black sheep

I didn't know a heart could feel this heavy,
Now every breath just feels so unsteady,
Like all the air around me is turning tight,
And I force a smile to hide the fight.
The ones I thought would know me don't see me now,
I search for words, but I don't know how,
I'm back to feeling like I don't belong,
So I fade from crowds where I feel wrong.
I'm back to being the black sheep I hide,
The one who's breaking alone inside,
I'm back to thinking I bring the pain,
So I push them away again and again.
Back to finding comfort in the pain,
Back to whispering curses in the rain,
Back to every word that cuts too deep,
Back to heartbreak I've learned to keep.
It was true, love was never meant for me,
Just a lie dressed like a fantasy,
It was true, happiness never fit my face,
Just tear stained cheeks I couldn't erase.
I feel like a fool for dreams that weren't mine,
For getting excited over borrowed time,
I thought I'd be a girl with a carefree smile,
Not lost in thoughts that ache all the while.
I finally felt like I had it all,
But that's not how these moments fall,
I thought this time would be the change,
But it was just another lie, the same.
Finally I found someone I never want to lose,
But now I question if I deserved to choose,
I saw my next sixty years in you,
Now I'm not even sure I'll wake up tomorrow too.
Maybe I'm the one who's meant to be alone,

Shutting every door I've ever known,
Maybe I'm the one they never choose to keep,
Yeah... I'll always be the black sheep.

I was never the favorite....just the broken one.

They call me the pampered one, the spoiled one they claim,
The angry, the stubborn , always the one to blame.
The dramatic, the fragile, "too emotional," they say,
But no one sees the pieces quietly slipping away.
No one knows the broken one, the miserable inside,
The scared little soul with too much to hide.
The one who cries softly when no one can see,
The one barely holding what's left of me.
Today I found myself searching for my old compass again,
The one that once etched my silence beneath my skin.
I stand at the edge of it all, with nothing left to say,
Just one quiet step from letting it all slip away.
I was the child who claimed to be the favorite one,
The one most loved, the chosen one.
I wore that belief like a shield so tight,
Till reality shattered it in a single light.
I've always been the quiet one, the one who doesn't speak,
The "rude" one, the distant one, the stubborn and the weak.
The one who chose the wrong paths, or so they always say,
The one who somehow never finds the right way.
Always the one left out, just slightly out of place,
A stranger in familiar rooms, a forgotten face.
And when I see them smiling, living fine without me there,
I feel this quiet urge to slowly fade into thin air.
I see it even in my father's eyes now,
A distance I don't understand, don't know how.
Where I once searched for warmth, for a place secure,
Now I feel like a weight he has to endure.
Like I turned into something he never chose,
A quiet burden no one openly shows...
A shadow of a child he can't quite embrace,
Standing there, feeling more like a curse than a face.
I chose to be rude, built walls made of pride,

Cause being seen as weak is something I hide.
It's easier to harden, to push them away,
Than let them witness me slowly decay.
I wish I could open up, just once, be real,
Tell someone the weight of all that I feel,
How heavy it gets just to live every day...
But the words never come, they just fade away.
They ask me why I buy stuffed toys at twenty-five,
Like I'm too old for the ways I survive.
But they don't see the nights I quietly fall apart,
Holding them close just to soften my heart.
It's easier than speaking, than being exposed,
Safer than telling the feelings I've closed.
So I write it all down in trembling lines,
Turn my hurt into carefully hidden rhymes,
Then lie on the floor, letting the cold sink in,
While random songs echo the chaos within.
So this is how it feels to be the "favorite" one,
The younger child, the so-called chosen one.
A title worn bright for the world to see,
While something fragile breaks quietly in me.
They see the label, the love, the place I'm in,
But not the cracks I carry beneath my skin.
Cause behind every word they think they've known...
I was never the favorite....just the broken one.

she already chose herself

Love's so overrated
I was dumb to choose it,
handing my heart away
like it wasn't mine to keep.
How could anyone
trace the scars I carry?
How could another soul
love me the way I do?
I buy my favorite drink,
watch my favorite shows,
go wherever I want
no waiting, no asking.
I learned how to enjoy
my own company,
without needing
someone to fill the silence.
Now I know what I want
and it's not you anymore.
I want me
my growth, my peace, my name,
not a borrowed life,
not love that feels the same.
not just stand in white,
dressed up as someone's bride.
but to be a stronger woman
one who doesn't wait to be chosen...
because she already chose herself.

I Miss You In Every Way

You were that chain watch guy, lean and tall,
Messy hair and that stupid laugh, I miss it all.
And I feel so foolish writing heartbreak once again,
Like every page I write just leads me back to pain.
Why's there never an ending, why does love still hurt?
I really thought this time would finally work.
There are nights I miss your voice so bad,
But replaying your voice notes makes me feel sad.
I miss your stupid selfies, the way you'd smile,
How you made every small moment worth a while.
All your jokes and all those pretty little lies,
The way your eyes would light when you caught mine.
I even miss the times you got on my nerves,
The fights, the teasing, every reckless word.
I miss scolding you for the smallest things,
And the way you'd still care through everything.
I miss the way you'd explain the things I never knew,
Like every answer somehow sounded better from you.
I miss how easy it was to reach for your name,
Like no matter the hour, you'd still stay the same.
I miss staring in your eyes while telling you the truth,
How deeply I loved you, how safe I felt with you.
I miss you in every possible way,
Far more than my pride would ever say.
And now I'm scared you've grown tired of me,
Or maybe there's a prettier girl you'd rather see.
I'm scared you'll never come back like before,
That I'm the one still waiting while you've closed the door.
I'm scared we'll never live the life we said,
The little dreams we painted in our heads.
And what hurts the most, what I can't pretend,
Is thinking I may never see your face again.
I'm scared you won't feel the same anymore,

all the love we had doesn't reach you like before.
I'm scared you won't smile at me the way you used to do,
Or look at me like I was still your favorite view.
I'm not someone who waits around,
But for you, I'd stay till my heartbeat drowned.
I'm not the type to say "I'm sorry" first,
But for your love again, I'd take the worst.
I'm not the one who comes back twice,
But for you, I'd cross through every fire and ice.
I'd trade this whole world just to hold you near,
Just to hear you say you still want me here.
I would die for you or live in pain,
Just to have your love all over again.
I'd write you into songs, turn pages into art,
Carve your name so deeply it outlives my heart.
I'd paint you in colors time can't erase,
So even after death, the world remembers your face.
I would do anything for love, it's true,
But none of it matters if it's not the same for you.
I would let you go if that's what you need,
And still wait right here with my heart on leave.
I would pretend that I finally moved on,
Act like your memory in me is gone.
But the second you call, no matter the time,
I'd answer like you were still completely mine.