

Anthology of pie



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To the moments that shaped me, the memories that linger, and the words that gave them meaning.

To the child I once was, the person I am becoming, and the stories that bridge the two.

And to those who have walked beside me?whether for a chapter or a lifetime?your presence is

etched into every page.

Acknowledgement

This anthology exists because of the people, places, and moments that have left their mark on me.

I am grateful to those who have inspired, challenged, and supported me?whether through words, silence, or presence. To the ones who believed in my voice even when I doubted it, your encouragement has shaped these pages.

To my past self, who collected these fragments of thought, and my present self, who pieced them together?thank you for holding on.

And to you, the reader, for opening this book and stepping into my world?this journey is ours now.

About the author

Pie is a writer who finds solace in words and meaning in memories. Through poetry and storytelling, they capture fleeting emotions, unspoken thoughts, and the echoes of the past. Nostalgic at heart, they often revisit moments that shaped them, weaving them into verses and reflections. When not lost in writing, Pie can be found exploring creativity, sharing random reels, and navigating the ever-evolving journey of self-expression. This anthology is a piece of their soul—a tribute to beginnings, endings, and everything in between.

summary

Let go!?

Unwritten tomorrows

Will I ever forget you?

You??

The silence after Goodbye?!

The one that got away

Could we have been better?

Her.

Ghost of a friendship

Gbye.

Let go!?

And one day,
someone entered my life
I didn't miss him anymore
I didn't wonder how he's doing
For once I even forgot he existed..
BUT then,
Late at night when I couldn't fall asleep,
I placed my headphones on,
My eyes welled up with tears.
It was his favorite song.
 ?shradha

Unwritten tomorrows

I read a line that said;

"What if the future you're worrying about doesn't has YOU in it? "

And this hits hard... What if really!

What if I Couldn't make it till there?

... Will they bury all my dreams along with my lifeless body, Just like that??

Do I have enough time??

_shradha.

Will I ever forget you?

The sound of your voice,
Your face, seems like they've faded with time.
The photo of us, now seems unreal,
frozen in time yet so alive in my mind
The memories of us linger, impossible to forget.
I wonder if time will ever erase you from my heart!

You??

As I lay down to sleep after a long day
I close my eyes...
And we're finally together.
Wrapped around your warm hug,
I noticed myself detaching from the world around me,
For a moment, everything seemed so perfect..
But then,
The world froze... I opened my eyes,
It was 4 in the morning,
Tears rolled down my cheeks,
I had the same dream again.
And again It felt so real for a moment.
A moment that makes me feel like
You never left:)

The silence after Goodbye?!

Our eyes met for a couple of seconds...
we both looked away,
as if the Silence held answers too heavy for our eyes to carry.
Something seems to be missing,
maybe it was the love we once shared, vibrant and alive, which no longer exists..
And in absence of love, we stand as strangers,
each lost in our own thoughts..
But I had to let you go, for someone who truly deserves the light you bring..
So finally there was silence....after goodbye..
But how do I tell you..
that the Silence after Goodbye was no silence at all;
It was the loudest scream of all I'd say to make you stay..
-shradha.

The one that got away

I wonder, if you ever think of me like I do.
Do you ever smile when you think of me,
or does it make you sad?
Have you ever thought about what could have been
if we hadn't agreed to let each other go?
If only I had said I needed you...
Would you have given up everything to come back?
But what's the point now?
All I have is the empty space
where we could never be?
for you were the one that got away.

_shradha

Could we have been better?

After almost a year,

"I love you" he texted .

Suddenly I was flooded with memories of all those nights after he left.,and even though when

I felt the same something inside held me back maybe it was the fear... Fear of being broken. Again.

So I said "NO" though my heart screamed, "stay".

I pushed him away.

Could we have been better, if given the chance?

Or would the history simply repeat itself?

Maybe I'll never know, as I choose to let him go.

Her.

And someone asked "Don't you miss her?"

I wrote six pages in my diary that night.

Ghost of a friendship

You were everywhere and nowhere.

You left but never really did, A laugh still echoes in the air,

A seat left empty? no ones there,

I still reach for my phone, to send you things, Only to remember-- you're not mine to talk to anymore.

There was no funeral for this, No goodbye, no closure.. AND

I don't know what hurts more, that you're gone, or that you're still here but not with me!

_shradha.

Gbye.

In the late empty nights
Your voice lingers like ghosts in my sight.
Everything I once wanted became
Everything I hate.
I wonder? WAS IT ME!
did I failed as a lover? Or were you
Just too naive to ever understand me.
But even in the ruins of us,
I hold no regrets, 'cause for a moment,
You felt like home.
Not for long, but long enough.