

Echoes of Wishes and Rants

JI.NO

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

For all the unsaid thoughts and feelings that only I can hear and fulfill.

Acknowledgement

This book is a reflection of a person's journey someone who loves deeply and faces the everyday struggles of life. It captures the quiet fears, doubts, and silences that often hold back true expression. Yet, through writing, the courage to voice the unspoken is found, revealing the wishes and longings that have shaped the heart all along.

I want to express my gratitude and love to a girl named Aia. She is probably the biggest reason I started writing all of this. Thank you for shaping me into the person I am today. I will always and forever offer my love for you, even if you don't feel the same.

About the author

JI.NO is an aspiring writer and poet whose hopeless romantic soul seeks solace in the written word. With a heart full of unspoken emotions, he explores the themes of love, longing, and the complexities of the human experience. Writing has always been a way for him to express the deep feelings that words often fail to capture, channeling both the beauty and the pain of life into poetry.

Though he's just beginning the journey of sharing these intimate thoughts with the world, the spark for writing has always been there?growing from quiet reflections into heartfelt verse. When not immersed in writing, JI.NO enjoys drawing, song writing, singing, film-making, binge-watching movies

summary

Foolish Love

The Other Side of Deep Within

Maybe

Unrequited feelings

Ghost

Lore of Love

Foolish Love

What should I do with these butterflies in me?
Should I put all of this in a cage?
Or let it out and create a new page?
I'm lost in myself whenever I'm with you.
My mind is blank; caught my eyes staring into the blue.
I don't know how to handle this awkwardness,
But I feel nothing but happiness?
The eagerness inside, longing to confess that I love you.
Those times when you were by my side,
I can clearly hear my blood rush,
On its way, making me blush.
Sometimes my thighs were bruised,
From the pinches I gave,
Just to let this red in my face go loose.
This feels so weird, I sound's so naive

The Other Side of Deep Within

Locked up here for countless years,
In shadows deep, where fear's my only peer.
Can't be bothered, 'cause this is my shelter,
No whispers of needing to be better.
Nor will I dare to break my silence,
For it could unleash violence,
Leading to never-ending turbulence,
Wish to have your own forgiveness.
Only these wounds have the right
to urge me forward, to stand and fight.
Even if Ker stands before me; I won't be in fright,
For I've endured this, day and night.
Do you truly know how to use that gun?
Or do you just pull the trigger and point it at everyone?
How reckless you are to have it,
You're gleeful hearing it, as if it's your own pit-a-pat.
Be cautious in its use, you may be amused,
But it may turn, putting you in the pit's abuse.

Maybe

Maybe it's not about the things I expect to come.

Maybe it's not always those dreamy, gleaming moments that only exist in the fairy tales.

Maybe I've just been delusional?illusional, thinking I could reach for impossible.

Maybe all the things I called my favourites were never meant for someone like me.

The things I believe I could have, might be the things I was never meant to hold.

Now I know.

Now I've realized?I can't force the world to align with my will,

or expect life to bend to the shape of my hopes.

I've been selfish, thinking that everything should be perfect?thinking only I deserve the best of it all.

Had the guts to complain and demand, without ever looking in front of the mirror.

The audacity to find someone perfect enough to fill the void I couldn't even fill myself.

Who am I to receive?

I can't even hear my own voice.

Do I deserve a gold,

If I never dug deep enough or gave enough effort to find it?

No.

Not at all.

Not a single fragment belongs to a man who can't endure whatever it takes to earn it.

Unrequited feelings

I wonder if I tell you everything that I know,
All these feelings I'm afraid to show,
Will you still sit here, right next to me,
Under the shade of this old oak tree?
Will it be the same as we walk together,
Or will the silence take hold and conquer?

Have I gone mad to fall for you?
To feel so blue, though I always knew
You'd never love me the way I do.

Ghost

I can still feel your presence.

All this time, I thought it was completely gone,
but no ? it's always dwelled here.

It has been here the whole time.

I didn't forget any of it;

I just got used to not having it around.

The feeling of denying everything ?

even if it still brings pain

whenever it touches me again.

I might lose it,

I might return to what once wounded me.

How can I escape something that ties me up?

How can I deny the pain that, in vain, lifts me up?

Lore of Love

You know what I'm currently hoping for?
That there's still time meant for us
to fulfill all of these dreams together,
to make everything worth to remember,
to discover each other's mysteries
that will surely make me fall harder.

How blessed a man I would be,
to have a girl that every man could only wish for.
Or should I wake up to the fact that this is all just a lore
and will not actually happen anymore?