

this book is a mess

Angelica dsouza



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

For the nights I fell apart and the mornings I found myself again.

For silent battles, healing in slow motion, and someone who loved me steady.

This is for the darkness I learned from, the love that kept me safe,

and the chaos that taught me I could still carry on

even when it felt impossible

Acknowledgement

To the feelings that pushed me to write ? the ones that showed up uninvited and refused to leave. You were loud, confusing, too much sometimes? but you made me feel alive. You broke me open in ways I didn?t ask for, but somehow, I?m grateful anyway.

To the person I love, who?s still here ? thank you. For staying. For holding me on the days I didn?t know how to hold myself. For being quiet when I needed quiet and soft when everything else felt sharp. You remind me, every day, that love doesn?t have to leave to be real. I hope you see yourself between the lines, in all the best parts. thank you for listening and not trying to fix anything. Thank you. For showing up in your own quiet ways. For staying when I got weird or messy or too in my head. You made room for me, and that mattered more than you probably know.

To my friends and family who held space for me without needing to fill the silence ? I see you. I love you.

To the little things: the late nights when the world finally slowed down, the sunrises that reminded me I get to try again, the songs I played on loop like they understood me. This book wouldn?t exist without you.

To myself ? I see you. You kept going. Even when it felt pointless, even when it hurt. I?m proud of you for not running from the feelings, even when they showed up unannounced and in all caps.

And to you, the reader ? thank you for being here. I don?t know what brought you to these pages, but I hope they meet you gently. I hope something here feels a little like being seen.

About the author

Angelica Dsouza didn't set out to be a poet, she simply wanted to capture the wild, complicated feelings she had for her boyfriend, and the words followed. From there, writing became her way to express everything messy, real, and raw. Angelica found her voice through writing and sharing poems online, turning private feelings into something a little less lonely. This collection is a glimpse into that journey, the moments, the emotions, and the stories that have shaped her so far.

When she's not writing, Angelica is usually listening to music, going for walks, or reading a book. For her, poetry is about connection, finding meaning in the chaos and sharing it with others.

summary

Alone with the Darkness.

the kind of love.

As the sun rises...

carried like playlists

safe like heaven

all I did was fall.

All?s Well That Ends Well.

I found it anyway.

but how could i?

Growing Up Broke More Than Toys

Just a ghost

Alone with the Darkness.

when i came here,
everything felt too big,
the streets, the silence,
the space between me and home.

i missed the noise,
my siblings laughing,
arguing over nothing,
leaving behind pieces of love in their chaos.

i missed my mother
her voice, her touch,
the way she knew when i was tired
even through a screen.
how her hugs made everything
feel smaller, safer.

and i missed him.
the one who used to hold my hand
like it was a promise.
his texts, his voice,
the way he always knew
how to make me laugh,
even on the worst days.

then the lights went out
for three whole days.
no signal, no calls
just me,
the dark,
and everything i felt.

i cried the first night,

and the second too.
no one knew.
it felt like the whole world forgot me.

but on the third day,
i heard myself
in the silence,
in the stillness.
not strong,
but trying.
and that was enough.

i'm still lonely sometimes,
still miss them all
every laugh, every touch,
every word i wish i could hear again.

but i'm learning to hold it,
to let it shape me
without breaking me.
that kind of love doesn't go away, it stays,
even in the dark.

i'm starting to get used to it,
not in a numb way,
but in a way that says
'i'm still here.'
and i'm becoming someone
they'd all be proud of

- Angelica Dsouza

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the kind of love.

i used to fall in love
with love itself
the kind that walked hand in hand
down quiet streets,
soft smiles, wrinkled eyes
full of stories and still,
still so much light.

i'd see old couples
and dream of forever,
wondering where love hides
when the world feels so loud.
i thought maybe it was tucked
in letters, in songs,
in someone almost right.

but love didn't come
with fireworks or grand arrivals.
it came gently.
it came as him.
he didn't just show up,
he reminded me
that maybe i'd been looking
everywhere but home.

he fixes my problems
without making a fuss,
quietly stepping in
when things get tough.
he doesn't need praises
just does the small things
that help me breathe easier.
he tries, every day,

to be a better version of himself,
not for anyone else,
but for me because he cares.

he listens.
really listens.
the kind of listening
that makes me feel safe,
even when my words fall short.
no judgment, just understanding.
his love doesn't rush or demand.
it simply is steady, soft, and sure.

he was there all along
not late, not early,
just... right on time.
like god whispered,
"this is who i made for you"

and now,
when i look at the photo i took
of that old couple,
i don't just see strangers.
i see a promise,
a glimpse of us
years from now
his hand still in mine,
my heart still choosing him
in every season.

we're not a picture yet,
not a forever written in full
but we've begun the story.
and i can't wait
to grow old with him
and be the couple

someone else falls in love with
from across the street.

-angelica dsouza

As the sun rises...

i wake up tired, though i slept through the night,
dragging my feet through the day like a fight.
books stacked like walls, numbers that blur,
i read the same pages, but don't know what occurred.

they say, "just try, just do your best"
but what if my best still isn't enough ?
what if the weight i carry inside
makes even the smallest steps feel like a climb?

i fear their eyes, those kind, proud eyes,
what if one day they just see the lies?
the smile i wear, the "i'm fine" i say,
when i cry in silence at the end of the day.

i don't want pity, or a spotlight glow,
just want someone to quietly know
that sometimes i'm drowning, though i stand tall,
and sometimes i break with no one to call.

my heart is loud, but my face is still,
i laugh too quick, but feel too real.
i'm scared to fall, scared to lose,
scared they'll say, "you had your chance to choose"
but i didn't choose the fear, or the ache,
i didn't ask for the nights i break.

i just want to be enough, that's all
enough to stand, not always crawl.
and maybe one day, without a disguise,
i'll lift my head and meet my own eyes.
but today, i'm quiet. i don't need a crowd.
just some place to feel... without being loud.

carried like playlists

i left my familys street,
where we knew every crack and turn.
the porch light still glows,
and i can almost hear them laugh and yearn.

used to be noise,
laughter, yelling, doors mid-slam,
chaos in the kitchen,
someone always stealing chocolates.

i miss birthdays with bad cake,
candles half-lit, off-key tunes.
now its me, a screen, a forced smile,
and a "wish you were here."

family dinners became
"mute your mic and unmute it again, I can't hear."
and instead of hugs,
its "your screens frozen, dear."

i used to bug my siblings on sight,
steal snacks, flip channels, pick fights.
now I just scroll their stories,
double-tap and hope they are all right.

jokes hit different over facetime.
timings off. punchlines miss.
i laugh anyway, cause its them.
and thats something i still dont wanna miss.

sometimes i ache for chaos,
for loud. for messy. for real.
now im living on the edge

of homesick and surreal.

but im doing it. im growing.

even when the silence gets loud.

carrying my people like playlists,

headphones in, lost in the chaos.

-Angelica Dsouza

safe like heaven

Some days,
I just want to see you.
not in dreams or hymns,
or verses I underline.
I mean really see you.
sit besides you, see you.
feel the weight lift and know that I'm safe,
see you.

I think I'd just fall apart.
no words.
just tears.
and I'd bury my face in your robe
and cry like the daughter I am.
not strong, not brave,
just broken and yours.

and you'd understand.
you'd hold me like you've been waiting
for me to finally admit
how hard it's been.
because it is hard.

this world is so loud.
people expect so much.
and I try, I really do.
I smile, I get things done,
but inside I'm drowning.
I feel like I'm always one step away
from falling apart.

the anxiety comes out of nowhere sometimes.
like, I'm sitting still,

but my heart's racing.
my hands shake.
my chest gets tight.
and I start overthinking everything
I've ever said, done, or felt.
it's exhausting.

and the worst part is,
no one really sees it.
they see me smiling, showing up,
being the "strong one."

but you see past all that.
you always have.
you're there in the silence,
in the messy, ugly, anxious moments,
breathing calm into my chaos.
telling me I don't have to fix it all.
I just have to just breathe.
be still.
you remind me I don't have to hold it together
to be held by you.

and then,
you sent me someone.
someone who doesn't need me to be perfect.
who gets me, somehow
who doesn't run from the messy parts.
he sees the storm
and chooses to stay anyway.
he makes me feel safe
just by being close.
he protects me,
loves me in quiet, simple ways
that remind me of you.

thank you for him.
for the way he loves me
without needing a reason.
for being proof
that your love shows up
in human skin sometimes.

Because some days,
I still fall apart.
But now,
I fall into love,
That looks a little like heaven.
A little like still waters.

- Angelica Dsouza.

all I did was fall.

all i did was fall on my knees.
the weight of everything
pushed me down
quiet at first,
then all at once.

the world around me
felt hollow,
like i couldn't even breathe.
no one saw me drowning
on dry land.
no one noticed
the storm in my lungs.

i didn't want to scream.
i wanted to cry
not for help,
just to let it out.
cry to the moon,
to the wind,
to the world that never answers.

i yelled,
but my voice came back
like a ghost
an echo too faint to hold.
and that's when i realised:
i was yelling at the ocean,
expecting it to care.

but the ocean was empty.
just like everything else.

so i stayed there,
on my knees.
because sometimes,
that's all you can do
when silence is the only one listening

All?s Well That Ends Well.

There were days I almost gave up,
When nothing fit, and dreams broke up.
I held my breath through nights so long,
Unsure if I was weak or strong.

Some friendships faded, some hopes fell,
And still I whispered, "*all is well.*"
Not every plan is turned out just right,
But somehow I still found my light.

I made mistakes, I lost my way,
But grew a little every day.
It wasn't smooth, it wasn't neat,
Some battles knocked me off my feet.

But endings came, and peace came too,
And things I feared just helped me grow.
The hurt, the doubt, the letting go,
All shaped a strength I didn't know.

So let them say when stories swell,
She rose, she lived, and all was well.

- Angelica Dsouza.

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I found it anyway.

They tell me loves a game now
And everyones losing.
Talking stages that go nowhere,
Hookups with no morning after,
Just silence ,
Then maybe a meme two weeks later.
How romantic.

They dont date,
They "chill."
They dont commit,
They ghost.
Apps replaced chance.
And chemistry became checklist:
Hot? Funny? Emotionally available?
Oh, just kidding. The last ones a myth.
Body counts rise while standards lower.
Intimacy got traded for "u up?"
and feelings? Nah, too risky.

Love used to be epic,
Slow-burn, handwritten-letter,
"Meet the parents" type stuff.
Now its,
"Wyd" at midnight
And hoping they dont forget your name
By the next day.

But somehow,
In this dumpster fire of dating,
I found him.

He,

He who sees me like im art,
Not content.

He who asks about my day
And *remembers* the details.

He who holds my hand
Like its a promise,
Not a phase.

Hes my proof
That real love didnt die
It just got really, really good at hiding.

And damn, im lucky.
Because while everyone else
Was busy settling for
"temporary,"

-Angelica Dsouza

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but how could i?

some days,
i try to speak.
try to say how my thoughts
pull me under,
how my chest feels hollow
and everything hurts
in a way no one can see.

but no one listens.
not really.
not when you're *that girl*.
the one always joking,
laughing too loud,
smiling too wide
while her whole world
quietly crumbles.

yesterday,
i woke up
and didn't want to anymore.
the weight of it all
pressed against me
until the only escape
felt like an ending.

i told you everything.
and you listened,
god, you listened.
you didn't dismiss it.
you just said,
"promise me you won't do anything stupid."

but my love,

how could i say
that the second we ended the call,
that promise cracked in my hands?

the next day came,
like they always do.
same pain,
same numbness.
but something shifted.

you.

how could i do it
when i know your laugh by heart?
when we have plans,
dumb little ones
and forever ones too?

how could i leave
the only person
who's ever looked at me
and *really* seen me?

i got up.
stumbled past the pieces of myself
on the floor.
looked in the mirror,
same old clothes from four days ago.
except they don't hug me anymore
like they used to.
they hang loose now,
like everything else.

but i'm still here.
because of you.
because somewhere,

between all this pain,
there's still a future
with your name in it.
and maybe that's enough
for today.

i'm numb now.
maybe i'll stay numb
for a while,
i don't know.
but i'm still trying.
for you.
-Angelica Dsouza

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Growing Up Broke More Than Toys

Sitting in a plane,
Can't help but reminisce of the time when life was just me and my toys,
No studies, no stress, no random thoughts,
Just me and my toys.

And now its bills, overthinking, and pretending I'm not spiralling
Back then, the world was small enough to hold in my hands.
No missed calls, no unread thoughts.
Just soft mornings, scraped knees,
And believing the worst thing in the world was a broken toy.

As I stare out the window,
All I can see is darkness, darkness is the way in my heart,
But isn't darkness just another work of art.

There's something beautiful about how quiet it gets.
Like the dark knows when you've had enough noise.
It doesn't ask for anything,
Just sits with you.
And sometimes, thats all you need.
Just something that stays.

Being in darkness has taught me that life will throw you down sometimes,
But its how you function and respond to that darkness,
Do you let it consume you or do you defeat it and become a better version of yourself.
As it is said that tough circumstances make a tough man,
being in the darkness and learning how to overcome it will make you an even stronger person.

There were days I didn't want to grow.
didn't want to rise.
I just wanted to feel something that didn't ache.
And maybe thats still growth,
Not always getting stronger,

Just getting through.
Quiet wins, deep breaths. Showing up anyway.

Staring in the abyss,
Watching as Darkness consumes all of it,
Can't help but ponder about how if there was no darkness we would never get the value of light.

And when the light comes back,
We won't owe it our healing.
We'll know
We carried ourselves through.
We stitched ourselves together in the dark.
And somehow,
That was enough.

-Aaron Dcosta & Angelica Dsouza.

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Just a ghost

Is my life worth it?
Like truly, if I was gone tomorrow
Would it matter?
Would anything sift?
Or would the world just keep turning
Like it never even noticed I was here

Sometimes I wonder if anyone
Actually needs me,
Or if they just got used to me being around
Like background music
They stopped listening to a long time ago.

I try to speak.
Not just talk, but really say whats on my chest.
But it feels like im screaming underwater.
Like im waving,
But everyones too busy to look up.

So I smile.
Laugh when im supposed to.
Say "im fine"
Even when it feels like my whole world
Is collapsing in slow motion.
Its easier that way.
Less awkward.
Less exhausting.

And I think,
If I just disappeared
Would they be sad?
Or just.. mildly inconvenienced?
Like "damn, that sucks"

Then go back to their scheduled lives.

Because most days
I feel see-through.
Not invisible exactly,
But not really *here* either.

Just a ghost,
Pretending to be a person
Whos got it all together.

-Angelica Dsouza

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