

Echoes of a Rebellious Soul

REBELLIOUS SOUL

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Dedication

For the wounded, the unheard, the misunderstood ?this book echoes your courage.

Dedicated to every voice that was silenced, every soul that was bruised ?yet still chose to rise.

Acknowledgement

I want to thank every moment that broke me, every scar that shaped me, and every voice that doubted me? because they pushed me to speak louder.

To the few who listened and believed in my words, your support became my strength.

And to the ones who tried to silence me thank you too, because you lit the fire behind every line in this book.

I?m just a student who writes poetry when life gets too heavy? or when the lecture gets too boring. But these words became my way of surviving, and I?m grateful for every reason I had to write.

About the author

Aparna writing under the name *Rebellious Soul*, is a 12th-grade student who finds poetry in the chaos of everyday life. She writes when emotions overflow ? whether it's anger or pain, injustice or patriotism. With fire in her words and honesty in her voice, she turns silence into verse. This book is a collection of her truth, written between classes, late nights, and moments when the world pushed her a little too hard.

summary

NOT YOUR CINDERELLA

A FLAME YOU TRIED TO DIM

Unmasked

WHY DON'T WE JUST...

I DON'T WANT TO SAY GOODBYE

Untitled

Maybe one day....

WHEN I WAS IN MY UNIFORM....

You taught her to pretend

thorns in the living room

The Land That Refused to Kneel

Circus in my head

Where love turns to sighs.

NOT YOUR CINDERELLA

*You ask a girl to behave.
You scold her for wearing a short dress.
You taunt her for laughing a little too freely,
for daring to live a little carefree.
But have you ever asked a boy to keep his eyes straight?
Or told him not to treat women like public property ?
and to accept her as a human?
Have you ever asked him to let her be?
to leave her alone,
to respect her space?
Why don't you teach him to cheer and encourage when a girl succeeds ?
Instead of whistling when she walks down the street?
You say we can't do anything on our own.
Let me open your eyes:
We are ten times happier and more successful
without you ? or any boy.
And honey, FYI:
Not every Cinderella needs a Prince Charming to save her.*

-REBELLIOUS SOUL

A FLAME YOU TRIED TO DIM

**YOU SAY "WOMAN IS THE ORNAMENT OF THE HOUSE"
BUT YOU DON'T TRULY LET US SHINE;
YOU SUPPRESS OUR GLOW TO LOOK SUPERIOR.
YOU CALL US CLICHÉ.
OUR VOICES-TOO LOUD AND BOLD
OUR DREAMS -TOO HIGH, YOU SAY.
BUT IT'S NOT OUR VOICES THAT HURT-
IT'S YOUR EARS THAT CAN'T BEAR THE TRUTH
YOU SAY WE'RE TOO MUCH
BUT IT'S YOUR HURRICANE THAT WRECKS THE ROOM;
THEN BEGS TO BE CALLED
"PROCESS OF RECONSTRUCTION"
YOU PRETEND THAT YOU CARE, BUT YOU ARE
'THE BLACK HOLE '
THAT SWALLOWS OUR LIGHT.
BUT NOTHING CAN SUPPRESS THE LIGHT OF THE SUN
AND NO FLAME STAYS QUIET FOREVER.**

-REBELLIOUS SOUL

Unmasked

Unmasked

I thought you were my hero but then I saw you without disguise? a dirty monster who kill people's innocence.

You wore gentleness like armor, but every hug was a trick. Every word, a thread in a net you threw over my trust.

I gave you the love from my inner child like a delicate little rose? soft, small, still blooming. But all you gave back was a green stem with the thorns still on it.

I wonder? if I called you saying I was dying, would you still hit me with "I don't have time" like you did every single time?

You were supposed to be my protector. Instead? you became my destroyer.

You judged me? on my clothes, on my weight, on my appearance, on my laugh, on my constant talking. You judged my inner child. And that bruised me like no hammer ever could.

But of course? you'd never understand that I wanted your time, not your money.

WHY DON'T WE JUST...

*Why do we judge so fast
When we have our flaws?
The ones we try to hide?*

*Why do we hate so easily
When we could love just as quickly?
Why is it always "hate fast and judge fast"
When it could be "love hard and judge less"?*

*Isn't it strange how we spot the mess in others
But never try to fix our own?*

*Why don't we just look into ourselves?
And see the thousand impurities inside us?
Why not try to fix even one of them?*

*Then maybe the world would start to hurt a little less.
Maybe it would judge less.
Or at least?
It would be A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN.*

I DON'T WANT TO SAY GOODBYE

*A poem for the ones we grew up with
I don't want to say goodbye?
To my childhood, to our childhood.
I don't want to grow up,
I realize this now?
As we stand at the end of the road,
And on the edge of a new one.
I realize now that this road
Will divide us.
And I don't really want to let go?
Of you,
Of our banter,
Our daily hugs?
Our silly fights and all the moments
We stood by each other.
I realize now that we're growing up,
How precious our playtime was,
And I understand?
Goodbyes are the hardest
When you have to say them to someone
You once fought with over the TV remote.*

REBELLIOUS SOUL

Untitled

Untitled (Because I Wasn't Allowed to Finish My Sentence)

*I start with "I feel"
and someone else finishes it for me.*

*You ask why I keep things to myself?
but I ask,
have you ever listened to me?
EVER?*

*Every time I try to share,
I'm cut.*

*My words have now learned
to swallow themselves,
quietly.
Reflex, not resistance.*

*And sometimes,
I wonder?
if I truly needed you,
would you still do this to me?*

*Sometimes I feel
it would hurt less
to have a knife strike my throat
than to watch
your eyes roll
every time I try to speak.*

REBELLIOUS SOUL.

Maybe one day....

I hope the stories that I lived were as bright as I told you.

I hope my smile was as real as I pretended it to be.

I hope I showed you my real smile when we joked.

I hope the stories that I lived were as bright as I told you about.

I wish my eyes could lie like my mouth does,

Whenever it whispers,

"I'm okay."

I wish my anxiety hurt a little less.

And I wish that my heart would laugh too.

Some days, I just want someone to believe me before I even speak.

But maybe?

just maybe?my mouth wouldn't have to lie anymore.

And maybe tomorrow, I won't have to pretend anymore.

REBELLIOUS SOUL.

WHEN I WAS IN MY UNIFORM....

When I was in the uniform
a man the age of my father touched me in the auto?
like it was his right.

When I was in the uniform,
a man devoured me with his eyes
from the driver's seat beside mine.

When I was in my uniform,
a man leaned out and said the sluttiest "hi"
While I kept my hands tight on the wheel,
pretending not to hear
And changed my path like it was my fault.

When I was in MY SCHOOL UNIFORM,
I was looked at like eye candy.
not a child.

Not just a girl trying to go home.
i ask?

Is it the clothes we wear
that provoke this?
because i was in my school uniform.
no skin shown.
no body part on display.
just my face.

and still,
they saw something to consume.
so don't you dare tell me
it was my skirt.

don't you dare say
"boys will be boys."
because i was a child
And he was a predator.
say it right.

REBELLIOUS SOUL.

You taught her to pretend

You Taught Her to Pretend

All I'm asking you to do
is not kill my inner child?
her peace, her kindness,
her belief in magic that hasn't come true yet.
You care about what people will say,
but never once about what your child's heart says.
You hush her.
You shame her.
You dress her in manners
so she can be approved by society.
But have you noticed?
she doesn't feel safe with you anymore?
She weeps into her pillow
and asks the blanket to hold her
because your arms forgot how.
She now finds comfort in the moon and air.
She casually talks to Mother Nature?
because she knows
she's listening,
and would never judge her.
You say you protect me from society,
but you gave me wounds that can't be healed.
Because you injured my inner child.
Congratulations.
Now she doesn't laugh truly?she just pretends.
Congratulations.
You taught her how to pretend.

REBELLIOUS SOUL.

thorns in the living room

*In the house full of voices, mine is the one you hate to listen to.
You turn me down?my expectations, my voice, my feelings?
until they are barely even a breath.
Yet still, you flinch.
You flinch because I dared to exist.
You flinch because I am no longer a child?
and I know that you are wrong.
You speak to me only in sharp edges,
each taunt thrown into my heart
without thinking, without caring
which part of me it will shatter next.
You save your softness for the world,
leaving me outside the circle?always.
You speak to me only to judge,
only to cut me and weigh me down with your judgment.
I don't feel good at home?
not when the air gets heavy
and happiness fades the moment you enter the room.
I shouldn't feel more at home
in strange places?
but I do.
It's safer to be anywhere else,
because here, under the same roof,
I am nothing more
than a target you never miss.*

The Land That Refused to Kneel

*This land is full of pride
echoes with the fire of every martyr who refused to kneel
From Mangal Pandey to Gandhi, from Laxmibai to Bhagat Singh
Their courage roars through temples, chants, and every beating heart
Their courage runs in our blood like the forever flowing Mother Ganga
A few years ago, they chained us, but never our courage,
Salt marches, bloodied fields,
jail cells echoing with "Inquilab Zindabad"
Their empire trembled when we chose freedom over fear.
Seventy-nine years of freedom blaze like a torch in the night,
It's flame-fed by every sacrifice that came before.
Today, our heads rise, saluting the **Tiranga**,
every heart praying long live Bharat,
and voices rise in unison singing Bharat Mata ki Jai.
We, the children of this soil, vow to keep its spirit alive.
For as long as this nation breathes,
we will stand, unshaken ? guardians of our Motherland.*

Circus in my head

*My mind is a crime scene 24/7,
every thought like a knife jabbed in my heart,
even the good ones followed with a "what if."*

*Turning simple things into storms is my playground,
playing arguments in my head like a broken record,
with statements too brutal to be spoken out loud.*

*Silence becomes hell,
my own thoughts fighting each other,
none of them leaving room for me to breathe.
And then suddenly anxiety kicks in,
everything goes static, like a blackout zone,
my mind too tired to process anything,
yet the silence still feels heavy.*

*Pretending to be happy and laughing at stupid jokes?
the acts I put on while replaying every sentence I said,
asking, "Did I overshare? What if they think I'm dumb?"*

*I wish, just for once, I could stop it.
So I live in this messed-up world of mine,
rolling my eyes at my own thoughts like,
"here the drama queen goes again."*

*This brain is a circus,
and the show must go on?
and so do I.*

rebellious soul.

Where love turns to sighs.

*family should feel like a blanket warm,
a shield to keep me safe from harm.
But mine is glass that cuts my skin,
a wound that opens deep within.
Their taunts are louder than their cheers,
their words still echo through my ears.
Everyone's tired, no one tries,
love replaced with heavy sighs.
This home feels least like home
A cage of exhaustion more to go.
And here I am, the one who pleads,
guilty for wounds from which I bleed.
My mind's a war they'll never see,
my scars dressed up as a pretty smile.
I can run, but can't take flight,
bound to this family line.
Its shadows tangled up with mine,
a curse I carry through the life.
And maybe I'm just good at disguise,
hiding my pain behind a smile.
For truth is safer locked away,
buried deep, where it must stay.
rebellious soul.*