

# Selected Works of Louiray

louiray

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*To the quiet hours when words came uninvited,  
to the silence that held me more than people ever could, and to the versions of myself that I met  
between lines. This is for the soul that listens.*

## Acknowledgement

To those who walked beside me in stillness or in storms you became the texture of these pages.  
To every fleeting moment that forced me to reflect,  
and to every wound that demanded honesty.  
Gratitude is too small a word for the echoes that shaped this work. This book is not a thank you; it is  
a testament.

## About the author

Louiray is a writer who lingers in the spaces between thought and feeling. Her poetry is contemplative ? not to impress, but to reveal. She writes with quiet strength, exploring love, solitude, time, and the subtle transformations of the self. Her words are not loud; they are deliberate. They are meant for those who read slowly, think deeply, and feel fully.

## summary

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## When I Look At You

When I look at you, I don't just see a person?I see a perfect cloud, gentle and effortless, drifting in the vastness of my world. Your eyes are like calm skies, deep and endless, holding secrets only the heart can understand. Your lips, soft and inviting, carry the serenity of softly falling mist, making everything seem more beautiful just by your presence.

You carry a stillness that makes the universe pause, as if you were born to remind us all what true beauty means?delicate, timeless, and simply divine

## The Way I See You

There's something in your face I can't escape,  
A quiet charm I can't reshape.  
Your eyes hold oceans, deep and wide,  
With secrets that you never hide.

Your gaze can calm a restless storm,  
In your presence, my heart feels warm.  
Your lips? so soft, untouched by mine?  
Hold every word I wish was mine.

Your smile rewrites my every day,  
In silent ways you make me stay.  
The way you move, the way you breathe,  
Feels like a dream I'd never leave.

You're art, alive? without a clue,  
How beautiful you are... to view.

## Mine

I wish you were mine,  
to rest in my arms when the night grows cold,  
to lean upon me when the weight of the world  
presses too heavy on your soul.

I wish I could hold you close,  
to trace the lines of your weary hands,  
to be the gentle place  
where all your burdens fall away.

I wish I could care for you,  
not in fleeting gestures,  
but with a love steadfast and whole?  
to guard your heart as though it were my own.

I wish I could kiss you softly,  
not merely with lips,  
but with every vow unspoken,  
every promise I long to keep.

I wish I could give you all of me,  
in the truest, purest way love allows?  
to honor you, to cherish you,  
to be the one who stands beside you  
through every season,  
every storm,  
every hour yet to come.



## In A White

I saw him, simple in a white shirt,  
yet it clothed him like a crown of quiet grace.  
His hair, soft as the memory of spring,  
healthy, flowing, touched with the calm of dawn.  
And oh?his lips, carved with a tender smile,  
a smile that lingers like a song remembered.  
It suits him always, as though the heavens  
meant for joy to rest upon his face.  
His eyes?so beautiful, not just in shape,  
but in the way they hold the world,  
as if gentleness itself found a home there.  
His nose, so charming, his brows, strong and sure,  
each part of him a portrait of warmth.

## I Crave You

I crave you?  
not in a sexual way,  
but in the quiet, tender way  
a heart longs for its home.

I want to feel your presence  
like sunlight in the morning,  
soft, steady, always there.

I want you around?  
to hear your voice,  
to watch your smile form slowly,  
to find comfort in your silence.

I want to hold you close,  
not to claim you,  
but to feel the warmth of belonging.

It's not desire of the body,  
but longing of the soul.  
I crave you?  
in every way that feels like peace.

## I knew I was In love

Once just a chat,  
now in every prayer.  
Once just a smile,  
now the heart itself.  
I knew I had fallen in him.  
From "maybe i like him"  
to "God, he's part of me."  
From talking like friends,  
To treasuring every word.  
From the joy of his presence,  
to the ache of his absence.  
From admiring him from afar,  
to accepting the miles between us.  
I knew I was in love,  
when I whispered "keep him safe"  
instead of "make him mine."  
My heart had known all along?  
from laughter to longing,  
from near to far,  
from hope to prayer.  
I knew I was in love,  
when he became the reason  
behind the prayers I never miss,  
not just the prayer itself.

## The Night You Said You Missed Me

That night,  
your words wrapped around me?  
"I miss you."  
Simple, yet it lit something deep inside.  
I felt special,  
as if the world paused  
just to let me breathe in  
the warmth of being wanted.  
But in the quiet after,  
the questions came?  
did you truly mean it,  
or was it only a fleeting thought  
you let slip into the dark?  
Sadness and joy tangled together,  
like two hands holding,  
like two hearts unsure.  
Still, I keep that night close?  
because for one fragile moment,  
I was missed.  
I was remembered.  
I was yours,  
in a way that felt  
both real and unreal.

## Unloved

She carries more than her years allow,  
the eldest born, the unchosen keeper.  
While others were free to need,  
she was told to endure,  
to stitch silence into strength.  
Abandonment is not a single memory?  
it is the echo of family walls  
that never sheltered her completely.  
It is the way love felt rationed,  
how presence always came  
with a shadow of absence.  
She learned to mother herself,  
to swallow her ache before it could spill,  
to hold the pieces of a home  
that leaned on her small shoulders.  
Beneath her calm, a fracture speaks:  
"I was left too soon,  
asked to be whole before I was ready."  
And still?  
she walks forward,  
haunted yet unbroken,  
a testament that even the forgotten eldest  
can shape her own meaning of love.

## Dreaming Of You

Baby, come here,  
I need you to hold me,  
it's getting cold,  
and I feel so lonely.

I dream of your touch,  
your warm gentle hand,  
but you're far away,  
in a different land.

I can't kiss your lips,  
or feel your embrace,  
just shadows of love  
I can't replace.

So I'll close my eyes,  
pretend you are near,  
whispering softly,  
"Baby, I'm here."

But when I awake,  
it's silence I find,  
a love I can't reach,  
yet it lives in my mind.

**Mr. K**

He's so beautiful.  
The kind of beautiful that makes time stop for a moment.  
Heart beating faster just by hearing his name.  
A quiet kind of beautiful,  
Beautiful even in his imperfections.

Eyes that feel like constellations,  
A smile that softens every heavy day.  
Beautiful in the way he moves, in the way he simply exists.  
The kind of beautiful no words will ever capture right.

If only he could see himself the way I see him,  
He'd know how extraordinary he truly is.

A once-in-a-dream kind of beautiful I never want to end.  
I think...  
He's the most beautiful person I've ever known.

## Loving You, From Afar

I will love you forever,  
that truth will never fade.  
But loving you too closely  
is a wound I cannot trade.

I dream of your lips,  
your touch, your hand in mine,  
yet reality reminds me?  
you were never truly mine.

So I'll love you in silence,  
from a distance I must stay,  
because holding on too tightly  
hurts more every day.

Don't think my heart is leaving,  
it's only learning how to hide.  
I'll keep you safe within me,  
just not standing by your side.



## She Carried What No One Held

Some souls are not born into arms ?  
they are born into silence.  
Into houses that echo more than they speak,  
into rooms where childhood is something  
you must build, not live.

She was one of them.  
Before she learned to write her name,  
she had already signed a contract with survival.  
While others reached for hands,  
she reached for herself.  
An older sister ? not by choice,  
but by fate's cruel arithmetic.  
She held her world together  
with hands that still trembled.

Trust, to her, was not a bridge ?  
it was a tightrope over a ravine,  
built plank by plank from disbelief.  
Even family were shadows  
she could not lean on.  
And yet she stood ? always alone,  
never truly lost.

The world, however, is not gentle  
to those who walk unguarded.  
Men ? strangers and blood alike ?  
brushed against her like thieves,  
touching what was not theirs,  
claiming space that was never offered.  
Each touch left no wound on skin,  
but carved into the quiet corners of her mind.  
A lesson whispered without language:

"Even safety can betray you."

And yet, she loved.

A distant boy, a fragile trust,  
a heart that opened like a sunrise.  
She gave what she barely had ?  
trust, devotion, the currency of a soul  
that had taught itself to believe.  
But betrayal came not with thunder,  
but with the quiet certainty  
of someone choosing elsewhere.  
Even love, it seemed, could fracture.

But here is the paradox:  
She remains.

In a world that has tried  
to write her story for her ?  
with hands, with lies, with abandonment ?  
she rewrites herself daily.  
Not as victim, nor as heroine,  
but as witness:  
to her own becoming.

Strength, for her, is not loud.  
It is the soft refusal to disappear.  
It is standing still when life  
has every reason to see her fall.  
It is looking at pain,  
not as chains,  
but as proof she has lived  
and kept living.

She is the girl who became her own shelter.  
Not because the world offered none,  
but because her soul learned

to be both the storm and the refuge.

## **Yours, Entirely.**

No sorry, I'm not meant for almos'ts.

I want to learn the sound of your laugh by heart, wake you up with soft kisses,

cook you breakfast in bed just to see you smile.

I want to steal your hoodies,

send you long messages when I miss you, write your name in my journal a hundred times.

I want to hold you close on quiet nights,

run my fingers through your hair until you fall asleep, learn your favorite songs so I can sing them with you.

I want to take pictures of you when you're not looking, memorize the way your eyes light up when you talk about what you love.

I want to hold your hand like it belongs in mine forever, listen to every detail about your day, and remind you endlessly that you are my whole heart.