

Anthology of Zellie

Presented by

My poetic Side 



Acknowledgement

Its basically for people who struggle to express themselves freely

People who are feeling lonely

It just shows that there are many people who are hurt and going through trauma,healing and who are struggling with their mental health.

You are not alone

About the author

A girl who overcame and still healing from old wounds

summary

Love is a threat

I was only Seven!

What is love?

Love you from a distance.

I act like im fine.

Women!

Things im grateful for.

Im Sad Today.

Except..

I wonder.

Distant future or mere dream

Being a woman

Love is a threat

Love is a threat,
not loud, not wild,
but quiet?
like a secret a child would keep.
It sneaks in softly,
through small smiles,
through eyes that linger
a second too long.
It makes the world feel different,
like colors grew deeper overnight,
like even silence
has something to say.
Love is a threat
because it makes you care?
about the way they laugh,
the way they say your name
like it matters.
It's innocent,
the kind that holds hands
just to feel close,
the kind that dreams
without asking for anything back.
But still?
it's a threat.
Because suddenly,
their happiness feels like yours,
their pain touches you
without asking permission.
And you realize
you would protect this feeling,
this soft, fragile thing,
with everything you are.
Love is a threat?

not because it harms,
but because it matters
more than you ever planned.
And somehow,
you're not afraid of that.

I was only Seven!

I was seven...
when life didn't ask for permission.
It just took everything.
School stopped.
Childhood stopped.
And I became something I never applied for
a parent in a child's body.
Three siblings looked at me
like I had answers.
Like I knew how to fix a broken home.
But in reality I didnt,
I was just surviving
in a role I didn't choose
but couldn't escape.
I learned responsibility
before I learned identity.
Food instead of freedom.
Pressure instead of play.
Survival
And my father passed away.
And I didn't get time to fall apart.
No space to cry properly.
No room to understand loss.
Just silence...
and expectations.
So I buried it.
I called it strength
but it was really suppression.
I grew up carrying grief
I never got to name.
Years passed...
but pain doesn't expire.
It just waits

for you to finally slow down
and feel it
And now it's here.
Not loud.
Not dramatic.
Worse.
Real.
It shows up in memories that sting too deep.
In nights where everything gets heavy for no reason.
In moments where I realise?
I didn't just lose my father.
I lost my childhood too.
Because I wasn't a daughter grieving.
I was a child surviving
like an adult
before I even understood life.
And now it hits different...
because I finally understand
what it cost me.
And it hurts.
But it's honest.
And I can't unfeel it anymore.

What is love?

Yesterday someone asked me a question.
A question I've answered a hundred times before.
On other days I would have smiled,
given long explanations,
spoken about butterflies and heartbeats,
about poetry and promises and forever.
But yesterday?
when they asked,
"What is love?"
I went blank.
My mind, once so full of beautiful definitions,
suddenly felt empty.
All the careful words I had saved,
all the big thoughts and clever meanings,
slipped quietly away.
It was as if my heart knew the answer
but my mouth had forgotten how to say it.
They asked again,
"What is love?"
And without thinking,
without searching for anything complicated,
I answered,
"Home."
Home is love.
Love is the place where you can breathe
without explaining yourself.
It is the space where your laughter is welcome
and your silence is understood.
Love is not always loud.
It does not always arrive with fireworks.
Sometimes it is just a light left on for you.
A seat saved.
Love is the feeling of being chosen

even on your worst days.
It is someone staying
when leaving would be easier.
It is safety in the middle of a storm.
It is not about perfect words
or perfect moments.
It is about presence.
About comfort.
About belonging.
Yesterday I forgot every long explanation
I had ever prepared.
But maybe that was the answer all along.
Love is not something you explain.
It is something you feel
when you walk through the door
and realize
you are home.

Love you from a distance.

I saw a song, on tiktok titled
Love You From a Distance,
And in its words, I found my heart,
Torn between now and what may start.
I hate the thought of pushing you away,
When life itself keeps pulling us apart
The pressure builds, the doubts arrive,
Yet in my heart, our love survives.
They whisper lies, say you lead me on,
But I see truth, unbroken, strong.
Love is heavy when we are young,
But certainty speaks where hearts are strung.
You are my home, my quiet place,
I was told to move, to look ahead,
But looking back fills me with dread.
Why is love so cruel, so near yet far?
A bittersweet map written in every scar.
Still, I hold hope, let time take its course,
For love like ours knows no forced remorse

I act like im fine.

You know I act like I'm fine
when other girls speak to you?
like it doesn't touch me,
like I don't notice.
I keep it calm,
shrug it off,
play it cool
like it's nothing.
But inside...
it's loud.
A quiet kind of breaking,
a tight feeling in my chest
I pretend isn't there.
Because I get jealous?
not loud, not crazy,
just this soft fear
that maybe
I could lose you.
And I hate that feeling,
hate how much you matter,
how one small thing
can shake me like this.
So I smile,
look away,
act like I'm unbothered.
But the truth is?
I'm not.
It's just...
I love you
in a way that makes me
feel like I have everything
and something to lose
at the same time.

Women!

Us women often become the center of attention without asking for it

We are judged for everything ? too big or too small, too loud or too quiet, too much or not enough.

No matter what we do, someone always has something to say.

We become topics of gossip and opinions, expected to meet standards that keep changing.

The truth is, we can never fully satisfy society, because those expectations come from imperfect people.

Our worth should not be measured by their judgments. We are enough simply by being ourselves. and that's all that matters.

Things im grateful for.

There are so many things I'm grateful for that I could fill endless pages, but I want to start with something closest to my heart?us.

I'm grateful for you. For us. For the chance we had to find each other and love each other so deeply and genuinely. We've shared so many moments?happy ones, difficult ones, frustrating ones, and even the quiet ones. Every single one of them shaped us, helped us grow, and taught us how to truly be there for each other.

Even the simple moments mean everything to me. I'll always be grateful for the time we spent together, even just sitting in silence... or those last moments we spent cuddling ?. Those memories will always have a special place in my heart.

I thought I'd be writing this in tears, but surprisingly, I'm not?maybe because my heart feels so full. Full of love, gratitude, and appreciation for everything we shared. What we had was real, and it allowed us to experience a kind of love that helped us grow individually and together.

Maybe this time apart is exactly what we need. A chance to grow into ourselves, to become stronger as individuals, and to understand love even more deeply?not in a painful way, but in a meaningful one. We both have goals we're working toward, and I truly believe we'll reach them.

And somehow, I still feel like we'll find our way back to each other. We've always been naturally drawn to one another... and maybe, in time, that won't change.

Until then, just know this?I love you. Today, tomorrow, and always.

Im Sad Today.

It's weird how people don't realize how much you're actually there for them

. Like, you show up in every part of their life, you check in, you care, you make time... and somehow it still feels like you're the easiest person to forget.

I think that's what's making me so sad today.

I just really miss the two people who know me best. The ones who understand me without me having to explain myself. The ones who know when I'm not okay, even when I say I am.

I guess you don't realize how much someone feels like home until they're far away.

I know life gets busy, and I'm not angry. I just miss them. More than I know how to. say.

Except..

She always loved green
Loved the colour of nature
He grew to love her.
Watching her brush her
fingers through the grass,
Pluck sour strawberries,
From their stems.

Now his tears glint in the
sunlight as the tress begin to
glow
They both lie here,
Except.....
She's ten feet below.

I wonder.

After all the disrespect, I was still kind... and that's what hurts the most.

I swallowed words that were burning my throat. I smiled when my chest felt tight. I stayed soft in rooms that made me feel small. Not because I didn't feel the sting i felt every single part of it....but because I didn't know how to stop being gentle, even with people who were rough with me.

Sometimes I wonder if being kind just made it easier for them to hurt me.

Distant future or mere dream

I sat in silence
I stared at the ceilings
Then my mind just ran,
Not in a good way and not in a bad way
But in such a realistic way
They talk about doors that are opened
Opportunities, and a guaranteed future
But when I started filling those applications in
It wasn't cause I knew I would get in
But because I've made peace with my reality
Doors that were opened are slammed shut right in my face, big dreams, a future that seemed so close is now nothing but a distant dream
You know it felt kinda familiar.. then I remembered my dream one where I'm running but getting nowhere
I've invested so much time and effort in something that I know won't work
But I do it, just to make peace with it,
I do it so I can eventually be satisfied with JUST trying but the real question is what's my destiny
What does my future look like
I guess that's something we'll never know.

Being a woman

Being a women in this certain part of the world

Means fearing for your life,

Being a women in this certain part of the world

Means knowing during these months that your life is in danger,its knowing that you could be the next victim,you go out with hopes that you make it back safe,

Everyone cheers on and congratulates woman who are independent knowing very well that they loose their independents during A Period where women are victimized,stolen or killed...

We have freedom,but in a way you could compare our freedom to jail,our freedom is limited soo that basically don't count as freedom,

We as young people have soo many opportunities ahead of us but at what cost?

Will we ever make it?

Will they be stopped?

Will i be the next victim?

Doesn't matter how hard you scream or beg for your life...they dont care..they never do.