A Room Full of Silence

The chair beside me stays untouched,
The walls remember me too much.
The clock keeps talking every night,
While I pretend that I'm alright.
People pass like drifting rain,
None can hear this hidden pain.
I smile enough to fool the day,
But darkness knows what words won't say.
Still, somewhere beyond this lonely sky,
Hope waits softly, standing by.
And maybe one day I will see—
Being alone helped me find me.

What I Become

I carry storms inside my chest,
But still I dream beyond the rest.
Not for riches, not for fame,
But to give meaning to my name.
Dreams are fragile, dreams are wild,
They survive inside a child.
Even when the world says "no,"
They quietly continue to grow.
One day these sleepless nights will shine,
And every scar will turn divine.
Because the future belongs to those
Who dare to bloom where no one chose.

Gen Z — This Generation

We hide our pain behind a screen,
Posting smiles no one has seen.
Fast replies, but hearts feel slow,
Connected minds that feel alone.
Yet this generation still can rise,
Dreaming big beneath tired eyes.

Different, loud, and hard to define—
A broken world, but a hopeful mind.

Unread Feelings

You were poetry without trying,
While I was a letter never sent.
Every glance from you felt golden,
Every silence left a dent.
I memorized your smallest habits,
Like they were songs I had to keep.
You never knew I built a universe
From promises you didn't mean.
But love doesn't always ask for return,
Sometimes it simply chooses to burn.
So I'll keep my heart quietly strong,
Even if loving you was wrong.

Passion

I searched for dreams in crowded halls,
In louder voices, bigger calls.
I wore the masks the world admired,
Yet deep inside, my soul was tired.
Then one silent evening taught me this—
Passion is not fame or bliss.
It is the spark that keeps you awake,
The pain you choose, the roads you take.
Now every step feels more alive,
Not just to live, but truly thrive.
I stopped becoming what they imagined,
And started becoming what I am.

Between Stars

Beyond the Earth, beyond our fear,
A silent universe waits near.
Planets wander without sound,
Mysteries nowhere fully found.
The moon has watched humanity cry,
While comets disappear through sky.

Stars explode and galaxies spin,
A timeless dance where worlds begin.
And maybe somewhere, far away,
Another soul looks out today.
Wondering too, beneath cosmic grace,
How small we are inside this space

Horror — The Knock at 2 AM

At exactly two, the knocking came,
Three slow taps that spoke my name.
The windows shook, the lights turned red,
A freezing whisper near my bed.
I checked the door—there stood no one,
Yet muddy footprints slowly formed.
The mirror cracked without a sound,
And shadows crawled across the ground.
Then from behind, a voice so near:
"You finally noticed I am here."
I turned around with fading breath…
And saw myself, smiling in death.

The Bird Within

A bird lives within—not of song, but of storms,
wings carved from thunder,
feathers heavy with unspoken forms.
It does not flee the raging skies,
nor beg the winds to cease—
it stands amidst the chaos,
wearing turmoil like a silent peace.
Beneath its skin, a hidden war,
where quiet rivers bleed,
a thousand unseen hemorrhages
nurture an unspoken need.
No cries escape its trembling chest,
no glory does it claim—it wraps itself in suffering,
untouched by pride or fame.
For it has learned a solemn truth
no victor dares to see—that strength is born in shadows,
where pain chooses to simply be.

Struck

I never knew a glance could stay,
Long after you had looked away.
A simple smile, a fleeting spark,
Now lights a fire within the dark.
Your name hums softly in my mind,
In every silence I can find.
And somehow, in the smallest way—
You've taken all my thoughts away.

Quiet Light

Not all stars burn loud and bright,
Some glow softly in the night.
Unseen, unheard—yet still they shine,
Like hidden dreams you call "mine."

Unwritten Place

Even in fragments, incomplete,
There is no turning away—
Only a gentle kind of care
That asks nothing, yet chooses to stay.
Through that gaze, I am still a child —

A smile escapes without consent
At the mere crossing of sight,
While somewhere deep, unspoken tears
Fall in the absence of that light.
No loud wishes,
Just a hope I softly keep—
That within that endless world,
I hold a place … however special and deeep too

Everything Except You

I am loved by many,
Yet haunted by the absence of one.

I own laughter, comfort, people—
But none of them know
How empty a heart can feel
While carrying someone it cannot reach.
Some nights, I convince myself
You were only a lesson.
Other nights,
You feel like the missing half
Of everything I am.
I battle myself daily—
Between forgetting you
And waiting for you.
And perhaps that is the tragedy of love:
Being surrounded by warmth,
Yet freezing
For the touch of one person alone.