



MY THOUGHTS AND I

A L O V E S T O R Y

ASAVARI BOSE

MY THOUGHTS AND I
A Love Story

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BLUE PENCIL

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Preface

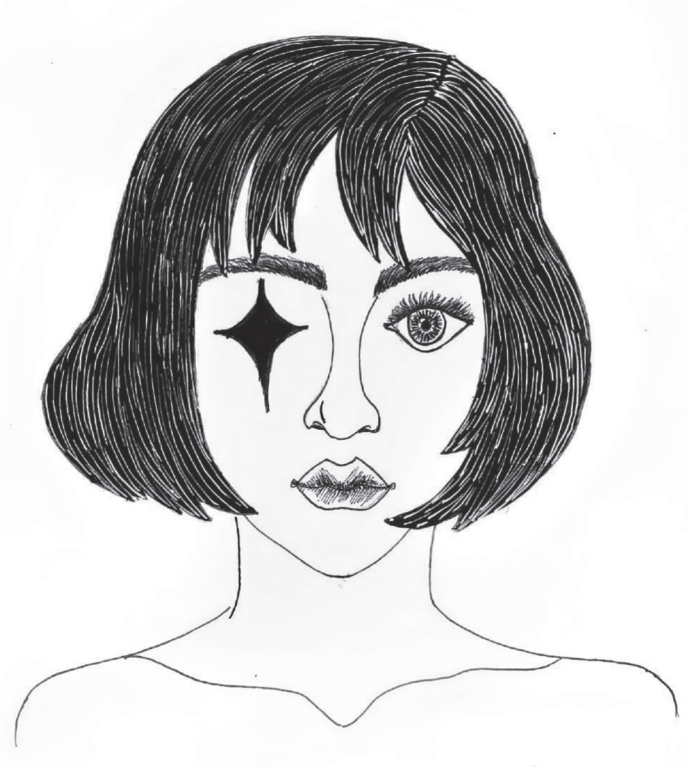


This book is called **My Thoughts and I: A Love Story**. These poems were written with reference to my relationship with my thoughts. I have always been completely enamored by literature and books. One day, while writing in my diary I ended up writing a poem and it wasn't too bad. After that day writing poems became my coping mechanism while struggling with mental illness and whatever life threw at me. This book was my version of making lemonade.

All the poems that I have written depict who I was when I wrote them. Every poem represents a time in my life that has contributed to shaping the character of my truth today. They are all as important to me as the day they were written. The role they have played is relevant as the role of the version of me that exists in the present will have in shaping the perception that I am yet to develop.

I want to thank my Mom, Neelanjana Bose, for being an unconditional, unwavering wall of support throughout this time. I also want to thank Baisali Chatterjee Dutt, Babi Mashi for me, who was the catalyst in making this book happen.

Debbie darling you're a G.



Epiphanies



What happens to epiphanies after you have them?
You forget them, and they fade away;
Only to sneak up on you one quiet evening
And make you question,
“What went wrong?”
Especially, because you were so sure,
That things would go right from there;
As due to a sudden stroke of genius,
You had figured it all out.

And now, you're just going to have to add it,
To your lengthy list of “I could have but I didn't”
And you're the worse for it;
Because, once again,
A treacherous cycle
Has been set in motion.

A cycle of dissonance and disturbance,
All with the motive of pushing you into
A spiraling hurricane of self-loathing,
Where gravity can only pull you down further.

And there, at the bottom of the vortex,
You wait for your next starry-eyed epiphany,
To break you out of this cycle;
Only to push you into the next.

Rat Race



I was not meant for this,
I live like a phantom haunting the race.
Like a shadow, a step behind all the athletes.
I want to be a part of the light and the rays of the sun,
The miniscule droplets of water in the clouds,
And the infinitesimal particles of dust.
I want to scatter into thousands of atoms.
Exist as raw uninhibited energy.
And knowing this,
That my truest desire can never come to pass,
Eats away at me.

Pièce de Résistance



I'm sure my heart is beautiful.
At least, the physicality of it is.
I fancy it to be transforming
Into an ivory white marble sculpture.
But, as it metamorphoses into a piece of art,
It will cease to be human.
It will cease to perform its corporeal duty.
What will remain will be a lifeless,
Albeit, a perfectly carved sculpture of what was once alive.



Irony



I remember when the void started to grow,
As though it were a delicate little sapling;
Drinking in my soul for its subsistence.

Soon, I'll be gone,
And all that would be left of me,
Will be a fragile, little tree.
With a dark stem, dark leaves and dark velvety flowers.

The derision in this circumstance is,
That in this bleak, pitiable state,
This is the best-case scenario;
Because, at least I'll know,
That something beautiful came from all this darkness.
That a life was born in this abyss.



Noise



It's just noise.

It's disturbing and disorienting,

But it's just noise.

It's like the cacophonous dissonance of traffic.

You don't try to make sense of cars honking,

Nor do you try to understand the profound philosophy
behind it.

It's just there, and it's exasperating;

But you just turn up the music and ignore it.

And that's just what you have to do in your head
sometimes.

Turn up the music, and ignore the thoughts.

An Infinite Affliction



I have come to believe,
That perhaps this bottomless pain is because I grieve
someone's absence.
I don't know who they are or maybe I don't remember.
Someone from another life perhaps.
I only know that I am less than alive and only a little
more than dead without them.
I wonder often, whether they too grieve for me?
Do they crave my company as much as I crave theirs?
Will I ever find them?
Or am I to live life in an infinite struggle desiderate for
someone that I don't even know exists.



A Question for the Departed



Do the dead ever miss the living?
We live in the shadows of the dead.
Of people, memories,
Of who we used to be,
Of what once was.

We mourn the dead everyday.
Writing poems and lyrics,
Lamenting in the most beautiful tunes.
Our hearts ache even as we go through our daily lives.

In all we do, in every moment,
We live harking back to the dead.
So, it makes me wonder,
Do the dead ever miss the living?

Camouflage



I can't bear to be myself.
I cannot stand my own misery.
Perhaps, that is why,
I feel the need to mask my pain with someone else's.
Because, I can deal with their misery better than my own.

Dear Love



I can never truly tell you how much I love you.
Perhaps, you know.
But I can tell you this,
That I have never loved you more than I do today.
Because, as devastating and heart wrenching the very
thought of life without you is,
I'm telling you today,
That I would not blame you for letting go.
I know that you're trapped.
And I know that you would rather be a bird high up in
the sky.
It is excruciating for me to see you in pain.
So even if it kills me,
If letting go of you is the only thing that will set you free,
Then I will.
Because I know that you wouldn't let go of me unless it
was the only way out.

Unattended



Feelings that I have never acknowledged before have resurfaced.

Feelings that got buried deep beneath the others.

Others, that demanded more attention.

Others, that kept me preoccupied.

I thought, that I had tied enough stones to them to sink them to the bottom.

I chose to avoid the inevitability,

That the tide would bring them to the surface.

Freeing them of their confines and creating yet another for me.



Writer's Block



I sit here with my pen,
The pen that used to be an extension of my arm.
The pen through which my blood would flow,
Donning the paper with illegible scribbles,
That would only make sense to me.

Now, I sit here with my pen,
While the white pages stare back at me expectantly.
Waiting for me to bring them to life.
But my heart doesn't bleed anymore.
It makes me wonder if it is as lifeless
As the pages of my diary without my scribbles.

END OF SAMPLE

Loved this book?



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