

ECHO

NIGHTLONG LAMENTS

FROM PROBLEMS TO PEACE



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For my beautiful family...

*Message to the
readers*

STORY OF A TEAR

We all feel broken sometimes and it's hard to keep ourselves strong at such moments. This book explores different chapters of our lives until we find peace, but to find peace we need to acknowledge the feelings of our past and present.

Our grieves often stay inside us. They want to pour out in the form of tears that we stop, but this single drop of water, gives us the ability to live...

Just one drop of tear has such a beautiful world inside it. We all think a tear falls off from the eye... but a tear goes through a long journey.

When the heart is hurt of guilt, regret and grief, it feels as if it is shattered like glass. The heart is like a glass vase that is home to a beautiful flower. When the glass vase breaks and its pieces shatter around, the water inside the vase flows out in the form of tears. Without water even the beautiful flower dies.

From the heart it goes to the mind... but the mind does not accept it, because the mind is ready to forgive itself and move on. But just like us, even that tiny drop of water needs to escape the dark times somehow. It decides to seek hope from the eyes, because the eyes are vast and are ready to accept any beauty given to it. The eyes show sympathy and allow the tears to flow... even if the tears blur the vision of the eyes while flowing through. The eyes sacrifice the light it receives, just to bring the tears out of darkness and into the light.

Just the way Raindrops fall from the sky and prepare it for the next ray of sunlight, similarly our tears flow through our cheeks to clear it for the next smile.

Even after going through so much, the tear isnt afraid to show itself... It stays completely transparent and expresses its story.

Now, the continuation of the story... Depends on you.

All I can say is...

Don't let the broken vase inside scare you to express yourself and allow those tiny droplets to escape in the form of tears. Only when they escape will you be able to fill your heart with fresh water.

*Fragility of
oneself*

IF ONLY THE WORLD HAD NO MIRRORS

If Only The World Had No Mirrors

*I wish the world had no mirrors
No mirrors for me to look at myself
No mirrors to force me to pick myself apart
And watch myself fall into pieces like glass*

*As I sit down to collect the broken me
I realize realizations that I never had
I look at old memories in pieces of myself*

*My pale brown skin
Reminded me of the sands of the hidden beach
Covered by mountains on three sides
And the waves calling out to me*

*My dark brown eyes
Reminded me of the bark of trees unknown
In the deep jungles with tyndall rays
Falling into the peephole of my windows*

*My dull white hair
Reminded me of the winter river that froze to ice
Where I fell again and again
But to pick me up they were always there*

*And yet somehow today I feel alone
Because no I'm not meant to be beautiful
And yes you say to look at the positives
But somehow I feel like I don't deserve it*

*Because even after all of this
They still will prove me imperfect
If only they knew that the weight built up on my heart
was much more than the weight they compared me to*

*I'm sorry I can't see myself through your eyes
But trust me I am trying
To look for that spark of confidence in me
But for now until the next smile hits me... goodbye*

Addiction

ONE NO AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN ALRIGHT

One No and I Would Have Been Alright

*She didn't want it to happen
one drink, that's all
where did I go wrong
that one drink, caused her fall*

*She regretted every part of it
I shouldn't have gone out that night
I should have said no
if I did, I would have been alright*

*But the thrill and excitement
Distracted me away
One drink I said
And within a while, it made me vulnerable enough
To be molded like clay*

*I should have said no
I should have said no
if I did, I would have been alright*

*And with that, the sunset ended and the darkness
succumbed all of her.*

*Objectification
of a woman*

I'M NOT AN OBJECT

I'm not an object

*I'm not an object
Treat me right*

*I might be a woman
But I'm not going to be a victim of this mayhem*

I'm not a piece of glass, don't try to break me

I'm not a pencil, don't try to erase me

I'm not a door, don't try to shut me

I'm not an open book, don't try to read and judge me

I'm not a machine, don't try to fix me

*I have fears and insecurities, don't try to use them against
me*

*Even after saying all this
Even after going through all this*

*Whether I wear a hijab or a crop top
You still will stare at me a lot*

*Then what is the point of me saying all this
When if not me then you'd do it to someone else*

*Maybe someday I'll die this way
And finally find peace
Because then and only then,
you won't be able to stare at me*

*Annihilation
of Nature*

NATURE IS A MOTHER

Nature is a mother

*I'm done living like this
Seeing everyone kill her everyday
Seeing her live a million deaths
Dying each day*

*As you slit her throat
And pull her heart out
And she lets you do that
Because she is a mother*

*You ask her for help and she helps
You rely on her but kill her yourself
You imagine her to restore herself every time
I've seen her try
But all I can see now is her cry*

*Her cry to just live
Not to live for herself
But to live for us
To live so we can live*

*To live so every day we see a sunset and smile
To live so every day we cry and be better than fine
To live so we get the ability to live*

*Because nature is a mother
And a mother gives
Never utters a word
Never keeps any conditions for love
But we will not realize it
Until we lose her*

*And remember
She starts dying the day the last flower blooms
She starts dying with the last babies laugh
She dies with the last droplet of purity
She dies with the last life*

*And what did she do to deserve such a death
With no flowers at her grave and no one to cry pure tears
at her loss
Was her mistake to love and give?
Was her mistake to be okay with everyone ripping her
apart piece by piece
Was her mistake to hide her tears and show everything is
ok?*

*If that was her mistake then she accepts it
Because she is a mother
And for us she would do it all again*

*Losing Someone
you Love*

WALKING DOWN THE DIM STREET

Walking down the dim street

*Walking down the dim street
Together hand in hand
Never did I know that this was the day
That the clock would be out of sand*

*Because then slowly
You started to walk away
And within a sizzling breath
You crossed seven clouds without a word to say*

*I called out your name
While your steps tapped ahead
But you didn't turn back
Didn't even nod your head*

*And the stillness of that moment
Was as still as your breath
And I couldn't believe that it had happened
That you surrendered yourself to death*

*Walking down the dim street
Towards your grave
Wiping my tears aside
Convincing myself to be brave*

*I reach the tombstone
To put you to rest
Pouring the sand through your soft skin
With heaviness in my chest*

*But at that moment
I felt a sweet crisp air
Hugging my soul
Reminding me you hadn't gone anywhere*

*Walking down the dim street
Remembering old memories
Looking through the path
Waiting for my turn to leave...*

*Emptiness
Inside*

WILL I BE ABLE TO LOOK AT THE SKY

Will I be able to look at the Sky

*Staring at the starry sky
I wonder how stars always shine
Because sometime or the other
We all lose our light*

*Even if it is just for some time
The darkness is here to chase us*

*At such a time,
There is a reflection of the sun in my eyes
I can feel it and I cannot deny*

*It has warmth reminding me of the love that's near
But all that's taken me for now is fear
Maybe one day I will be able to see
The love that surrounds me*

*But will I be awake to see that day
Will I be able to look at the sky*

*Will I be able to ever open my eyes
Or will the emptiness eat me alone inside...*

Regret

TOO LATE TO DO THE UNDONE

Too late to do the undone

*Walking on an empty beach
Feeling lonely and uncertain
Just so many changes
And I can't stay the same anymore*

*I see a jar glowing
Little lights with fireflies
Covered in a dusty maze
Lying there abandoned*

*Was the box abandoned or was it me
Staring at the box all alone
Did I push those apart
And held on the ones who were wrong*

*I slowly start to realize
A thousand tears run through my eyes
Showing me a thousand things done wrong
Left back in time*

*There is a need to get them erased
With an eraser in my hand
And a pencil in another
I carve my future in the sand*

*Just to watch it flow away with the waves
Far far away from me
Maybe it's too late to do the undone
Maybe it's too late to escape*

Until Peace

NO STAR IS ABOVE THE OTHER

No star is above the other

*Why are there so many wars
Burning the core of our hearts
Cant we just live as one
Cant we just roam around in freedom*

*Why cant we empty the place of greed in our hearts
Do we need to have so much to desire
Why not be happy living in our own little nests
And ice up the raging fire*

*Look up above
with stars so many in the sky
we might be different
but each has a place to lie*

*we all have been through our share
of struggle and anxiety
lets try finding peace this time
and ignore the wants of society*

*lets defeat the jealousy and guilt
and free our hearts of hatred
just one drop of believing in ourselves
and in no time a river emerges*

*Look up above
With stars so many in the sky
They might be different
But each has a place to lie*

*lets all coexist in peace
and bring our differences together
with stars so many in the sky
but remember no star is above the other*

Closure

PERFECT ROSES

'No one is Perfect' ... most of you reading, believe in this saying, but let me show you actual perfectness.

Being Perfect does not mean being great at everything, It means being complete at whatever you do. It is not wrong to have faults. Because these faults create the beautiful curves that bring beauty to life... because no one likes a boring straight line.

A red rose is said to be perfect, as it is the perfect color to express love. But this red is just an outward appearance. The actual perfectness is the way a rose blossoms, spreading all its petals around giving love to all that surround it.

Similarly perfectness is not looking perfect on the outside but instead blossoming yourself to the fullest. May it be a red, white or an orange rose.

To all the roses out there,

*You might all be of different colors, shapes and designs
and you might also be a late or an early bloomer but
remember to blossom in your own perfectness.*

*So let me rephrase the saying 'Everyone is perfect and no
one is incomplete...'*

I Can Hear Myself...

WHEN EVERYTHING AROUND ME NEVER
STOPS TO CHANGE
HOW CAN I CONTROL CHANGE
HOW CAN I STAY THE SAME
WHEN EVERYTHING BECOMES DIFFERENT
DAY BY DAY



STORY OF A TEAR
FRAGILITY OF ONESELF
ADDICTION
OBJECTIFICATION OF A
WOMAN
ANNIHILATION OF NATURE
LOSING SOMEONE YOU LOVE
EMPTINESS INSIDE
REGRET
UNTIL PEACE
PERFECT ROSES

*We all feel broken
sometimes and its
hard to keep
ourselves strong at
such moments. This
book explores
different chapters of
our lives until we find
peace.*