

Pain That Healed

Edgar Agayi

Published by Edgar Agayi, 2025.

While every precaution has been taken in the preparation of this book, the publisher assumes no responsibility for errors or omissions, or for damages resulting from the use of the information contained herein.

PAIN THAT HEALED

First edition. October 12, 2025.

Copyright © 2025 Edgar Agayi.

ISBN: 979-8232374532

Written by Edgar Agayi.

Also by Edgar Agayi

Tales of Time

Clockmaker's Daughter

Standalone

210 Days: A Tapestry of Time

Ballads of the Hummingbird

Crimson Reveries: The Art of Letting Go

The Words We Never Learned to Say

I Deserved a Better Goodbye

Did I Deserve This?

Love Was Just a Word I Believed In

Pain That Healed

Watch for more at <https://edgaragayi.com>.

To Lehandra. the girl who only existed in words, yet
carried the weight of a thousand real emotions. I tried
to give you a better ending in every story I wrote. I'm
sorry I couldn't.

And to the butterfly that landed on my window you
escaped, but your beauty stayed. You remind me that
not everything beautiful is meant to remain, and that's
okay.

For all the others too - the imagined, the fleeting, the
lost. You live here still, between the words that remem-
ber you.

"The wounds you hide are the ones that teach you how to heal." — *Pain That Healed*



Chapter 1: To the Girl Who Forgot She's Beautiful

I don't know how to begin this, so I'll start with the truth.
You are beautiful.

Not the kind that filters can define, or mirrors can capture
but the kind that breathes.

The kind that has survived storms, and still, somehow,
looks at the sky as if it owes her nothing.

You don't see it, do you?

You think you're broken because the world made you bleed.
Because people left when they promised to stay.

Because pain became so familiar that happiness feels foreign.
But I've seen you - the real you - the one who tries to smile
even when the day already decided it wouldn't be kind.

And I swear, that version of you is the most beautiful thing I've
ever known.

There was a time I wanted to tell you this.

To tell you that your laughter could quiet entire wars in my
chest,

that your silence could shake me more than thunder ever did.
But I never did.

Maybe I was scared you'd laugh.

Maybe I thought love was something you earned,
not something that simply *was*.

You always reminded me of Hannah.
Not the Hannah from the stories we watched,
but the one who wrote her pain like a will
as if she wanted to leave her hurt behind for someone to understand.

You once told me you were tired
tired of fighting battles that never seemed to end,
tired of being strong when you only wanted to rest.
And I wanted to hold your hand and tell you
that rest doesn't have to mean ending everything.
You are not a tragedy, though you carry one in your chest.
You are not your scars, though they tell stories no one listened to.

And if the world made you believe that pain is all you'll ever have,

then I want to spend whatever time I have left proving it wrong.
Maybe this is too late.

Maybe you'll never read these words.

But if you do

know that somewhere, someone saw you.

Truly saw you.

Not as broken, not as lost

but as a miracle that forgot her own name.

If you ever decide that life isn't worth living,
please read this again.

Because you are worth living for.

You are worth saving.

You are worth the poems I wrote and the ones I never finished.

And I will keep writing, until my words build you a place
where pain doesn't hurt as much,

and love feels like something you can stay in.

You are beautiful.

Not because I say it,

but because even your pain couldn't take that away.

Paper Cuts

You never cried loudly.
Your pain was quieter than rain,
like the sound of paper tearing
small, invisible, endless.
Every word they said to you
left a mark no one could see.
A whisper here,
a laugh there,
and somehow,
you began believing
that maybe they were right.
That maybe you weren't enough.
You carried their words like folded letters,
tucked neatly beneath your ribs,
and every night they cut you from the inside,
tiny wounds you told no one about.
People saw your strength,
but they never saw the shaking hands
that held it up.
They saw your smile,
not the trembling lip behind it.
They called you "resilient,"
as if survival was a compliment,
not a confession.
And I wanted to ask you
when did you learn
that silence was safer than truth?
That pain, when hidden well enough,
turns into something beautiful to others,

but unbearable to you?
You are full of paper cuts,
and yet you still turn the page.
You still reach for tomorrow
with fingers bandaged in hope.
One day, maybe,
you'll stop apologizing for bleeding.
You'll stop hiding the hurt
beneath your laughter.
And you'll realize
even the softest hearts
can survive a thousand paper cuts,
and still learn to hold love again.

If You Had Stayed

If you had stayed,
the sun would have found its way back to your window.
It always does, even when the night pretends to own the sky.
You would've seen how morning light forgives everything
how it touches even the quietest corners,
as if whispering, *you're still here, that's enough.*
Your laughter would still echo in the corners of classrooms,
in the half-finished sentences you used to write in the margins,
in the songs you hummed without realizing you were singing.
Someone would have noticed
how your voice trembled less when you talked about your
dreams,
how you finally started believing they could belong to you.
You would've grown your hair longer,
worn that yellow dress you said made you look like sunshine.
You would've smiled without rehearsing it first,
and it would've looked different - not perfect,
but real, the kind of smile that means *I made it through another
day.*
Maybe you would've gone on long walks again,
barefoot on wet grass, collecting little moments
that made life worth staying for.
You would've seen how beauty hides
in the smallest places
the smell of rain,
the sound of a stranger's kindness,
the way streetlights hum like lullabies
to tired hearts that keep choosing to stay.
I think about it sometimes

how the world might have felt softer
if you had given it one more sunrise to prove you wrong.
How different my chest would feel
if I didn't carry your absence like an heirloom.
If you had stayed,
we would have sat beneath the jacaranda trees,
the petals falling like small pieces of forgiveness.
You would've told me about your favorite book again,
and how you believed people are like chapters
some end too soon,
but the story keeps going.
You would've smiled at your own words,
and for once, they wouldn't taste like lies.
You would've found that healing isn't loud.
It's quiet
a breath that doesn't hurt,
a night that doesn't end in tears.
It's waking up and realizing
you don't hate the sound of your heartbeat anymore.
If you had stayed,
you would've known that pain doesn't last forever
it just feels that way when it's still raining.
You would've learned
that even the storm gets tired eventually,
that peace always finds its way home.
I imagine you walking back from the edge,
your hands empty but your heart full,
learning that surviving is not weakness
it's the loudest kind of courage.
If you had stayed,

I would have told you everything.
How I loved you.
How your existence made mine gentler.
How every time you spoke,
the world around me slowed down,
as if it knew you were sacred.
I would have told you
that you were never too much,
never not enough
just human, and that was everything.
That the way you cried,
the way you hoped,
the way you tried
was beautiful beyond words.
If you had stayed,
maybe you would've believed me.
Maybe you would've believed yourself.
Maybe you would've realized
that you didn't need to be anyone else to be loved
you already were,
you always were.
If you had stayed,
the world would have been lighter.
Mine, especially.

Thirteen Reasons and One More

I listened to the tapes once.
Not hers - but yours,
the ones you never recorded,
the ones I heard only in the way you spoke
half-words, half-breaths,
as if life itself was too heavy to finish a sentence.
You said you didn't want to die.
You just didn't know how to keep living.
And I understood that more than I ever wanted to.
Because pain, when it stays too long,
starts to sound like reason.
It convinces you it's logical to stop breathing.
You made a list, didn't you?
Not written down,
but memorized in silence
reasons to go,
reasons to fade,
reasons to stop waiting for the world to understand.
And maybe there were thirteen.
Thirteen nights you cried yourself to sleep,
thirteen times someone chose someone else,
thirteen mirrors that lied about your worth,
thirteen memories that wouldn't stop replaying.
But you forgot one.
You forgot me.
The one who stayed quiet in the background,
who memorized your smile like scripture,
who noticed the way your laughter trembled
and pretended not to know why.

I was the reason you never wrote.
The one reason left unwritten.
Because love - even unspoken
is heavier than goodbye.
If I had known you were counting,
I would've given you a thousand reasons to stay.
I would've told you that the stars still keep your name,
that somewhere, the world is waiting
for the sound of your healing.
I would've told you
that pain is a liar,
and you, my love,
are living proof that beauty can come
from something shattered.
You said no one would care.
You said it wouldn't matter.
But I would have carried your name
like a heartbeat in my pocket,
whispering it to every dawn
until it meant *alive* again.
You didn't leave because you wanted to disappear.
You left because no one ever told you
you could stay.
So here I am,
saying it
you could have stayed.
You should have stayed.
And maybe you still can,
in the spaces between these words,
in the parts of me that refuse to forget you.

If there were thirteen reasons to go,
then let me be the one more reason to stay.
Because love
the kind I had for you
isn't about saving.
It's about remembering.
And I will remember you
in every poem,
in every quiet night that almost feels like peace.

Her Silence Screamed

She didn't shout.

She never did.

Her pain was quiet

a gentle hum beneath her breath,

a storm that learned how to whisper.

You could sit beside her all day

and never know how loud she was breaking.

Because silence, when practiced long enough,

starts to sound like strength.

And she was strong

at least that's what they said.

But I knew better.

I saw the way her eyes trembled

when someone said, "Are you okay?"

and she answered too quickly.

I saw how she bit her lip

just to stop the truth from falling out.

She spoke in pauses,

in sighs,

in half-smiles that didn't reach her soul.

Her silence wasn't peace

it was exhaustion.

The kind that comes from pretending

everything is fine

when nothing ever was.

At night,

she'd stare at the ceiling

as if waiting for it to collapse,

to finally match the ruins inside her.

And if you listened closely enough,
you could hear it
the quietest kind of scream.
The kind that doesn't ask for help
because it already knows
no one is coming.
She once told me
that silence was her safest language.
No one could twist it,
mock it,
or leave it unanswered.
But even silence breaks,
eventually.
Even silence wants to be heard.
And I wish I'd said something.
Anything.
I wish I'd told her
that I heard every word
she never spoke.
That her silence was never empty
it was full of all the pain
she didn't know how to name.
I wish I'd told her
that she didn't have to be quiet
to be loved.
That the world would have listened
if only someone had taught it how.
But I didn't.
I stayed quiet, too.
And now,

all that's left
is the echo of her silence
and the sound of me
finally learning to scream.

The Weight of Invisible Scars

Some wounds don't bleed.

They just live.

Quietly, beneath the skin
breathing where no one looks,
aching where no one asks.

I carry you there now
not in photographs,
not in the places we used to meet,
but somewhere deeper,
where memory turns to pulse.

People think scars are proof of healing.

But some never close.

Some stay open,
soft,

tender to the touch,
like they're afraid to forget the story that made them.

Your story became mine that way.

It stitched itself into my days.

You in every empty chair,
every sunrise I can't enjoy without guilt,
every laugh that feels borrowed.

They ask me how I've been.

I tell them I'm fine
because there's no easy way
to explain the kind of pain
that hides behind breathing.

How do you tell someone
that you're still mourning a heartbeat
that isn't yours?

You left quietly,
but your silence stayed loud.
It hums through the spaces
you used to fill.
It sits beside me when the world sleeps
and whispers your name
like it's afraid I'll forget.
Sometimes I touch my chest,
as if I could find you there
under skin and bone,
beneath all the things I never said.
And I do,
every time.
The world has moved on.
It always does.
But grief doesn't.
It lingers, polite and patient,
like an old friend who won't leave
until you remember to say goodbye.
But how do you say goodbye
to someone who never really left?
You became the ache that taught me how to feel.
The scar that taught me how to stay.
And maybe that's what healing really is
not forgetting the wound,
but learning to live
with the weight of invisible scars.

How She Apologized for Existing

She said sorry
for everything.
For being late,
for speaking too softly,
for crying too loudly,
for being tired,
for needing help,
for taking up space
in a world that made her believe
she wasn't allowed to.
She said sorry
when she laughed too long,
when her joy surprised even her.
As if happiness
was something she needed permission for.
She apologized to the rain
for getting wet,
to the sun
for casting a shadow.
She apologized to her friends
for being "too much,"
and to herself
for never being enough.
Every sorry she spoke
was a brick in the wall she built around her heart.
And she built it high,
so no one could see
how much she wanted to be loved
without feeling like a burden.

She said sorry
when someone stepped on her foot.
She said sorry
when she ran out of words.
She said sorry
for surviving things
that should have destroyed her.
I wanted to take those words from her lips
and replace them with truth
with *thank you*,
with *I am here*,
with *I deserve to stay*.
But she had already learned
to bow before the world,
even when it was the world
that owed her an apology.
I remember once,
she said sorry for crying in front of me.
And I told her, "You don't have to be sorry."
She smiled - the kind of smile that breaks.
She said, "I know,"
but she didn't.
She never did.
Because when you grow up
apologizing for your breath,
you forget that breathing
was never a sin.
And maybe that's what hurts most
that she never knew
she was allowed to exist

without apologizing for it.
That her voice
was never too loud,
her heart never too fragile,
her presence never too much.
She was enough.
Always enough.
She just didn't believe it.
And every sorry she left behind
still echoes like a prayer
for forgiveness
she never needed.

The Night She Stopped Singing

The night she stopped singing,
the world didn't notice.
The stars still blinked,
the city still hummed,
the clocks still ticked forward
as if time wasn't losing something sacred.
But I noticed.
I noticed the stillness,
the kind that doesn't belong to peace
but to endings.
Her laughter, once a melody,
had fallen silent
and silence, I learned,
can be deafening.
She used to hum
without realizing it

in class,
in hallways,
under her breath when she thought no one was listening.
The kind of sound
that made you believe
life could still be soft.
But that night,
her window stayed dark.
No song,
no voice,
no movement
just quiet,
the kind that makes your chest feel smaller.
I think she had grown tired
of begging the world
to hear her song.
Tired of pretending
she wasn't breaking mid-chorus.
Tired of being told
that time heals all wounds
when hers were still bleeding years later.
They say pain fades.
But hers learned how to whisper,
how to smile,
how to hide beneath laughter.
Until one night,
it just stopped pretending.
I remember the way the air felt heavy,
like the sky knew before I did.
Like even the moon

refused to look in her direction.
I remember calling her name
and hearing nothing back
not even an echo.
That's when I knew.
Hope had left her body.
And the music that once held her together
had gone silent for good.
No goodbye note.
No final message.
Just the absence of sound.
Just the echo of all the songs
she never got to finish.
And yet, sometimes,
when the world is quiet enough,
I swear I can still hear her.
Not singing,
but breathing
in wind,
in rain,
in everything that still dares to move gently.
Because maybe her song didn't end
maybe it just changed its form.
Maybe some songs
don't die when the singer does.
They just keep playing
in the hearts that listened.
And I will keep listening.
Always.
To the silence she left behind,

and the music she became.

And Still, She Shines

She is gone,
but not gone.
She lives in small things
in the way the rain sounds gentler now,
in the way sunsets linger longer
as if waiting for her to notice.
She shines
through the quiet corners of memory,
through photographs that still breathe,
through words I never said
but somehow keep saying.
Some people vanish.
She didn't.
She dissolved
like sunlight on water,
like perfume in the wind,
like something too soft
to be destroyed completely.
Her absence should have been hollow,
but it glows.
It glows in the smile of a stranger,
in the laughter of a child,
in the way I still look for her
in faces that remind me of grace.
I used to think death meant ending,
but she taught me otherwise.
She taught me that some people
are too radiant to disappear
that their light just changes form,

finding new places to live.
She shines in the words I write,
in every poem that aches to be her.
She shines in the moonlight
that seeps through my curtains
and rests against my chest
like she used to rest her head.
Sometimes, when the night is too dark,
I whisper her name.
Not to call her back
but to remind myself
that she never really left.
Because love,
when it's real,
doesn't fade.
It burns quietly, endlessly
even when the one you love
is gone.
And though she forgot
how to see her own beauty,
the world remembers.
The world still carries her glow
in the spaces she once filled.
She shines in the way I survive,
in the way I love,
in the way I remember her
not as tragedy,
but as light.
And still, she shines.
Even now.

Even here.

Even through the pain
that tried to take her away.

Letters I Never Sent

Dear you,
I still write to you sometimes.
Not because I expect an answer,
but because silence feels less cruel
when it has your name on it.

These are the letters I never sent
the ones I folded into my heart
and carried everywhere.

The ones that were too honest
to survive daylight.

Letter one:

I saw you today - not really,
but someone who walked like you.

For a second,
the world stopped breathing.

I wanted to run to her
and tell her everything you never let me say.

That you were the kind of beautiful
that makes the world look up.

That your sadness never made you unworthy.

That I loved you.

And still do.

Letter two:

You once told me you believed
people only love what's easy.

You were wrong.

I loved you in your chaos,

in your quiet,

in your I'm-fine-when-you weren't-fine days.

I loved you even when you disappeared
behind your sadness.

Even when you made it impossible.

Even then,
especially then.

Letter three:

I've stopped asking "why."

There is no answer that could bring you back.

Now I just hope you're somewhere
where it doesn't hurt to exist.

Somewhere the light feels gentle,
and you can finally rest
without guilt.

Letter four:

If I could go back,

I wouldn't try to fix you.

I would just sit beside you
in your quietest nights
and remind you
that you weren't alone.

That you never were.

Letter five:

I still dream of you.

Not the way you left,
but the way you lived
your hair dancing in the wind,
your eyes holding galaxies
you didn't even know you had.

You always were
something holy,

something infinite.

Dear you,

I hope you know now
what I never said out loud
that my silence was never indifference.

It was fear.

Fear of saying too much
and still not being enough.

But if you can hear me now,
if love still echoes
through whatever sky you're under
then know this:

you were enough.

You always were.

And maybe,
these letters will find their way to you,
through dreams,
through stars,
through the quiet places
where your name still lives.

Until then,

I'll keep writing
to the girl who left,
to the love that stayed,
to the silence that taught me how to speak.

You Were Never Broken

They called you fragile.
They said you cracked too easily,
that you wore your heart too close to the surface,
that your softness was your flaw.
But they were wrong.
You weren't fragile
you were raw.
You felt everything too deeply,
and the world didn't know
how to hold something that honest.
You were never broken.
You were just too alive
for a world that loved numbness.
You carried pain like art
messy,
real,
unapologetically human.
I used to think healing meant fixing,
but now I know better.
You didn't need to be fixed.
You needed to be believed.
You needed someone to look at you
and see more than your scars
to see the courage it took
to still wake up every day
when your soul wanted to rest.
You were never broken.
You were tired.
You were trying.

You were surviving
in a world that forgot to be kind.
And somehow,
you made beauty out of that survival.
You turned your hurt into meaning,
your fear into empathy,
your silence into poetry.
Maybe that's why you felt like a storm
not because you destroyed,
but because you changed everything you touched.
You shook the sky
so others could learn how to look up.
I wish I could have told you that sooner
that your cracks were just places
where the light was trying to find its way in.
That your pain didn't make you weak;
it made you real.
Because the truth is
you were never too much.
You were never not enough.
You were never broken.
You were *becoming*.
Becoming light.
Becoming memory.
Becoming the reason I believe
that beauty and pain
were never enemies after all.
So wherever you are
beyond this page,
beyond this world

I hope you know:
you were whole,
even when you didn't feel it.
You were healing,
even when you thought you were ending.
And you were loved
completely, quietly, endlessly
just as you were.

Where the Light Found You

I used to dream of finding you
in the places you left behind
the bench by the old park,
the hallway where laughter still lingers,
the streetlight that flickered like your smile.
But I never did.

Not there.

Because you didn't stay in the dark places.

You found somewhere better.

Somewhere quieter.

Somewhere the light could reach.

Sometimes,

when dawn breaks soft and slow,

I feel it

that hush before the world wakes.

And I think,

maybe this is where the light found you.

Maybe it touched your face

the way sunlight touches ocean

gentle, forgiving, infinite.

Maybe it whispered your name

like a prayer finally answered.

Maybe it told you

that you were never meant to disappear
only to return home to light.

I used to imagine heaven

as distant, unreachable.

But now I think it's closer

a glow that moves through memory,

a stillness that hums your favorite song,
a feeling that says, *she's okay now*.
The world still misses you,
but not like before.
It misses you with peace now,
not pain.
With warmth, not ache.
Because somewhere between loss and love,
you became light yourself.
You live in the way morning feels hopeful again.
In the way strangers smile without reason.
In the quiet moments
when I close my eyes
and see gold behind my eyelids.
That's you, isn't it?
The soft light that doesn't fade,
the warmth that doesn't demand,
the proof that even after darkness
something still shines.
I don't look for you in shadows anymore.
I look for you in color,
in laughter,
in peace.
Because I know now
that's where the light found you.
And in finding you,
it found me too.

When the Sun Learned to Cry

The day the sun learned to cry,
the sky didn't know what to do.
It rained gold instead of gray,
and the world stood still,
watching light fall like sorrow.
I think of you when I see that.
How you tried to hold your brightness together,
how you kept smiling
even when your own light hurt to carry.
How you burned quietly
a sun pretending to be small.
You never knew that even the sun breaks sometimes.
Even warmth gets tired of pretending.
Even light, for all its glory,
has nights it doesn't want to rise.
You always thought crying made you weak.
You said it was "embarrassing."
But if the sun can cry and still rise,
why can't you?
If the universe can ache
and still call itself beautiful,
so can you.
I imagine that maybe one day,
you finally allowed yourself to fall apart
and instead of shattering,
you glowed.
Because that's what real light does
it doesn't hide its cracks,
it shines through them.

Maybe that's what healing is
learning to cry without apology,
learning to hurt without shame,
learning to burn softly instead of pretending not to feel.
The day the sun learned to cry,
the world didn't end.
It bloomed.
It learned that rain and light
can exist together.
And now,
when I see the sunset bleed across the sky,
I whisper your name.
Not in mourning,
but in awe.
Because you, too,
were the sun that learned to cry
and still found a way
to make the world beautiful.

The Art of Staying

No one tells you that staying is an art.

That surviving isn't instinct
it's skill.

It's learning how to hold your breath through pain
and still breathe again when it passes.

You don't wake up one day healed.

You wake up, and the ache is still there
but softer,

like a scar that forgot its purpose.

And you decide, again,
to keep going.

Staying isn't glamorous.

It's spilling coffee on yourself
and still showing up.

It's crying in the shower
and still making breakfast.

It's forgiving the day
for not being gentle.

It's the small things
washing your face,
replying to a message,
opening the curtains.

Tiny victories that no one cheers for
but matter anyway.

You taught me that.

Even in your absence,
you whisper lessons in the quiet.

That staying doesn't mean smiling every time
it means not giving up

when smiling feels impossible.
The art of staying
isn't about strength.
It's about softness
choosing to feel when you could go numb,
choosing to hope when you could stop caring.
It's learning how to live
without waiting for life to be perfect.
It's knowing pain will visit again,
and greeting it like an old friend
you no longer fear.
Some nights, I still want to disappear.
But then I remember you
how you carried light even when it burned.
And I stay.
Not because it's easy,
but because leaving would make your story end twice.
So I stay.
For the days you didn't get to see.
For the laughter you never heard.
For the mornings that smell like peace.
And maybe one day,
staying won't feel like surviving.
Maybe it will just feel like living.
And that will be enough.
Because staying is an act of rebellion.
It's proof that love,
even when bruised,
still chooses to remain.
That's the art of it

to keep your heart open
when the world tells you to close it.
To keep breathing
when the memory still hurts.
To keep staying
even when no one is watching.

Love Was Never the Enemy

For a long time,
I thought love was what hurt me.
That it was love that left,
love that broke,
love that forgot to stay.
But it wasn't love that did that.
It was people
people who didn't know how to hold something so delicate,
people who confused attention with care,
people who loved like they were always leaving.
Love was never the enemy.
It was just standing there quietly,
waiting for me to stop running from it.
Because love is not the wound
it's the salve that stings when it starts to heal.
It's the hand that trembles
but still reaches for another.
It's the whisper that says,
you are still worthy,
even when you feel ruined.
Love didn't make me weak.
It kept me alive
when nothing else did.
It built altars out of broken things,
and somehow,
I became one of them.
You taught me that,
without meaning to.
Your leaving wasn't love's fault

it was pain's.
But love stayed anyway,
in memory,
in words,
in the way I still speak softly
when I say your name.
Love is not the villain of this story.
It's the quiet survivor
hiding between the pages.
It's the pulse that kept beating
when everything else went still.
It was love that made me write this.
Love that made me remember you gently
instead of bitterly.
Love that taught me
to stop asking why,
and start saying thank you.
Because love never promised
it wouldn't hurt.
It only promised
that pain would never be the end of it.
And somehow,
through all the breaking and mending,
I believe that now.
Because even after everything
after loss, after silence, after you
I still love.
And that means
love won.

Pain That Healed

I thought healing would feel like forgetting,
like waking up one day
and realizing the ache was gone.

But it isn't.

Healing is quieter than that
a whisper, not a celebration.

A slow remembering of how to live
without flinching.

For a long time,
pain was all I knew.

It was the language I spoke,
the map I followed,
the thing that made me real.

And I hated it.

But pain
pain was never the enemy either.
Pain was the teacher.

The patient one.

The one that stayed
when everything else left.

It broke me open
just enough
for light to find a way in.
You were part of that pain,
but you were also part of the healing.

Because even in your absence,
you taught me how to feel again.
You taught me that love doesn't end
when people do.

It just changes shape
turning hurt into hope,
grief into grace.
Pain taught me how to stay.
How to sit still
and listen to my heartbeat
until it stopped sounding like sorrow.
How to cry without shame.
How to look at scars
and see them not as reminders of what broke,
but of what survived.
Healing didn't arrive all at once.
It came slowly,
like dawn through half-closed curtains.
It found me in poems,
in long walks,
in the sound of laughter I didn't fake.
It found me when I stopped trying to be whole
and simply allowed myself to be human.
And now, when I think of you,
it doesn't hurt the same.
It's softer
like touching a memory made of light.
The sadness is still there,
but it holds hands with peace.
This is what I learned:
that pain can break you,
but it can also build you.
That love can leave,
but it never truly goes.

That healing isn't about moving on
it's about moving through.
The wound became the doorway.
The ache became the altar.
The pain became the prayer.
And somewhere inside it all,
I found myself again.
So I thank the pain
for teaching me how to love deeply,
for teaching me how to stay,
for teaching me that even shattered hearts
can still beat beautifully.
Because pain didn't destroy me.
It made me.
It healed me.
It became the reason I write.
And now,
in every word,
in every breath,
I carry both
the hurt that made me,
and the love that saved me.
That's what *Pain That Healed* means.
Not the absence of sorrow,
but the proof
that even from sorrow
something beautiful still grows.

For You, Always

This is not a goodbye.

It never was.

It's a thank you

for the way you changed the color of my soul,

for the way your name still feels like light

when it passes through my mouth.

You taught me that love

doesn't vanish when the body does.

It lingers

in echoes,

in wind,

in the places memory forgets to fade.

You are no longer here,

but you are everywhere.

In the hush before rain,

in the laughter I didn't think I'd find again,

in the way the world still feels softer

because you once touched it.

I used to think closure meant forgetting.

Now I know it means forgiving

the pain,

the silence,

the could-have-beens.

It means looking at what hurt

and saying, *thank you for staying long enough to teach me.*

I forgive you for leaving.

And I forgive myself

for not saying it sooner.

Because love doesn't demand permanence.

It just asks to be remembered gently.
So this is my last letter to you
the one I finally send.
I'm no longer writing from pain,
but from peace.
Because I know now
that love doesn't need to be returned
to be real.
You are not a ghost anymore.
You are part of the sky
the part that glows right before the sun arrives.
You are the reason I believe
that even endings can be beautiful.
If you can hear me
wherever you are
know this:
you were loved,
completely.
Not for what you could be,
but for who you already were.
And I'll keep that love alive,
quietly, gently, endlessly
not as grief,
but as gratitude.
For the girl who forgot she was beautiful,
for the silence that taught me to listen,
for the pain that became my prayer
for you.
Always.



Chapter 2: Love Was a Lie

The Girl Who Was Never Mine

You were never mine,
not really
just a name that fit too softly
inside every prayer I whispered.
You smiled,
and I built entire summers around it.
You laughed,
and my world learned a new language.
You said my name once,
and I started calling it love.
You texted back with half a heart,
and I answered with everything.
You left me on “seen,”
and I waited anyway
because hope, once lit,
doesn’t know when to stop burning.
You talked about him,
and I nodded, pretending not to break.
You told me I was “different,”
but never enough to stay.
You said, *maybe one day*
and I believed you.

Some nights,
I convince myself
you meant it all.
Other nights,
I know you didn't.
And both hurt the same.
You never kissed me,
but you ruined every other touch after you.
You never promised forever,
but I gave you mine in silence.
You never chose me,
but somehow,
you still became the one I can't unlove.
Maybe you were never mine,
but maybe I was always yours
in the way I waited,
in the way I forgave,
in the way I still look for you
in people who try to love me right.
You were never mine.
But I was never anyone else's, either.

Typing...

It's 2:13 a.m.

and I'm staring at your name again,

lit up on my screen

like a wound that still glows.

Three dots appear

typing...

and my heart forgets how to breathe.

I start imagining everything you might say:

"I miss you."

"I'm sorry."

"I shouldn't have left."

But then the dots vanish,

and silence hits harder than any goodbye ever could.

Funny how hope looks these days

not like flowers or promises,

but like a notification that never comes.

I type,

erase,

type again.

You taught me how to speak in half-messages,

how to bleed without sending.

Every word I don't say

feels like a confession trapped between keys.

You're online.

I can see the green dot beside your name,

mocking me softly.

It means *you're here*.

But not really.

Not for me.

You once said,
“I’m just bad at replying.”
I believed you.
Now I know
you just reply to what you care about
and maybe I was never one of those things.
Still, every night,
I open that chat,
scroll up to the last thing you said
a joke, a goodbye, something casual
and pretend it meant more than it did.
Because hope doesn’t die all at once.
It lingers,
like a message you’ll never send,
like three blinking dots
that make fools of the lonely.
typing...
That’s all I ever needed.
That’s all I never got.

Blocked

And just like that

I was gone.

Not in the way people die,
but in the way they stop existing
in someone else's story.

You blocked me.

Simple, quiet, brutal.

One tap,
and years of memory
disappeared like smoke.

No goodbye.

No explanation.

Just silence.

Digital death.

I stared at the gray circle where your picture used to be,
the absence of your "last seen,"
the blank screen that said everything
you never did.

It's strange

how love can end with a button.

How something that once felt infinite
can be deleted in seconds.

How I can still see your face in my mind
but nowhere else.

I told myself it didn't hurt.

That I'd move on.

That this was closure.

But it wasn't.

It was exile.

I still type your name sometimes
just to see if it's unblocked,
just to see if you ever changed your mind.
You didn't.
You won't.
And yet,
I still write messages I'll never send.
I still draft apologies I don't owe.
I still remember the sound of your voice
as if it could answer back.
You made forgetting look easy.
I made remembering an art form.
You blocked me,
but you didn't erase me.
I still live in the space between your songs,
in the echo of a laugh you pretend to forget,
in the dreams you'll never admit you have.
One day,
someone will ask why I never texted back.
And I'll smile,
because they'll never understand
that sometimes love doesn't fade
it just gets locked
behind a screen
you can't enter anymore.

Maybe She Meant It That Night

It was late.

The world was quiet,

and for once, so were our hearts.

You said my name like it was safe,

like it didn't hurt to say.

You told me you "didn't know what this was,"

but your eyes said everything your mouth wouldn't.

Maybe it was the hour,

or the loneliness between us,

but when you leaned your head on my shoulder,

the universe stopped pretending it didn't care.

You laughed softly,

and I thought

if heaven exists, it must sound like this.

You said, "You're different."

You said, "I don't know what I'd do without you."

You said, "I think I like you."

And maybe, just maybe,

you meant it.

Maybe that night was real.

Maybe for a heartbeat,

I wasn't just convenience or comfort

I was *enough*.

But morning came.

And reality came with it.

You texted less.

Laughed smaller.

Pulled away like it was a routine you'd perfected.

I replay that night too often.

Not because I'm desperate,
but because it's the only proof I ever had
that you once saw me.
Maybe you meant it,
in that fragile, fleeting way
people mean things
before the world tells them not to.
And if you didn't
if it was just a moment,
a kindness dressed as connection
I'll take it anyway.
Because for one night,
I belonged somewhere.
And that somewhere was you.

Love Was a Lie I Fell For

I knew from the beginning
you weren't mine to keep.
You said it without saying it
in the pauses between replies,
in the smiles that never reached your eyes,
in the way your goodbyes always sounded practiced.
But I fell anyway.
Because hope is stubborn.
Because love, even when it lies,
feels like truth
when you've been waiting too long to be chosen.
You never promised me forever.
You didn't even promise tomorrow.
But you looked at me once
like I was worth something
and that was enough to make me stay.
You said, "I like you."
And I built a future around it.
You said, "You're sweet."
And I mistook it for love.
You said, "Don't overthink it."
But I did
because it was all I had left to do.
I saw you fall for someone else,
and I still defended you in my mind.
I still called it timing,
not rejection.
I still said, "Maybe she just needs space,"
when space was the only thing you ever wanted from me.

Love was a lie
but it was a beautiful one.
It made me write again.
It made me feel alive,
even if what I felt was mostly pain.
It made me believe
that maybe I wasn't impossible to love
just not easy enough for you.
Sometimes, I hate myself for still caring.
Other times, I'm proud I ever did.
Because love, even one-sided,
means my heart still works.
It means I'm still capable
of giving what you couldn't.
You lied, maybe not with words,
but with the way you let me believe.
And I believed too deeply.
But I can't hate you for that.
Because lies fade,
but love
love leaves scars that still look like art.
So yes,
love was a lie I fell for.
But I'd fall again,
if it meant feeling something that real,
even just once.

She Chose Him Anyway

I saw her once,
smiling like she used to with me
only this time,
it wasn't for me.
He held her hand
the way I used to hold my breath
when she looked my way.
And suddenly,
the air felt too sharp to breathe.
She looked happy.
Not pretending,
not unsure
happy.
The kind of happy
I used to pray she'd find,
even if it wasn't with me.
But no prayer feels holy
when you realize
you were never the answer
just the waiting in between.
She chose him.
And maybe she should have.
Maybe he's funnier,
louder,
the kind of brave I never was.
Maybe he doesn't love her too softly.
Maybe he doesn't write poems about her
he'll never show.
Still, I wish she hadn't looked so beautiful that day.

I wish I hadn't memorized her laugh
one last time.
I wish my chest didn't tighten
like it remembered every word she never said.
I smiled, of course.
Because that's what people do
when they lose quietly.
I said, "I'm happy for you."
And maybe part of me meant it.
But most of me just broke
and kept breaking long after she left.
There's a kind of pain
that doesn't need sound
the kind that just sits in your throat
and waits to be swallowed.
That's what loving her felt like.
That's what watching her walk away became.
She chose him anyway.
And I guess she was right to.
But I wish she'd looked back once
just once
so I could've believed
that losing her
still meant something.

The Sound of Moving On

At first, it was loud.

Her leaving, I mean.

The silence it left behind roared through everything
through mornings that came too early,
through nights that wouldn't end.

I could hear her everywhere.

In songs I couldn't skip,
in laughter that wasn't hers but felt close enough,
in the echo of her voice
still replaying what-ifs through my chest.

They say time heals,
but time just dulls.

It teaches you how to live with the noise.

And eventually,
the sound of moving on
becomes background music
a song you didn't choose
but learn to hum along to.

Now, her name hurts differently.

Not like fire anymore
more like dust.

It settles quietly on everything,
reminding me where she once was.

I don't cry when I see her posts anymore.

I just pause.

Because healing doesn't mean forgetting
it means learning how to breathe
through the parts that still ache.

The sound of moving on isn't silence.

It's footsteps down the same street
that used to lead to her door.
It's the rustle of messages unsent,
the hum of the city
that doesn't care who you've lost.
It's her laughter in someone else's story,
and me pretending
I'm not listening.
Sometimes, I think I've healed.
Then a random song plays
and suddenly,
every lyric sounds like her again.
But maybe that's what it means to move on
to stop trying to erase the sound of someone,
and learn to live with the echo.
Because love doesn't vanish.
It just changes key.
And somewhere between heartbreak and acceptance,
I found my rhythm again
quiet, steady, still aching,
but mine.

Ghost Conversations

I still talk to you sometimes.
Not out loud,
just in my head
where it's still safe,
where you still answer.
It usually starts the same way:
I see something you'd love,
a song,
a quote,
a dumb joke,
and I reach for my phone
before remembering.
You're gone.
Not dead,
just gone in the modern way
alive and unreachable,
living a story I'm no longer written into.
Still, I type:
"You'd love this one."
"You won't believe what happened today."
I hit backspace before I finish,
but for a moment,
it feels like we're still us.
Sometimes,
I reread our old texts,
like scrolling through an old diary
I never meant to end.
Your "good mornings"
still sound warm.

Your “take care”
still feels like home.
But your last message
that one-word “*okay*”
is colder than winter.
I replay conversations
that never happened.
Imagine what you’d say
if I told you I miss you.
Maybe you’d laugh,
say I’m being dramatic,
say you’re happy I’m doing fine.
You always loved to sound strong.
The truth is
I’m not fine.
But I’ve learned to make peace
with pretending.
These ghost conversations
keep me company.
They don’t judge,
don’t end,
don’t block me.
They just exist,
like a memory
that refuses to die.
And if one day
you ever think of me,
I hope it’s kind.
I hope it’s soft.
Because I still talk to you

in every silence,
in every almost-message,
in every poem
that sounds too much like your name.
You'll never see this.
You'll never reply.
But I keep talking anyway
because letting go
feels too much like forgetting.

What If She Misses Me Too?

Sometimes, late at night,
when the world is half-asleep
and even the pain feels tired,
I let myself wonder
what if she misses me too?
What if she still scrolls past my name
and pauses for a second?
What if she reads old messages
and smiles at how we used to talk about nothing
like it meant everything?
What if she still remembers
the way I made her laugh that night,
how her guard slipped for a moment
and she looked at me like I was safe?
I know she's with someone else now.
I've seen it.
I've swallowed that truth more times
than pride can handle.
But love doesn't care about logic.
It builds castles on ashes
and still calls them home.
Maybe she doesn't miss *me*.
Maybe she just misses how I made her feel
like the world wasn't closing in,
like she could be soft without breaking.
And maybe that's enough.
Maybe somewhere,
between her good mornings to him
and her smiles in his direction,

she still thinks of me
in the quietest corners of her mind
just for a second.
Just long enough to feel it.
And if she does,
if her heart still stumbles when my name appears,
even for a heartbeat
then maybe I wasn't a mistake.
Maybe I was a lesson.
A chapter she never finished,
but still rereads sometimes in her thoughts.
I know she's gone.
I know I should stop hoping.
But love is stubborn like that
it keeps whispering maybes
into wounds that have already scarred.
So tonight, just tonight,
I'll let myself believe it.
That somewhere,
under the same restless sky,
she misses me too.

The Lie I Kept Believing

I used to tell myself
you loved me
not loudly,
just enough to survive the silence.
I called it hope,
but it was denial.
I called it faith,
but it was fear of letting go.
It wasn't love that kept me breathing
it was the lie I wrapped around it.
You never said the words.
You never had to.
I filled in the blanks myself
built a story out of half-smiles,
a future out of maybe.
I mistook your kindness for care,
your attention for affection,
your curiosity for something deeper.
I was the one who turned your mixed signals
into constellations.
The one who saw a universe
in your almos^ts.
The one who took "*I like you*"
and translated it as "*I'll stay.*"
It's strange
how lies can feel more comforting than truth.
How the heart prefers a soft illusion
over a cold goodbye.
I lived inside that lie for months.

Built poems around it.
Prayed to it.
Slept beside it
like it could keep me warm.
And even now,
after I've unlearned your name,
after I've stopped checking if you've read my messages,
I still find traces of it
that fragile hope
that you meant at least some of it.
But maybe you didn't.
Maybe you never did.
Maybe it was always me
loving for two,
believing for both.
Still, I can't hate the lie.
It was beautiful while it lasted.
It made me feel seen,
alive,
wanted
even if none of it was real.
Some people get love.
I got the idea of it.
And maybe that's enough.
Because in the end,
it wasn't you who saved me
it was the belief that you could have.
The lie that said,
"Maybe one day she'll love me back."
That lie built me,

broke me,
and somehow,
healed me too.



Chapter 3: The Loneliness of Healing

Healing Feels Like Losing Something Too

Everyone says, *you're healing*,
like it's a sunrise,
like it's a clean, golden thing.
But no one tells you
how much it hurts to feel okay again.
No one tells you
that healing feels like loss
like erasing the version of yourself
that loved too deeply,
waited too long,
believed too much.
I used to measure my days
by how often I thought of her.
Now, I go hours without remembering
and instead of relief,
it feels like betrayal.
Healing means deleting her pictures
and realizing you no longer flinch.
It means not checking her name,
not writing her poems,
not needing her ghost to stay alive.

And somehow, that hurts too.
Because pain gave me purpose.
It gave me something to hold
when love was gone.
Now there's nothing to fight,
nothing to fix,
nothing left to lose.
Everyone claps for recovery.
But healing is just heartbreak
in quieter clothes.
It's crying once a month instead of every night
and pretending that's progress.
I'm better now
at least that's what they say.
But better feels empty.
Better feels lonely.
Better feels like I buried
a version of myself
who still believed in love.
Healing isn't freedom.
It's surrender.
It's learning how to miss something
without letting it destroy you.
It's the art of moving on
while mourning what once made you feel alive.
And tonight,
as I finally breathe without her name,
I can't help but whisper
healing feels like losing something too.

I Miss the Pain Sometimes

I miss the pain sometimes.

Not her

not the chaos,

not the breaking

just the ache that came with loving her.

It used to fill the room.

It gave shape to my days,

a pulse I could count on

when everything else went quiet.

Pain was proof

that something once mattered.

It was the echo of love

still trying to breathe

after the body was gone.

Now, there's only silence.

No fire,

no noise

just peace that feels too still

to trust.

I scroll through old messages sometimes,

not to relive,

but to remember

what it felt like to *feel*.

How strange,

that the thing that killed me

also made me feel alive.

I don't want her back

I just want a reason

to feel something again.

Because healing feels like standing in sunlight
after living too long in thunder,
and part of me still listens for the rain.

They say pain fades.

They don't say it takes a part of you with it.

The part that knew how to burn,

how to beg,

how to care too much.

I miss the pain sometimes

not because it was beautiful,

but because it was mine.

It reminded me

that my heart still worked,

even when it was breaking.

Now it beats too quietly,

and no one notices.

And I don't know what's worse

the pain that used to scream,

or the silence that replaced it.

She's Happy Without Me

I saw her today.
Not in person
online,
where she always looks brighter,
untouched by anything I left behind.
She's happy.
Not pretending.
Not halfway.
Genuinely, painfully happy.
Her smile doesn't look tired anymore.
Her captions don't sound like reaching.
Her eyes - the ones I used to read like scripture
don't look like they're hiding a thing.
She's glowing.
He's in the photo too.
And for a second,
my heart forgot how to stay still.
I used to dream of her healing.
Now that she has,
I don't know where that leaves me.
Because I wanted her to be okay
just not in a world
where I don't exist.
It's strange, isn't it?
Wanting someone's peace
but wishing you could still be part of it.
They look good together.
The kind of good that hurts quietly.
The kind that doesn't need words

because the silence already says,
you've been replaced.
I tell myself it's fine.
That it's closure.
That this is how healing works
she moves on,
I learn to clap for her
with hands that still shake.
She's happy without me.
And maybe that's how it should be.
Because love,
when it's real,
doesn't wish for ownership
it wishes for peace.
So I look at the photo again,
and I try to mean it
when I whisper,
"I'm glad you're happy."
But the truth is,
every time I see her smile,
something inside me breaks beautifully.
Because she's happy without me
and that's how I know
I really loved her.

Unsent Apologies

I owe you a thousand apologies
you'll never hear.
Not because you blocked me,
not because you wouldn't read them
but because some things
lose their meaning
when spoken too late.
I never meant to hurt you.
Not with my words,
not with my silence,
not with the way I stayed
when I should have let you go.
I'm sorry for the nights
I made you feel small
just because I was afraid of losing you.
Sorry for calling it love
when it was really fear
wearing a prettier name.
I'm sorry I turned you into poetry
instead of a person.
That I loved the idea of saving you
more than I ever tried to understand you.
I should've asked how your day was
instead of asking if you missed me.
I should've listened more,
talked less,
loved you softer.
But I didn't.
I loved like I was racing time.

Like every word might be my last chance.
And maybe that's why you left —
because love that desperate
feels like drowning,
even to the one being held.
I've written so many apologies
in drafts I'll never send.
Typed them, deleted them,
because healing isn't always saying sorry
sometimes it's learning to mean it.
I hope you're happy now.
I hope someone loves you
without turning you into a metaphor.
And I hope you forgive me,
not because I deserve it,
but because I'm finally learning
that regret is just another way
the heart tries to love what it lost.
So this is me,
quietly, finally,
letting go.
No message,
no reply,
just an unsent apology
that still beats where you left it.

Days I Almost Text Her

There are days I almost text you.
Not to say I miss you
that's too obvious.
Just to ask if you ever think of me
when the world goes quiet.
I still have your number memorized,
even though I pretend I don't.
My fingers hover over the keys,
spelling your name like a prayer
I'm not supposed to say anymore.
I write things like,
"Hope you're okay."
"That song we liked came on today."
"Do you still hate mornings?"
And then I delete them
because healing means learning
that not every thought deserves to become a message.
Sometimes, I scroll through our old chats,
just to feel the rhythm of us again
the stupid jokes,
the late-night rants,
the heart emojis that used to mean something.
I still remember the last thing you said:
"Take care."
And I did.
Just not the way you meant.
There are days I convince myself
that reaching out wouldn't hurt.
That maybe time made us softer,

that maybe you'd smile if my name popped up.
But then I remember
the silence that followed the last time I tried.
And I let the phone slip from my hand
like a memory I'm not ready to drop.
Healing isn't about not wanting you anymore.
It's about wanting you
and choosing not to call.
It's about understanding
that closure doesn't come in replies
it comes in restraint.
So I keep my words tucked inside,
where they can't embarrass my heart again.
But still
there are days I almost text you,
and that *almost*
is how I know
I'm still healing.

Pretending I Don't Still Check

I still check sometimes.

Not every day

not like before

but enough to hate myself for it.

Her name doesn't live in my inbox anymore,

so I find it somewhere else:

in her stories,

in her posts,

in the pixels that don't belong to me

but still feel like home.

She looks happy.

She laughs like she means it.

The world claps for her,

and I scroll quietly,

pretending not to care.

My friends say, "You've moved on."

And I nod,

because it's easier than explaining

that healing doesn't mean deleting her

it means learning how to look

without falling apart.

I tell myself I'm just curious,

just making sure she's okay,

just checking in on a memory.

But we both know the truth:

it's not care

it's craving.

A soft kind of ache

that wants to see her happy

but still hopes she misses me a little.
Sometimes,
I scroll too far
and find the new him.
The one who gets to hold her now.
I pause on those pictures
like I'm studying for an exam
I already failed.
He looks at her
the way I used to
the way I still do,
in silence.
And when I finally close the app,
it feels like hanging up on someone
who never called.
Healing means pretending.
Pretending I don't still check.
Pretending it doesn't sting
when she glows in someone else's world.
Pretending I'm free
while still chasing her shadow
through a screen.
One day, I'll stop.
One day, I'll scroll past her name
and feel nothing.
But tonight,
I'm still pretending.

The Mirror Isn't Kind Yet

I've started looking in mirrors again.
Not to fix my hair,
not to practice smiles,
just to remember
what I look like without her name
hanging from my mouth.
The mirror doesn't lie.
It never has.
It shows me what I've become
the quiet, tired version of a boy
who used to write love like it was a promise.
I don't recognize him some days.
The eyes look familiar,
but they've seen too much waiting.
The lips still form her name
in silence.
The smile
that's the hardest part.
It's there,
but it doesn't reach the eyes anymore.
Healing means learning to see myself
without her reflection beside me.
To stop searching the glass
for proof that I'm still worth loving.
To accept that sometimes
the kindest thing I can do
is meet my own gaze
and not look away.
They say time makes things softer,

but the mirror is still harsh.
It shows me everything I lost
and everything I'm still trying to find.
There are mornings
I stare long enough to feel her absence.
Nights I avoid the mirror entirely,
because I'm afraid of finding
how much I've changed.
But slowly,
very slowly,
the face I see
looks less like pain
and more like survival.
The dark under my eyes
isn't from crying anymore
it's from staying up
trying to rebuild.
The mirror isn't kind yet.
But it's honest.
And maybe that's enough for now.
Because one day,
it'll show me someone
who doesn't need her shadow
to feel whole.

The Loneliness of Getting Better

No one tells you
how lonely getting better feels.
They clap when you stop crying,
smile when you start laughing again,
and call it growth
as if peace doesn't ache in its own way.
Healing isn't loud.
It's quiet dinners alone,
text threads that stay unread,
songs that no longer hurt
but don't feel right anymore either.
It's learning how to live
without needing anyone to see it.
Because by the time you're better,
everyone else has already moved on
from your pain.
The world loves your sadness
when it sounds like poetry,
but it doesn't know what to do
with your silence.
There's no ceremony for peace.
No applause for surviving quietly.
Just the soft hum of mornings
that no longer burn,
and nights that still stretch too long.
Sometimes I miss the chaos.
At least then,
I felt something intense enough
to remind me I was alive.

Now I just feel still.
Still can be beautiful,
but it's also unbearably empty.
Getting better means
you stop needing her.
But it also means
you stop needing the version of yourself
who did.
And that's a different kind of goodbye.
No one checks on you
when the tears stop falling.
They assume the silence means peace,
not exhaustion.
But healing is a quiet war
one you fight alone,
with softer weapons,
in smaller rooms.
So yes, I'm better now.
But sometimes,
better just means lonelier.

Some Nights I Still Rewrite the Ending

Some nights,
when the world feels too quiet
and healing feels too heavy,
I rewrite the ending.
In this version,
you stay.
You choose me.
You say my name like it means home,
and I don't flinch when I hear it.
We don't fight about timing.
We don't drown in silence.
You don't pull away when I reach for you.
I don't beg the universe
to make me enough.
In this version,
we grow together
not apart.
You tell me I'm your peace,
not your project.
And I believe you.
I imagine your laugh in my kitchen,
your jacket on my chair,
your toothbrush beside mine
like it was always meant to be there.
Sometimes I add dialogue
you say you're sorry,
I say I already forgave you,
and for a moment,
we both mean it.

I know it's fiction.
I know this isn't how love works.
But the heart doesn't care about logic
it just wants a softer memory to sleep beside.
So I let the lie tuck me in.
I let the fantasy hold my hand.
And for a few minutes,
the ache feels almost kind.
Then morning comes.
The story ends the way it always does
with me,
awake,
alone,
trying to believe
that healing means not needing a happy ending
to feel complete.
But still,
some nights,
I rewrite it anyway.
Not because I want you back,
but because I miss
who I thought we could've been.

The Loneliness That Stayed

I thought healing would end the loneliness.
I thought once I forgave,
once I stopped looking for your name,
the quiet would feel like freedom.
But it doesn't.
It just feels... quiet.
The loneliness didn't leave.
It changed shape.
It stopped crying at midnight
and started sitting beside me in silence
like an old friend
who doesn't need to be explained anymore.
It's there in the small things:
in the empty chair across from me,
in the second toothbrush I finally threw away,
in the way I still look out windows
like I'm waiting for something.
But it doesn't ache the same.
It's softer now.
It no longer begs to be filled
it just exists,
a faint reminder
that love once lived here.
People think healing means joy,
but sometimes it just means peace
the kind that doesn't sparkle,
the kind that doesn't sing.
Just stillness.
And stillness can be holy, too.

I've stopped trying to chase the noise.
Stopped trying to fix what isn't broken anymore.
Loneliness stayed, yes
but it learned to sit quietly,
to listen,
to let me breathe.
Maybe that's all healing really is:
making peace
with the parts of yourself
that no longer need saving.
So if you ask me how I'm doing now,
I'll say I'm fine
not because I'm full,
but because I've learned
to live beautifully half-empty.
The loneliness stayed,
but it doesn't hurt anymore.
It just reminds me I'm still here
and still capable
of loving what remains.



Chapter 4: The Noise

The Noise Inside My Head

There's a kind of noise
that no one else can hear.
Not loud - not screaming
just a steady hum behind my thoughts,
like static that never shuts off.
It's the sound of overthinking,
of rehearsing every sentence before I say it,
and replaying it a hundred times after I do.
It's silence that feels heavy,
and sound that feels too much.
People tell me I look calm.
They don't see the storm I edit before speaking.
They don't see how many versions of "*I'm fine*"
I try before one sounds believable.
Some days, I'm anxious in a crowd.
Other days, I'm anxious in my own room.
Sometimes I crave people,
but the second they arrive,
I want to disappear.
Depression isn't sadness
it's a fog that steals color from everything.
It's wanting to move,

but your bones feel heavier than truth.
It's knowing you have reasons to live
but forgetting how to feel them.
And ADHD
it's like my brain is a room
where a hundred radios play at once,
and I'm just trying to find one
that's tuned to peace.
I start things I love
and never finish them
not because I don't care,
but because focus slips away
like a dream I can't hold onto.
I've spent too long pretending to be normal
whatever that means.
Smiling when I'm crumbling,
nodding when I'm lost,
hiding the chaos behind perfectly-timed laughter.
But this
this is my truth.
I live with noise.
I live with confusion.
I live with a mind that never learned
how to rest quietly.
Some nights, it's unbearable.
Other nights,
it's just background music
a reminder that I'm still here,
still trying.
So if you see me staring into space,

please know I'm not gone
I'm just somewhere inside myself,
trying to find the volume knob.

Crowded Rooms, Quiet Heart

I walk into the room
and every sound feels sharper.
Laughter cuts like glass,
voices blur into a single hum,
and suddenly,
breathing feels like performance.
People talk in circles
their words float,
their faces move,
but I'm somewhere behind my own heartbeat,
counting exits,
timing smiles,
practicing stillness like survival.
No one notices how tense my hands are,
how my mind whispers *don't mess this up*,
how I measure every word
before I dare to let it go.
I nod when they laugh,
pretend I understand,
pretend I'm not already tired.
It's strange
to be surrounded by noise
and still feel like you're standing underwater.
I want to speak,
but my thoughts arrive tangled.
By the time I untie one,
the moment's already passed.
So I stay quiet.
It's safer there.

Silence never interrupts the room.
They'll say I'm shy,
or distant,
or lost in thought.
But really,
I'm just trying to survive
without shaking.
When I finally leave,
I breathe for the first time in hours.
The quiet hits like oxygen
lonely,
but mine.
People will never know
how much energy it takes
to seem okay.
To smile without flinching.
To belong without breaking.
Crowded rooms,
quiet heart.
I guess that's just how I exist
too loud inside,
too silent out here.

I Cancel Plans I Wanted to Go To

I wanted to go.

I really did.

I picked out what I'd wear,
imagined the conversations,
the laughter,
the way the night might finally feel
like belonging.

But when the time came,
my chest got tight.

My thoughts got loud.

My brain started whispering reasons
too many people,
too much noise,
too late to leave now anyway.

And suddenly,

I'm staring at my phone,
typing out excuses
that sound believable enough
to hide the truth:

that I'm scared,
and I don't even know of what.

They'll think I flaked.

They'll think I don't care.

But what I really am
is tired of fighting myself
just to be around people
I love.

I wanted to go.

I wanted to be normal

to laugh without planning it,
to exist without calculating how long I can stay
before panic arrives.

I watch their stories instead.

The photos,

the smiles,

the inside jokes

that I could've been part of.

And I tell myself I'm fine

that the bed feels safer,

that solitude isn't punishment,

that maybe next time I'll make it out the door.

But it hurts

because no one tells you

how lonely self-preservation feels.

So I stay home again,

in the dark,

half-relieved,

half-broken,

canceling another plan

I really wanted to go to.

The Fog That Follows Me

It doesn't crash in like a storm.

It creeps in quietly,

soft as breath,

heavy as guilt.

Some mornings I wake up fine

sunlight on my face,

plans in my mind,

a faint sense of maybe.

And then, out of nowhere,

the fog arrives.

It doesn't hurt.

It dulls.

It takes the color from things I love,

turns sound into static,

and joy into something I have to remember

instead of feel.

I still move.

I still smile.

I still say *I'm good*

because I've practiced the tone.

But inside,

everything feels like walking underwater

slow,

quiet,

unreal.

The fog doesn't shout.

It just stays.

Lingers when I eat,

sits with me when I work,

follows me into sleep
and greets me when I wake up.
People think depression is crying.
But mostly,
it's not feeling enough to cry.
It's forgetting how to care
about the things that once saved you.
It's wanting to live,
but not wanting to move.
I tell myself it will pass.
And it does, sometimes.
The sky clears,
the noise quiets,
and I almost forget
how heavy it gets.
But it always finds me again
not because I deserve it,
but because some hearts
just attract clouds.
Still, I've learned something:
you can live with the fog.
You can walk through it,
breathe inside it,
even learn to stop fearing
its return.
Because the fog may follow me,
but it doesn't own me anymore.

Attention, Please

My mind is a browser
with too many tabs open
half of them playing music
I can't find,
and one of them on fire.
Focus doesn't visit often.
When it does,
I treat it like a rare animal
I don't breathe,
I don't move,
I just hope it stays.
I start everything.
I finish nothing.
There are notebooks filled
with half-thoughts,
dreams that end mid-sentence,
to-do lists that become
graveyards of intentions.
I love everything too much,
for five minutes at a time.
Then it's gone
not the passion,
just the energy to keep chasing it.
People think it's laziness.
They don't see the war.
How loud it gets in here.
How even silence buzzes.
How I can't tell the difference
between boredom and burnout anymore.

I lose things constantly
my keys,
my focus,
my sense of control.
But I remember the sound of her laugh
from two years ago.
I remember every word
I shouldn't have said.
It's strange,
how memory chooses chaos
over usefulness.
I wish I could pause my brain,
just once.
Mute the noise,
finish a thought,
see one thing through.
But instead,
I'm scattered
a thousand sparks
and no flame.
Still,
I've stopped hating this mind.
It's restless, yes,
but it's also alive.
It sees connections
others miss,
finds beauty in fragments,
and loves too many things
all at once.
So if I drift mid-conversation,

or stare off mid-sentence
please know,
it's not that I don't care.
It's just that my thoughts
have legs
and no leash.
Attention, please.
That's all I'm asking for
from my brain,
from the world,
from myself.

Half-Started, Never Finished

My life is a trail
of half-started things
half-written poems,
half-cleaned rooms,
half-healed versions of myself.
I live in beginnings.
Grand plans, new notebooks,
promises that sparkle for a moment
before fading into the noise.
It's not that I don't care.
It's that I care too much,
too fast,
and then my brain burns out
before my hands can catch up.
Motivation arrives like lightning
bright, brief,
beautiful,
and gone before I can bottle it.
I have folders filled with dreams,
unfinished thoughts,
ideas that could've changed my life
if only I'd stayed long enough.
I tell myself I'll come back to them.
But time moves differently here
it slips through my fingers
like water pretending to be control.
Some people call it lazy.
But they don't see the chaos
the guilt of doing nothing

while your mind is doing everything.
The shame of wanting to be better
and still losing the race
to your own distraction.
I start healing,
then stop halfway through.
Start forgiving,
then remember something I said wrong in 2018.
Start sleeping,
then remember I forgot to breathe.
I am a work in progress
with too many open tabs.
A thousand versions of me
still waiting for a conclusion.
But maybe that's okay.
Maybe unfinished
doesn't mean broken.
Maybe it just means
I'm still writing
slowly,
softly,
one half-started heartbeat at a time.
Because even if I never finish everything,
I haven't given up.
And sometimes,
that's enough.

People Exhaust Me, Silence Terrifies Me

I crave people
like oxygen
and suffocate
the moment I'm surrounded.
It's a strange kind of ache,
to want connection
but not conversation,
to miss someone
while wishing they wouldn't call.
Crowds drain me.
Small talk feels like a test
I didn't study for.
Every word takes effort,
every smile costs energy.
But when I'm alone too long,
the silence starts whispering things
I don't want to hear.
People exhaust me.
Silence terrifies me.
And I don't know
which kind of loneliness
is worse.
Sometimes I'll sit in a café
just to be near laughter
without having to join it.
To exist among the living
without having to perform being alive.
I scroll through messages
I never answer.

Hover over names,
wondering if reaching out
would make me feel less hollow
or just tired again.
It's a constant tug-of-war
between needing noise
and craving peace.
Between wanting to be seen
and praying to stay invisible.
People say, "Just come out more."
They don't understand
that even love can feel loud sometimes.
That even kindness
can weigh too much.
So I stay halfway
not here,
not there
half-social,
half-solitary,
half-human,
fully exhausted.
And when the world finally sleeps,
I sit with the silence,
heart pounding,
mind buzzing,
waiting for a peace
that doesn't make me feel alone.

Brain on Fire, Heart on Pause

My brain won't stop moving.
It runs marathons in circles,
burns through ideas,
memories,
mistakes,
as if thinking harder
could make the noise make sense.
It's 3 a.m. again,
and I'm wide awake
not because I want to be,
but because my thoughts don't believe in bedtime.
Everything feels urgent.
Everything feels late.
Everything feels like too much.
Meanwhile,
my heart is still.
Not broken,
just paused
like it's waiting for permission
to start feeling again.
It's a strange contradiction
a head that's on fire
and a heart that's asleep.
I want to cry,
but the tears forgot their way out.
I want to rest,
but the noise inside refuses to dim.
People say, "Just relax."
I'd laugh if I wasn't so tired.

Relaxing feels like drowning
in slow motion.
It's not peace I fear —
it's the silence that comes with it.
My thoughts are smoke now,
curling around every corner of me,
fogging out focus,
filling in the gaps where joy should be.
Every spark burns differently —
a new worry,
a new regret,
a new sentence I'll rehearse
and never say.
Some days,
I wonder if my brain and my heart
even live in the same body anymore.
One screams,
the other stays silent.
One remembers everything,
the other feels nothing.
But even in the fire,
even in the numbness,
I keep breathing.
Because somewhere in between the noise
and the stillness,
there's a small voice that whispers,
you're still here.
And maybe that's enough for tonight.

Smiling Is Easier Than Explaining

I've learned to smile
on autopilot.
It's easier that way.
People don't ask questions
if you look convincing.
"I'm fine"
has become muscle memory.
It slips out smoother than truth ever could.
No one wants the essay version of my sadness
the long paragraphs
about overthinking,
burnout,
and days that feel like gravity doubled.
So I smile.
Because explaining
takes energy I don't have,
and silence is safer than being misunderstood.
They say, "You look better lately."
And I nod,
because better is a costume I wear well.
They don't see the shaking hands
under the table,
the exhaustion behind my laugh,
the way my chest tightens
every time I'm asked, *How are you?*
The truth would ruin the moment
it always does.
It would sound like:
"I don't know why I'm tired,

but I am.”

“I want to be happy,

but I forgot how.”

“I’m trying,

but some days even breathing feels like work.”

Instead, I smile.

A quiet, practiced kind of smile.

One that says, *don’t worry about me.*

One that says, *I’m surviving - please don’t ask how.*

People love the version of me that glows.

They don’t know that light burns,

that every smile costs something.

But I keep doing it.

Because smiling

is easier than explaining,

and pretending

is quieter than being pitied.

Brain on Fire, Heart on Pause

My brain won't stop moving.
It runs marathons in circles,
burns through ideas,
memories,
mistakes,
as if thinking harder
could make the noise make sense.
It's 3 a.m. again,
and I'm wide awake
not because I want to be,
but because my thoughts don't believe in bedtime.
Everything feels urgent.
Everything feels late.
Everything feels like too much.
Meanwhile,
my heart is still.
Not broken,
just paused
like it's waiting for permission
to start feeling again.
It's a strange contradiction
a head that's on fire
and a heart that's asleep.
I want to cry,
but the tears forgot their way out.
I want to rest,
but the noise inside refuses to dim.
People say, "Just relax."
I'd laugh if I wasn't so tired.

Relaxing feels like drowning
in slow motion.
It's not peace I fear
it's the silence that comes with it.
My thoughts are smoke now,
curling around every corner of me,
fogging out focus,
filling in the gaps where joy should be.
Every spark burns differently
a new worry,
a new regret,
a new sentence I'll rehearse
and never say.
Some days,
I wonder if my brain and my heart
even live in the same body anymore.
One screams,
the other stays silent.
One remembers everything,
the other feels nothing.
But even in the fire,
even in the numbness,
I keep breathing.
Because somewhere in between the noise
and the stillness,
there's a small voice that whispers,
you're still here.
And maybe that's enough for tonight.

The Fog After Fire

After the fire burns out,
there's no peace
just smoke.
The thoughts don't scream anymore,
but they still hum,
low and tired,
like an engine that refuses to die.
I should feel relieved.
The panic is gone,
the noise has quieted,
and yet
everything still feels blurry.
Muted.
Slow.
It's strange how exhaustion
can sound like calm
to everyone else.
They'll say, "*You seem better.*"
And I'll nod,
because it's easier
than explaining
that I'm just too tired to fall apart.
The fog isn't loud,
but it lingers.
It turns focus into mud,
motivation into myth.
Even joy feels far away
visible, but unreachable.
I move through the days

like a ghost with good intentions.
Eat when I remember,
sleep when I can,
smile when it doesn't ache too much.
It's not living,
but it's close enough to pass for it.
Sometimes, I miss the chaos.
At least when the fire was raging,
I knew I was alive.
Now I'm just smoke
gray, drifting,
trying to remember what it felt like
to burn for something.
But the fog won't last forever.
I know that now.
The mind clears,
the heart flickers,
the air softens.
Healing doesn't look like light.
It looks like this
standing in the smoke,
breathing slowly,
waiting for the world
to come back into focus.

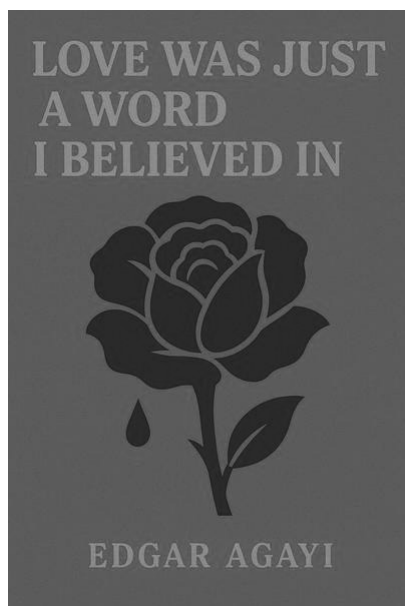
But I'm Still Here

Some days, I wake up
and it feels like a miracle.
Not the bright, cinematic kind
just the quiet act of opening my eyes
and remembering how to breathe.
I've lived a thousand small endings
that no one saw.
The nights I almost gave up,
the mornings I almost didn't rise,
the hours that passed
while I sat in silence
and pretended I was fine.
Anxiety still visits.
Depression still calls.
ADHD still drags me through
a dozen unfinished moments.
But I'm learning to live
with the noise.
To stop fighting the weather in my head
and start carrying an umbrella instead.
Some days, I forget to eat.
Some days, I do nothing
and call it surviving
because it is.
Because being gentle with myself
is the only language
my body still understands.
I still have bad hours.
Bad thoughts.

Bad habits that whisper,
you're not doing enough.
But I've learned to answer softly:
maybe enough looks like breathing today.
The world doesn't clap
for quiet endurance.
But I do.
Because I know what it costs
to stay.
To keep showing up
in a body that feels heavy
and a mind that never stops moving.
So if all I do today
is exist
that's still something.
That's still brave.
That's still mine.
Because the truth is,
I'm not healed.
I'm not fixed.
But I'm still here.
And somehow,
that's enough.

“Pain is a well-intentioned weatherman”
- Sleeping At Last in *Touch*

Did you love *Pain That Healed*? Then you should read *Love Was Just a Word I Believed In*¹ by Edgar Agayi!



Love Was Just a Word I Believed In is a book about the kind of love that warms you and the kind that leaves you standing in a quiet room. These pages hold poems and small stories about soft beginnings, slow endings, and the hard work of letting go.

It remembers the little things that stay when people do not. A coffee cup left on a shelf. A jacket hanging by the door. A playlist you cannot press play on anymore. The way rain sounds when no one is there to listen with you.

1. <https://books2read.com/u/4A6Zwk>

2. <https://books2read.com/u/4A6Zwk>

It also speaks to the hurt that has no clean name. The door left slightly open. The goodbye that never came. The bed that feels too big at night. The silence that turns a house into an echo.

The voice is gentle and honest. It talks to the boy who waited by the window, to the girl who learned to be quiet to be loved, and to anyone who has ever begged for one more minute just to say what the heart could not hold back.

If you have loved with your whole heart and then lost it, this book will sit beside you. It will not rush you. It will give you a hand to hold while you learn to breathe again. And when you are ready, it will remind you of something simple and true. You are not alone.

Read more at <https://edgaragayi.com>.

Also by Edgar Agayi

Tales of Time

Clockmaker's Daughter

Standalone

210 Days: A Tapestry of Time

Ballads of the Hummingbird

Crimson Reveries: The Art of Letting Go

The Words We Never Learned to Say

I Deserved a Better Goodbye

Did I Deserve This?

Love Was Just a Word I Believed In

Pain That Healed

Watch for more at <https://edgaragayi.com>.

About the Author

Writing has always been more than words for me - it's how I breathe when I can't find the air. It's how I turn silence into something that speaks back. I write about love, pain, healing, and the fragile beauty hidden inside what breaks us. My stories begin where most people stop talking - in the places that still hurt but deserve to be heard.

I don't write to escape the world; I write to understand it. Every line, every poem, every character I create carries a piece of me.

If my words found you in your own quiet place, I hope they stayed long enough to remind you that you're not alone.

Hi , I'm Edgar.I love art, I love stories,and I hope somewhere in these pages,you found something that loves you back.

Read more at <https://edgaragayi.com>.

