

Echoes Within

Verses of Rupture and Renewal

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Abstract: *Echoes Within* is a thematically structured collection of contemporary poems that traces an emotional journey through devotion, rupture, memory, resilience, and self-reclamation. Organized into seven movements—Before the Breaking, Rupture, Echoes in the Quiet, Standing in the Fire, The Inner Spring, The Work of Becoming, and Holding On—the anthology explores intimate relationships, maternal strength, psychological aftermath, feminine self-assertion, and spiritual endurance.

Through lyrical reflection and narrative intensity, the poems examine how love evolves, fractures, and ultimately reshapes identity. Moving from personal grief toward inward awakening, the collection presents resilience not as dramatic triumph but as a gradual, deliberate process of becoming. The anthology ultimately affirms poetry as a space of emotional witnessing, narrative healing, and quiet self-reconstruction.

IndexTerms - Contemporary poetry; Creative anthology; Emotional resilience; Feminine identity; Love and rupture; Memory; Selfhood; Reflective writing.

Section I – Before the Breaking

This opening section dwells in the quiet stability of presence before fracture occurs. It explores tenderness not as spectacle, but as steady companionship that does not demand attention yet gently alters the atmosphere of a life. Through images of warmth, stillness, and assurance, these poems portray love in its grounded form, not dramatic but sustaining. The section reflects emotional safety, shared leaning, and the subtle threads binding two lives before they are tested.

Quietly, Beside You

When the day feels heavier
Than it ought to be,
And words sit quietly
Where laughter used to live,
When light seems slower
To find your face,
And even small things
Ask more of you—
Remember, somewhere close,
There is a steady presence.
Not loud.
Not insistent.
Just there.

If your smile wanders off,
If the hours turn blue,
There is a warmth
Keeping its place for you.
A glance that understands.
A silence that stays.
A hand near yours
Until the weather shifts.
Through lightness and through ache,
Through all that bends and mends,
I will remain—
Quietly, beside you.

A Quiet Thread

Some presences do not arrive with thunder.
They enter like evening light —
unannounced,
yet altering the room.
I did not notice the moment
paths began to lean toward you.
Only later,
I understood why the road felt gentler.
There is a clarity you bring —
like water set beside a weary traveller.
Not asked for,
not praised aloud,
simply there.
Seasons will do what seasons do.
They will stretch distance,
test roots,
scatter leaves.
Still, certain things remain —
not by promise,
but by quiet returning.
Love, I have learned,
is not always flame.
Sometimes it is the steady warmth
that keeps the night from hardening.
If ever you wander beyond the horizon,
carry this with you —
there is a place
where your name
rests easily.
Not waiting.
Not calling.

Simply woven
into the hush of being

Section II – Rupture

This movement confronts the unravelling of what once felt indivisible. It travels through disbelief, betrayal, and the painful questioning that follows relational fracture. The poems trace not only the collapse of partnership but also the silent tremors felt by a child and the enduring ache of divided loyalties. Anger, grief, and bewilderment coexist, yet beneath the wreckage an emerging resilience takes shape. In the voice of motherhood especially, there is a quiet refusal to dissolve, even when love itself has come undone.

Was This All We Were?

You and me, once thought as one,
Now that oneness is undone.
A month and ten long days have passed
Since all of this was set in motion, fast.
You—or they—still do not know
Why such mayhem had to grow.
Only a wild, unthinking trance,
A tribal, mad, destructive dance.
And you became a silent frame,
A spineless puppet in their game,
Pulled by hands both cold and cruel,
Bound by spite, not love or rule.
You sat and watched it all unfold,
The wrongs, the wounds, the tales untold—
The harm done to my family, me,
As if it all meant nothing, really.
Even had they taken my life,
You'd have stood by them in that strife,
Without a pause, without a doubt,
Your loyalty already mapped out.
It makes me stop and softly ask,
Behind the pain, beneath the mask:
Did I ever mean something true
At any point in life—to you?
For even now, you choose your pride,
Your ego set above love's side.
Is this the sum of what we were,
This fragile thread, this quiet blur?
Is it worth the endless strain,
The slow, unspoken, dragging pain—
When staying on still breaks my heart,
Yet leaving feels just as hard?

When the Music Wasn't Ours

We let a whole life fade away,
Our tiny world in quiet decay,
Just you and me and him between,
So small, so sacred — once serene.
You turned into a painted doll,
Swayed by voices, one and all,
As if your mind were overturned,
By malicious parasites that burned.
Your silence colder than the night,
Makes me doubt love's fragile light —
Did you ever truly care?
Or was I loving empty air?
Our tender flower, soft and mild,
Bears the sorrow of a child,
He cannot frame the ache within,
Nor name the storm he's standing in.
Pain escapes through broken sleep,
In fevered dreams he cannot keep,
Too young to grasp, too small to see,
What's really happening silently.
My searching eyes through photos roam,
Among the crowds that aren't his home,
Till in some corner, small and dim,
My weary gaze finds only him.
Those who shattered what we grew
Laugh beneath their skies of blue,
Tell me when will karma's art
Boomerang back to every heart?
Yet though our little world was torn,
And something precious left forlorn,
A mother's strength will not grow thin —
I stand, unbroken... for him.

Section III – Echoes in the Quiet

This arc turns inward to explore the afterlife of rupture within body and mind. Though reason seeks closure, memory returns in quiet hours, in sensation, in sudden longing. Familiarity becomes both refuge and torment as grief settles into ordinary moments. The self-strains to unlearn what it once held sacred. Here, sorrow is not dramatic but enduring—a quiet echo that lingers long after the sound has faded.

Host to the Past

My thoughts have made their peace with it;
the rest of me is still arriving...
Nights and mornings are the hardest,
because something in me
returns to that time and space
without my consent.

It finds comfort there.
It feeds on what is known.
It is a lover of familiarity.
Even when I am fully awake,
Familiarity lingers,
nurturing the old sensations
the body has not unlearned,
as if guarding something sacred
It rises suddenly—
like the sour return
of contaminated food
climbing from the stomach.
I press it down with an iron hand,
naming it what it is—
a nightmare.
Yet it lingers,
waiting for the quiet hours
when vigilance loosens
and memory finds a body
to live in again.

Tendrils of Thought

Thoughts are creeping
Like a healthy vine,
And I am weeping
For the void inside
That refuses to subside.
Reminding me what I miss,
That I yearn for things —
Or these tendrils will choke
The weak twig as I am.

Rain

Rain falls hard.
So do my tears.
I try to forget you,
But I don't know where to begin.
I let the sky wash over me,
Hoping it will rinse you away —
Yet sorrow clings,
Like water that will not drain.

Section IV – Standing in the Fire

A decisive shift unfolds from vulnerability to strength, where scrutiny and inner turmoil become catalysts for growth. Pain refines rather than destroys, shaping resilience through truth, endurance, and quiet faith.

Crushed, But Becoming

Dodging waves so wild and high,
Surviving storms that bruise the sky.
Camouflaged from social predators,
Evading their razor-sharp questions —
Each one aimed at a tender heart.
Is it worth this endless ache?
Why not drift — let the spirit break?
Freed from flesh, this heavy chain,
A vessel carved in grief and pain.
“I’m not a priority — just convenience.”
Yet I fought with strength, stood in defiance.
A feminist heart, my pride intact,
Said, “Not happening.” — simple fact.
I tried to stay for my moon-faced boy,
But they saw love as something to destroy.
Twisting my arm, they wanted me small,
So I walked away — though I gave my all.
My little one caught in the storm,
Torn between what’s right and what feels warm.
He chose the strong — the power, the might,
Leaving me wandering the quiet night.
Why not come to me? Why not confide?
What did he feel? What did he hide?
Anger, sadness, confusion, fear —
Oh, to hold him close and near.
When I grow still and turn the key,
My soul cries out, “Where can You be?”
The cosmos whispers, “Not just yet —
You’re in the fire, but don’t forget...”
Diamonds form in the darkest earth;
Through crushing weight, they find their worth.
And He said, “You are not alone —
I am with you, child.”

The Honest Wound

The truth can hurt.
The truth can maim.
Yet hearing truth
Is better than a lie’s soft claim.
A lie destroys.
A lie can wound.
And the scars it leaves behind
Can leave a friend in ruin.

Section V – The Inner Spring

Moving beyond grief, the poems turn inward toward shared humanity and self-recognition. The inner spring symbolizes intrinsic worth and intentional becoming rooted in awareness.

The Sorrow of a Wanderer

I do not want for shining wealth,
Nor hunger after power's stealth.
I do not crave for beauty's claim,
Nor chase the echoing call of fame.
For what are millions, near or far?
Beneath our skins, we are the same.
In color, race, in creed or name,
We rise — we fall — to the self-same end.
Yet deep within each guarded heart
Lies something precious, torn apart —
A quiet need, a tender stream,
Denied too long, dismissed a dream.
They search for it in distant lands,
In passing faces, shifting sands.
They knock on doors that do not stay,
And lose the light along the way.
They fail to see — though claim so much —
This overflowing, healing touch
Should have begun where life began,
Within the heart of fellow man.
For they are source, yet unaware,
Of this soft stream still flowing there.
And as a wiser mind once said,
To solve the knot we daily tread,
One must first trace, with patient art,
The hidden spring within the heart.

The Goddess Within

They say it should be simple —
to turn toward what has always been near.
No distant horizon to chase,
no restless vigil at the window,
no beloved standing just beyond reach.
And yet —
we travel far.
We search in mirrored faces,
in borrowed light,
in hands that promise completion.
All the while,
something waits, unannounced,
within the quiet chambers of our own being.
It is strange —
how we look for missing fragments
while holding the whole.
Like fingers fumbling for glasses
already resting upon the nose.

Perhaps it is not about finding,
but about seeing.
Not about becoming,
but remembering.
We search for pieces we think we lack,
chasing reflections that stare us back —
hunting for what we suppose is gone
while it rests with us all along.
So how do we learn this quiet art,
to hold ourselves with an open heart?
To stand before our own reflection,
not in critique, but recognition.
Love every fracture, every scar,
For they have shaped the soul you are.
The broken and whole, both played their part
In crowning the goddess within your heart.

Section VI – The Work of Becoming

In spaces of learning, quiet guidance allows hesitant voices to gradually discover their strength.

The Weight of Words

Innocent faces, searching eyes,
Inquisitive glances, eager to please.
Eager to learn?
Perhaps not always by choice —
Yet their young minds
Are sponges, quietly absorbing.
The youngest — buzzing with restless energy,
Brimming with complaints,
Overflowing with mischief,
Innocence shining at its peak.
But as the years unfold,
Confidence begins to thin,
Especially before this “foreign” tongue
That sits heavy upon their self-belief.
The gaps in proficiency
Stand glaring and wide —
Between one child and another,
Between age and expected knowledge.
Appalled at this silent crisis,
I remind them, again and again:
“It matters. It will carry you forward.”
I soften the fear with hope —
“This is not a mountain,
But one of the easiest languages to learn.”
For the paths are many,
The resources endless,

The world flooded with ways
To grow, to speak, to rise.
And so, I stand —
Witness, guide, believer —
In the quiet becoming
Of every hesitant voice.

Section VII – Holding On

The closing section gathers the journey into quiet resolve. After rupture and renewal, what remains is steady endurance rather than dramatic triumph. Resilience appears as a choice to continue and trust unseen growth. Holding on becomes an act of self-loyalty. The anthology ends not with certainty, but with grounded and enduring strength.

Hold On

When the ground shifts
without warning,
and the path you trusted
tilts beneath your feet,
when numbers do not add up,
when effort feels unseen,
when your chest tightens
with unsaid fear —
pause.
Not in surrender,
but in gathering.
There are seasons
that press heavily against the ribs,
days that narrow the horizon
until even breathing feels like work.
Rest, if you must.
Lay down the armor.
Close your eyes.
But do not abandon yourself.
What feels like ending
is often rearrangement.
What feels like failure
may simply be form changing.
Distance deceives.
Breakthrough does not announce itself
with drums.
It arrives quietly —
like light finding
a small unguarded crack.
Stay.
Stay with the work.
Stay with the breath.
Stay with the slow becoming.

Some victories
take root underground
long before they rise.
And sometimes
holding on
is not loud resistance —
it is the quiet decision
to remain.



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