

Muskan Singh
Letters I Never Sent

I have written your name
in a hundred unsent messages,
folded quietly inside my chest.
I have told you
how silence can bruise louder than words,
how absence learns
to take up space.
I taught myself
to miss you
without asking you to stay.
Every letter ends the same—
with sentences that hesitate,
with love that never leaves the page,
with a goodbye
I never learned to spell.
Some stories
are not meant to be read aloud.
They live instead
in the quiet endurance of a heart
that survived them.

I Am Here

Time keeps slipping
through my fingers,
like something I was never meant to hold.
A long chain of loneliness
follows me everywhere.
I stand in the middle of a crowd,
yet inside me
there is an unfamiliar silence.
Beneath my eyelids
rest a few unfinished dreams,
that I keep searching for
in the faces of my own.
No one was ever there,
and no one is now —
so I keep folding inward,
becoming smaller within myself.
In this rushing world,
I drift further away
from who I am.
There is noise everywhere,
yet inside
I am utterly still.
I am here...
perhaps lost somewhere
within myself,
or perhaps
still trying to find who I am.

Time

My desires
were once as deep
as the ocean.
I carried whole horizons
inside my chest,
believing every wave
would lead me somewhere.
But time is patient.
It does not arrive
with storms or warnings.
Little by little,
it dries even the sea,
leaving behind
the memory of water.
The waves
that once carried courage
have fallen silent,
turning slowly
into sand.
Time does not steal
what belongs to us.
It simply reshapes it—
oceans into deserts,
dreams into echoes,
and the person we were
into someone
learning how to begin again.