

What  
Lies  
Within



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# Acknowledgements

I stared at the blinking cursor for a whole of 48 minutes before starting to write these acknowledgements. There is just so much to say, so much to be grateful for, so many people to thank, that I didn't even know where to start, so I just sat here completely overwhelmed staring at a blank page. Before I start with anything, I just want to say that there will be so much left unsaid, and so much/many I couldn't mention here and I'm sorry for that. First things first, this is for my parents, family, friends and my teacher who is also my mentor; all of you are my backbone, my spine and my whole being would collapse without you all.

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Papertowns



One of the most revolutionary writers in the world of classic literature, Jane Austen quoted in one of her many great books:

*“But people themselves alter so much, that there is something new to be observed in them forever.”*

*—Jane Austen, Pride and Prejudice.*

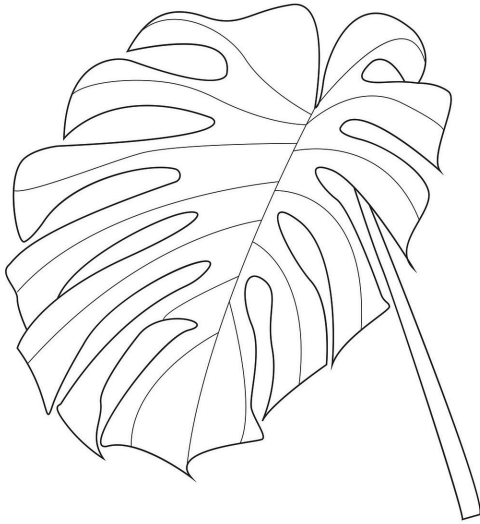
These poems are a journey of how I altered, how I changed and how I let hope finally in again. I put across an ocean, a world and a galaxy; I altered, for you to read and realise that you are not alone in this fight. These are my words, and my heart laid bare, for you to see and read and understand that everyone fights a million battles inside, but not everyone's story comes to life. These are poems about hate, anger, wars and destruction, but also about how you plant a seed of hope, and you wait and wait as if it will never grow, but it grows and enters your life, like that morning light enters your room through the blinds, subtle and soft, yet making everything glow in its wake. These phrases are about self-hate turned self-love, and how you find happiness in places you never thought you would.

Come home, the dark seems never-ending, I know, but morning always comes no matter what, so come home, to warmth and to yourself. Let's sweep the darkness under our beds; so just come home. This is my journey and how much I've lost, but I lost things only to gain some more, this is my story, and how darkness consumed me whole and I vowed never to risk hope, but then I did, and I let it grow, and I found myself in the midst of this chaos, I came home to peace and more.



# PART ONE

Of the darkness,  
And the Cries.



Papertowns

# The spiral of suffering

The down side of the city, no one really goes there.  
There are trees and moss and dirt and all things unwanted,  
With signs of buildings which were once whole, and alive.  
Now no more than just ruins.

Ruins. Calls it the world. Collateral damage I call it.  
Damage of change and abandonment and destruction.  
Damage of us, by us.  
That part of the city is abandoned and terrifying  
but it's fascinating just the same.

I look at the houses with roofs collapsed and  
Doors hanging by their hinges;  
And windows barely there,  
Just big holes in the walls and the plaster  
And paint peeling off.  
No sign of life, yet the memories of a hundred lived.

What are these houses, a statement,  
A sign of how tragedy unwinds,  
once alive now dead and beyond,  
What are these houses?  
Their remnants, a souvenir to be taken,  
a picture to be painted of sufferings  
and terrible things that one accounts.

I saw a toy or more like remnants of it,  
signs of childhood memories that no longer fit,  
I saw a mirror broken to pieces, and a photo frame shattered  
beyond repair,  
just like the lives that faced despair.

This is proof that nothing lasts,  
not your mortal body or the things aghast.  
Not the things you buy or the things you steal,  
the end will always come as real as you feel.  
What will be left will just be a broken piece of a life once  
lived,  
The pieces left for the coming to see.

We suffer and we not,  
We dance and we fix,  
We laugh and we love,  
We give and we take,  
We steal and we borrow,  
We breathe and we exhale,  
We pass beliefs and religion from generation to generation,  
We hope that we will be remembered,  
We hope to be not just the speck in the spectrum.  
We hope to bring significance,  
Yet in the end,  
We live and then we perish.  
But the suffering never ends.

# Melodies inside the head

*Instrument of my life, over spilling like fine wine,  
brimming with secrets, sublime. Where love, trust and  
mystery binds.*

I speak a lot, I always have, always something to say.  
Relevant - irrelevant, sane - insane, I talk and talk and talk.  
Sometimes I make sense other times I don't,  
because you see this head of mine thrums to beats of its own.

When I can't speak, I write, because how else will I suffice,  
every speck that makes an appearance in my mind.  
I've been called strange my whole life,  
but don't the strangest things always go up for an extravagant  
price.

Overspilling, like fine linen,  
Putting covers on meaningful things, crying over sins.  
Writing, reading, breaking down, breaking through,  
an abundance of incomplete brew.  
This mind of mine always runs around in circles, infinite.  
Same landscapes and sceneries in front of these eyes.

Always talking because otherwise how will I distract myself  
from the havoc that wrecks in my mind.  
How do you make sense when there are wires jumbled up  
with bottled things left unsaid.

When at night, time stretches beyond the hands of that wall  
clock,  
when the monster in you whispers things that should be left  
unheard.

Beats of this creature inside my head,  
sound like melodies drenched in poison at times,  
and other times like candies made of screams and addiction.

A note strung here,  
a key ripped apart there,  
that most powerful music,  
too much to bear.

Strangest of threads that turn into thoughts furthermore,  
a string strummed with blood-stained fingers with rings of  
pearl amour.

Snapped gems lying on the floor,  
their *pop-pop-pop* creating thunders unknown.  
A gust of wind, knocking the stack of confidence that I  
gathered all day,  
resulting in stuttering words, trying to find a way.

This is an instrument that I have yet to learn to play.  
So my demons with their glasses of poison wine,  
play melodies, making me the prey of my mind.  
They bang their feet and start fires,  
that burns bridges and leaves dire.  
Memories and unwind and I am left with empty, hollow eyes



PART TWO  
Of The Blood,  
And The Bones.



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# Musical

***It doesn't matter what you think.***

*What if it's an act, this body and all the strings attached?  
Paper-thin skin, with veins within, what if it's all a sin?*

I've written countless lines,  
un-punctuated, in that diary of mine  
with yellowed pages.  
I've held close my kindness  
with my sins sitting side by side.  
I've looked upon the mistakes,  
and have cried a thousand times;  
yet committed more and more crimes.

***Dance***, that's what this life feels like,  
a musical that has me reciting practised lines.  
Every day a new act is played,  
But what if I'm not prepared for today?  
But you don't get a choice,  
it's a luxury I can't afford.  
For what it costs, I'm broke,  
my shame and guilt will eat me alive,  
and that's a price I'm not willing to abide.

Wear those shoes, point those toes,  
don't stumble, just cope.  
Skid across the floor with grace,  
don't care if your mind is running an endless race.  
Stutter and they'll know, fall and it'll show.  
What goes down in your mind are you really willing to show?

## About the author



Sara Tripathi is a 17 year old high school student, poet and trained kathak performer. From a very young age Sara has taken a keen interest in writing, and has been an avid reader her whole life. Her days are spent reading and putting her thoughts into words. As much as she loves reading and writing, the same will always be her passion. She also loves spending her time painting colours on blank canvas

and reading tarot, her love for art in any shape or form is incomprehensible. She believes that art is a medium so whole that it carries your expressions like no other. Writing and dancing are two things that she finds most solace in, she has given kathak performances on state as well as national platforms. What lies within, is Sara's first book, it's a collection of poems that will reach your heart and stir your soul, with this book the author wants to take you on an emotional journey of love, darkness, losing yourself but in the midst of all the chaos creating a home.



