

18

**A number we dread.
A number we love.**

-Sanah Shroff

18 – Poems Collection
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A Note For The Reader

I started writing poetry when I was very young; but it was only these past two years that I began to take it seriously. I found it liberating in many ways – it allowed me to capture whatever it was that I was feeling in just a few lines and in just a few words. Over time, my love for poetry only increased and I knew that I wanted to share my poetry with the world.

18 in my opinion, is not only a book of poems – but it is also a mirror, reflecting what I think most people my age go through and experience: school, grades, college, majors, careers, family, friends, ourselves and many more things. I personally found this year to be challenging, different, but in some ways rewarding – and to preserve my feelings and experiences I wrote these poems.

My hope is that you may be able to pick it up and call it your own. That you may relate to it as I have. And that it may help you in whatever way it should.

Love, Sanah

It Will Be Okay

I was reading a book the other day,
There was a bit of sun, a bit of rain.
Whether was perfect I would say.
In my room, there I was, reading every page,
Loving every moment,
Loving every word and every phrase,
Before it hit me! I figured out what it was trying to say -
Even the book knew how I was feeling that day ...
Older and shorter, confused, and strange - so,
Keen to learn more I read the last page.
And as it came to its end to me it conveyed -
Years may pass by in a flash, but all you need to know is
that it will be okay.

Rain

I have loved the rain for as long as I can remember.
There is something so peaceful - I think -
About how it just falls from the skies above
And touches us way down on the lowly ground.
Its only purpose is to make everything seem more
beautiful
So that we can fall in love
With the world that we claim to care so much of.
And I don't know if this is just for me,
But when it rains - especially if it rains heavily -
All my problems seem to get washed away one by one,
Taking turns until there are none.
And then, finally I can breathe -
That is why when rain falls from the skies above,
I believe it to be a gift just for me.

Beauty

If our eyes saw souls rather than bodies,
What then would be the beauty we perceive?
Would it be a true one?
One which is not blinded by the falsehoods of
society,
One which is free from the tight grip of resentment
and jealousy.
Perhaps one which is just and deserving -
Not just a set of rules made for fitting
Into the big wide world.

But unfortunately, in our day and age,
One is left only to imagine what will happen
If the circumstances were to change.
So now I ask you, to please imagine -
If our eyes saw souls instead of bodies,
What then would be our idea of beauty?

Soulmates

We all have that one person in our lives,
Who comes running when we call.
Most of the time, no words have to even be said
For them to know that something is wrong.
They then embrace you in an ever-comforting,
warm hug
And then, just for a moment, you think all your worldly
problems have been solved.
You know for a fact that they will be with you through thick
and thin,
You trust them with your life because you know they will
never give in
To the spiteful and hateful side of the human heart,
The one which wrecks relationships and leaves people
waiting alone in the dark.
No, no that will never happen to you.
Because your person is the sun which brings light to your
gloomy days,
Because they are the ones who are always there -
in the best and almost annoying kind of way.
You know this to be true because when you are with them
you smile -
It is a true and genuine smile,
One that no one can fake, one that no one can hide ...
So, I guess after all, what they said was right.
Soulmates can come in the form of friends too some-
times.

Diary Entry

Dear future me,

I hope that you haven't lost your child-like nature,

I hope you still go nuts over things like Harry Potter.

I hope you still smile when it rains

And create worlds with pen and paper while music plays.

I hope you can still see beauty in the simplest of things,

Because that was always something

We were good at -

Drawing inspiration from the ordinary things of life

For the sole purpose of making people laugh, cry, and smile.

I hope you have made a great deal of friends along the way-

People who love and support you;

People who will never run away.

P.S: Most importantly, I hope you haven't stopped dreaming,

For it was dreams that brought you here in the first place.

The One Who Didn't Give Up

Just work.

Don't think.

Pretend there is a camera following you,

Documenting your every move.

Check off all the things on that list of yours

And believe in yourself most of all.

Believe that you are worthy of everything that is to come
your way

Because only then one day, you will be able to say -

I have achieved everything I have ever wanted

And now I can rest.

I can rest now because I deserve it.

The Bookworm

Sometimes I read to escape my reality.
To live a different life
And see the world through a new set of eyes.
Some of you may think that to be cowardly,
For what do cowards do rather than run away from their
problems?
But I think that to be rather strong of me.
This is because through the many pages of my many
books,
I have experienced more than you could ever imagine.
I have faced my nightmares and lived my dreams,
I have walked all paths of life and seen every
possibility,
I have loved and I have lost,
I have seen the world as it is -
An endless cycle that never stops...
And every night when I close my eyes, I get to
re-live those scenes.
I have lived and experienced so much,
All because I read.

The Odd One

There is a never-snoozing alarm always ringing
In my ever so awake mind.
It tries to keep me on track,
On the path that is supposedly mine-
But this is a path all take-
I like to call it the bland or mundane way;
But what if I don't want that?
What if on the blank and even canvas of life
All I see are the cracks?
What if where people see problems,
I see opportunities? And
Where everyone sees only black and white
I see shades of grey?
I may not know what I want to do,
Or which route I want to take,
But I know I don't ever want to be the same-
Same as the people who have come and who have gone.
For what good is life if it just flies by
Without it being worth to remember along?

To Dare

It is a funny thing, this age,
Because it feels like it is all going to end before it has
even begun.
Before we have had a taste of the real world we have
heard so much of,
Before we have witnessed its realities and brutalities,
Before we can even say the words "I lived".
For how does someone prepare for something like this?
I don't know about you, but I am scared,
And I am willing to admit it.
I am scared to dream,
And I am scared to dare.

Escapism

Sometimes, I wish I could escape.
Escape into a painting, a book, or a movie.
Escape into infinity
Which has been waiting for me patiently
Beyond the far, far away horizon -
That is where I would rather be.
Because sometimes, it can get hard to breathe
When I can feel four walls closing in on me.
And you may think that that is why I wish to retreat,
But I can assure you, that the reason why I wish to escape
Is not because I am weak nor is it because I am afraid;
It is simply because I would rather devote my time
Into crafting a world that could be mine.

18

I think that the more I grow older, the more I am afraid.
I am afraid of what is to come while I beg for some things
to stay.

Is it a thing that everyone my age goes through?
I don't know ... because I've met only a few who would talk
about such things so openly -

Most find it weak, most find it unnecessary
To talk of fear,

So instead, they pretend as if it is not here.

Maybe that is what I should do ...

Attempt to pretend

That all my fears have disappeared.

Hard Work

For the first time in a long time, I feel good about myself.

I set aside all distractions and just worked.

Not to say I never worked before -

I did, but perhaps not in the right way.

I know this now because I can see the difference,

I can hear the difference,

I can feel the difference ...

And it is immense.

I just hope that this hard work will pay off

Instead of getting wasted in the end.

A Cry For Peace

I want to be at peace with myself.
I want to wake up in the morning with no thoughts -
Good or bad, I don't care, I don't want them.
I want to be able to look forward,
Without the angel and devil on both my shoulders
Who seem to dictate my every move,
Who leave me with no choice but to choose
Between the good and the bad -
Both of which I find hard to differentiate -
Probably because I am inexperienced and naive,
Or probably because of my young age.
And I don't want to make it sound as though I am complaining,
But I am tired of choosing between the "important" and
"unimportant" things in my life.
So, please, even just for a day,
Even just for a minute,
Let me press pause on the thoughts that run
rampant in my mind,
Let me forget about the things that are constantly present
inside my head - things that never seem to want to die ...
and perhaps, maybe then, I will be able to genuinely
smile.

Happy Birthday

Woke up in the morning with a smile on my face,
but went to sleep with tears in my eyes.

Nothing really happened tonight-

Nothing to jump up and down about-

It just hit me this time ...

That things are going to get real from now on.

Winners In Secret

I do not understand why some people win while others do not.

I do not understand why some people are seen while others are not.

It's not fair ...

Because they work as much if not harder,

They try and they fall, but they get back up stronger

Hoping that somebody would even bother

Looking in their direction

And giving them that sense of satisfaction.

Hopefully it will happen one day ...

Until then, I guess they'll have to wait.

'Evil'

Sometimes the best things in the world,
May seem as evil to you.
When they try to teach you a lesson,
You think of them as conniving and manipulative.
When they are the ones who are there for you,
You think of them as fake and narcissistic.
And when they are the ones who show you love,
You think of them as a poison you must get away from.
But if and when they leave,
You will realize how different your life will be.
Because it turned out,
That the 'evil' thing that you resented,
Was in fact, the only true thing that kept you
contented.

To Be Alive

Sometimes we feel that showing emotion
Is a sign of weakness -
That we aren't strong enough to deal with the things
That life brings,
That we aren't mature enough to come to terms
With where we are; and that hurts.
It hurts.

But sometimes, it's okay to weep.
It's okay to be angry, it's okay to be sad
Because nobody in the world will ever truly judge you for
that.
So cry. Cry your heart out if you have to.
Scream at the top of your lungs if that is what will free you
From whatever troubles you face,
From whatever monsters that chase
You in your dreams and in your life.
It's okay to cry.
It does not mean that you are weak.
Because since birth, it has always been a sign
That you are alive.

A short message

Somebody please tell me that it will be okay.
That whatever I will go through
Will be worth it in the end someday...

The Artist

She can make a page come to life,
With different colours and different shapes.
She is a sculptor and a painter,
Who is too scared to see the dawn of the day
Because all she can think about is the future -
What will be and what will not,
The suspense is killing her, for all
She wants to know is if what she's after is sought.
She finds the different ways of life scary -
All the different choices and possibilities
Overwhelm her and inhabit her mind,
"Should I go left, or should I go right?"
And yet, she keeps on smiling,
Brightening up everybody else's mood.
Her smile acts as her disguise
In plain sight,
Hiding her inner thoughts and emotions.
She wants to laugh and have a good time
With her friends and the ones who remind
Her that life is not all negative,
And that there is a brighter side.
But the intrusive thoughts kick back in
And once again, she is forced to pin
Herself against the wall of fear
And begins to dread the upcoming future.
But if one day, she reads my words,

continue overleaf...

I want her to hear me loud and clear -
You will see the end of this,
And I promise you, you will be happier.

It Gets Overwhelming

Everything is piling up ...

Week after week,

Day after day,

Hour after hour,

When will it end?

It's like a cycle that never stops,

It is a mountain too high to climb,

An obstacle I don't think I can overcome.

It is omnipresent,

It is ever lasting,

It will never go away.

No matter how much I try

No matter how much I work,

This feeling will always be by my side ...

I have given up hope for it to ever leave me alone.

A Writer's Secret

Many people do not truly know me.

Most people think I am happy and positive and funny

But that is all a lie.

It is a defence mechanism I have designed

In order to keep the thoughts of my mind

Away from a world that might not understand what goes on inside.

So you might ask, what is it I do?

How do I vent out whatever it is I am feeling

If I choose to ignore everybody who is listening?

Well, I write.

My pen has become my therapist,

My pages have become my diary.

And no matter what I write -

No matter how real, no matter how fictional,

There is always a piece of me hidden inside.

A short message

If you had the power to change the world,
And you had the courage enough do it. ...
What would you change?

I Am Sorry

I am sorry for being so on edge when I come home.
I am sorry for making faces even when I know that I am wrong.

I am sorry for arguing and starting fights,
I never really mean it -

Just can't control myself sometimes.

I am sorry if I ever made you feel bad about caring,
About helping me even when I am at my lowest.

But most of all,

I am sorry if you think I am ungrateful,
Because that has always been untrue.

Because I know that everything good in my life,
Simply exists because of you.

Time

Whoever you are,
Wherever you are,
If you are going through something
Know that it will end. Sooner or later.
Because I have found that Time is a funny thing,
It is cruel but it can be kind,
It can be your best friend
If only you are on his right side.
So, if something isn't working,
Find yourself a new mountain to climb.
Stop wallowing in self-pity wishing for a different life.
And never make the mistake of wasting Time's time.

1 Year, 52 Weeks, 365 Days

One more year.

52 weeks.

365 days.

Then I will finally be free.

I will finally be able to sleep at night

Without constantly making checklists in my mind-

Planning for the day ahead,

Even though that day has not even arrived yet.

One more year and I think I will truly be happy.

I will no longer have to fake a smile, laugh, and talk -
pretending everything is alright.

52 weeks till I am at the place I am meant to be,

The place where I get to start fresh -

No looking backwards ... just ahead.

365 days till I leave.

Till I pack my bags and walk through those gates.

Am I excited?

Yes.

Am I afraid?

Yes.



Sanah Shroff is 18-years old and a student of Dhirubhai Ambani International school. She has an undying love and passion for books, movies and is hoping to pursue a career in writing in the very near future.

Sanah's first book was a fictional murder mystery,
"The After Story".

18-is her second book.

