



IN  
LOVE  
*with*  
PAIN

V E N T U M

IN LOVE WITH PAIN

V E N T U M

## **Dedication**

Let me  
tell you what  
makes my heart  
feel really heavy.

This is for all the ones,  
who lost their lives because  
of useless wars, all the ones  
whose chapters were filled  
with ***blood*** , instead of ***love***.

# **Warning**

Spoiler:

This book doesn't have a happy ending .

## WHEN THE NIGHT COMES

The night comes, and the monster in me awakes. I put on a mask and simply call him ventum. This is when the moon cannot save me and the sun is on the other side, when stars are nothing but stars. When the dark tears me apart, I sit there asking: What makes me numb? What makes me depressed? From the outside, it looks like a boy holding a pen, putting on a smile, but the mask lies. Within me, the soul cries, and the more I think, the more I write, the more I hurt, the more I feel alive. My mind gets dark and deep. I pick up words and put them into poems. These are the secrets he and I keep, we become one, and the more we write, the less we sleep. This is where he takes over and becomes my voice in my silence. This is when all I have ever been meets the little boy, the man, the lover, the hurter, and the monster, all in one, in the darkest, most terrible place you'll ever find. This is when I find comfort in all of the chaos, in the darkness. He might be a monster, but maybe I am too. Maybe he became me—perhaps I am the mask and he is me—but whatever he is, this is, it saves me, because despite all these dark nights, he's the one that left a light on.

## GLIMPSES

come in, I'll show you  
a glimpse of my soul,  
a glimpse of my heart—  
where it starts bleeding,  
where wounds become scars,  
and where I hide my feelings.  
come in, I'll show my wars,  
I'll show you my mind.  
it's a very dark place.  
I'll show you where  
the poems are made.  
it's a very numb,  
empty, and lost space.  
come in, and I'll show you  
what I've become—  
too broken for many,  
yet loved by some.

—ventum

THE YOUNG WRITER

*in love with pain*  
were the first words  
a young writer once  
put on paper, and  
I wish I could go back  
and tell him to stop,  
that he will never  
find the balance  
between love and pain,  
that he will be forever  
caught within an old soul  
and a very young heart.  
I wish I could go back  
and tell him that he will be  
lost and never find himself,  
that I am terrified he will eventually  
become a writer, and nothing else.

—ventum

## LOST

I am lost,  
numb inside.  
I choose to hide  
in a sea of ink  
where I have  
been drowning  
over many years.  
Find me  
in the depths  
of these waters,  
where love lies  
on the ground,  
where I don't  
fear being lost,  
but being found.

—ventum

WHEN I WRITE

there is a child  
living in my heart,  
and in the silence,  
when it skips a beat,  
you can hear him whisper,  
*stop, we are not safe.*  
this is when I put on a mask,  
rip myself and words apart,  
when I open up these scars,  
when they are within,  
not seen but felt.  
*stop, we are not safe.*  
this is when suffering does  
not wear a name or face.  
when I rip words apart,  
rip them in two,  
he whispers, *stop,*  
and with every word,  
I rip a part of him too.

—ventum

## OLD SOUL

I am an old soul.  
love is what i have,  
and what i don't.  
carry it within,  
deep within,  
but perhaps it is,  
too much  
for this world.  
that's why  
I don't have it.  
I see love,  
and I carry it within  
as the thing it is  
pure rawness,  
and this is why  
I don't fit in.  
I am a too old a soul  
in a too-young world.

—ventum

TWO MOMENTS, A BEAT

I exist in  
two seconds,  
two moments,  
within a beat,  
within a skip.  
this is how I love.  
this is what I am,  
this where I exist.  
within an ordinary beat,  
and a skip of madness.

—ventum

DREAMER

I am a dreamer,  
neither lost nor found,  
waiting for a story  
worth dreaming forever.

—ventum

HEARTS & SOULS

I walk  
on the ashes  
of my heart  
because I carry  
the fire in my soul.  
hearts become ashes;  
souls burn forever.

—ventum

LONELY

being surrounded by many  
was the loneliest  
chapter in my life.

—ventum

CURSED, BLESSED

I want to destroy you,  
I want to ruin you.  
pure madness isn't it?  
as deep as I love,  
as deep I can hurt,  
as imperfect I am,  
as perfect I can be—  
I am a total mess,  
a beautiful disaster,  
cursed and blessed,  
worthy of love,  
worthy of hate.

—ventum

2:27 A.M. | FEARS

I don't have many of them, but let's talk about the silly fears I had as a child. Like thunder. I was always scared of it. If there was a storm, I couldn't sleep the whole night. That changed when I grew up, though. I love the rain and storms, but that's another story. My fears changed when I grew up, thanks to love. I didn't have as many fears in the beginning of adulthood. Then pain cut deep. First, I developed a fear of losing, then I became jealous. And at some point, I feared love. I wish I could say that changed, like my fear of thunder, but some storms hold on longer. Dammit, already five minutes gone. It's 2:32 a.m. now. I probably should go to sleep. Oh wait. There is this fear which—but wait, I am not ready for that. Let's leave that out. I have a fear of losing my parents, which is normal, I guess. Related to family, I feared not having one of my own once. I am a simple guy. I've never wanted to be famous. I just want to be known by one person, and I often fear I won't be. Four minutes gone again. It's 2:36 a.m. now, which makes me go to my last and biggest fear.

You know what they say, “time is the only thing we have, and don’t.” Such a painful thought, to think you never know how much you have left. As I said, I don’t fear death, but I fear time. I fear time so much. Why? Because we can’t control it. Nobody can. It doesn’t matter who you are, how much you have, what you’ve done, good or bad—time doesn’t wait. As I said, I don’t have many fears, but it’s already 2:40 a.m., and I should really sleep now. Just a note, while I lost about fifteen minutes by writing this, you lost some too while reading or even re-reading it, which was a waste. You lost a bit of time, and I can’t give it back to you. Nobody can. Some stories are pointless to read twice, some lovers don’t deserve a second chance, and some friends don’t deserve it either. Time doesn’t wait, time doesn’t say, “Okay, let’s stop and try again.” It doesn’t choose the crowds you are surrounded by; it just fades away, and it never comes back, but all the things that time doesn’t do, you can. I can’t give the time back to you, but what I can do is change my lost time into words that may change your mind-set and hopefully have a positive effect.

—ventum

HOPE

suffering today,  
loving the very next.

—ventum

LIFE

life is just a moment  
between birth and death,  
just a deep, deep breath  
full of dreams and memories.

—ventum

TIME

a word that turns even stars into dust.

—ventum

## WASTED YOUTH

What I had wrapped in my hands was the youth that slipped away, as it was never mine. I am afraid to say that I have wasted too many years trying to make them happy while building a prison of thoughts in my mind, a cage I could never escape. I realized it but too late, and I wished I wasted that youth more on smiles and laughs. But I didn't, and that's why I hold nothing today but a key to my prison. What I hold tightly today is not my youth but my wisdom.

—ventum

FRAGILE

my heart is too fragile.  
just a bit of love,  
just a bit of a shake,  
is all it'd take,  
to make it break  
and break and break.

—ventum

TOO MUCH

I often feel  
too much,  
but sometimes  
I feel everything  
all at once,  
and that's where  
my heart almost  
falls apart.

—ventum

SOMETIMES

love stole all the  
breath from my lungs.  
I tried not to feel,  
gasping after air,  
but this pain was  
breathtaking too.

—ventum

“LISTEN”

I  
hear  
jealousy  
whispering,  
*this*  
*lying*  
*manipulative*  
*asshole.*

—ventum

ALMOST

this is my war,  
I let it come close,  
but it never kills me,  
so it ends as it  
always does—  
*almost.*

—ventum

## IF I WOULD ASK YOU

Does pain make you, or do you make it? Would you choose between them, or would you choose both like me? I made it, and it made me. Life isn't just about love, but pain as well. Both of them go hand in hand. And this is the whole beautiful, terrifying chaos about it; sometimes I can control the pain, and sometimes I can't. I have realized that I eventually never heal but just keep it within me. I've learned to live with it. To go with it. To just let it be. I found comfort in the pain. And in the end, pain is just a thing I choose to feed, and love is a thing I often seek. The only difference is they don't exist at the same time. When one is awake, and when the other is asleep.

—ventum

LOVE

you are alive—  
breathing doesn't mean  
just a gasp of air.  
love sometimes is  
much more than that—  
and often it isn't.

PAIN

*(read from the bottom)*

—ventum

A SAD STORY

I caught  
my heart breaking  
while I was smiling.  
*such a shame.*

—ventum

THE IRONY

love, a lover's death.

—ventum

LIVING FOREVER

there is this  
very tragic story  
about two lovers,  
where the girl says,  
*dying young is beautiful;*  
*they'll remember you that way.*  
but the boy  
feared losing her,  
so he made her the muse,  
and the world should know it,  
she lived forever,  
and he died the day  
he became the poet.

—ventum

## I DON'T CHASE STARS

Isn't it foolish,  
how I write about  
stars all my life  
but never chase them?  
it would be if I could,  
but I can't chase stars.  
I could dedicate all  
the time I have, and  
I wouldn't even make  
it near to them, and  
even if I could they  
would burn me alive.  
but I can sit in the darkness  
and suffer among them,  
accepting that chasing them  
would be the death of me.  
I would chase a love  
that never can be.  
so these are what's left,  
the night and the  
beautiful view that  
make my heart  
break in two.  
I can't chase stars,  
I can't chase you.

—ventum

## TOXIC

when I loved,  
it wasn't enough.  
when I was there  
all the time,  
it wasn't enough.  
when I was the  
best of me,  
it wasn't enough.  
I choose to,  
hurt you,  
destroy you,  
break you.  
so when I finally  
had enough and left,  
you came back,  
just because  
I was once  
like them.

—ventum

THE HEARTBREAK

I have come to  
realize that mornings  
destroy me the most.  
right after I wake up  
is when I feel numb.

—ventum

KILL ME

you said, *it is what it is*.  
and I wake up every morning,  
putting this right on my lips,  
next to the coffee that is today  
too creamy to remind me of  
your dark brown eyes,  
which just makes me  
take a deeper breath,  
and it seems as though hope  
burns to ashes with  
every inhale,  
and I keep hearing,  
*you need to stop—  
it's going to kill you,*  
but I keep inhaling,  
even though it steals my breath.  
this is what makes me feel alive.  
all that is left is this,  
everything I put on my lips.  
it's as if death gives me a kiss,  
but I guess it is what it is.

— *the cigarettes and you*

—ventum

## SUN AND MOON

there is a story  
about these two  
that the world isn't  
brave enough to write.  
the moon is  
cold and hurting,  
while the sun is in  
his pain, burning.  
and once in a while  
they meet, but too rarely  
to call it love.  
so, the world  
calls those moments  
eclipses instead,  
moon and sun  
trying to collide  
while we just  
see a red light.  
and perhaps,  
they almost do.  
but they never will,  
and the saddest part  
about these two:  
they never knew.

—ventum

SWEET LIPS

I fear lips  
that taste like honey  
but speak bitterly.

—ventum

IN THE MORNING

before the dawn,  
I watch the moon disappear.  
knowing what is next,  
it reminds me  
too much of you.  
and despite what  
we've been through,  
I can't wait to feel  
the sun burn my skin,  
yet I hate it deep within.  
I am sick of the sun  
for it burned me  
like you did.

—ventum

DROWNING

all I heard was  
*drown, drown, drown.*  
all I heard was  
*remember to breathe.*  
tell me,  
did I ever have a chance?  
still waters run deep,  
and you were the  
whole damn ocean.

—ventum

BIRD SET FREE

just because  
you let a bird  
out of a cage  
doesn't mean  
it is free.  
perhaps  
there is a  
bigger cage.

—ventum

## FEATHER IN THE WIND

As years went by, I always thought I was a lost feather caught within the forces of the air. I thought that love came in the blowing wind, because this is what I was always told. I can't control it. I am too lost, too hard to love. But I found out that my love is wild, and when you try to tame it, I get destructive. I am all the forces that can't be controlled, that seek to be free. I am not lost; in fact, you lost me. I am the love you will seek, but also the one you will never find, for you tried to control the feather, but I was always the wind.

—ventum

STARDUST

at the end,  
I never left pieces,  
but always dust.  
you will remember me,  
for the star I was,  
burning for love,  
and you will see  
not everyone can be.

—ventum

AT OTHER TIMES

I think of death  
and my breath is calm,  
knowing I will find peace.  
that makes me think  
of you and the moment  
you left. something in me  
was dying, but my breath  
was calm, because I knew  
there would be peace after you.

—ventum

DEPTH

I have the depth of a universe in me,  
but you never looked at the skies anyway.

—ventum

ALL YOU EVER WANTED

there it was,  
all you ever wanted,  
my heart begging  
having so much to say,  
there it was,  
all you ever wanted,  
leaving rather than to stay.

—ventum

NOT MEANT TO BE

what we lacked,  
was the rhyme.  
when i was the night,  
you were the day,  
and when you  
were the light,  
I was darkness.  
but if we had said  
words differently,  
like *you are the light*  
*and I am the night.*  
—the rhyme was missing.

—ventum

## THE BIRD

When I was a child, we found a newborn bird in the garden. Sadly, the mother was dead, so we took him in our house and read about how to care for it. We made him a nest in the beginning when he couldn't fly yet. After a few weeks, he started to fly a bit, so we bought him a cage but let him fly around a few times a day. After he got too big, we let him out to be free. I don't know if this is painful or beautiful, but even when set free, he always came back and slept on our windows. He was always around, and perhaps this is love. Once you've really felt it, you never let it go.

—ventum

HOME

I wandered  
on the edges  
of the galaxies  
half a universe away  
just to find out  
nothing leads me to you.

—ventum

DANCING WITH YOUR GHOST

and there i was  
on this empty street,  
under all the lights,  
dancing into the night  
and for all its stars,  
and for a moment,  
just for a moment,  
you were there.

—ventum

SWEET & BITTER

I wonder,  
were you bitter to them,  
or were you sweet  
and they tasted bitter?  
if so, that's funny because  
I turned bitter, and that  
made me think of you.  
I wonder, as you turned  
sweet and they hurt you,  
did I cross your mind too?

—ventum

SLEEP

the beat of your heart  
does not sing me  
to sleep anymore.

—ventum

## ECHOES

in the most  
silent moments,  
when the heart  
is the loudest,  
you can hear  
the feelings  
that never left,  
like echoes  
that come back.

—ventum

ONCE IN A WHILE

we feel it all again  
when we get caught  
by the feelings  
we left behind,  
when a thought  
becomes a smile.  
in the end we were just  
lovers that crossed  
each other's mind  
once in a while.

—ventum

## LOOKS

we fall  
for what we see.  
even though  
the universe has  
an endless depth,  
we choose,  
too often,  
the beauty  
of the moon  
as to discover the  
depth of a soul.

—ventum

## HELL, AND HEAVEN

Sometimes you fall in love and there is so much fire that hearts and souls burn, that kissing feels like a storm of fire taking over and touching skin burns your hands. There is just so much fire that loving someone hurts like hell. And eventually, two become one. This is when love becomes a whole mess. One day you are cold, the other day burning, because of passion. This is when lovers become sinners—caught in each other's hell, and heaven.

—ventum

FIRE

they say don't play with it,  
but a glimpse at the flames  
that set our souls on fire,  
turned them cold, too.

— *so, what were we playing with?*

—ventum

SINNER

you have heaven  
in your smile,  
hell in your eyes.  
looking at you burns  
my heart and skin.  
you are a devilish lover  
and my most loved sin.

—ventum

KNOWN TO BE COLD

she was known  
to be cold, but  
she was more  
known to burn  
for the ones  
that set her  
soul on fire.

—ventum

BURNED SKIN

her skin tastes as if  
she walked on fire.  
she's an angel and  
one hell of a lover.

—ventum

THE BURNING ANGEL

she's caught between  
hell, and heaven—  
a cold heart and  
flames in her soul,  
smile of an angel,  
mind of the devil.

—ventum

## FLAMES

she never wanted to  
run away from the past.  
she wasn't meant to  
rise out of the ashes.  
she rather walked on them,  
with wings on flames and  
a smile, as if she was  
the one burning it all down

—ventum

THE SIN

we wanted to love  
each other so much  
that when the other didn't,  
we still tried.

—ventum

TWO LOVERS

but  
in the end  
we were two lovers  
in hell and paradise,  
making sins in the name of love,  
growing a desire to burn passionately in fire.

—ventum

## BEAUTIFUL

What she had been through never really bothered her. Even though the world often didn't love her, it was the world she fell hopelessly in love with. She knew nothing should be taken for granted and appreciated everything that came to her. Even when she was hurting, she let it hurt until it went away. She was the most peace I have known, and she walked in all of it, as if she was just an ordinary girl. But she was the most beautiful, not in just how she looked, but in how she thought.

—ventum

## HER MIND

her mind is the  
most beautiful place.  
it is where  
walls are too high  
and nobody gets in;  
where old meets young  
and soul meets heart;  
where both pairs collide to one,  
and she collects those  
moments and memories from  
a playground full of dreams;  
where the woman meets the girl  
and plays with the broken pieces  
as if they were never broken—  
they can hurt her, break her,  
but they can't take away  
the peace she lives in.  
they can break the woman,  
but they can't break the girl.

—ventum

FREEDOM

she fell and fell but then began to fly.

—ventum

WILDFLOWER

her heart is never  
in the same place,  
but do not mistake  
that with loving less.  
she's everchanging  
and grows in places  
too wild, too free.

—ventum

HER

storm in her eyes, peace in her smile.

—ventum

ALL STORMS

she could be both,  
the madness  
of a hurricane  
or the peace  
of the wind.  
she is a mess,  
a beautiful mess.  
all storms were.

—ventum

SHE'S

She's a perfect mess,  
a beautiful disaster,  
chaos within tragedy.

—ventum

ART

she never fit, in the eyes  
of the world, but tell me,  
how could someone  
who found comfort  
in the disaster,  
beauty in the chaos,  
peace in the broken pieces—  
how could someone  
who was meant to be art,  
a masterpiece of tragedy—  
tell me, how could she fit  
in the eyes of the ones  
who did not feel?

—ventum

SHE NEVER MADE SENSE

she's beautifully  
out of this world,  
belonging to dreams,  
breathing stories  
we can't get  
from this poem.  
beautifully out of place,  
it never made sense.  
she never made sense.

—ventum

MADE OF FAIRYTALES

oh darling,  
show them your eyes  
and the fairytales within—  
the dragons and all that's tragic.  
show them your smile—  
the world loves magic.

—ventum

UNIVERSE

she leaves  
dust of her heart  
everywhere she goes.  
she's at peace  
with the universe  
in her mind  
that has the  
depth of the galaxies,  
with a soul in the  
shades of dark,  
eyes full of stars.

—ventum

TELL US ABOUT HER

the world said,  
*and there I was, left*  
*writing endless poems.*  
because how do you  
explain the universe  
to someone who just  
belongs in it? How do  
you explain the stars  
to the ones who've never  
touched the sky?

—ventum

HALF OF IT

she always gave away,  
half of the moon—  
that's how she  
outplayed them.  
she knew there  
was an entire  
galaxy to discover.

—ventum

ROSES

the summer left  
and autumn came,  
so she picked up  
the roses of the love  
they had left behind.  
love comes with thorns,  
love comes with pain.  
they all left storms,  
but she was meant  
to dance in the rain.

—ventum

HER SMILE

is beautifully terrifying.  
its where she reveals  
sadness and happiness,  
and it just doesn't make sense.

—ventum

THE STARS

I've always wondered  
whether the stars get jealous  
of how bright you shine  
on these dark nights.

—ventum

WITHIN HERSELF

is a peace that lives in  
the form of an old soul  
and the wildness within the beat  
of a very young heart.  
she lives and loves with  
the depth of the mind,  
the rawness of her love.  
and I wonder if she sees  
all the things that I see—  
poetry in how she is,  
young, beautiful, and free.

—ventum

AS FREE AS THE OCEAN

let her be free, or she will  
drown you within her depths,  
where beautiful waves are,  
and where its catastrophic.  
the waves of today can be  
the tsunamis of tomorrow.

—ventum

WAVES

the ocean  
you once knew  
became a sea.  
she lost some  
of her depth  
but found peace  
in the still waters,  
and she is never  
coming back.

—ventum

NATURE

she's rain and wind,  
peace and wild combined.

—ventum

## DEAR, SOULMATE

I don't know you, neither do I know if we are similar or made of the same things. But I do know, the universe, will push us towards each other, but till then I can just imagine, how you look like, how you feel like and I wonder if your hair will be straight, curly or just a bit wavy, how soft your skin, and tender your voice will be. If you have dimples next to your smile, or freckles beneath your eyes. I wonder, if they look like all the places I never been. And yet all of this doesn't matter, to how breathtaking your love must be, that just a gasp of air, must feel like forever. The rhythm of your heart must be the perfect symphony to mine, looking at you, must feel like the universe, dancing to words, galaxies turning into poems. This is what you must be, the peace, calming the war within.

—ventum

A LETTER

to the women,  
I haven't met yet,  
I don't know  
where you live,  
but I do know  
where you exist:  
on the edge  
of these letters,  
on white paper,  
within the space  
where the ink is  
separated and the  
melancholy stops,  
where breaths of  
hope are taken  
in the space of bliss.  
I don't know where you live,  
but where you exist is this.

—ventum

ALL THIS TIME

tell that little thing  
within your chest that  
I want to listen to all  
the secrets it has to tell,  
that I want to know  
why it is broken,  
where it goes wild,  
where it finds peace.  
tell that little thing  
that I want it how it is,  
how it stops and goes,  
tell that little thing,  
there is a place next to mine,  
and it's been waiting for it  
all this time.

—ventum

## WHAT IS LOVE?

A question I might never answer right, or with an explanation that makes sense. But it appears to me that we often mistake love for just a feeling. The reality is, the feelings in the beginning will not last forever. Eventually they will get weaker, or you just get used to it, and this is where there is this big difference in feeling and loving. I don't know—I may be completely out of place with this—but I think that lots of us concentrate too much on feelings. When the blinding effects of the feelings stop, many lover's assume that's when love stops. Really, this is where love begins. Feelings were always just roots that grow into a trunk with branches. This happens when a relationship is about communication mutual respect, acceptance, selflessness, teamwork, trust, and so on. Perhaps love doesn't exist in the form we think it does. Maybe it never was a feeling but the whole picture. It's not about the roots, the trunk, or the branches—but all that together. I think this is what love really is. This is where it starts: when the blindness stops, and it isn't about the roots but the whole tree.

—ventum

YOU AND ME

such a wild and rebellious act of love.

—ventum

LOVE

we were fools,  
falling for smiles  
and laughter—  
fools  
for the  
very thing  
that made  
us think  
that love,  
only love,  
stops time.

—ventum

THE LOVER, THE KILLER

in a matter of seconds  
before bullets of love hit me,  
right before your finger slips,  
before it breaks my bones  
right through my skin,  
I become the lover,  
and you the killer.  
this is when  
my heart begs,  
*smile again—*  
*pull the trigger.*

—ventum

SOULMATES

we smile  
at each other  
when our hearts skip,  
laugh when it starts,  
lovers with broken souls  
and laughing hearts.

—ventum

## CONSTELLATIONS

*I feel lost.*

oh darling,  
that's how stars love.

—ventum

SOMETIMES

love is falling,  
trying to fly,  
but oh boy,  
once you fly...

—ventum

A FEW, A LITTLE

all we want is  
a few smiles,  
a few laughs,  
a little bit of rain,  
a little bit of sun,  
a few little moments  
to live, to love.

—ventum

## BLOOMING

once we set seeds  
we don't bother to  
go somewhere else.  
all we need is water,  
and it blows my mind  
how we are like flowers  
that just wait to bloom  
with someone else's love.

—ventum

TWO WORLDS

two worlds  
falling apart,  
colliding into one—  
love is such a disaster.

—ventum

HOLDING YOU

I am the hand  
that holds you  
when your world  
breaks in two.

—ventum

## HORIZON

in a time  
where love seems  
to have no depth,  
you sit there in the  
shallow of the seas,  
asking how you could  
fall for me.

I share  
the weakness of  
the sun and moon.  
when you smile,  
when you laugh,  
as love can  
make you do,  
is when I fall  
for the ocean  
that is you.

—ventum

FOREVER

some walk on love  
as if they are  
a shooting star  
burning out  
between galaxies,  
and I wonder if this is  
what forever feels like—  
*just a second.*

—ventum

## ECLIPSE

when they kissed,  
one was beneath the sun,  
the other beneath the moon,  
they collided with lips,  
and their world turned  
into a total eclipse.

—ventum

WAVES

love comes in waves,  
and we were just  
waiting like grains of sand  
to be taken into the depths.

—ventum

DRUNK POET

every time  
you told yourself,  
*I am not enough,*  
it was as you filled these  
words into an empty bottle.  
this is when you made me  
completely drunk in love.  
poems never tasted as good,  
and I was always too drunk  
to explain how much  
you really were.

—ventum

## LETTING GO

Don't let it go. Hold onto it. Let it hurt. The truth is, you can't choose either way. Fighting it will create an even bigger war. Don't reverse progress that has already been made because there is nothing like just letting go and being free. Whoever says otherwise is lying. You need to feel pain as you feel love. And that will hurt. You will feel numb, sometimes more, sometimes less, and on some days, you will laugh and feel joy. And when you think, *finally, it's going to get better*, it comes back, and destroys you in ways you thought words, memories, and moments never could. Breathing will seem like a challenge. You'll feel weak because healing seems like such a weak thing to do. This will go on for weeks and months, and it will feel like forever, and even then, you never will be the same as before. I think if someone leaves, a big part of us will leave with them, and I think you never truly heal. You learn to live with it. It won't hurt, but you will always remember. That's when wounds become scars. But don't let it go. Let it hurt. Growth starts not with forgetting but accepting.

—ventum

THE FIGHT

if you catch your heart and mind at war,  
it is your worth, the mind is fighting for.

—ventum

MISTAKEN

you have  
mistaken me  
for a love to just  
keep around,  
but you don't  
just keep  
flowers around  
and then ask  
why they aren't  
growing.

—ventum

PATIENCE

love me  
with patience.  
I wasn't born  
without a heart.  
I am not cold.  
I am still learning  
to feel it again.  
maybe not tonight, but  
perhaps tomorrow,  
I'll find the light.

—ventum

## BLAME

there is a time  
when you hurt,  
there is a time  
when you heal,  
there is a time  
when you feel,  
but there is never  
a wrong time.  
do not blame  
a decision on time.

—ventum

LEAVING LOVE

some leave love,  
and with that  
they leave hope.

—ventum

TOO LATE

I am afraid  
to say we already  
have planted seeds  
from which our children  
will reap poison.

—ventum

WORST KIND

the worst kind of people  
are the ones who push you  
to the edge of a cliff but  
never far enough to let you fall.

—ventum

LOVE IS NOT A GAME

but if it is,  
and you are playing,  
you are already losing.

—ventum

*HOW OFTEN CAN A HEART BREAK?*

as often as you let it.

—ventum

WHEN THEY LEAVE

you break the most  
when people leave,  
because it is as if a  
piece of you leaves too.

—ventum

THE WORLD ENDS

not when the heart breaks,  
but when the soul does.

—ventum

POISON

don't search for love in hate;  
you won't find life in a  
sea filled with poison.

—ventum

WOUNDS

sometimes  
they cut too deep  
to forgive or forget.

—ventum

ITS NOT

don't tell  
yourself  
it's love.  
you being  
hurt is not  
how they love.  
*it's just you hurting.*

—ventum

POWER

women like you  
turn winds into  
entire storms,  
and yet you ask,  
*am I enough.*

—ventum

THINGS CHANGE

when you become  
enough for yourself  
and too much for them.

—ventum

BALANCE

nothing breaks like a heart,  
but nothing heals as one.

—ventum

ALL, HALF, NOTHING

it's okay  
to feel it all.  
it's okay  
to feel half,  
or nothing at all.

—*the moon isn't always full.*

—ventum

BETTER

often  
there is a much  
better love,  
a much bigger  
picture  
than what you  
have the  
pieces for  
right now.

—ventum

BRAVE

you trust your vulnerability,  
and yet you ask how to be strong.

—*a hell of a plot twist*

—ventum

LET IT HURT

let rivers flow in you;  
that's how you heal  
and eventually  
find the way out.

—ventum

AGAIN AND AGAIN

that's life—we live,  
love, and fly,  
and if all that  
doesn't work now,  
tomorrow we try.

—ventum

LONG & SHORT

*this* is us in a long story or at the end of a short  
*poem*. to all the beautiful ones who wonder,  
*is* he writing about me or about someone  
*special*: I am writing to all of us, to me, to you,  
*because* some of us were left alone in pain.  
*it's* an absolute mess—no, *it's* much more. *it's*  
*different* and an absolute disaster. *it's* in chaos  
*from* how they left us—oh, and from all  
*the* ways they hurt us. but, dear, rest,  
*rest*, because you been through too much.  
*but* don't forget how to live in this pain. life is  
*so* beautiful. there is more than we know. we  
*are* just grains of sand in all the waves—  
*you*, me, everyone is meant to be  
*special* in someone's story. one day you will be,  
*and* trust me, one day love will feel so  
*different* from all the poems you know, different  
*from* all the stories this world has told you until now.  
*the* love in you will once be set free. until then,  
*rest*. because you been through too much.

—ventum

I LOST YOU

in the place  
where love  
once grew

AND

in the pieces  
that were not  
enough for you.

I FOUND ME.

who would've  
thought losing you,  
would set me free.

—ventum

BUT DEAR

there is sun after rain, love after pain.

—ventum

WEAKNESS

hurting seems like  
such a weak thing to do,  
but the truth is  
you are in a process  
of healing from a love  
you felt too much.

—ventum

## OVERTHINKING

you'll break,  
fall apart,  
and when you do,  
you'll overthink it.  
it will feel like drowning  
within a sea.  
but trust me,  
you'll heal.  
first you drown,  
but then you'll be free.

—ventum

WOUNDS BECOME SCARS

that's when you  
don't hurt anymore.  
you heal, but you'll  
always remember.  
and that's okay.  
growth starts  
not with forgetting  
but with accepting.

—ventum

## LIFE AND THE STORIES

Don't think you have already written some lines, filled some of the pages, or even ended a few chapters. The reality is you didn't even start writing. This book doesn't start when you are born or with the first heartbreak or first love. Everything up to now doesn't matter if beauty or pain are always outside the book. Your book doesn't start with all of this; it starts when all of what was makes sense.

—ventum

SELF-LOVE

there are so many people to love,  
but the best one is always  
*you.*

—ventum

I HOPE

you get lost  
in yourself and  
that it is self-love,  
you find within,  
that after a while,  
you look in the mirror,  
with your pretty eyes  
and your cheeky smile.

—ventum

SAME FACE

once you  
fall in love  
with yourself,  
they will get  
a glimpse of life  
on the exact same face  
that was struggling to smile.  
that's when the world  
falls in love with you.

—ventum

OH DARLING

love will come  
as if the sun  
was never gone.

—ventum

RIVERS

like rivers,  
we end up  
where we  
always were  
meant to go.

—ventum

LET YOUR HEART KNOW

as long as it beats,  
as long as it feels,  
it is alive.  
you are alive.  
and as long  
there is life,  
there is love,  
there is hope,  
there is you.

—ventum

## CHAPTERS?

I thought to put this book in chapters, but why? Life doesn't work in chapters. You heal today, hurt tomorrow, or hurt today and heal tomorrow. It doesn't work in falling, loving hurting and at the end, healing. Sometimes you fall but don't love, or you hurt for a long, long time till you feel a release. Sometimes you heal and don't fall for many years. Often, all this repeats over and over again You can't just turn the page and move on. The truth isn't that simple. Sometimes you will feel more, sometimes less. It takes a damn long time to go through it, and you will change along the way. That is part of growing, so why should I put walls between who I was and who I am? All that was is still a part of me and always will be. Sometimes it is about finding comfort in the mess, not ordering it. That's why I decided to make this book a whole mess, because in the end, it is a mirror of my soul and heart.

—ventum

POETRY

love from the broken.

—ventum

LOVE STORY

the reader and the writer  
must be the deepest, wildest  
love story that was never told.

—ventum

WRITING

putting it on  
paper is a relief,  
the writer said.  
this is when  
I was shocked,  
in disbelief, thinking,  
*I must be a poet then.*

—ventum

OLD & YOUNG

I believe souls are old,  
and hearts are young,  
that's why we break easy.

—ventum

## TO YOUNG WRITERS

Before you pick up the pen and put it on paper, I want you to know that there is no such thing as the perfect prose or the perfect poems. I want you to know that there will be things that someone already said, already wrote, already used, but it's not about the words; it's about the voice that says them, the mind that thinks them, the heart that feels them. I don't have many things to say about how to start writing. Just know that by taking this step, you are walking into eternity; think about what you write, what you say, what you use. A writer's first words, first lyrics, first poem can be something great. It can be a voice that nobody has ever heard but always needed to listen to. Words are the most powerful weapon every human has within. Without words, there wouldn't be actions. You never know how much of a difference a few words, can make to a soul, a heart, or even the world. You never know how great your words can be, how great you can be. If you have something to say, write it. Write it loud

—ventum

BAD HABITS

writers have a bad habit  
of keeping stories alive  
that have long ended.

—ventum

TO BE FELT

and one day  
we will be wise.  
we will realize  
love never had  
to make sense,  
just be felt.

—ventum

ADDICTED

I am going to tell you  
a secret about writers.  
There are two of us:  
the ones with love,  
and the ones with the pain  
and drugs we loved dying for.

—ventum

## THE READERS

I have found that  
women are often  
unafraid to show  
they are hurting.  
they are often  
the loud readers.  
they share it,  
show it to the world,  
show their strength,  
and then  
there is a minority  
that hurts in silence,  
the silent readers  
I call “men”.

—ventum

## STORIES

I believe  
we die  
many times  
in our lives,  
most often  
while reading  
or writing.  
I believe  
at the end  
of a story  
the writer and  
the reader die.

—ventum

## THINGS POETS DON'T WRITE

There are things nobody wants to say: That love can be an ugly thing. That you'll hurt a long time and won't fully heal from it. That there is quite a pain that will follow you day and night. That you just cannot let go that easily. There are poems we don't want to write: That the moon is gone more often than that it is full. That the sun is just another star of many. That the universe could have an end. That storms are not always beautiful (and usually just destroy). That the ocean is not endless. That flowers don't last forever, and that roses are more painful than beautiful. That chaos is a terrible thing and being a mess was never healthy for a relationship. That wildness was never good for lovers. That life is not forever. These are all the things writers don't dare to write. Because writers fear reality. Writers are just kids, living in their own imaginations, far away from reality, and readers just pay for the show.

—ventum

WHEN I BITE THE DUST

words live forever,  
that's why I write  
because with my  
last breath  
all of me,  
is this.

—ventum

## ONE DAY

with my last breath,  
I will be known for  
being foolish or wise.  
it will leave the  
world speechless,  
or they will be  
disgusted at me for  
saying love is pain and  
life is nothing but death.  
for being a broken soul  
with a laughing heart,  
for falling in love with pain,  
I'll be a fool for many,  
or wise for some.  
although all  
of this was tough,  
I never lived and loved  
quite enough.

—ventum

BE KIND

a moment or a smile can let others breathe.

—ventum

## A MOMENT

Little moments where a few words and a little conversation makes you smile are what life is about. I live for these things; this is why I want to tell you about a person I met last night who made me smile in a moment when I was struggling. I hope that whenever you are struggling with anything, this makes you smile too. this page is dedicated to you, the girl who cut her dolls open at a young age in order to become a doctor. I believe in you.

—ventum

LAST WORDS

*there is an end*  
*to everything*  
the world whispers.  
*perhaps*  
the universe answers  
in a sarcastic manner.

—ventum

THE END

there is no happy ending,  
but there is this.  
this moment.  
two strangers,  
you and me,  
sharing a moment,  
through this book.  
I hope  
I made you  
smile, cry, feel.  
perhaps this is  
the meaning of life,  
little moments like this.  
to smile, to cry, to feel.  
perhaps this is it.  
this moment.  
this perfect ending.

—ventum

## LATIN

### DEFINITIONEM VENTUM

1. a tempestate
2. impetus tempestatis
3. motus aeris
4. anfractibus vel circularis vel habere directionem
5. vim vi perniciosam

## ENGLISH

### DEFINITION OF WIND

1. a storm
2. a hurricane
3. air in natural motion
4. to have a circular or spiral course or direction
5. a destructive force or influence

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