

SHE WILL BE LOVED*

*CONDITIONS APPLY



APOORVA JNAAN

She Will Be Loved

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Dedication

To the lands I've walked, to the winds, to the rain and to stars.

To my **Dad** and **Mom** for making the person I'm.

To **Rakshanda** without whom life wouldn't have been the same

To **Michael David Rosenberg** and his songs.



Acknowledgment

This may seem long, immature and unnecessary to the people who doesn't really know me but who barely does, will surely accuse me of my stupidity if I miss anyone on this list

First of I thank my dad Veeranna Gowda and mom Viveka for their unconditional love, support, patience and endurance.

Thanks to my High school principal Mrs. Manorama ma'am for those English lessons, Rosy ma'am and Nagasmitha ma'am for just being there on the path. And to my high school pals Rohit, Yeshwant, Varun for the time spent together

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To, Ashith Gounder, Manish Bhandari, Prashanth and Vishwas Raj for being there the whole time, I really can't quantify the amount gratitude I have for the four of you so let's just skip that part

And to all my friends whose names are missed just by mere blindness and stupidity, with apology.

Cover page image courtesy: Vishwas Raj, he does have some amazing pictures on his insta account do check (Instagram: @vish_was_raj).



About The Book

“she will be loved” isn’t just a poetry collection it is a story that runs in four phases that every man will go through in his life. Desires(love), dissappointments (heartbreaks) , apathy(lack of interest and emotions) and overthrowing your limitations(finding happiness).

Following might give you an idea of what “she will be loved” has evolved me into:-

How do you deal with love, fragile heart, memories, the world you love, crazy desires,never moving life of yours?

“she will be loved” is how I dealt with all these things.

Do you feel you are odd? Doesn’t fit among the rest around you? Do you think you aren’t happy? Do you think you need love, more than you are getting now? Do you think you are unlucky, unfortunate and deserve more?

“she will be loved” helped me deal with all this situations I went through

Can you say no to love and still be normal? Do you have lovestory that you have moved on from? Are you a orphan who’s okay without parental love? are you in old age home and have stopped expecting things from people you love

“she will be loved” helped me making up my mind to stop expecting things from people,and thought life is beautiful cause “I” live there.

And I’ll be very happy if this book succeeds in changing at least one of the reader’s state of emotions.

Happy reading ☺

Preface

She will be loved was the only escape route I found to get rid of my obsessions, but now after finishing this I feel I have more to write about ‘her’.

Well all might have a question to ask prior or after reading the book “who is “she” in “she will be loved”?” and ‘her’ I mentioned two lines ago

To answer that is like answering the question “what is this book?” and I think I might have an answer:

‘She’? She can be mother, daughter, niece or sister. She can be love, beloved, country or a bird. She can be rain, the summer or coffee you savour. She can be anything you like her to be. And she is everything you like her to be throughout the book too. There are no limitations on whom to imagine while you read the word ‘she’ or ‘her’ from here on.

So this could be more flexible and relatable read to you, if you can relate everything to your lives and all the ‘she’s to anyone you want.

Hope that gives the abstract of how it works

Happy reading ☺

You can always write to me here:

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/ApoorvaJnaan>

Instagram: @Apoorva_Jnaan

Blog: <https://apoorvajnaan.wordpress.com>



Petals of a Primrose

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*Kissed coffee
mug <3*



Life of my story



*Let me be the dawn of your worst nights
and dew of your best mornings.
Listen to my veins and blood that sing your name,
it's a valley of fireflies that light up our world,
lamps across the streets? No your eyes shine the best.
Hold my hand, it's raining love.*

*Chilled? Hug me under the snow fall
Do you hear my heartbeat?
No you can't, It skipped the beats forever
stare in my eyes...Yes this feelings are forever
Your white hairs... wrinkled skin...doesn't matter, It's
just your heart
dream my life..I do yours
Yeah I did giggle reading the previous line
I can sing this song till those stars die, forever.
or may be end it hear*

*Should I end it with a period? Or should I leave it to you
if it's my story of life or life of my story,
you are the end... I'll start all over again.*



The day we met



*The day we met
there was no sign of rain
nor there was for shooting stars
I hid my face behind the sweet chocolate I bought and
my eyes searched for her eyes
just the night
random faces, random smiles
carnival of chaos
pretty songs , backdrop
I poked her twice
she was dancing still wise
I hid my face behind the chocolate I bought*

*my eyes found her eyes
she smiled, I blushed
blush, the scar of love
her friends, my friends
lost in random faces
I stayed, she smiled a bit more
I could never blink
was scared to lose her in the crowd
no had the chocolate to hide
now her fingers wrapped around
the chocolate in sweet bliss*

A lost 19 year old odd -failed-to-be-a-teen- teenager whose heart seeps through half-filled faulty ink pen and his too old rusty guitar.

Born on 17th of Feb 1997 Apoorva Jnaan is currently pursuing his mechanical engineering, he stamps himself an introvert who likes corners and headphones with a few books and a guitar around him.

"She Will Be Loved" a poetry collection is his debut into strange yet interesting world of writers as he defines it. He's also a guitarist and song writer aiming to steal some steps in the music world too. He lives in cultural and royal city of Mysore, India which he likes to call as "The City of Serenity" and says he is happy as far he is asleep.

He

"He's never home, ever alone

He always has a broken phone,

And speaks too less with his virgin lips, yet to be kissed.

He counts pretty girls,

And their sweet skin tones,

He sits under a tree alone".

She

"She walks with my shirt on,

sips hot chocolate.

She presses her lips against my neck,

I count my breath and hers,

she plucks roses and tulips,

and she plays with my hair.

She's breeze she's storm,

she keeps me warm."



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