

Poem: Outgrow



*Poem: Outgrow ~ toranvichara

Title:-Poem: Outgrow

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Background

I usually write songs, or poems that eventually find their way into music. But this piece was different. It came from a place that was raw, heavy, and intensely real, like a shot of espresso pulled under impossible pressure. On the day it happened, I felt numb and strangely weightless, like a floating feather. But over time, that lightness began to gather weight, growing heavier day by day, transforming the numbness into something far more difficult to carry than the restlessness before confessing.

Written in the middle of the night as a way to vent, I wanted to capture how time stretches when a moment breaks you. Inspired by how classical writers linger on a single scene for pages, I used repetition and detailed imagery to unpack every sensory detail of that cafe, the storm, and the godless expanse of the world around us. It is a record of learning how to grow around an ache, learning to stand beside a masterpiece without trying to own the canvas.

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Poem

' Home '

She said, You'll outgrow it, or you'll grow with it
I don't remember the exact words that came from
her mouth.

But I remember, with a heavy clarity,
The exact air I was breathing.

The sharp, dark aroma of the espresso,
The heat radiating from the moka pot resting
between us,

And the sudden, massive lump in my throat.

I remember the cafe had no glass,
Just an open wall wrapped in green leaves and
flowers.

And I remember the blowing wind pushing the storm

inward,

Parsing the rain through the vines,
Splashing it directly onto our table.
And most of all, her presence.

I was strong enough to handle the truth with ease
But also weak enough to lose that ease,
I was strong enough to face the truth with no
complaints in heart
But also weak enough to fill it with complaints,
Not to her.

But to god, which I believe don't exist,
And to life, with no inherent meaning,
To the flowers, that bloom just for her,
To the sun, that shines to kiss and bathe her skin,
To the words, that exist just to tell how beautiful she
is,

To the tune, that plays so that she can dance,
To the blackbird, that sings in the dead of night
So that she can sleep in peace,
To the cool breeze, that breezes when she's feeling
the heat,

To the heat, that heats her when she's hit by cool
breeze

To the moon, that borrows light

Just to trace the curve of her cheek in the dark,

To the stars, that refuse to fall,

Staying pinned to the velvet sky just to map the way
to her door,

To the oceans, with their restless tides,

That only push and pull to mimic the rhythm of her
breathing,

To the seasons, that change

Only to give her a reason to bundle up in a coat,

Or to let her bare shoulders feel the summer sun,

To the silence, that stretches long and heavy,

Just waiting for the privilege of being broken by her
laugh,

To the shadows, that are lucky enough to follow her,

To cling to her heels and worship her silhouette when

I cannot,

To the mirrors, those glass thieves,

That get the absolute honor of holding her reflection
every morning,
To time, that cruel, elastic thing,
That slows down to a crawl so the universe can
savor her smile,
But sped up so ruthlessly the moment she began to
speak,
To gravity, that anchors her gently to the earth,
Treating her like a fragile secret,
While it crushes my own chest into the dirt,
To the colors of the world,
The reds that were invented just to paint her blush,
The golds that exist just to catch in her hair,
To the very oxygen in the air,
That rushes eagerly to fill her lungs,
That gets to live inside her,
While leaving me gasping at that wet table.

I complain to all of this godless, empty expanse,
That somehow conspired,
In all its chaotic, meaningless collisions,
To perfectly design a masterpiece like her,

Only to sit me right across from it,
Choking on a lump in my throat,
Knowing the museum was closing.

But we didn't part at the table.

We stepped out of the cafe together,
Into the very rain that had been blowing through the
open wall.

And she opened her umbrella.

She held it over us,

Shielding me from the same sky I had just been
cursing.

We walked side by side,

Sharing that small, fragile canopy,

The world reduced to the sound of water hitting
fabric,

And the quiet rhythm of our footsteps on the wet
pavement.

She walked me to my stop.

She made sure I was dry.

And then she walked away.

But she didn't walk out of my world...

I still see her.

I still hear that laugh the silence was waiting for.

We still share the air, the time, the space.

But the inches between our shoulders under that umbrella

Became the quiet, permanent boundary

I learned to keep.

"You'll outgrow it"

I know now that I didn't outgrow it.

You don't outgrow the sun when it still shines right next to you.

So, I am growing with it.

I am growing around the ache,

Learning to stand beside the masterpiece without trying to own the canvas.

To share a joke, the pavement, a regular Tuesday afternoon,

And smile, knowing my chest doesn't feel nearly as

crushed.

I grew with the truth that I can stand beside her,
But I can't hold her.

That we can share an umbrella,
But not a life.

I learned to look at her,
Without asking the universe for more.
And carry the quiet weight of knowing,
I am allowed to stay in the gallery,
As long as I don't touch the art.

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Abhijit Bikram Shah 

Hi, I'm Abhijit Bikram Shah. I make music, write songs, occasionally

spill over into poetry, listen to way too much 20th century music, and study economics one day before exams. I consider myself a professional yearner, yearning over things that haven't even happened yet. I write because I'm always looking for a good melody to hide a feeling in. Also, I ain't got no grand philosophy for life, i just like making stuff that feels real.

Photos



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That somehow conspired,
In all its chaotic, meaningless collisions,
To perfectly design a masterpiece like her,
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-abhijit

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