



## I Was Hurting

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Received: 29-MAY-2025

Accepted: 10-JUN-2026

Published: 24-JUN-2026

I was hurting  
And I did not know it.

What I do know is-

I used to enjoy  
Easy rhymes, blank verse  
But you did not understand  
Simple perceptive poetry

I used to enjoy  
Displaying my thoughts  
And the intimate emotions of my mind  
But with you I felt  
Exposed and vulnerable

I used to enjoy  
Putting feelings into words  
But because of your lies  
I stopped experiencing anything real

You said that you loved me  
You said you really cared  
You said you'd show me heaven  
But you were Prison Bars.

In the shackles of  
being in "love"  
My mind had forgotten  
The taste of freedom: sweet  
To think, create, explore.

I used to enjoy writing  
I stopped because of you.  
And my soul felt like a wasteland  
A dusty desert road

Cite this article as: Biswas B. I was hurting. RHIME. 2026;13:40-41.

Bereft of Self-expression  
Of Art, of Peace, of Growth.

Until Heaven intervened  
And I broke loose  
From the fetters of my own choosing.

Then, my heart felt like  
An open wound, and  
Memories of you stung  
Like a thousand needles  
but for my own Good  
As I remembered to  
Forget.  
And I forgave myself.

Then one day  
As a raging stormy rain  
Lashed about my windows  
And water flooded my room  
Words came back to me!

In the chaos  
And dirt  
And slush  
I stopped for a virtual keyboard  
And wrote and wrote and wrote.  
Oh, what comfort!

I will always love writing  
More than I ever loved you.  
For here I find myself  
And you stand nowhere in comparison.

You're gone  
And I'm writing again!

Yes, it hurts sometimes  
But in a way that heals,  
In a way that cleanses,  
In a way that relieves.

I will surely choose the  
Comfort of words.  
Any day.  
Over the anxiety of  
Being with you.