

Love Unfolded

# Love Unfolded

*A Symphony of Emotions*

Rachna Renjith

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ISBN: 9798298296595 | 9798298416948

First Edition

## DEDICATION

To every soul who has loved deeply or lost silently and dared to hope again—this is for you!

May these words wrap around your soul like a gentle breeze and remind you that love, in all its forms, is worth listening to.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I owe my deepest gratitude to my better half, whose quiet strength and unwavering belief gave this book its first breath.

To my amazing daughters, thank you for reminding me daily of the beauty in small moments and the magic of storytelling.

You inspire me more than you know.

To the Parents, for the deepest support.

To my close friends who cheered me on, even when I doubted myself, your support has been my strength.

To the quiet sleepless hours, the scribbled notes, and the whispered dreams—thank you for making me feel as something real.

And Last but not least, to every reader who picks up this book and finds a piece of their heart in its pages, thank you.

Your presence gives these whispers a voice!

## PREFACE

Writing 'Love Unfolded' has been a journey of emotion, reflection, and quiet courage. It was never meant to be a book, but rather a collection of feelings or whispers of soul. Encouraged by my better half, I found the courage to give those whispers a voice.

I did not write this alone. Every word was whispered to me by the love I live with, the love I lost, and the love I continue to believe in.

This book portrays one's feelings deeper than coincidence. This book elaborates the multiple feelings one goes through when in love — from the first flutter of connection to the quiet ache of longing, from the joy of being seen to the vulnerability of being hurt.

'Love Unfolded' is not just a collection of poems — it is a journey through the quiet corridors of emotion, where love speaks in silence, and feelings bloom in shadows. The feelings always make turns and feel different as every moment in life passes through.

Through these pages, you'll find the quiet ache of missing, the warmth of a touch remembered, and the silent battles fought in the name of love. It explores the unspoken emotions that shape our relationships and the quiet strength that carries us through life's most tender moments.

If you've ever loved deeply, broken quietly, or held onto a feeling long after it was gone, this book is for you. May it wrap you around like a warm breeze and remind you that even the softest whispers can echo forever.

Thank you for choosing to read this book. It means more than words can say.

May these words find a home in your heart, and may you hear your own whispers in between the lines.

With love,

Rachna Renjith

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## My First Love

I didn't know it was love—  
Not then, not in those days.  
I just felt a little lost  
When you weren't in my gaze.

No butterflies, no poems,  
Just a wish to sit nearby,  
To share a silly story,  
Or watch the clouds drift by.

You didn't hold my hand,  
But your presence held my heart.  
I didn't understand the feeling—  
Only knew when we'd part...

I only knew I missed you,  
When you weren't around to see.  
Just wanted to sit beside you,  
No words, just you and me.

Then one day, you left—  
No warning, no goodbye.  
I sat there, numb and quiet,  
Not a tear, not a cry.



My face showed nothing,  
But inside, something changed.  
A feeling I couldn't name,  
But one I couldn't rearrange.

It wasn't heartbreak, not yet,  
Just a strange, aching space.  
Longing for your laughter,  
And the comfort of your face.

Now I know what it was—  
That soft, uncertain start.  
My first love, unspoken,  
But, rooted deep in my heart!

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*"First love is raw. No words. No logic. Just a feeling that stays forever."*

Today, I want to share from the most vulnerable part of my heart — the part that still remembers the tremble in my voice, the racing of my pulse, and the quiet magic of my first love.

First love is not just a chapter in one's story. It's the preface. It's the moment the heart learns its own language — a language of longing, of wonder, of aching beauty. And for me, it wasn't just about falling for someone. It was about discovering myself.

I remember the way my world shifted. Suddenly, colors felt brighter. Music sounded deeper. Even silence had meaning. My first love taught me that emotions could be loud even when unspoken. That a glance could carry poetry. That smile could feel like home.

There are no labels, no expectations, no declarations, just a quiet joy in someone's presence, a strange ache when they're gone, and a feeling you can't quite name.

First love is raw and pure. Especially when it happens in childhood, it's wrapped in innocence and simplicity. It's the kind of love that teaches you how deeply you can feel without even understanding why. That's why first love stays—it's not

just a memory; it's a feeling that shaped your heart before you knew what love really was.

But here's what I've learned: **first love doesn't have to last to be real.** It doesn't have to be flawless to be sacred. It leaves behind something precious — a blueprint of how deeply we can feel, how bravely we can hope, and how beautifully we can begin.

My first love gave me courage. It gave me softness. It gave me stories I still carry in quiet corners of my heart. And even though life moved on, even though love evolved, that first spark still lives in me — not as regret, but as gratitude.

So to anyone who still aches for their first love, or wonders if it mattered — let me tell you: **it did. It shaped you. It awakened you. It made you who you are.**

And if you're lucky enough to still be with your first love — cherish it. Because you're living a rare kind of magic.

As for me, I carry my first love not as a wound, but as a whisper. A whisper that reminds me: the heart is brave. The heart remembers. And the heart — oh, the heart — never forgets its first dance.

That first flutter, that silent bond, becomes a memory we carry forever—soft, sacred, and untouched by the noise of growing up.

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