Labdhi Jain is an aspiring software engineer and creative thinker at VIT-AP University with a deep interest in human-centered design. Beyond technology, she expresses herself through poetry, using words to explore emotion, perspective, and meaning. Her work reflects a balance between structure and imagination. She hopes to create impact both through innovation and art. Constantly learning and evolving, she embraces both logic and creativity in equal measure. Her journey is driven by curiosity and a desire to create meaningful experiences.

PACKING MY HEART

I love waking up,
blanketed with both a blanket
and your arms.
You smile the same every time,
hinting at your dimples, crinkling the
corner of your eyes.
I melt even in the bone biting, icy December.

I drag out of bed and I make my tea;
you make your coffee.
This difference is what makes us so perfect.
I look at you, wondering how i got so lucky.
I inhale the perfume of cardamom and
tea leaves, and decide that i like the scent
of you more.

You have to leave tonight.
It's your dream project.
I take a look at your face,
typing away busily on your laptop,
and silently promise that i will find that face
in every odd cloud and every piece of half
written poetry.

The door clicks shut on your way out,
and i stare at it for god knows how long.
You don't know it, but in your suitcase,
behind the sweaters and your worn out jeans,
I've packed my humble heart away,
I trust it'll come back safely with you.

I wipe my salty rivers and sink into the bed,
the bed that's still wrapped in your warmth.
Never thought I'd be jealous of a simple mattress.
But nothing you set your eyes on remains simple;
it laces itself with gold and English roses,
like I was, like this unnaturally lucky blanket is.

I spent weeks in your wait,
tracing the teacup I stored for our anniversary,
looking out for odd clouds or incomplete poetry.
To my amusement, the sky seemed clear, the
verses seemed finished.
and my silly sweater was ridding itself of
your scent.
All of a sudden, your fingers weren't there
to smoothen over my furrowing eyebrows.

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TIED BY A THREAD

Often at night, I think about us,
Were we in love, or was it lust?
Did you actually mean everything
that you said,
Or were those all lies that you fed?

You made me feel like a princess,
But then something changed, and I felt less.
You were always with her,
and I was always insecure of her.

She may be the prettiest girl around you,
But I loved you too.
I loved you with all my heart,
But I guess she was on top of the chart.

All I wanted was some reassurance,
But you just never made an appearance.
All this time I thought it was my fault,
I thought it was something I did or something
I said.

But I think we were always tied by
just a thread.
I cried for days and for nights,
for minutes and for hours.
But you were busy meeting her
and buying her flowers.

I gave you my all, and you gave me your none,
and our relationship was like someone
holding a gun.
After all you did, I got emotionally drained,
but still, I couldn't get the courage to end
this pain.

JUST ONCE

Back and forth,Back and forth,
My feet pace as my mind races.
The thought that maybe I screwed up
crosses my mind every second.
Guilt has now become a part of me,
Following me everywhere like a shadow,

Everything seems dark, and the lights are out.
You were my light,
But now I feel like I have lost it.
Your touch, your smell, and your laughs
all intoxicate me now.

You were the reason for my smile.
You were the reason why I smiled.
Now I miss smiling.

So I beg you just once,
just once I wanna smile again.
Just once I want my light again.
Just once do I wanna feel.
Just once I wanna get lost in your touch,
In your smell and in your laughs.
Just once.