

RITHVIK SINGH

I
don't
love
you
anymore



Moving
on and
living
your
best life

I DON'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE

Rithvik Singh is one of India's most beloved poets. With a degree in English literature from Hansraj College, University of Delhi, and an unceasing love of writing, he writes to give hope to those looking for it. With over 500,000 followers on Instagram (@wordsofrithvik), his words never fail to feel like home to his readers. He lives with his family in Udaipur, but his heart and soul are married to Delhi.

If you enjoy reading this book, please write to Rithvik at @wordsofrithvik on Instagram. He'd love to hear from you!

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For my mother,
My heart is a flower at your feet.
*Thank you for being the only person who always loves me,
even at my worst.*

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This book will make you feel too many things, all at once.

Just like life does sometimes.

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Dear Reader,

I love you. And I hope you love yourself enough to leave anyone who breaks your heart. Your heart was meant to be worshipped, not turned into a war zone.

I hope this book feels like a warm hug to you. I wrote this book for the ones who feel everything too deeply. *You're right. I wrote this book for you.*

If you ever knew someone who loved you enough to be terrified of losing you, I hope you know how rare it is to find someone like that. Someone who would leave flowers on your dining table, kisses on your forehead and the scent of love in your heart. Someone who would gently hold the pieces of your heart on days when life gets too hard. If you ever knew someone who loved you the way the sky loves its stars, I hope you didn't end up breaking their heart. *And if you did, I hope life breaks your heart too.*

There are forests of feelings inside you. May you find someone who knows how to water your soul. Someone who not only notices your absence but also hates it. Someone who never lets you question if there's something fundamentally wrong with you—if you deserve to be loved. Someone who loves you as if that's what they were made for—loving you with all their heart. Someone who makes you fall in love with the days you didn't even think you'd be alive to see. *Someone who never lets you give up on yourself by giving you all the love you deserve.*

There's a dying patient who has fallen in love with life. An orphan who thinks his parents are still alive. A soldier's wife waiting for a letter from her husband who died. A wilted flower waiting for spring to arrive. We're all so different yet so alike—wanting things we cannot get and praying to a God who refuses to listen.

Your heart is a crime scene. There are old letters stacked on the shelves. The place reeks of memories. There's blood in every corner, but there's also love. So much love.

More often than not, the person you wouldn't mind burning cities for is the same person who wouldn't mind leaving you in the fire. You wouldn't mind taking your life for someone who wouldn't stop taking you for granted.

My heart is a monastery in the land of atheists. Prayers don't make sense to them, but all my prayers aren't for them anyway. *They've always been for you, only you.*

It takes years to let go, they say,
but how many years?

How many years before I finally make coffee in the morning
and don't add extra sugar to it because you liked it that way?
When will I go to the mall and not spend an hour at the
bookstore because you loved books more than you loved me?
When will I stop taking pictures of the sky as it changes colour
and saving them to a folder I wish I could send you? When
will I start loving roses more than sunflowers? When will I stop
letting my life be yours, knowing you're not mine anymore? *It's
not the same for everyone, you see. It took you a few seconds to let
go, but it's taking me a lifetime.*