

CREATIVE SPACE

The weight we carry

RAMANSH BANDHU GUPTA

There's a weight we carry, unseen, unnamed,
A quiet ache, a heart untamed.
It lingers in the daylight's glow,
A shadow that refuses to let go.

Some days, it's a whisper, soft and low,
Other days, a storm that won't let you go.
It wraps around your thoughts, your soul,
Breaking the pieces you fight to keep whole.

You smile, you laugh—play the part,
But no one sees the cracks in your heart.
They praise your strength, the way you cope,
But no one asks how you hold onto hope.

"Am I enough?" you ask the sky,
Your voice trembling, your spirit shy.
You yearn for peace, a steady ground,
But the noise inside is all that's found.

And yet, within the chaos and strife,
There's a spark—a quiet will for life.
A moment, a hand, a gentle embrace,
A reminder that healing isn't a race.

It's in the tears you let softly fall,
In the courage to answer when darkness calls.
It's in the small steps, one by one,
And in the belief that the fight can be won.

To feel is human, to hurt is real,
There's no shame in the pain you feel.
So speak your truth, let someone in,
Healing starts where love begins.

You are not broken, you're beautifully whole,
A tapestry woven of heart and soul.
Hold on—this storm will someday clear,
And you'll find the strength to face your fear.

Author: Ramansh Bandhu Gupta (rbandhugupta@gmail.com),
Respiratory Medicine, Shri Ram Murti Smarak Trust, Bareilly, INDIA.

Conflict of Interest: None declared

To cite: Gupta RM. The weight we carry. *Indian J Med Ethics*.
Published online first on March 7, 2025. DOI: 10.20529/IJME.
2025.020

Manuscript Editor: Meenakshi D'Cruz

Copyright and license

©*Indian Journal of Medical Ethics* 2025: Open Access and
Distributed under the Creative Commons license ([CC BY-NC-ND 4.0](#)), which permits only non-commercial and non-
modified sharing in any medium, provided the original
author(s) and source are credited.
