

SEREYA HOYO

The Breath That Sings

A collection of poems by Titus Kujur

Sereya Hoyo

Reflections on the Life We Lead

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For Madeline —

who runs where others walk,
who laughs before the world remembers to
smile,
whose questions outnumber the stars,
and whose joy knows no fences.

You remind me that life is not meant to be
measured,
but *danced through* — barefoot, breathless, and
free.

May you never lose the music in your heart,
nor the wonder in your eyes.

— *Uncle Titus*

Acknowledgments

No book is born in isolation, and this one is no exception. It has been shaped not only by my own experiences but also by the inspiration and encouragement of those around me. Among them, two individuals stand out—**Soham Kar and Khushi Saha**—whose talent, passion, and creativity have deeply influenced my journey as a writer.

Soham Kar is a rare blend of intellect and artistry. A brilliant student with an insatiable curiosity for knowledge, he excels in academics while also possessing the soul of a poet. His words carry wisdom beyond his years, and his ability to articulate thoughts—both in writing and speech—is nothing short of remarkable. Beyond poetry, he finds expression in music, skilfully playing the guitar, weaving melodies that echo the emotions of his verses. His talent as an orator, his depth of thought, and his relentless pursuit of excellence continue to inspire me.

Khushi Saha, on the other hand, brings colour and life to the world through her art. A gifted painter, she has earned well-deserved recognition, winning numerous prizes for her breathtaking creations. Yet, her artistry is not confined to the canvas alone—her poetry,

much like her paintings, captures emotions with delicate precision, painting vivid images with words. A brilliant student with an unwavering dedication to her craft, she embodies the beauty of creativity in its purest form.

Both Soham and Khushi remind me that true talent knows no boundaries—that art, poetry, and intellect can exist in harmony, shaping perspectives and touching hearts. Their passion has been a guiding force, encouraging me to bring this collection to life.

To everyone who has walked with me on this creative journey, offering support, encouragement, and belief in the power of words—thank you. This book is for all who seek inspiration, for those who embrace both the light and the shadow, and for those who find beauty in the poetry of life.

With heartfelt gratitude,
Titus Nazarene Kujur

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Preface

There are questions that follow us quietly through life — not loud enough to demand answers, yet impossible to ignore.

Do we live, or do we just exist?

That question became the breath that carried this book into being.

For years, I watched life unfold — in people's hurried footsteps, in eyes that smiled while hearts remained elsewhere, in moments that passed too quickly to be felt. I began to see that living is not merely about moving through time, but about *meeting it fully* — with awareness, tenderness, and truth.

Sereya Hoyo was born out of that realization — the endless rhythm of beginnings and endings that weave through our days. Every poem here is a fragment of that cycle: birth and decay, love and solitude, memory and forgetting, despair and hope.

In writing these poems, I did not seek to find meaning — I sought to feel it.

To listen to the spaces between thoughts.

To discover what remains when all noise fades.

There were nights when words came like
distant footsteps in fog — hesitant, trembling,
human. And there were mornings when they
arrived like sunlight on closed eyes — sudden,
forgiving, alive.

This book is not an attempt to answer life's
questions, but to sit with them — to honor
the silence that exists between asking and
understanding.

To those who find themselves wandering —
between what is and what could be — I offer
these poems as small lamps along your path.
They are not meant to guide, but to glow
quietly beside you.

May *Sereya Hoyo* remind you that even in the
repetition of days, there is renewal;
that even in endings, life begins again —
softly, invisibly, unendingly.

— *Titus Kujur*

Introduction

There are moments when the world grows
quiet enough
for us to hear the sound of our own being —
that faint, unending hum beneath the noise of
living.

It was in such a moment that Sereya Hoyo
began —
not as a collection of poems, but as an
unfolding of thought.
Each line came as a breath, a heartbeat,
a fragment of something larger than time
itself.

These words do not claim to understand life.
They only wish to stand beside it —
to touch its passing shadow,
to feel the warmth it leaves behind.

If you have ever stared at the sky and
wondered where endings go,
if you have ever carried silence like a second
skin,
then somewhere within these pages,
you may find a piece of yourself —
pausing, breathing, becoming.

DO NOT COPY

1

The Veil of Courage

The king with crown upon his brow,
Claims bravery in every vow.
He speaks of courage, bold and grand,
But shields of steel are in his hand.
For what is strength without a sword,
What is a monarch without the horde?

Even the mightiest heart shall know,
The fear that whispers soft and low.
For courage isn't just the fight,
It's facing shadows in the night.
A warrior's strength, a king's command,
Are fragile things in shifting sand.

He calls for armies to protect,
To guard his throne and to deflect
The storms that rage, the winds that howl,
The dangers lurking on the prowl.
And yet within his guarded heart,
A fear, a doubt, may still take part.

A man may rise and boldly stand,
But who protects when he is unmanned?
No crown, no title, no great might,
Can shield the soul from deepest fright.
For even kings, in their repose,
Are touched by fear that softly grows.

The sword, the shield, the soldier's might,
 Cannot erase the darkest night.
The storm may come, the rain may fall,
 And even kings may feel so small.
There is no shame in fearing deep,
For even the bravest hearts may weep.

The strength of man is not in pride,
 Or in the steel he keeps inside.
 It's in his courage to confess,
 That even giants may feel less.
To rise, to face the truth unbowed,
Though sheltered 'neath a thundercloud.

For courage lies not in the fight,
 But in the choice to face the night.
The king may reign, the monarch rule,
But in their hearts, they're still the fool,
 If they refuse to see the fear,
That makes us human, makes us dear.

There's power in the simple truth,
That all may tremble, all may soothe.
No shame in saying "I am small,"
 For in that truth, we rise, we call.
For courage is not the absence of dread,
But the strength to move where angels tread.

So wear your armour, raise your shield,
 But never let your truth be sealed.
A mighty king, a fearless knight,
Are those who face the endless fight.
And in their hearts, they know the cost—
 That courage comes when fear is lost.

Not in the sword, nor in the crown,
Not in the might to hold it down,
But in the humble, tender plea,
To see the truth that sets you free.
For even kings, in their repose,
Are touched by fear that softly grows.

And when they fall, or when they rise,
They stand as human, with open eyes.
The greatest strength that kings may claim,
Is knowing fear and still the same.
For in that truth, they boldly stand,
With fragile hearts, and trembling hand.

2

The Little Match Girl

Upon the streets of London's night,
In bitter cold, devoid of light,
A little girl, with heart so pure,
Set forth to sell her wares obscure.
Her hands were numb, her face so pale,
She cried her wares, a quiet wail.
"Matches for sale, to light your way,"
But no one listened, none would pay.

With hollow eyes, she walked alone,
A child of hunger, cold as stone.
The bustling crowd, so full of cheer,
Unnoticed passed the girl in fear.
Their hearts were set on joy and song,
Preparing for the night so long.
To welcome Christ, the King, the Lord,
Yet overlooked the soul ignored.

She asked for warmth, she asked for food,
But none would spare a thought or mood.
They saw her not, a street-bound face,
Only a nuisance in their place.
They hurried past, with heartless stride,
In festive cheer, they did collide.
But she, so small, so cold, alone,
Continued on, with heavy tone.

Her matchsticks flickered in the breeze,
Her eyes were clouded, desperate pleas.

The Christmas bells rang far and wide,
But she, alone, had none beside.
Her stomach hollow, her spirit frail,
She whispered prayers, a silent wail.
"Let someone see, let someone care,
Before the cold takes me somewhere."

But no one stopped, no one did pause,
As Christmas cheer gave no applause.
Her tiny hands, so pale and thin,
Clutched onto hope with trembling skin.
The streets were filled with laughter bright,
Yet she, a child, was lost to night.
Her body frail, her spirit weak,
But still she cried, so brave, so meek.

Until, at last, she felt her knees,
And fell amidst the winter's freeze.
Her little voice, so faint and small,
Cried out for warmth, but none would call.
The snow around her cold and deep,
The silence wrapped her as she wept.
Her heart was heavy, filled with pain,
Yet through the sorrow, she remained.

Then came the dogs, so wild, so free,
A pack that roamed with loyalty.
They huddled close, with gentle care,
To warm her up, to ease despair.
A steak of meat, so soft and bright,
One dog brought forth to end her plight.
A mouse, so small, so quick, so light,
Brought bread to ease her frozen night.

Yet she, with heart so full of grace,
Refused to eat, to save her place.
She fed them first, with love and care,
Her hunger gone, her heart laid bare.
For she knew love is not for gain,
It's given freely through the pain.
She held them close, no words to say,
But in her heart, she found her way.

And in that warmth, she drifted deep,
To sleep, to dream, to peaceful keep.
Her smile, so faint, a light so pure,
Her spirit free, her heart secure.
She thanked them all, with silent song,
And in their warmth, she felt so strong.
The dogs, the mice, the kindness shown,
In them, her love had fully grown.

But when the morning sun did rise,
And church bells rang through open skies,
The people passed, as they did before,
Yet saw the child, who walked no more.

Upon the street, amidst the snow,
A little girl, so still, so low.
Her smile remained, though she had died,
A peaceful joy, where pain had lied.

They knelt beside her, hearts filled with grief,
But none could answer her silent plea.
Her face was calm, no trace of fear,
Her spirit free, her heart sincere.
Yet in that smile, a message lay,
Of love and kindness every day.

For even in the darkest night,
She found her peace, her shining light.

The world may pass and not be seen,
The pain, the hunger, in between.
But kindness, love, is always near,
For those who open hearts to hear.
The little match girl, in her strife,
Showed us the beauty of a life.
Not in the wealth, nor in the song,
But in the love that carries on.

Her gift was small, yet full of grace,
She gave her warmth, she found her place.
In all the chaos, in all the noise,
She found her peace, her heart's true voice.
She taught us all, through bitter cold,
That love is given, not bought or sold.
And in the end, when all is done,
It's love that lights the darkest sun.

So let us learn from her pure soul,
To feed the hungry, make them whole.
To see the ones who cry in vain,
And feel the sorrow, feel the pain.
For in their eyes, we find our truth,
That love is not the pride of youth.
It's not the wealth, the fame, the name,
But the kindness that remains the same.

So may we walk with open eyes,
And see beyond the world's disguise.
For in each soul, a light does burn,
And in each heart, there's room to learn.

The little match girl, so cold, so kind,
Leaves us a lesson to remind.
That in the coldest, darkest night,
It's love that keeps our hearts alight.

3

The Crownless King

I saw the castle, proud and high,
A silhouette against the endless sky.
A blade of stone, it pierced the air,
Defying time with a noble glare.

Its towers rose like a lion's mane,
Yet shorn of gold, it bore no chain.
No banners waved, no flags were flown,
Still, it claimed the land as its throne.

A crownless king on a barren field,
Its grandeur stood, a timeless shield.
No jewels adorned its weathered face,
But still, it guarded its silent space.

The winds howled loud through broken walls,
Their echoes danced in the hollowed halls.
Shadows lingered, long and deep,
Whispering secrets the stones still keep.

Once, its gates welcomed the brave,
Now they stand as a sentinel's grave.
A sentinel strong, though its heart is gone,
A monument to battles won.

It watched as armies came and fled,
And drank the blood of the countless dead.
Its moat lay dry, its drawbridge cracked,
Yet its spirit remained intact.

O mighty castle, so lone, so stark,
A beacon still, through the endless dark.
No beasts nor men dare cross your keep,
Where memories of kings forever sleep.

The land you guard lies desolate, bare,
Yet still, you linger, forever aware.
The prey you shield is not of flesh,
But time itself, in its endless mesh.

You rise, a sentinel bound by stone,
A monument to what was once known.
Your roar is silent, yet loud it rings,
A hymn to forgotten queens and kings.

Through storms and stars, through dusk and
dawn,

You remain, though your lords are gone.
No mortal reign can your spirit confine,
A fortress eternal, the years define.

And as I gaze, the world stands still,
Your presence commands my trembling will.
A crownless king, yet a king you are,
A lonely star, no matter how far.

The sun sets low, the shadows blend,
Your tale, O castle, will never end.
In barren lands, where few would tread,
You rise as a sovereign of the dead.

The winds may strip, the rains erode,
Yet you remain, a timeless ode.

A testament to what stands tall,
When kingdoms crumble and empires fall.

O Crownless King, with silent grace,
Your majesty no age can displace.
Forever you'll stand, a mark of time,
A fortress eternal, a song sublime.

4

Through You I See the World

You are my eyes; through you, I see,
A vast, bright world of endless beauty.
With your wings, I could soar so high,
Touching the clouds, reaching the sky.

You move with grace, unbound, unchained,
Unaware of battles lost or gained.
You don't know when to fight or yield,
Or when to retreat and when to shield.

Yet I hesitate to let you shine,
For this bright world is not yet fine.
I'll keep your light for days unknown,
For times when seeds of hope are sown.

So, for now, I set you free,
To roam the earth, to sail the sea.
Live your life, and let it sing,
The melody of joy in everything.

I'll guard your dreams, both night and day,
With my blade's edge to clear the way.
But this vow, you'll never know,
As silently, I let you go.

I'll watch from shadows, far and near,
Protecting you from pain and fear.
And though I'll never speak of this,
I'll treasure the light your soul emits.

That tiny glow, so soft, so pure,
A beacon of hope, steadfast and sure.
It shines within, though you may not see,
The strength it gives to you and me.

The songs you sing, the path you tread,
The joy you spread, the dreams you've fed—
Each moment brings a gentle flame,
A spark of love I cannot name.

Go forth, dear soul, the world awaits,
With open arms and shifting fates.
Find your place, and claim your song,
Whether the journey is short or long.

Though I remain in the silent shade,
A steadfast guardian, unafraid.
My sword will guard the peace you seek,
A quiet strength, both firm and meek.

For even in this world's harshest fight,
I'll hold your dreams within my sight.
And when the time is right to soar,
You'll find the skies an open door.

Through you, I see the beauty unfurled,
A fleeting glimpse of a kinder world.
So, go, my star, let your light unfurl,
For you are my eyes, my heart, my pearl.

5

Dreams

Not every dream finds its wings to fly,
Not every soul calls a place home nearby.

We meet companions along the way,
But not every hand is there to stay.

Paths may cross, their lights may gleam,
But not every turn leads to the dream.
The bonds of hearts, so strange, so deep,
Not every love sows seeds we keep.

Some dreams linger within our sight,
Not every star shines through the night.
The boat of life sways in a restless tide,
Not every storm leaves dawn by its side.

Memories turn to shadows in the dark,
Not every morning ignites its spark.
Hopes bloom like flowers in the spring,
Not every garden hears the birds sing.

Sometimes solitude becomes a friend,
Not every gathering finds joy to lend.
We smile and hide the pain inside,
Not every tear is meant to be cried.

In this journey, all walk their course,
Not every traveller feels the same force.
Dreams remain etched in every mind,
Not every treasure is easy to find.

A sky of stars holds countless sights,
But not all constellations blaze in lights.
The heart holds wishes that seldom grow,
For not all seeds feel the rain's flow.

Yet dreams, they call us, night after night,
A whisper of hope in the quiet light.
For even when the world feels gray,
Dreams inspire, and show the way.

Though some paths end in silent despair,
Dreams teach us to persist, to dare.
Each turn, each fall, each fleeting glance,
Holds the promise of another chance.

In this world, so vast and wide,
Not every heart finds peace inside.
But still, we strive, we seek, we yearn,
For dreams give life at every turn.

Even when fate feels cruel and cold,
Dreams weave stories, new and bold.
Not every vision may come to be,
Yet dreams ignite eternity.

Through life's storms, we find our voice,
In every dream, there lies a choice.
To rise, to hope, to chase the gleam,
For life itself begins with a dream.