



**—ILLUSIONS—**  
**OF A STARRY, STARRY NIGHT**

**SNEHA ALWANI AND  
NIKHIL CHANDWANI**

# Illusions of a Starry, Starry Night

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# Illusions of a Starry, Starry Night

Sneha Alwani  
Nikhil Chandwani



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# **Acknowledgement**

**We both acknowledge each other and our  
families in the book.**

**Every question has an answer, and every  
letter/poem we wrote are compiled in this book.**

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**24/04/2017**

**Nikhil Chandwani**

So, a few days back I spoke;  
to a girl, with a poetry of light.  
We met as social butterflies,  
stuck in the present generation  
of networking sites.

So, should we stop right here,  
and stop nursing our talks?  
Or should I pour out an endless poetry  
for new journeys to rock?

Stars sparkle within your hypnotic eyes,

From them comes the tune of fascinating reality  
and it's your mysterious eyes that attract me  
in my deceptive dream and prevailing certainty.

Once I had gazed deep into your cloudy eyes,  
There I had found my roads, and maybe a traveler  
in peace.

An unborn traveler, still looking up to the blue sky,  
As I gaze close at your dark azure eyes.

Roads breathe new journeys through your eyes  
and sigh beauty that fills the clear skies.



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new journeys, poetry and the photographs await you  
to infinity,  
you will soon seek the truth, in the world full of  
lies.

**7/5/2017**

**Sneha Alwani**

He seems like someone I could meander across  
landscapes with,  
Deep dive into infinity or fill jars of fireflies with,  
And drive miles to find a mile that's ours.

He reveals his love for the galaxy and hate for the  
moon,

And takes me to the stars whenever I am dark.

He gives a pink slip to the dark horrors within,  
And makes me laugh without punch lines.

He's someone I'd catch green flashes before the  
sunset with,

And lay with, in a night of beaming stars.

He makes silence sing happy songs,

And his pep talk makes me swell out of love.

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His power is not in his bravado or his trophies,

He breathes through his broken lines.

He keeps the universe in his soul,

Or his soul in the universe.

Writes poetry or poetry writes him.

The more I get to know Him,

The more I wonder who He is.

**5/7/2017**

**Nikhil Chandwani**

I don't understand how it is plausible, but I love you more now than I have ever loved anyone. You cause the delight to my days and meanings to my nights and I can not picture (and don't want to believe) my days without you. You motivate me to be a better man and to drive my purposes. As much as I craved to explore, I never would have imagined a soul partner traveling for as long as our money will last. But, thanks to you, that is going to be our reality soon.

To be honest, it shocks me to give everything up that I acknowledge and that is suitable, to completely leash all of our settlements on our backs

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and hop on a jet, to give up what has become a calm, peaceful life, taking it with you makes it seem like the logical sequence of actions. And that is since, when we are finally together, no matter where we are in the universe, we will be at home with each other. It doesn't matter whether we are relaxing in the lounge with our eyes in our separate laptops, on the back of an elephant in the Thailand forest, or searching for Karma in Cambodia, the remarkable thing is that we are doing it in presence of each other and that we wouldn't wish to be doing it with anybody else.

And, I guess I have come to the understanding that that is what is foremost in life – not fundamentally what we do, but that we do collectively. Now, don't consider me crazy, I can't pause to stop my present and travel, but I am also staring ahead to the time before that, the new adventures we will have gathering resources, lying to our world around, and even the stress of how we are going to manage to live together. Some of these will be very amusing times, and some will be bad. But the detail I am trying to draw, whatever it is, I know I have your back no matter what, and that is sufficient to get finished with some rather unfavorable things

And I am also seeing foremost to everything that follows after we meet, because, who knows

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what the destiny has in store. After we jump off this daily routine, we call our prevailing life, and a undividedly new episode in our times opens up – one in which we are the only authors and we can script whatever fate we want.

While I am waiting for everything that tomorrow holds, the ‘things’ are not what make me thrilled. It is something we will be exploring together.

You are what I am thrilled for.

**8/5/2017**

**Sneha Alwani**

You are a part of my alternate world and dreams,  
When I open my eyes, how sincere it seems.

You aren't here to cheer me,  
But someday I believe you will be.

No one accurately grasps or understands;  
You hold my soul in your hands.  
My affection is what you absolutely own.  
Appear quickly and make our residence a home.

Tha hardest part is this waiting time,  
Not traveling together is your only true crime.  
Others in your story will come and go,  
But my desire is true, and I'm positive you know.

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I may not be the best or the attractive one,  
But I love you with my life; you are my sun.  
You brighten up my time every point you call.  
When the call is up, I start to fall.

You are my twinklers, separation is our moon,  
Moving with you will happen very soon.  
So when you dream, take this to heart,  
No individual or not anything will drift us apart.

**22/05/2017**

**Sneha Alwani**

Hey Star,

Falling for you felt like walking into paradise.  
Something as magical as dancing in the meteor  
shower. Something as happy as a little girl under a  
string of rainbows. Something as incredible as  
flying to the space to form clusters.

Like you are the big wave and I am little grain  
of sand on the shore. You pulled me closer and I  
faded away with you.

Like you're the sky and I am the weather,  
appearing and disappearing for you to notice the  
absence.

You've become someone who's suddenly the  
reason why I want to take back everything that I  
have said against love. Someone who makes me  
question all the lessons I thought I knew and  
learned about love. Someone who makes me think  
fairy tales may not be that ludicrous. Someone who  
looks like the light in life, the love in heart and  
forever I believe in.

I love you for the way you laughed on the  
phone. For the night you wanted to do the boyfriend  
job when I was low. For the "I never said that". For  
just how crazy vulnerable you are with me. And for  
reasons, I don't even know.

I want to look at you. Notice everything. Know  
what makes your forehead wrinkle and your eyes  
glitter. Know the darkness you've been hiding. The  
soft sigh when you finish a long day of work. The  
smiles when you look at your favorite star. The  
dance when you're happy with little things that  
bring joy. The jaw drops when I surprise you. The  
blush when I kiss you. Everything. And then I want  
to write you in ways you are unaware of. I want to  
take you to places with magic and see your face

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shine. I want to build a planet in another galaxy and also a tiny hut on a mountain and live with you.

To make a few confessions. I am going to be emotional. Sometimes dramatic when I don't get enough of you. And yes I am someone with a bit of anxiety (Did not want to say it too soon). The kind that assumes everyone who makes me happy is going to leave. The thought that you may not stay around will always strangle my heart. I know my head will be difficult sometimes and so I may not want to burden you with my irrational thoughts and worries. I may read about a bad guy or a bad relationship and have bad thoughts. M sorry I may fight. But I promise to love you. In this unreal world trying to make you feel unloved, I'll love you with all my heart. I'll love you when you're moody, I'll love you when you're weak, I'll love you when you're quiet. I'll love you when you're scared, I'll love you when you're lost. I'll love you when you can't name a single thing you love about yourself and I'll write you a list of everything I love about you.

I'll be there when words and life leave scars that are way too deep and I'll be here to make sure you don't pick at them, make them deeper than they were. I'll be here to take your mind away from it all, even if it's just for the day, for an hour of back

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and forth texting, for a 13-second bad connection phone call that reminds you that you are loved. I'll be here to remind you just how wonderful you are. And just how happy I am to have found you.

**1/06/2017**

**Sneha Alwani**

Hey Star,

Sometimes I bubble up to write to you, spill out some secrets, key out my thoughts, the ones I have kept hidden from the sphere around. And even if I share them with you, I feel they will still be secrets. All mine. Because we're just extensions of each other, right?

I've always loved nights. Spent them alone stargazing, connecting dots to form horses and elephants and sometimes a face with them. Observing them wondering if they talk to me. If I am as special to them as they are to me. And then...You appeared from ornate complex social media walls. Waiting for your texts to "Listen I love you" happened in a blink. I dreamt of you, saw your smile in the stars, imagined you dancing on Saturn rings and slept at the thought of holding you.

No, love didn't stop here. It came with thoughts and questions that haunt me. It makes me wonder if



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my tale is real. If I can ever look at you, and your glare will tell me you'll stay. If in a world full of strangers, you will find me and I will find you. If this love truly exists and is meant for me. Cause I am not willing to lose this light.

I still look at the stars and still make shapes out of them. But you make it different now. You are either up there twinkling with them or with me enjoying the starlight meal. And there I know what it means to love you. I am no longer haunted by my own emotions and questions. I find myself answering them or reading your poetries for reminders. And with every question answered I find you closer to me.

And now that you are here, you should know while making shapes out of every star in the sky, I have asked for the same wish you had when you saw a shooting star. And I see all of that coming true when I see you. I see the light getting brighter every moment.

So marry me?

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# ILLUSIONS

"Many times, I wake up from my bed  
I drive away and I lay down my head

On these humid fall nights, I lay in peace  
Beneath the starry sky, under the shelter of the old oak tree"

The book is a mystical journey of love birds.



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