

Little Things

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A folded note in an old school bag,
Ink faded, but the words still shine—
“Good luck today!” in hurried scrawl,
A whisper from another time.
The scent of rain on sunburnt streets,
Barefoot runs through puddled stone,
Monsoon songs on rooftops high,
A childhood that still feels like home.
A stranger’s nod on a crowded train,
A story shared, a borrowed pen,
The hush of dawn, the call of birds,
The warmth of hands that held me then.
Not grand, not loud, no headlines made,
Yet each one stitched into my seams,
The little things—forgotten, saved—
Are what have built my greatest dreams.
So when the world feels vast and fast,
And shadows stretch where light should be,
I close my eyes, I breathe, I laugh—
And let the little things find me.

Story behind this poem

I’ve been fascinated by the small details in life, the way raindrops race down a window, the

laughter hidden in old photographs, the feeling of home in a cup of tea. Growing up in India and later moving to Australia, I found comfort in little things that reminded me of where I came from, scents, sounds, and tiny acts of kindness.

This poem was inspired by those small yet powerful memories. It's about the moments we often overlook but later realize meant everything. I believe literature has the power to capture emotions words can barely hold, and poetry, in particular, can make the simple feel extraordinary.

One of my favorite childhood memories is of my grandmother slipping a handwritten note into my schoolbag, wishing me luck before an exam. It was a small gesture, but even years later, I still remember how it made me feel. That's what I wanted to express in this poem.

Through this poem, I hope to remind others that happiness isn't always in the big milestones, but in the little things we carry in our hearts.

