
True Love & Absence

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We never know when the entanglement happens.
It may arrive after a whole decade of togetherness,
for the atoms circle in and out of orbit at random.
There are doubts and reassurances,
moments of despair,
and slow returns in quiet embarrassment.

Yet none of these moments are null or void.

They are preparing you for a moment of utter
enchantment

when the atoms finally fall into place,
when his begin to circle toward yours,
moving closer, closer,
until there is a perfect alliance,
bound by an energy that cannot be undone.

The paths merge into one thick, inseparable line.

Everything else dissolves, unable to pull even a single streak apart.

Then, the heart is filled with the joy of eternity



a knowing of the unknown.

True love is a quantum activity;

one must have patience to witness the merger.

And when it happens,

it is absolute joy,

a wild, sweet abandon.

Nothing is meaningless.

He and I become one,

having realized the purpose of our lives completely.

We waited long for this moment

a moment of bliss,

mutmain nafs, samadhi sthiti

Where he is me, and I am he.

Absence

It grows unbearably quiet when those bound to us by fate fail to see the weight we carry.

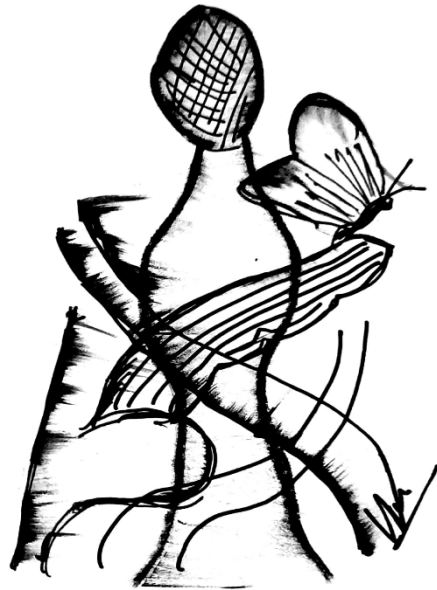
They do not reach out, do not cradle our weary shoulders, nor murmur the solace of tender words.

Our hands, cracked and calloused from serving without end, remain untouched—deserts abandoned by rain.

They leave us to languish in dungeons of solitude while they string hollow fairy lights over the facades they call home.

They speak of God, yet feel no pang of accountability.

They utter love, but their hearts have run dry, barren of empathy.



If connection is but a shadow, a fleeting wisp, why should we not yearn for the tangible -the warmth of blood and the solidity of bone?

Why should we not crave shelter from the merciless gnash of winter's teeth?

Why do we cling to the ghosts of dead relationships, choking on the ash of unmet expectations?

Why do we beg for abundance from those who are empty?

Let us break free from this endless cycle.

Let us seek not echoes but voices that resonate, not masks but souls unhidden. Someone real, a daughter, a son, a soulmate.

Let us refuse to wither in the barren wasteland of false connections, and instead move boldly toward a love that blooms and a life that breathes.