A child and child reading a book

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Just Beside Me: Can Love Happen Twice?

Foreword

Some love stories don’t need words, promises, or grand starts. They bloom quietly, in shy glances and soft silences. Mine began on a 32-hour train ride late at night, when a girl in a lavender sweatshirt walked in, holding a poetry book and the kind of smile that could melt into your heart like a slow, warm breeze. Her big round spectacles framed her curious eyes. A little perfume followed her, gentle and sweet, like a dream. She sat beside me. And that was enough to start a journey—of pages, of smiles, of shared silence, and a love that knew no rush.

 Some loves begin with a whisper... and linger like a soft tune you never want to end.

**A Seat by Fate**

On the train’s hum, our eyes did meet,

Her look made my heart skip a beat.

Her perfume came, so nice and light,

Her hair clip sparkled in the night.

Next to me, she started love’s tune,

A sweet bond beneath the moon.

Chapter 1: Lavender and Late Arrivals

It was 10:30 PM when the train rolled slowly into the quiet platform. I had already taken my seat by the window, half-lost in a playlist of soft love songs. Outside was a blur of yellow lights and sleepy travelers. Then came the soft sound of footsteps, a rustle of pages, and a little lavender breeze. She entered.

 She wore a lavender sweatshirt, sleeves slightly rolled up, her hands gently gripping a poetry book titled “Love in Quiet Places.” Her glasses were a little too big, but they only made her look cuter, like someone who didn't even know how beautiful she looked while being so herself.

 She sat beside me with a small nod, not saying a word. Just a tiny smile. Just enough.

 She looked shy—adjusting her glasses, tucking her hair behind her ear again and again, as if unsure whether she was disturbing the peace around her. Her perfume—lavender, no doubt—wrapped the air in softness. I didn’t know what moved me more—her scent or her silence.

She opened her book and got lost in it.

 For a while, I just watched the stars outside the window, but I found myself more drawn to her calm. I wanted to say something. Ask about her book. But I didn't. Some silences feel too sacred to break.

**Lavender Entry**

Her book, her breath, her shy slow smile,

Her clip, her scent, stayed all the while.

With every page her fingers turned,

A silent kind of love just burned.

Chapter 2: Page by Page, Heart to Heart

She kept reading, sometimes smiling at the words, sometimes furrowing her brow. It felt like watching someone live inside a world they made up just for themselves. A small smile escaped her lips at one line. She underlined it softly. My heart did a little dance.

 I couldn't help but lean a bit. She noticed. Her fingers froze. But then she smiled—a tiny, polite one—and turned the book so I could see. The line said: \*“Some hearts speak only in silence.”\* She gently shrugged as if to say, “Cute, isn’t it?”

 I nodded.

 “I like poetry that feels like a whisper,” she said, voice just above the rumble of the train.

 That was the first time I heard her speak. Her voice was soft, like velvet morning air.

 From there, silence wasn’t heavy anymore. It felt full. Like waiting for the next page to be turned together.

**Book of Her**

She read and smiled, her world so near,

Each poem brushed away my fear.

Her voice—a breeze, her words—a spark,

A blooming rose inside the dark.

Chapter 3: Smiles Between Pages

It was almost midnight when I saw her dimple. A child giggled nearby and spilled something on the floor. She looked at the chaos and giggled herself—genuine and sweet. She adjusted her glasses, looked at me, and for the first time, laughed fully.

 “It’s funny how kids remind us not to take things so seriously,” she said.

Her laugh was gentle but bright. I found myself smiling more easily than I had in days. We didn’t talk much, just enough. I told her I was a little scared of making noise in the night train. She laughed again.

 “That’s okay,” she said. “I think we’re already part of the same silence.”

**Smiles That Begin**

A giggle here, a glance so kind,

Our hearts were slowly intertwined.

Her dimple bloomed, her laugh so bright,

It lit the quiet velvet night.

Chapter 3.5: Things We Never Planned to Share

 The train stopped again.

Not at a major station, just one of those sleepy halts where nothing moves except the distant barking of a dog and the soft hiss of boiling tea.

The world outside was quiet.

But inside that coach — we were waking up to something new.

 she sat cross-legged now, hoodie sleeves covering half her hands, her glasses slipping down her nose as she read.

 I had barely said anything, but she closed the book and then I asked.

“Wanna talk about weird habits?”

 she blinked. “Like what?”

“Like… I sniff books before reading them.”

 she laughed.

She grinned. “Especially old ones. The dustier the better. I’m convinced they carry stories in their scent.”

I clapped softly. “Now that’s unique!”

 We were quiet for a second, smiling into the space between us.

Then came the questions. The soft ones. The kind you don’t plan — they just slip out when someone feels… familiar.

 “Are you a sunrise or sunset person?” she asked.

“Sunset. It feels honest. Like the sky is letting go, but beautifully.”

She hummed. “Me too. Sunsets over mountains are my thing.”

“Mountains or beach?”

“Mountains. Less people. More stars.”

“Tea or coffee?”

“Chai with extra ginger,” she said proudly, like it was a personality trait.

 She told me ,she journals every night but never rereads what she writes.

I told her I write poems I never show anyone.

She looked at me with the softness of someone who understood secrets without needing the full story. “You seem like someone who hides his chaos well,” she said gently. “Only because I don’t want it to spill on others,” I admitted. For a moment, she didn’t say anything. Then she did something I didn’t expect. She reached into her bag, pulled out a tiny sketchbook, and passed it to me. On the first page, there was a drawing — a girl under a night sky full of paper stars. “This is how I see myself when I’m overwhelmed,” she said. Like I’m trying to hang up my worries and call them constellations .”I stared at the page. It wasn’t perfect art. But it was... her. Her inner world. Her softness. Her quiet fight. And she trusted me with it. She watched me for a reaction, unsure. But I only smiled. “I don’t usually show this to people,” she whispered. with some more conversations its around 2 am mid night , I have observed her little eyes turning into moons

Both getting lit sip of boredom

 Chapter 4: The Movie Night

Then next moement ,she pulled out her tablet and asked, “Would you mind watching a movie with me?”

 I was surprised. “Only if it’s a good one,” I said.

 “It’s called \*Tamasha.\* Have you watched it?”

 “I’ve cried over it,” I said honestly.

 She smiled like she just found a long-lost friend.

 We sat close, sharing her earphones. Her shoulder brushed mine. Her lavender sweatshirt was soft, and I could hear her heart through the silence. She laughed at the same scenes I did. And when the sad scenes came, she didn’t cry. She just held my wrist gently and looked at the screen.

 We didn’t need words. Our hearts did the talking.

**Frames and Feels**

Two earphones, one heart, one tale,

A moving train, an endless trail.

Her fingers touched, the silence grew,

The movie played, and love came through.

Chapter 5: The Midnight Hold

The second night was colder. She wrapped her lavender sweatshirt tighter and leaned against the seat. Her book was closed now, and her head slowly came to rest on my shoulder. I stayed still. My hand found hers resting on her lap.

 She didn’t pull away. We sat that way for an hour. Then she whispered: “Do you know what I love about trains?”

 I turned slightly. “What?”

 “You don’t have to rush. Everything’s already moving. You just… stay. And feel.”

 Her words became the most beautiful sentence I’d ever heard.

**Shoulder of Stories**

She leaned, she stayed, her breath in mine,

A stillness wrapped in perfect time.

No promises, just fingers brushed,

Two souls in silence, softly hushed.

Chapter 6: A Voice Meant for Poetry

Around 3 AM, I felt her stir. She slowly lifted her head from my shoulder and looked embarrassed.

 “I’m sorry,” she whispered, adjusting her glasses. “I must’ve dozed off.”

 “For falling asleep? That’s the softest apology I’ve ever heard,” I smiled.

 She chuckled and fixed her hair clip. “I usually don’t trust easily… but this felt safe.”

 There was a pause. A long, sweet pause.

 Then she opened her poetry book again and whispered a line to me: “I want a love that holds my quiet, a look that says, ‘I’m here.’”

 “I think… you just wrote my favorite poem,” I replied.

 She smiled shyly, eyes sparkling. The book now rested between us, but it felt like our own shared diary.

**Her Voice, a Poem**

She spoke like verses soft and wise,

With morning breath and sleepy eyes.

Each word a bloom, each look a spark,

Her voice—a flame that warmed my dark.

 Chapter 7: A Morning That Felt Like Goodbye

The sun rose slowly, painting gold on her lavender sleeve. The train was nearing her stop. We hadn’t spoken for a while. Just listened to a shared playlist, her head gently on my shoulder again.

 As the announcement echoed, she stood and stretched. Her hair clip shimmered in the light, her perfume lingered like a fading promise.

 “Do you believe in magic?” she asked, smiling.

 “Only when I sit beside it,” I said.

 She blinked slowly, like she’d remember those words. Then, she handed me a folded note. “Don’t open it until I leave,” she whispered.

 Her fingers brushed mine—delicate, unsure, real.

 She walked away with one last smile. The door closed. The train moved.

 I unfolded the note.

 “To the one who didn’t speak too much… but heard everything. Find me in the music of your dreams.”

**The Goodbye Note**

She left, yet stayed in every line,

Her perfume now a trace divine.

A folded note, her scent, her gaze,

A love that lingered in the haze.

Chapter 8: 32 Hours Later — Back to the Beginning

A year passed. I tried to move on. Tried dating apps, tried late-night walks. But no one had that lavender calm, those big glasses, or that smile that knew what silence meant.

 One rainy evening, I boarded a train again. Same route. Same window seat. Same music.

 A soft voice said, “Is this seat taken?”

 I turned. Lavender sweatshirt. Book in hand. Same hair clip. Same eyes.

 My breath stopped.

 “I think… it’s been waiting,” she said.

I didn’t speak. Just opened my playlist and passed her one earbud. She smiled and tucked a hair strand behind her ear, the same way she did a year ago.

 We watched a movie. She laughed. I smiled. Her head rested again on my shoulder like it never left.

**The Return**

Some loves don’t ask, they just appear,

Like distant songs we ache to hear.

Her seat, her scent, her voice—so true,

And in her eyes, love bloomed anew.

Chapter 9: Letters Across the Miles

After that ride, we stayed in touch. Not every day. But enough.

 She sent postcards—each one scented faintly of lavender. “Heard our song today,” one read. Another had a short poem: “Still saving a shoulder, just in case.”

 One envelope had a surprise—a tiny silver hair clip.

“For the one who held my night,” she wrote.

**Postmarked with Perfume**

Her letters spoke in gentle rhyme,

Perfumed lines that stopped my time.

A clip, a note, a love so light,

That found its way through every night.

Chapter 10: The Pause That Stayed

Sometimes, she’d go silent. Days would pass. I’d play our playlist, watch Tamasha again. Look out the train window alone.

 But even her silence wasn’t absence. It was a pause—like the breath before a song’s chorus.

 I wrote her back: “Still here. Still the same window seat.”

 And she replied days later, “Still yours. Just a different station.”

 That was enough.

**The Eternal Pause**

A love not loud, not made to shout,

But something you just feel throughout.

She may not always say or show—

Yet in my silence, she still glows.

Epilogue: Just Beside Me

We never defined what we were. But every time I hear our music, every time I pass lavender in a store, or see a girl reading quietly with big round glasses… my heart pauses.

 Because she wasn’t a love story. She was a chapter that never closed.

 She was just beside me.

 And in every song, in every poem, she still is.

**The One Who Stayed**

In every page and midnight tune,

She walks with me beneath the moon.

Though miles may pull our days apart,

She wrote her name across my heart.

The End