

## Once Again ?

To the one my heart still chooses,

I am writing this letter not just with my hands but with every corner of my heart, shaking, hoping, aching, because I cannot pretend anymore. I cannot let silence become the ending of our story. Not like this. Not when I still feel everything so deeply for you.

First of all, I want to say I am sorry. For everything. For the way things fell apart on May 3rd, 2025 at 10:03 PM. I remember the time because it felt like time itself paused as my world cracked in half. I never wanted it to end that way. I never meant to hurt you, to let you feel like you weren't loved, protected, or chosen. Because you were. You always were.

Since then, every moment has echoed your name. Every little thing around me reminds me of you. I find you in songs, in colors, in empty spaces where your laughter used to live. I scroll through words I wrote for you, memories I held onto, dreams I built with you in them. And I realized something simple but powerful: we need to fix us. Not because we are broken, but because what we have is worth saving. I want this love, this relationship, this connection we've built, to last forever. I want it to be the kind of love that grows deeper through storms, stronger through silence, and gentler even when it hurts.

I've thought long and hard about who I am and who I've been. I know I have flaws. I know I have let my ego speak when I should have listened, let pride walk when I should have stayed. But I am not here to make excuses. I'm here to make promises. I will change, even the parts of me I never wanted to change, if it means becoming the man you deserve. The kind of man who shows up, who chooses you in every argument, in every confusion, in every dark night. Even if it's hard, even if it's uncomfortable, I will shape myself into the partner you've always needed, not because you asked me to, but because I want to.



And if anything happens again, if storms ever come, if miscommunication sneaks in, if emotions run high, please remember this: I will always choose you. Again and again and again. In every argument, in every distance, in every season of doubt, you are still my choice. And I hope you'll let me be yours again.

This letter is not just a love letter. It is a confession. It is a plea. It is the opening page of a new chapter I want to write with you. Not a temporary fix, not a rebound. This is my vow, written in real pain and real love: if you take my hand again, I will hold it until the end of time.

Let's not restart. Let's rebuild. Let's take everything we've learned, everything we've felt, and write a new love story, this time, one that does not end.

Your admirer,

*Amsyar Hamizan*

