



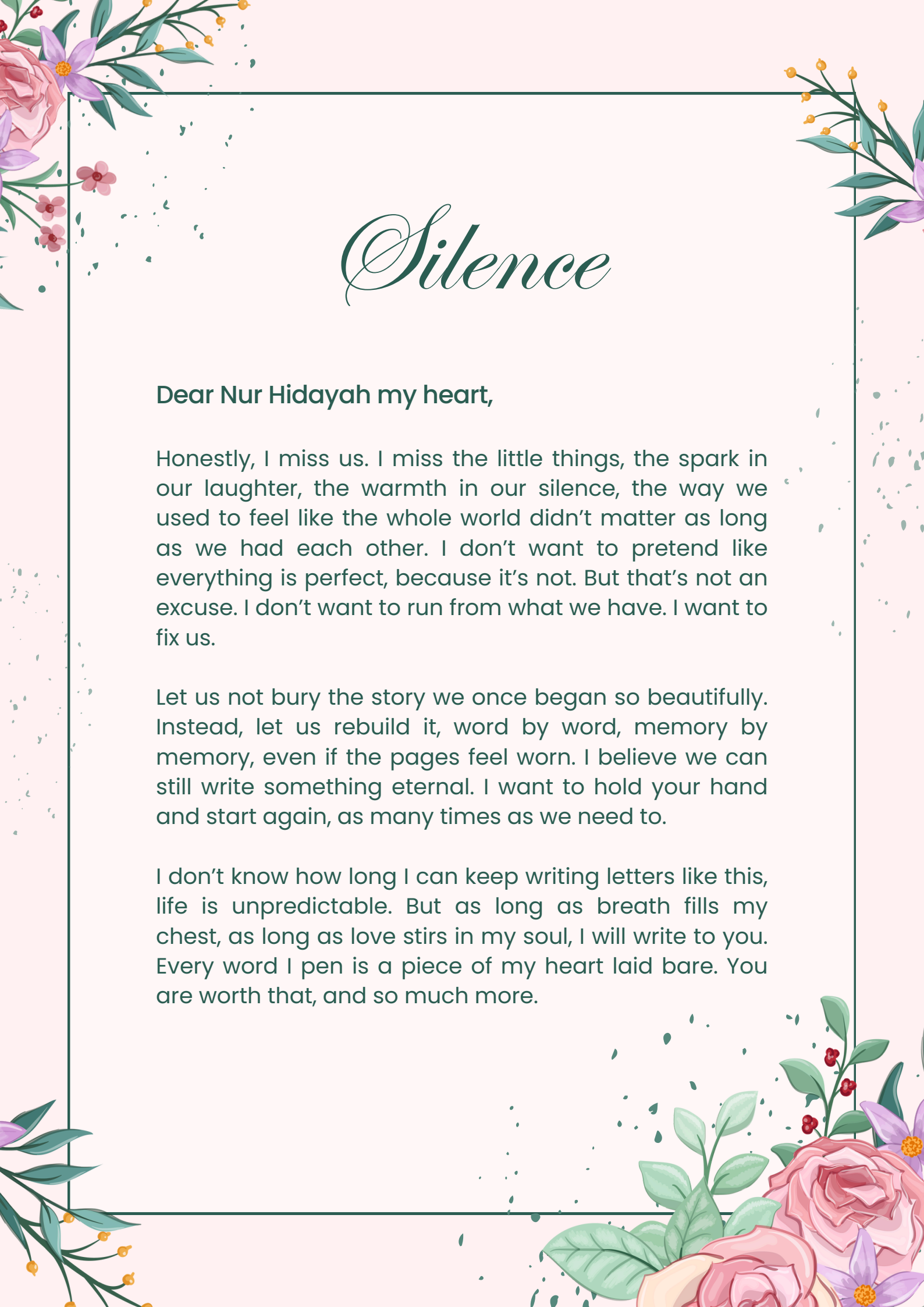
Silence



Dear Nur Hidayah my heart,

Honestly, I miss us. I miss the little things, the spark in our laughter, the warmth in our silence, the way we used to feel like the whole world didn't matter as long as we had each other. I don't want to pretend like everything is perfect, because it's not. But that's not an excuse. I don't want to run from what we have. I want to fix us.

Let us not bury the story we once began so beautifully. Instead, let us rebuild it, word by word, memory by memory, even if the pages feel worn. I believe we can still write something eternal. I want to hold your hand and start again, as many times as we need to.

I don't know how long I can keep writing letters like this, life is unpredictable. But as long as breath fills my chest, as long as love stirs in my soul, I will write to you. Every word I pen is a piece of my heart laid bare. You are worth that, and so much more.





I love you for an eternity, Hidayah. That is not just a poetic phrase, it is a vow carved into the very fabric of who I am. I won't stop. Not today, not ever.

*Let it be written in the stars and sealed in the heavens:
Thy name shall never fade from the chambers of my heart.*

Let us not wander as strangers but return, hand in hand, to the garden we once tended.

And if I lose myself in sorrow, may the Lord guide me back to thee.

For thou art mine, and I am thine, and so shall it be evermore.

I love you Bocil
Amsyar Hamizan

