

May 7th, 2025



To my beloved, Nur Hidayah

Today, more than ever, I find myself wrapped in thoughts of you. Every second, every moment, your presence lingers in the air around me, like a quiet whisper I always want to hear. There is no place my heart can go without carrying the image of you. You are with me in every silence, in every glance I cast out into the world, in every pause where my soul wishes for you to be near.

I have been thinking about us. About everything we have built, everything we have felt. I know at times it seems like we lost our spark, like something has gone quiet between us. But it is not an excuse, Sayang. I am not here to run from that silence. I am here to fight for us. I miss us so deeply. I miss how we used to laugh without worrying about time. I miss how just one word from you could make my entire world bloom.





This love, it is not just a fleeting feeling. It is the kind of love that stays even when it hurts. Even when I do not know how to fix things, I want to try. Let us rebuild this story, not from scratch, but from the truth. From the memories we treasure and the dreams we still hold. I want to start again, with the same girl who called my name for the first time and made the earth stand still.

There may come a time when my words fail me. When my hands tremble too much to write another letter. But as long as I am breathing, as long as I can still move my fingers, I will write. I will tell the world how much I love you, how much I have always loved you. Because this love is not for a season, it is not for a chapter, it is for a lifetime.





And if ever you feel unloved or alone, remember this: I will love you even if you do not, as if it is the true meaning of love. I will carry that love in my veins, in my soul, in the spaces where your name echoes. Because that is what love means to me. It means giving even when nothing is returned. It means choosing you, again and again, no matter the cost.

I love you, my bucuK Hidayah. In every way a man can love, and more. This letter is not just ink on a page. It is my soul reaching for yours. It is a piece of me that will never stop choosing you.

You are my first love, and i promise you'll be my last,

Amsyar Hamizan

