A full moon is positioned in the upper center of the frame, partially obscured by dark, textured clouds. The sky transitions from a deep blue at the top to a lighter blue near the horizon. Below the horizon, the ocean is a vibrant blue with white-capped waves rolling in from the right. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

When the  
sea waits  
for moon  
light

by GKH

🌙 About Me

GKH

A gentle voice in a loud world, Gkh is a writer who believes that silence holds stories, and nature listens when no one else does.

Her debut eBook, “When The Sea Waits For Moon Light,” is a quiet celebration of love, distance, and connection — written not just for readers, but for feelers.

With a heart full of moonlight and an imagination shaped by waves, Gkh writes stories that speak softly but linger deeply. She hopes her words give comfort, wonder, and a sense of belonging to those who find them. Whether gazing at moon or walking under moon light, she is always listening — to the world, to her heart, and to the silence in between.



You can reach her at:

## Table of Contents

1. Title Page – When the Sea Waits for Moonlight
2. About the Author – GKH: A voice of silence, stars, and sea
3. Table of Contents
4. Dedication – To the Moon and Sea for their incredible love

## Chapters

1. The Quiet Shore
2. Echoes Across the Sky
3. Whispers Between the Waves
4. The Light She Waits For Every Evening
5. A Love Without Touch
6. Tides of Longing – The Sea
7. Almost Always – The Sea Knew the Moon
8. Forever From Afar
9. Leave a Review – Your thoughts are moonlight to this story

 Dedication 

To the Moon —

who never touched the Sea,  
yet lit her soul night after night.

And to the Sea —

who never stopped rising,  
just to meet the one she could never hold.

This is for their quiet, endless,  
unreachable,  
undeniable love.

For proving that love doesn't always need to  
be near  
to be real.

## The Quiet Shore

Where the sea first felt the moon's gaze.

Before the world had noise, before ships wrote paths on the water, there was only the sea — endless, blue, breathing. She moved with rhythm, not reason. She waited, not knowing what for.

Then one night, the sky opened gently. A silver eye appeared, round and still, casting soft light over the restless waves. The Sea looked up, and for the first time, she saw the Moon.

The Moon did not speak. She simply glowed — quiet, calm, watching. And yet, the Sea felt seen.

Each night, the Moon returned. She said nothing, yet gave everything — light, comfort, attention. The Sea began to rise a little higher, reaching toward her. And though they could never touch, the Sea danced under her gaze, wave after wave, tide after tide.

The Sea didn't know what this feeling was — only that something had changed.

She was no longer just water and wind.

She was now waiting.

Waiting for the moonlight.



## ✨ Echoes Across the Sky

When the Moon whispered through clouds  
The nights grew softer, and the Sea began to  
listen more than ever. She watched how the  
Moon changed—sometimes full and bright,  
other times barely a sliver behind the clouds.  
But even in hiding, the Moon never truly left.  
The wind carried whispers—faint, hushed, like  
the Moon was trying to speak through the sky.  
And though she had no voice, her glow wrote  
stories in light:

"I see you."

"I'm with you."

"Even when I'm far, I am yours."

The Sea listened to every shimmer, every  
shadow, every silence. She didn't need words—  
she only needed the feeling.

And with every pull of the tide, she answered.

With every rise and fall, she replied.

Though no one else heard it,  
the Moon and the Sea were always speaking.

In light.

In silence.

In love.

it of body text



## Whispers Between the Waves

Where silence speaks louder than words

When the world sleeps, the Sea speaks.

Not with noise, but with feeling.

She sends her waves like letters —

soft, salty, and slow —

each one a message for the Moon.

And the Moon listens.

She listens with patience.

She listens with glow.

She doesn't interrupt — she just shines,  
softly letting the Sea know she is never truly  
alone.

No promises were ever spoken.

No goodbyes were ever needed.

Because their love was not made of words.

It was made of presence.

The Sea never asked,

"Will you stay?"

And the Moon never said,

"I will go."

They just were —

always apart,

always connected,

always enough.

## The Light She Waits For

Every evening, the Sea grows still.  
Not because the world slows down,  
but because she's waiting —  
for the first silver sigh of moonlight.

It's not just light she craves.  
It's the feeling of being seen.

When the Moon rises,  
the Sea no longer feels alone.

The winds hush,  
the tides soften,  
and the world turns quiet —  
so their invisible connection can speak.

She glows,  
he glistens.

And in that moment,  
even if only for a short while,  
the distance between them feels smaller.

She doesn't ask the Moon to stay.

She just reflects him —  
lovingly,  
patiently,  
like a heart holding onto light  
that was never hers to keep.





## A Love Without Touch

The Sea never reached the Moon,  
and the Moon never descended to the Sea.

But love doesn't always need to touch —  
sometimes, it only needs to feel.

The Moon saw her from above —  
wild, wide, and full of emotion.

The Sea saw him from below —  
distant, delicate, and full of mystery.

Every night was their reunion.

Every night, a silent promise:

“Though I may not hold you,  
I'll always rise for you.”

No storms could drown their rhythm.

No cloud could hide their knowing.

Even the stars looked on in awe  
of the love that asked for nothing  
yet gave everything.

It wasn't a fairytale.

It was realer —  
because it never needed to be perfect,  
only constant.



## Tides of Longing

The Sea had learned to wait —  
not with impatience,  
but with quiet hope.

She never knew exactly when  
the Moon would rise.

But still, she made herself ready —  
clearing her surface,  
stilling her waves,  
calming her heart.

The Moon, in turn,  
always arrived —  
maybe a little late,  
maybe a little shy,  
but always with light.

And when their gaze met across the night,  
the Sea shimmered —

not because she wanted to be noticed,  
but because she was full of love  
with nowhere else to send it.

Even the wind grew hushed  
as the Sea whispered her tides  
toward the one who would never land,  
but always look back.

It was enough —  
this almost,  
this maybe,  
this always from afar.

Because sometimes,  
the most beautiful loves  
are the ones that stay  
just out of reach.

🌙 Almost, Always

The Sea knew the Moon could never stay.  
And the Moon knew the Sea could never follow.

But still — every night,  
they found each other.

A rhythm no one else could hear.

A pull no one else could feel.

Just them —

apart in distance,  
united in knowing.

The Sea didn't cry when the Moon began to fade.

She simply waved her goodbye,  
through tides that sparkled

as if to say:

“Even your leaving  
is a kind of love.”

And the Moon —

even as he drifted westward,  
never turned his light away.

He left gently,  
slowly —

like someone who didn't want to go,  
but had to.

And the Sea accepted it.

Not with sorrow,  
but with strength.


Because true love doesn't trap —  
it trusts.

She waited before.

She would wait again.

For the light,  
for the silence,  
for him.

Always.

 Forever, From Afar

When love is real, even in distance

The Sea never touched the Moon.

And the Moon never held the Sea.

The Sea danced not because the Moon asked her to,  
but because her heart did.

The Moon shone not to be noticed, but because her  
soul longed to be near.

And though they would never truly meet,  
they belonged to each other in the only way they  
could —

through reflection, through rhythm, through  
remembering.

The Moon softened the Sea's storms.

The Sea gave meaning to the Moon's light.

They gave one another purpose — silently, endlessly.

They were not lovers in the way the world knew.

They were something rarer.

They were devotion.

They were longing.

They were love that didn't need to hold —  
only to feel.

And even if they couldn't be together,  
they were never apart.

Because when the Sea rose,  
the Moon always watched.

And when the Moon shone,  
the Sea always listened.

And that...  
was enough.

★ Leave a Review ★

"If this story touched your heart, like moonlight touches the sea, please leave a review and share the love. Every page carries whispers of longing, silence, and timeless love. This book doesn't just tell a story — it feels like one."

— 🌙 A Reader in Love with the love Of Moon And The Sea.....