

Eternal Love: Radha & Krishna

-PBC

Radha and Krishna—

**two hearts glowing in one endless light,
a love so gentle
that even the wind pauses to listen.**

**Radha, the giver of joy,
the quiet sweetness behind His every breath.**

**Krishna, the soul of the universe,
softened only by the strength of Her love.**

**Their story was never loud—
it lived in silence,
in the soft places where hearts speak
without words.**

**She opened her eyes to the world
and saw only darkness...
until they placed her before Him—
that small, divine boy.**

**And when her gaze met His,
the darkness broke like dawn.**

**In that single moment,
her heart understood everything
it would ever need to know.**

**Their first look
became their forever—
a bond too tender for the world to touch.**

**But the world still tried.
Rules, fear, distance—
all thrown like stones
at a love made of pure light.**

**Yet love,
their love,
did not bow.**

**In the quiet shade of Bhandirvana,
where leaves whispered blessings,
they were secretly wed—
a union no human vow
could ever match.
A promise made in silence,
but heard by the heavens.**

**And then His flute—
that longing sound
that travelled through forests,
through storms,
through her very soul.**

**Every note was a call:
Come back, come close,
I am incomplete without you.**

**In the Rasa Dance,
they moved like two halves
of the same heartbeat.
She was the center of the circle,
the one His eyes always searched for.
Every step He took
was shaped by her love.
Every smile He gave
carried her name.**

**Love, they taught,
is a mirror—
whatever you give
returns to you in the same light.**

But fate pulled Him to Mathura,

and the world saw separation.

Radha saw truth.

Her Viraha—

that deep, aching, sacred longing—

proved that love does not die

when distance grows.

It only becomes purer...

more faithful...

more divine.

So do not look

for a wedding photo

or a worldly mark of their bond.

Look deeper—

to the place where souls meet

without needing hands.

In Goloka,

beyond time, beyond fear,

they sit together, whole,

their love a quiet, eternal flame.

Their story whispers this:

True love never leaves.

True love finds its way back.

And when the heart is pure,

even God returns to it.