

## ***The touch of melancholy***



Even in those instants when all falls into place—when the sky is open, the heart is light, and the days roll out unimpeded—there enters, quietly, a hint of sorrow. It does not blaze or pound. It filters in like morning fog—gentle, unaccountable, and oddly familiar.

It is not sadness, not exactly. It is the soft whisper somewhere deep within you, a soothing reminder of just how fleeting it all truly is. The laughter, the yearning, the silence between the dreams—these pass like night shadows, no more than necessary to be touched.

There is magic in this impermanence. How something so fragile can still touch so deeply. How nothing can wear the face of beauty. How one can feel complete and yet still be beset by the odd feeling that something is lacking.

It doesn't demand to be fixed. Only to be witnessed.

And thus, the sorrowful touch is a strange kind of grace—proof that the soul still listens, even when the world is at peace.

-aepozi