Literature

[Name of the Writer]

[Name of the Institution]

It is hard for me to take a breath without her, my heart beats in synchronization with her memories. It is unendurable for me to show gratitude and love for anyone to whom I’ll meet unless she is Abigail. The moment I think of pouring my heart to anyone else, except her, my heart is afflicted by futility. It is unimaginable to reside with someone with my soul entrapped in the memories of anyone else.

That was a magical conversation of two weeks that behooves me to believe “She is the one”. I'm striving hard to bounce but it seems futile. I never got the opportunity to meet her, have few words with her, never heard her but her few texts chained me with her soul. A minor conversation made me lose my heart for her unequivocally.

I can't imagine sharing her love with anyone; sometimes my confessions torment me because they are pulling us apart potentially. I'm transcribing all those emotions for her not knowing if I could ever share my inclinations with her, much like an autumn leaf drifted by the waves of winds unknowingly.

I'm dejection, resembling starless night but I hope like moon awaited by selenophiles. I am a feather, neither with the power to stand and express ego nor with the weight to see her leaving me in the old books of memory. I'm as empty as a dark slate but my emotions are as pertinent as chalk, they will never drift away from my heart till my last breath.