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The Epistle of Love

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The epicentre of Jaans's world and her heart's destiny, Sahib was the one who gave her the reason to believe in love, the cause to live and the answer to her prayers. He was the epitome of love for her and she was his world but destiny definitely had other plans. It was just a month ago when she was one of the happiest girl on the earth; enjoying her life to

the full extent. But then her life took a devastating turn. As days were passing slowly Jaan was in a fix thinking about the way her life was transforming into. But where was he? Why was he not right beside her? Every day began with a hope but ended in that hope being shattered. At this moment Jaan and Sahib were not aware of what was coming their way, their love was everything, their whole world and soon under the storm of destiny their world shattered, they were separated forever. But what kind of separation it was? Was it for them or just for the sake of the world? The separation was definitely not of the hearts, not of the souls but of bodies in the sense the world perceives it. They could see each other every single day in their and hear each other singing long verses of love to each other in their imagination. She was determined to be with him. Her heart was so sure that it wanted to be with him. It is said that when dreams take shape, sleep runs away. But what happens to sleep when there is fear of dreams shattering away. Tears were making her vision and thinking blurry as she was writing to him. She was petrified by the thought of their separation. How could the love the dreams they shared be blown away in the blink of an eye? The turmoil of their separation was giving a heartache rather than a headache to her everyday. The cascade of thoughts would keep on blowing in her heart day and night. His sparkling eyes, astounding exuberance, the smile that would always make her heart pound faster fluttering like a butterfly but why he did not say a word was killing her. His silence was the reason why her mind shrank into itself. His silence was shrieking into her. The question why it happened kept on wriggling her mind. But, this doesn't mean that she didn't try to stop this separation, she did but it was their destiny which shaped the future course of their lives.

Jaan always wrote down her feelings in the form of letters or verses and this gave a vent out to her emotions. One such day when was she immersed in Sahib's thoughts and was wishing to get a single chance to reverse their fate and suddenly she had an epiphany and she thought of writing a letter. At the

very thought of it water started jumping out of her eyes. She wanted to write her heart out, her each and every story of pain and strength, love and longing. She wanted Sahib to know that she still waits for him with eyes full of love for him, full of tenderness and full of compassion for their story which remained unuttered. If she would not have written the letter that day, may be she would always have lived thinking that she couldn't gather the courage to say what was in her heart for so long. So, she wrote the letter which wasn't just a letter but it was her love for him which was unwavering, beautiful and serene. This was not for the first time she was writing to him. Rather their love grew through their letters. She had written so many letters to him always pouring her emotions ,her feelings in them telling him how the vibrancy of his tone and his mesmerizing smile would always make her think about him and the time they had together and how her heart would dance, flapping her emotions everywhere she had a glimpse of him. His very presence sending butterflies through her stomach like crazy. Again she was to write a letter straight from her heart. It was strange how alphabets were forming themselves into words and words into sentences as pen was moving over page .How her life was melting on paper, her inexplicable love, her emotions that were a sequel of pain and how with every passing day she was determined to be with him .

Sahib too loved her with all his heart and that was the reason she knew that whenever the letter will reach him, something magical will happen and the course of their lives will change or at least he will cherish her love in words of that letter. She gave it to one of her friends with mind full of apprehensions, dreamy memories but the friend didn't give the letter to Sahib, instead she kept it with her for a few days and returned it to Jaan. It remains in the nip of the time what would reply be. The dilemma of her life is that she is still waiting for the reply because the letter never reached him. This was the moment when she realized that may be it was their destiny, may be

they will meet in some other world but the epistle which she keeps with her forever is the sign that Sahib wanted to stay with her for a lifetime. Sahib's love for her is now etched in her life and heart in the form of that letter. Everyday she opens the letter, reads it and then keeps it back to its place like a cherished treasure. It was the only thing that she had in physicality which gave her the sense of feeling that Sahib is with her.

She still keeps that letter tucked between the pages of her favourite book. The ink has faded slightly, but every word is still burning in the memory of the love which remained unsent. In it, she had poured the entirety of her soul- telling him how his presence had woven itself into her dreams, how his laughter echoed in the corridors of her solitude. She wrote of a love not bound by seasons or distance, a love that rose beyond flesh and form a spiritual fire that needed no confession, no declaration. Now, each time her fingers graze the letter, it's as if she is touching a thread of that old light- the one that connected them beyond time, beyond bodies, beyond the world. And though he is not there, that letter still breathes. It reminds her not of absence, but of a love so vast and eternal, it didn't need to be spoken to be real.

Jaan often wonders what would have happened if that letter would have reached Sahib. It lies still, fragile and alive. Her truth, her soul wrapped in words she could never speak aloud. It wasn't a plea. It wasn't even a confession. It was a quiet recognition of the sacred thread that bound them—not as lovers walking hand in hand through the world, but as twin flames destined to burn in separate corners of it.

Their love didn't demand possession. Jaan and Sahib had never needed declarations, rings, or promises. Their love lived in pauses, in silences heavy with meaning, in stolen glances across crowded rooms, in the way his name settled in her soul like a prayer. But they are not together—not because they had fallen out of love, but because the world didn't know what to

do with a love so vast, so untamed, so ungovernable. Had the letter been sent, perhaps it would have changed nothing. Or perhaps it would have changed everything. But in its unsent state, it became sacred—untouched by outcomes or expectations. It became the quiet guardian of a love that defied all conventions, a love that absence even could not unmake. And every time Jaan rereads it, she smiles—not with regret, but with reverence—for what was, what is, and what will always be. Jaan keeps the letter in a faded yellow envelope, carefully folded and hidden away between the pages of her worn volume of verses, tucked where the spine bends naturally. Years have passed, yet the paper still breathes with the scent of rose water and longing, and every now and then—on dusky evenings when the light falls just right—she takes it out, unfolds it like a sacred prayer, and reads the words that never reached him.

She had written it on a night when the wind whispered of him—of his silence, his laughter, his strange way of existing both within her and far beyond reach. In it, she spoke not of the mundane but of the divine: how their love existed not in the eyes of the world, but in the space between thoughts; not in touch, but in the way their souls knew each other in dreams. Their love was never dependent on the worldly opinions. It was not love shaped by social calendars or family blessings, not a love of photographs or promises carved into tree trunks. It was love that existed between lifetimes, echoed in silence, pulsed in unseen rhythms. Sahib was not hers to lose, because he was there with her anytime and every time. And she was not his to claim, because she had always belonged to the wind that touches him.

Now they are apart—not by betrayal or falling out—but because the world was too small to hold something so infinite. They still feel each other, even across cities, across lives. And she knows, somewhere in a room filled with silence Sahib still longs for the times they had together. The letter remains with

her—not as a remnant of unfulfilled love, but as a relic of truth. Words, once read, change things. They impose meaning, they shift the balance. But unsent, the letter is timeless. It holds the love exactly as it was—unblemished, wild, and beyond this world. It reminds her, every time she reads it, that the deepest loves do not demand proximity. They simply are—and that is enough. Love always finds its own way. Sometimes words or messages are not just messages. They represent love, warmth connection. One doesn't need to be verbose just need to know they think of you too. Anagapesis is a word that can be found only in a dictionary. It can never be applied in real life. If you love, love is forever.

She still carries the letter, not just between the pages of a book, but within herself—etched into her heartbeat, folded into her breath. It has become more than paper and ink; it is a living part of her, the silent companion of her every sunrise and solitude. She reads it not to remember, but to feel—to let the quiet pulse of their love remind her that what they shared was never lost, only waiting. Jaan no longer wonders if she will meet Sahib again; she only wonders when. Time, she has learned, is not the enemy of love like theirs—it is merely the keeper of its mystery. And so, she waits—not with sorrow, but with a soft, steadfast faith. Maybe one day, when the stars are ready and the silence parts like a curtain, she will hand it to him, and he will read it not as a revelation, but as something he always knew. Until then, the letter waits, and so does she—with love breathing quietly in her soul, eternal and undimmed. But does this mean that she is not carrying pain in her heart and soul for not living a life she wanted to? There is an ocean of pain and suffering bothering her every day and night, in every breath which she takes there is a sigh of suffering and her each day without Sahib is a challenge, is a task for her. Never foreseen a future without him, never envisaged a life without him. In her hopes and despair, this is how Jaan survives and waits for that one day when she will meet him, when she will be able to tell him how excruciating

pain affected her being, when her eyes will speak more than her words. Till then, hope and sorrow are a part of her life, giving a balance to her emotionally torn self which she still believes will rejuvenate once it gets to meet her other self, Sahib. Her eyes tinged in sadness are waiting for his reply.

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