

# VANISHED LOVE



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I stand here again, alone amidst the ruins. The wind whispers through the broken stone, carrying with it the scent of damp earth and the distant echoes of a life once lived. What was once full of movement and warmth is now silent—a decaying dream swallowed by time.

I was here when it happened—when everything vanished. In an instant, the land was swept away, hidden from the world by forces far beyond our understanding. The city, the people, the life I knew—gone. All that remained was this hollow shell, abandoned and forgotten by all but me.

I don't know how they did it. One moment, everything was as it had been—alive, vibrant, full of hope. The next, it was gone. The city and its people—spirited away to some place far beyond the reach of prying eyes, locked away in a world no one could follow. A paradise, they said, but it didn't feel like paradise to me. It felt like a betrayal.

She promised me she would return. We had just spoken those words, before the veil descended upon us. She said she would come back when the danger had passed. But the years have worn on, and I stand here still, waiting in the silence. The world has changed, but she has not returned.

I remember her voice, strong yet soft, telling me not to worry. I can still hear her laugh, a sound like a song in the storm. Her eyes, so full of determination, had always been my anchor. She promised, and I believed her. I believed that if I waited long enough, she would come back. But how long does one wait before time itself betrays you?

I've searched the wilderness for any sign, any hope that something might guide me back to her. But all I've found are more ruins, more questions with no answers. Each year, I return to the same place where we last stood together, always hoping that somehow, the world will shift,

and she'll be here beside me again. I believe she's out there, somewhere, holding onto her promise. But the world is vast, and so much has changed.

I don't know why I keep coming back. Perhaps it's the belief that somewhere, somehow, she's keeping her word. Or maybe it's just the fear that if I stop waiting, I'll lose her completely.

The silence surrounds me, thick and unyielding. I close my eyes and let the breeze touch my skin, and for a fleeting moment, I imagine she's here. Almost.

But the silence always returns. The empty streets. The crumbling walls. I will wait for her. I will always wait. Because love isn't bound by time or distance. And if she promised, she will come back to me. No matter how long it takes.

And maybe, just maybe, this place will remember us—our love, our fight, our promise. The ruins will hold our story, waiting for the day she returns.