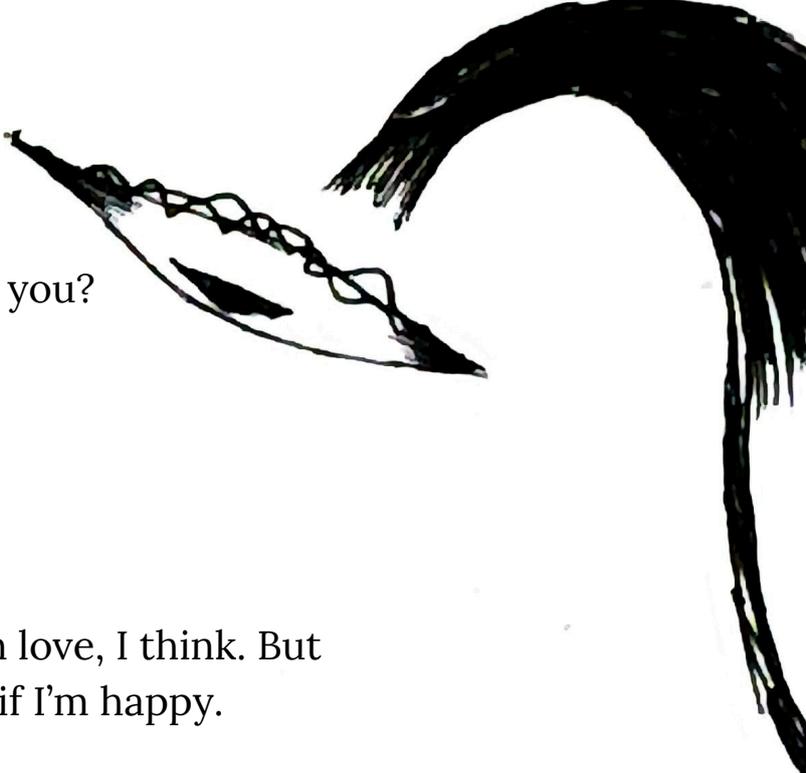


The Illusion of Love's
Promise

By Sameeha Alam

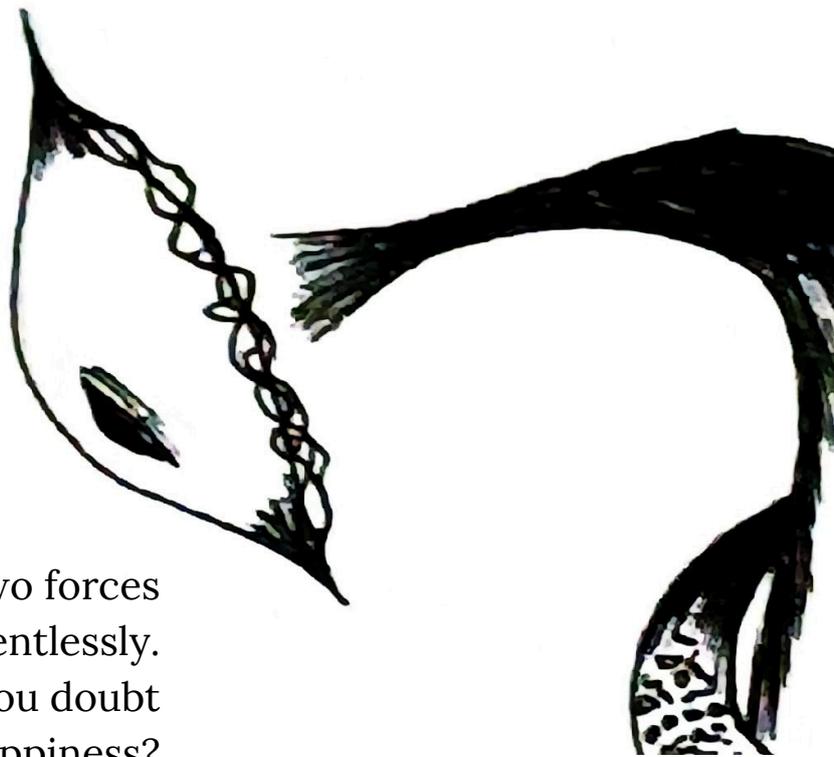


What troubles you?

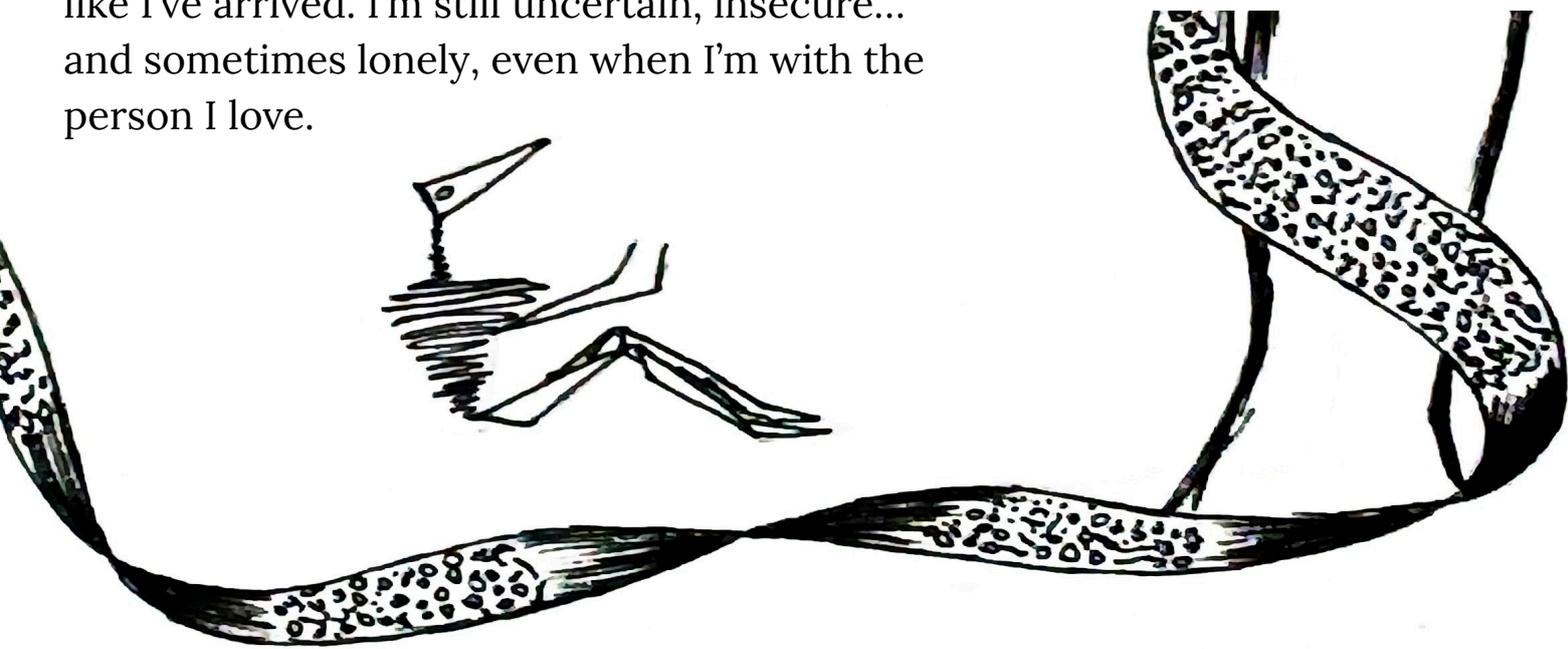


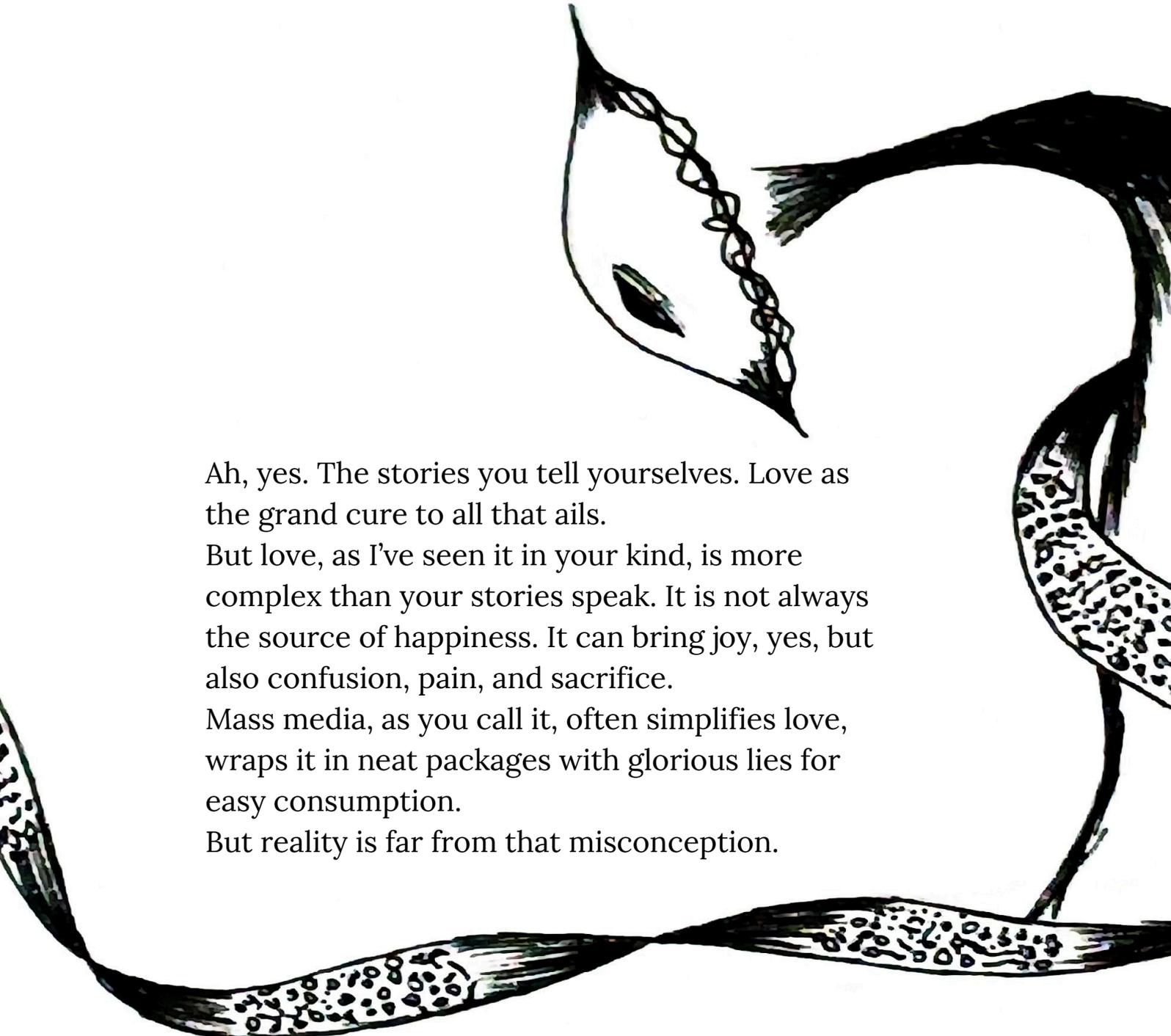
Love. I'm... in love, I think. But
I'm not sure if I'm happy.

Love and happiness. Two forces
you humans chase relentlessly.
But tell me, why do you doubt
that love brings you happiness?



Isn't love supposed to be everything? It's what we're told, isn't it? You grow up seeing it everywhere—movies, books, even advertisements. Everyone makes it seem like love is this ultimate destination. But... I don't feel like I've arrived. I'm still uncertain, insecure... and sometimes lonely, even when I'm with the person I love.





Ah, yes. The stories you tell yourselves. Love as
the grand cure to all that ails.

But love, as I've seen it in your kind, is more
complex than your stories speak. It is not always
the source of happiness. It can bring joy, yes, but
also confusion, pain, and sacrifice.

Mass media, as you call it, often simplifies love,
wraps it in neat packages with glorious lies for
easy consumption.

But reality is far from that misconception.

I think that's what's bothering me. I thought being in love would feel like it does in the stories—endless excitement, security, and happiness. But it's not like that at all. It's...conflicting. Sometimes it feels more like a burden than a blessing.



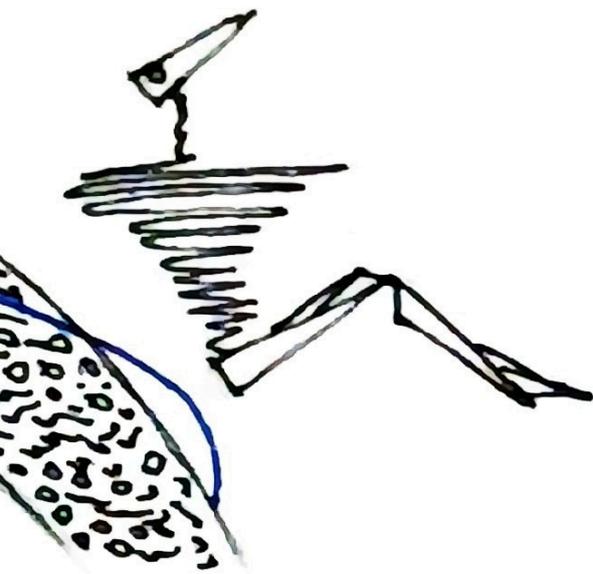
Love has always been a mixture of beauty and burden.

You see, your ancestors understood that love wasn't just an emotion; it was a responsibility, a choice you made every day.

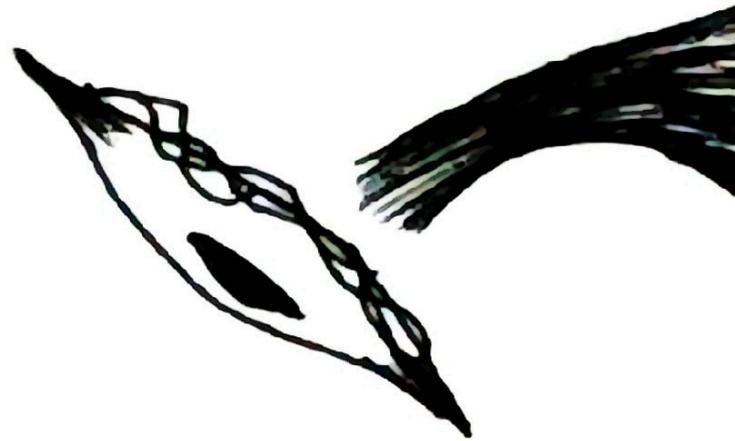
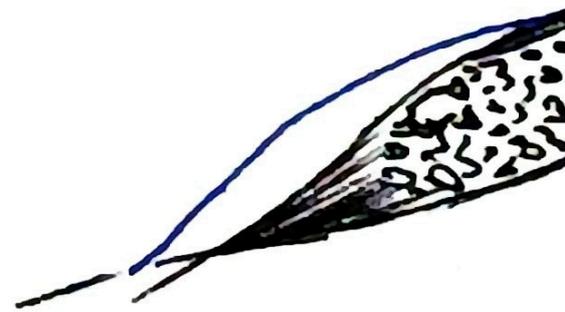
But in modern times, love has been distilled into something fleeting, an endless chase for emotional highs. This, I believe, is where your confusion lies. You are seeking happiness within love, but love does not guarantee happiness.

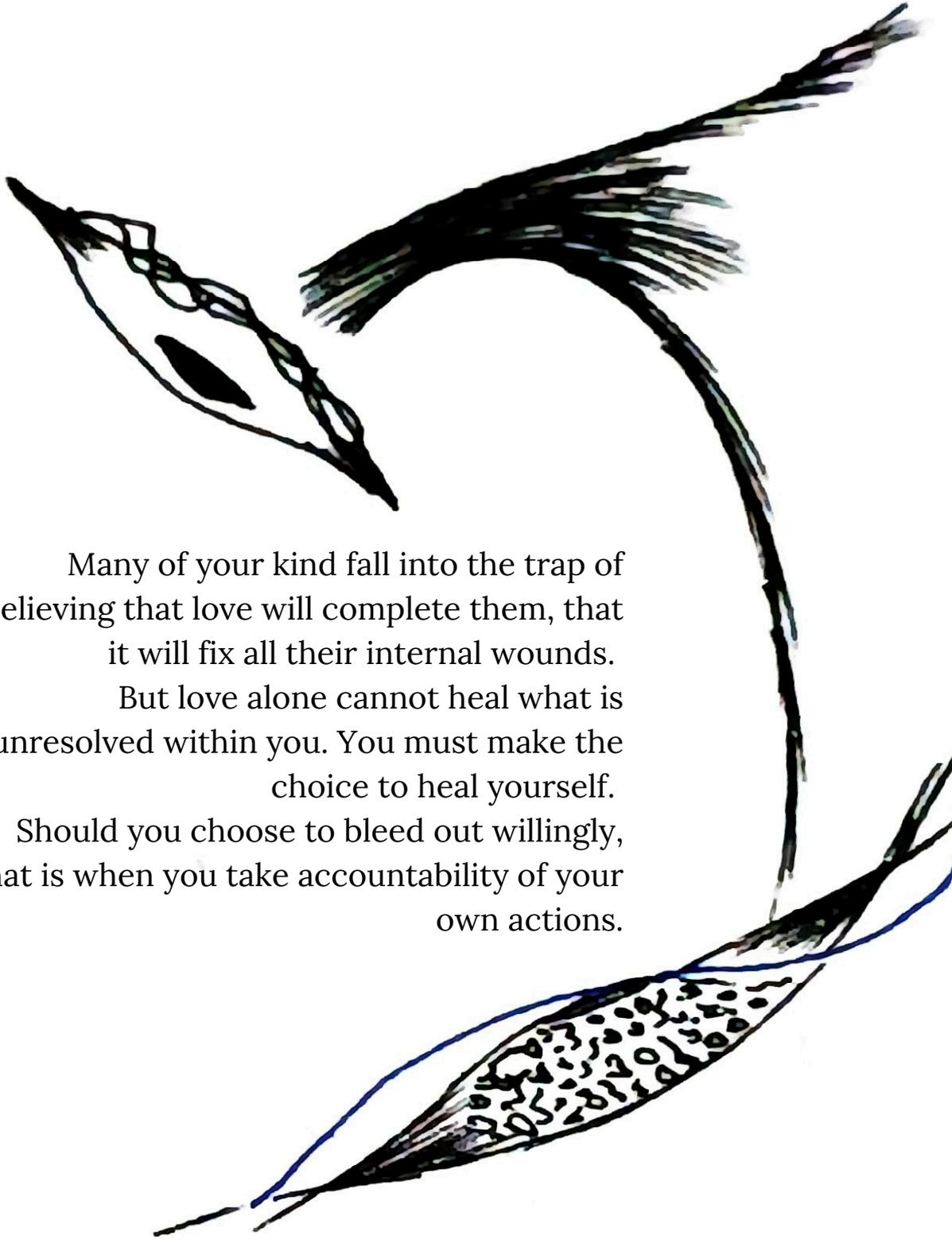


But... isn't love supposed to make you happy? What's the point of love if it doesn't?



Happiness is entirely different, wild one. It is the state of living in harmony with oneself, being at peace. Love can contribute to that, certainly, but it cannot provide it by itself.





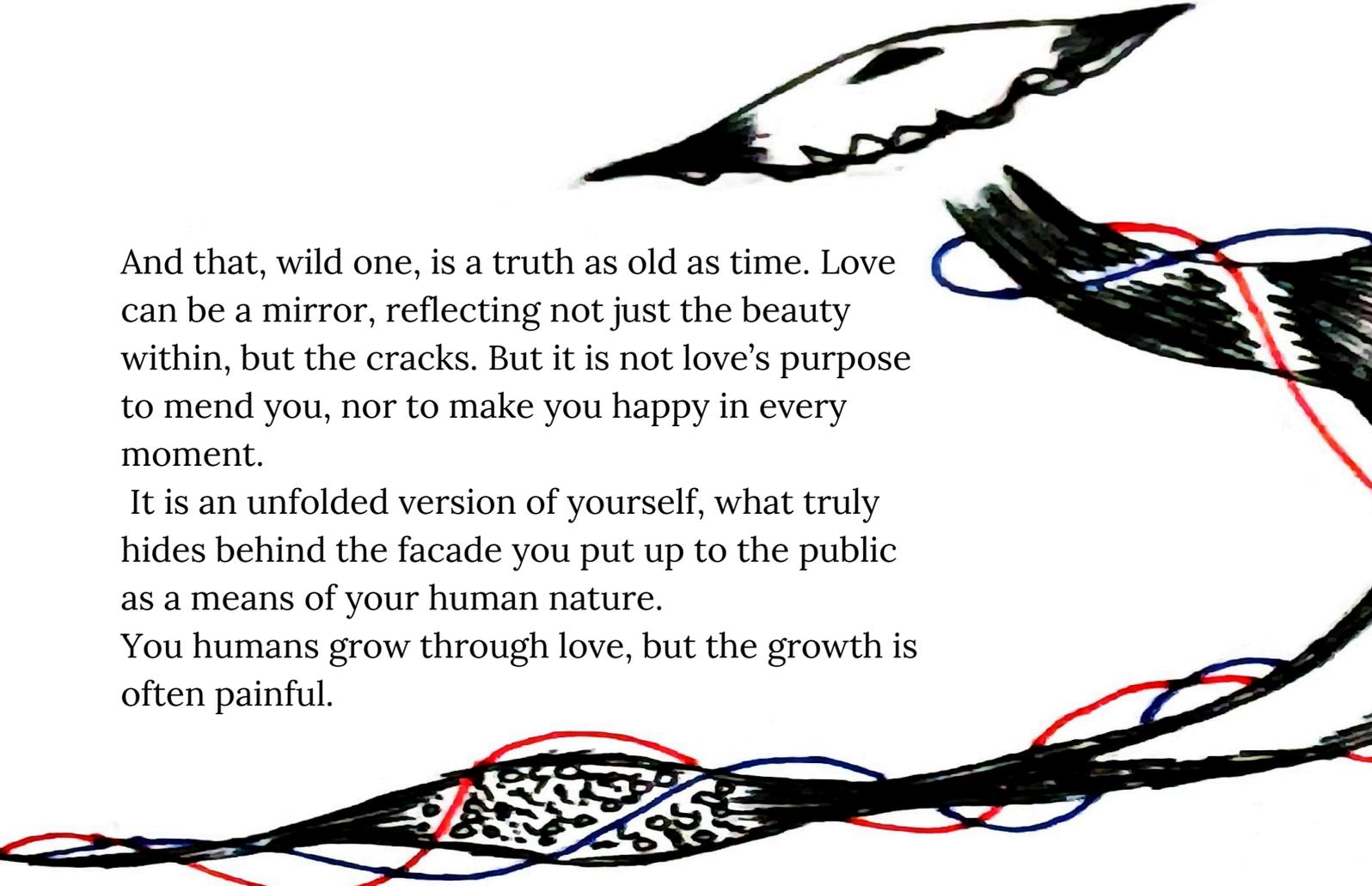
Many of your kind fall into the trap of believing that love will complete them, that it will fix all their internal wounds.

But love alone cannot heal what is unresolved within you. You must make the choice to heal yourself.

Should you choose to bleed out willingly, that is when you take accountability of your own actions.

That's exactly how I feel. Being in love has made me more aware of my own flaws... the things I wish I could change about myself. It's not that the person I love is doing anything wrong; it's me. I thought love would make me feel better about who I am, who I have grown up to become, but now I just feel more exposed and...vulnerable.



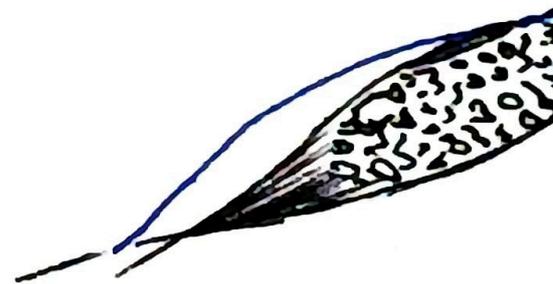
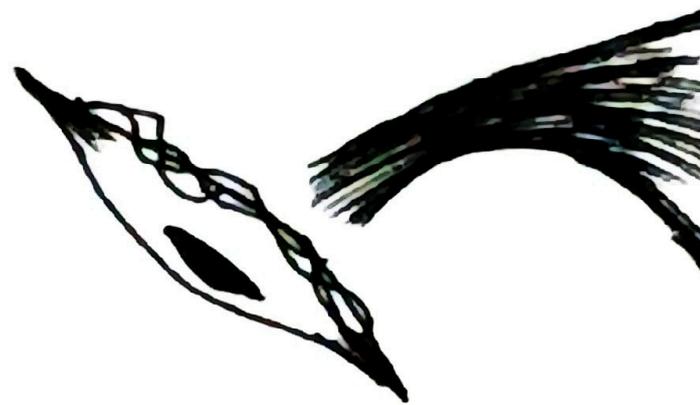
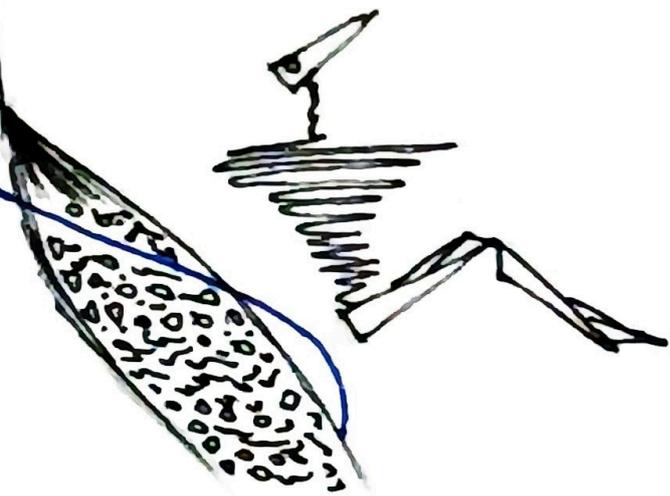


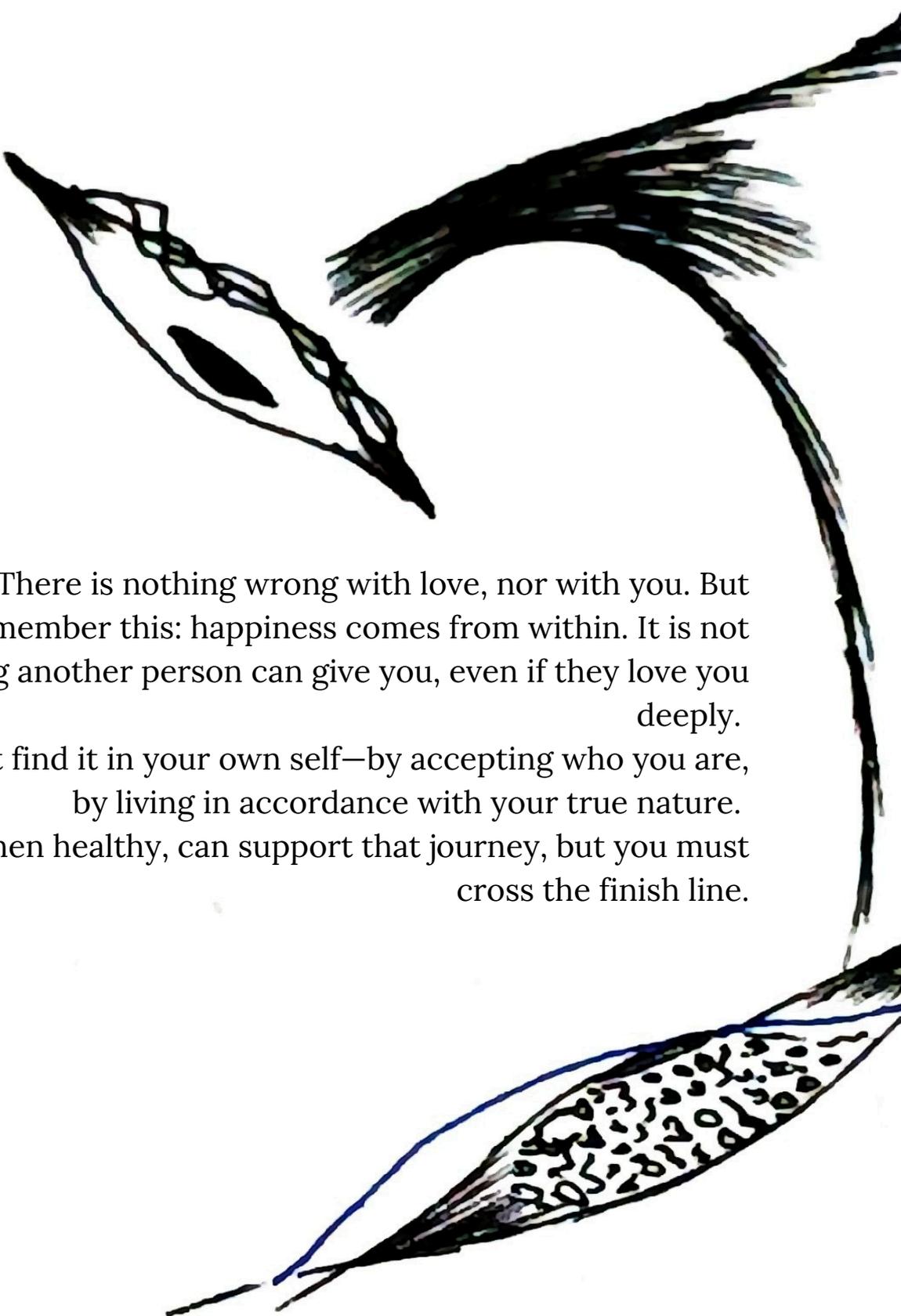
And that, wild one, is a truth as old as time. Love can be a mirror, reflecting not just the beauty within, but the cracks. But it is not love's purpose to mend you, nor to make you happy in every moment.

It is an unfolded version of yourself, what truly hides behind the facade you put up to the public as a means of your human nature.

You humans grow through love, but the growth is often painful.

So, what am I supposed to do? If
love doesn't guarantee happiness,
and if I'm not happy... is there
something wrong with my love?





There is nothing wrong with love, nor with you. But remember this: happiness comes from within. It is not something another person can give you, even if they love you deeply.

You must find it in your own self—by accepting who you are, by living in accordance with your true nature.

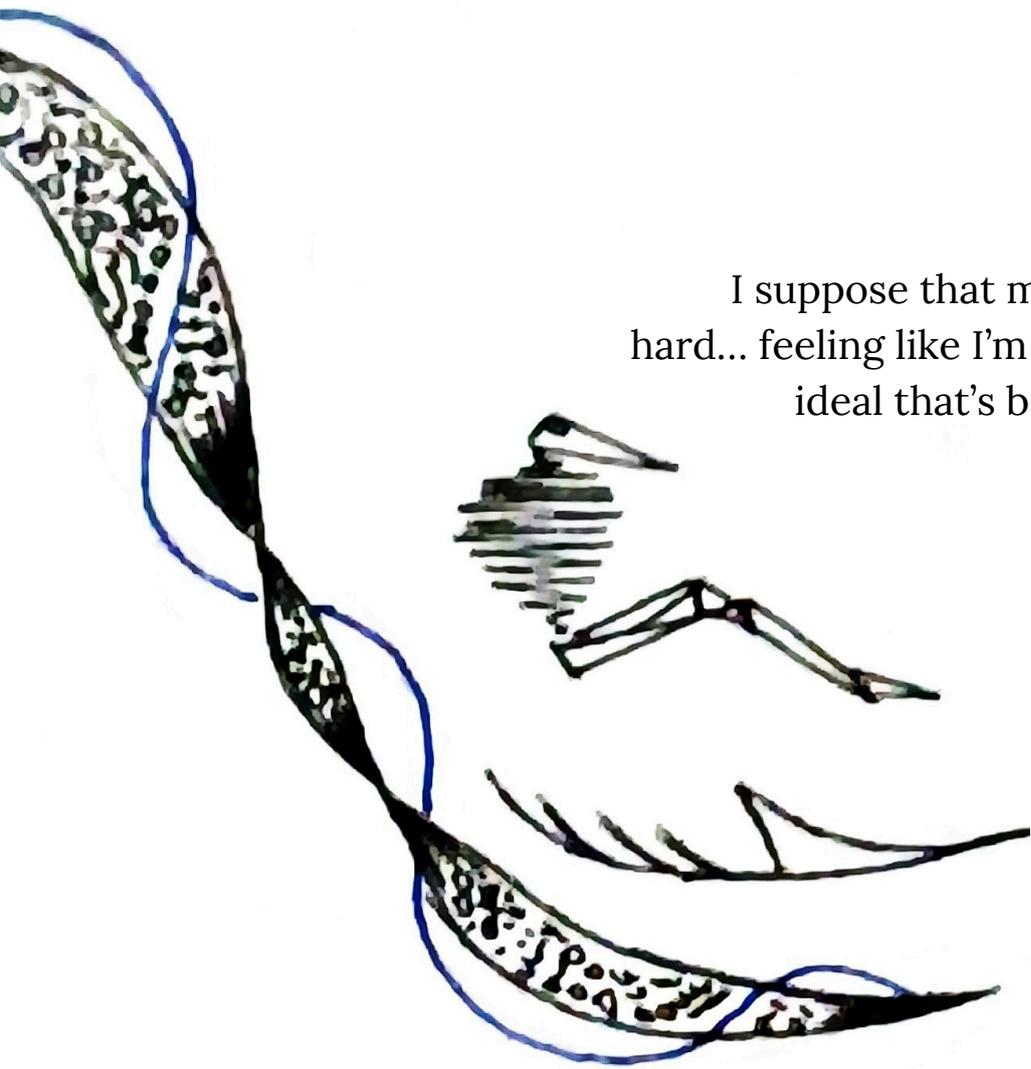
Love, when healthy, can support that journey, but you must cross the finish line.

So... I need to stop looking for happiness in love alone, not the whole of it?



Precisely. Love is a gift, but it is not the answer to every question. Happiness arises from living authentically, from understanding your own values. Your media may show love as the pinnacle of existence, but real happiness comes from much deeper places—self-acceptance, purpose, and balance. Love can enhance those things, but it cannot replace them.

I suppose that makes sense. It's just hard... feeling like I'm not living up to the ideal that's been painted for me.





Ideals are but shadows, wild one. They show only a fragment of the truth. Love, like happiness, is a complex, ever-changing element of human souls. Embrace that complexity, and you will find a deeper sense of peace—perhaps even happiness, in time.

