



In the glow of our love's initial bloom,
Life with Galatea was like a sweet perfume,
But over time, the sparks began to wane,
And I found my heart filled with pain.

Her beauty, though breathtaking and rare,
Became too much for me to bear,
Her stillness, she could not change,
And in my heart, I knew it was strange.

I longed for a voice, for laughter and song,
For a love that can grow, one to be carried along,
But Galatea, trapped in her stone form,
Was not enough for my emotional storm.

As days turned to weeks and weeks to years,
My love for her became ruined with my tears,
For the love I once felt, so pure and true,
Had grown stagnant, like a morning dew.

I'd yearned for a partner, a soul to embrace,
A love that could evolve, a vibrant grace,
But Galatea is as she'd always been,
My biggest sin.

In the silence of my studio I stand,
Yearning for a human hand,
To hear laughter, to share delight,
But Galatea is motionless, out of sight.

My love for her began to fade away,
Like colors dimming at the end of day,
For love needs to breathe, to evolve,
But with Galatea, it could not revolve.

It pains me deeply, the choice I have to make,
To let her go, my heart's deepest ache,
For though I'd brought her to life with love's grace,
In the end, I needed a different embrace.

My heart had once been bound to her alone,
But as our love faltered, I had to atone.
For sometimes, love must change and transform,
Or else, in its stillness, nothing will be born.



Sandy Heart by Aanya Shetty
Digital photography