

# MARVA

A JOURNEY THROUGH LOVE AND LOSS



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*A Journey Through Love and Loss*

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**You all know the word love. A beautiful word and at the same time ambiguous. There are ups and downs in this word. Those who have lived with it, those who have fought with it, and those who have suffered with it and for it. We cannot escape from the concept of love. Each of us has to accept it. We all experience it. And we all die with it. Blessed are those who have understood it and made it the source of their experiences.**

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*Let's go back to the past.*

*When I had just entered the work environment. Everything was fine for a while. But almost 5 months later, a girl named Marva entered my workplace. At that time, we didn't have much contact, just saying hello and goodbye.*

*But after a while, Marva fell in my heart. A period. More than heartbreak. Energy that you won't have in everyday life. The ability to have the power to break rocks without arm strength. And this heartbreak was the beginning of all these events. Events that changed my life.*

*Until then, my life had no color. Like an eye that sees black and white. Everything was odorless. Like a nose that only smells the smell of its ashes. My words. Not to mention my words. Every word I spoke was aimless. Like a mouth that is always open but does not eat anything And don't drink.*

*Until then, I didn't understand what the purpose was. Life in me was smaller than anything. Like a needle you find in a haystack. I was so confused. But that girl entered my heart. What my heart made my brain change.*

*Until then, I didn't understand how one person can change another person so much. But this is the reality of life. The more we understand, the deeper we get into the fabric of life that we don't know anything about.*

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*Let's talk about Marva.*

*Marva. I had never heard of such a beautiful name. It is very beautiful.*

*A tall girl with brown hair and a beautiful and unique face that penetrates her calmness in her eyes. Her eyes could conquer my heart. A heart that would not let anyone in before. But he surrendered to his eyes. Marva's smile. A laugh that fills your eyes with tears. Its character is like a beautiful mountain covered with trees, but you don't see the mountain itself. His behavior is like a stream that pours out from the heart of this massive mountain and makes everyone's heart crazy. Marva, a girl who had all these qualities, the qualities that gave a new breath to my life and heart.*

*But the discussion that may bother me and you, Love is one-sided. One-sided love is like a person who is immersed in the desire and hope, and the other person is only a spectator of this person. So senseless.*

*Someone said: What a bad world, even flower branches have thorns.*

*Another said: What a good world, even the thorny branches have flowers.*

*Greatness is in the eye. Not in what we see.*

*Love may blind your eyes from the truth, but it opens a beautiful world inside your heart that no other energy can do.*

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*But with all its goodness, the beauty that lights up the heart, on the other hand, it can destroy you like a glass that falls from your hand and breaks into pieces. Irreversible.*

*Its poison is not fatal, but it penetrates into your cells and causes discomfort. This restlessness is accompanied by hope.*

*The hope that makes you think good thoughts. But beware of reality. You are only immersed in the thoughts that love created. Very beautiful and terrible thought .*

*It is created by one person. Its destroyer is the same person. It's interesting, isn't it?*

*If I talk too much about love, I may offend you, but on the other hand, we may skip many things that love has for me and you who have experienced it, whether it is beautiful or bad, and say nothing about it.*

*And this is how we have reduced the value of love.*

*Let's deal with all this and talk about it clearly and understand its depth.*

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*If I ask you about art,*

*For every art book ever written, some part probably comes to mind.*

*Like Van Gogh's starry night. But I promise you don't know what it sounds like to play a sad piece of Schubert's serenade. to touch his soul.*

*If I ask you a question about women, you'll probably give me a summary of your interests and personality about them. You may have slept with some of them.*

*But you can't tell me the feeling of waking up next to a woman and feeling true happiness.*

*If I ask you about love, you will probably sing me romantic poems. But you have never looked at the face of a woman for whom you want to sacrifice your life.*

*Know someone who can measure you with his eyes.*

*Feel that God has brought an angel on this earth just for you. One who can save you from the depths of hell. And you don't know what it feels like to be her angel, to give him that love and sit at her feet forever in all situations.*

*You don't know what real loss means. Because it only happens when you love someone more than yourself.*

*You don't know unless you experience it yourself.*