



My First Love

by Dr. Robin Moorezaid

I met Him at a young age. He exemplified magnificence, adorned with a tender smile that permeated every fiber of my being. His royal eyes mirrored the gentle gaze of doves. His mouth dripped sweet-smelling savors. There suspended in midair like a wingless eagle, He gazed, evaluating His own making. I squinted my eyes to grasp Him, sensing the warmth of His eyes, ever so attentive to me. He loves me. I saw it in His eyes. Even young, I had never experienced affection like that from anyone before. It was astonishing to feel significant, so mesmerizingly important. He bid me to come, pointing upward with his finger. Oh, how did I yearn to embark upon that journey, but simultaneously feeling the piercing sting of not measuring up, inadequate compared to the beauty that graced my wanting heart.

“May I change my clothes?” I asked. Smiling, His kind eyes said. “You are fine as you are.” I looked down at myself and then turned my attention back to Him. I could not compare. I raised my finger and stated, “Hold on, I’ll go change my clothes.” I turned away and sensed His love go silent. I glanced back; He was not there. The beautiful and magnificently illuminated face that loved me like no one else had vanished. My ravished heart stood fixed, waiting for Him to reappear.

Day after day, night after night, week after week, month after month, and year after year, the regret and longing persisted, never ceasing. The anguish of rejection made me ill, lamenting my longing for Him and regretting my fixed mind. I went on about my business, searching for meaning in the absence of my beloved. I looked for Him everywhere and in everyone, expecting Him to reveal Himself in the blueprints of His own designs. He never materialized.

I found solace near His blueprints; the patterns crafted by His own hands. I cherished them as if they were gold. I protected them as if they were my own. I wanted so much to please Him, to show Him that I accept myself as His divine creation and would never again turn to change my clothes. Still, a harsh quiet persisted. I heard no voice, as before. As I busied myself only to realize that each effort went unnoticed, every intention misunderstood. Yet like a hungry farmer, I made sure He was aware of the depth of my care.

The teary nights escaped me at the speed of time. I could not shake the persistent yearning and discovered no counterpart in love. Still, I went about my business, searching for Him in His blueprints.

I focused too much on His blueprints to get a glimpse of His mouth, dripping that sweet smelling savor. Until I witnessed the blueprints masquerading as Him, crafting imitations of things to evoke His godlike control. Yet nothing compared to that moment, the day I fell in love. His blueprints were mere silhouettes, no kingly eyes to resemble the eyes of doves. The deeper I delved into the shadows of blueprints, the stronger my yearning became. The more I realized their deliberate transgressions, the more sad songs I sang. And the more I listened to their subjective details, the more I regretted thinking on my own and not seeing myself in His perfect motif.

As I dwelled in the shadows with the blueprints, the transgressing watchmen caught me and stripped my body bare. They possessed not a shred of love to give me and envied my affections focused elsewhere. Never did I turn to their artificial screaming to tame my worship to them. I sought only to express my contrition to the perfect One I loved. The blueprints never understood my yearning or how I longed for His return—to come back to His garden, the garden where we met. I want to hear Him say, “Come, my beloved, let us go. Stroll with me through the fields and ride the ambiance that covers my playing sphere!” Then, I wished I had said yes, but now I beg His pardon. I never shall forget a love so profound, the day when my heart surrendered—the day I fell in love.