

“Untitled” by Taskin Arisha

Her heartbeat could be heard as rain pitter-pattered against the rusty old window. It was as if each gentle flutter of water, colliding with the cold concrete, were speaking to her. In a way, it was a soft melody, a melody she could only hear within the dead silence. Thunder could be heard striking across the night sky in the distance. The loud crack, which gradually subsided into deep rumbles, sending vibrations throughout the dark heavens, was a tune to her. Humming to its rhythmical tune, its soothing, melodic, gentle sounds, almost put her to dreamland, However, one thing managed to keep her awake, her passion for dancing.

As she traversed on the dancefloor, she narrated a despairing, heart-wrenching tale with her captivating twirls, the swaying of her hips, and the bounce in her every movement, As her moves gradually became stronger and sharper to fit in with the fast tempo with the dramatic increase of the music as it was nearing its climax, a different, devastating persona was born. Lowering herself to the ground she gently created soft circular motions over and over, twirling and flicking her wrists up towards the bright moon present through the window high up in the sky, as its light penetrates through the windows.

Getting back up from the floor with a little thump, she formed incredible curve shapes and circular motions, moving across the dance floor effortlessly like a feather gliding across the air. Her heaves and sighs merged with the tune floating in the quiet, refreshing air, with the raindrops in the background, revealing her character's yearning. Her single shadow mirrored her dance moves with her every sway and twirl, on the blank wall with only a one-inch strip of moonlight, streaking across the middle.

As the dance drew to a close, her moves became more rapid, more vibrant, more hectic, more daring, almost as if the character she was portraying was desperately trying to reach out towards the shining star to make all their desires come true. They were trying to touch the glittering star, with the tips of their fingers brushing on the glowing edge. Alas, the star faded away into the darkness.

Her dance moves swiftly transitioned into the character cowering, crying out in despair, with their hand reaching out for a desperate attempt to grab what they yearned for so long to do and have. With the graceful fall onto her knees, her bloodshot eyes threatened to flutter close. Lowering her arms beside her body, with the music coming to an end, she looked down at the wooden floor of the old studio, as her tears threatened to spill.

Her dance, although its main purpose was to personify an entirely different character, it almost seemed as if the character was a reflection of you, a clear reflection, seen through clear, crystal glass with its jagged, broken pieces clattering to the floor.

"Done," Haru whispered as she gently placed the dulled tipped, bright yellow, pencil back into the black, rusty pencil can. She read the lined piece of paper in awe as she rested her head on her upturned palm and elbow against the arm of her rocking chair. Her story was a representation of the one thing she wished to do, yet never fulfilled: dancing. As she finished

reading the piece, Haru's eye fluttered shut and she let a chuckle escape her thin, quivering lips. "Ah, how fleeting childhoods are," Haru whispered under her breath.

As she tucked a loose gray hair behind her ear and positioned her rimless, rectangular spectacles, she rocked in her wooden rocking chair, as the creaking noise echoed through the empty room. With her eyes turning towards the small, worn box, overflowing with crumbled paper, with the smeared, runny inked cursive on each of them, Haru thought about the countless times she poured out her grief onto paper. She yearned for those days to be able to watch her peers twirl around her, and join along with them, instead of hiding among the shadows of the curtains. Haru, after all these years, still had her burning, yet incomplete desire of dancing. "How I wish to deliver a delightful synchronization of the gentle music on the dancing floor," Haru mumbled, as she set her glasses aside.

Wobbling over to the half-melted stick of candle, with a blow of her breath, the bright, burning, orange fire extinguished. She was left in silence, as she grabbed another scrap of paper and her pencil to drown in a flood of more words about her grievous desire that never was fulfilled.

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Haru was a person who longed to dance, however, setting her desires aside, her youthful days passed by. Now, she uses writing as a way to express this feeling. Oftentimes, people struggle to express their inner feelings, emotions, desires, and are quick to set them aside, because they can't sort them out, or think it would be a hassle to chase after their dream. However, with writing, I can showcase how precious these desires are, such as in this case, dancing. The delicate twirls, powerful leaps, etc. all make the dream of dancing one day, worth working for. With writing I can express how these desires help people express their inner self, and let go of their troubled feelings, to bloom into someone beautiful. With writing I can also showcase how vital it is to start chasing your dreams at a young age, because it's never too early to start working hard. With writing I hope people can see that writing maybe a way to better express themselves. With writing, these small moments that we overlook, become more seen and more precious. Therefore, the change I hope to see in this world would be people chasing after their dreams to express themselves better because of these small moments captured within writing and to also make a better life out of their youth days, to not live in regret later.

~Taskin Arisha