

Blue

Time slows down for a moment. Communication seizes. Objects become mere blurs in a monotonous splash of dull colours. The heart lowers its pace. Breathing becomes lower, longer. The mind loses focus. Moments stretch into minutes. I get the experience of standing in the middle of a hypnotic desert mirage.

And one stands out.

Her dirty, glistening blond bangs of hair caressed by her round shoulders. Her movement graceful and fluid. Her figure haunting and subtle, like a shadow that refuses to leave. Her Eyes. Like an epic, spiralling journey down to the very heart of her soul. A glistening kaleidoscope of personality. A pair of two shining grey moons which light your way through the cold, dark night. They radiate your spirit with an eminence of wisdom. Giving you uncalled-for confidence.

And this figure beckons my attention. I have been trapped, I have lost my freedom. Right now, there is no one else. Two souls inhabit the earth. Nothing else matters. Nothing stands in between. All that is necessary is a connection. A dialogue. A question. A hello. A spark. All that is necessary is a moment. A moment to ignite.

And then I remind myself. This is nothing but a mirage. I am seeing only what I want to see. I am doing only what I want to do. I am dreaming. I am not thinking. She could be nothing more than a beautiful illusion. A beacon of hope. A light that shines in the right direction. 1000 paper cranes come true. The rainbow surpassing high over the clouds of grey. I cannot harm this illusion. I cannot destroy it. If it be the last action before death. I want to reach out to her. I want to steal her away with my soul. I want this mirage to last forever.

But I control myself.

And I move on.

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