

reminiscence (piotr wiese)

and just like eyelids that are worn, that carry an indescribable weight,
heavy water droplets are sinking to the bottom of the ocean,
all the way to the ground below, lest they can breathe.

so jaded. so fatigued.

there's a spot between the clouds where moonlight has snuck through,
but it's barely noticeable with towering trees obstructing the comforting, silver glow.
and yet, the magic still seeps through the leaves and bestows the presence of itself to the forest floor
with gentle beams;

illuminating.

the light from above is impossible to touch as you've hidden yourself away.
the world encircling you is dripping with sadness,
and yet you are dry.

protected by the very canopy
you insisted was blocking out the light,
you remain underneath it, paralyzed, and watch the water droplets fall and fall.

you remember when you were smaller than this
and you danced in the rain more often than not.
your bubbling smile that was utterly contagious
and laughter that filled a thousand rooms.

detached from any insecurities that falsified your beauty,
and overwhelmed with adoration for not only the rain,
but for yourself as well.

you got the chance to experience a feeling that was so undeniably pure and real
that it felt like someone feeling happiness for the first time in their life.
soaked with joy and drenched with the excitement to be alive,
the possibilities of the world were endless to you.

but now you know,
that everything ends
at some point.

the limits and lines
that you cannot cross
have clearly been drawn.

you're stuck in your contentedness
but you're refusing to move because why?
you're afraid to feel, and since happiness and sadness
are 2-in-1 a team you'd rather not feel or experience anything at all.

and yet you long for that feeling again. you yearn for it
dreadfully, dreadfully, dreadfully!
you wish to be brave enough, strong enough to conquer your stillness
and move and move and move!
you're craving those water droplets falling down your face
to remind you of those feelings that have been lost for what seems like decades.

but fear overcomes desire;
what if those feelings are cold and lifeless after all this time?
trapped in a steel coffin, no longer banging on the sides as they've given up as well.

you look to the water droplets falling from the sky,
envying their freedom and boldness,
and finally decide to try and take some for yourself.

you hold out your hand to catch them,
and your hand is unexpectedly dry.
you step out from the canopy.

the sky is clear.

and only regret
and petrichor
are in the air.

5 spanish dances, op. 12: I. allegro brioso (moszkowski)

peaceful am i!
i tap my foot to rhythm
that's thumping in my ears
and filling the entire hall!

upbeat am i!
the music matches
the excitement of the room
and mine, all in all!

comfortable i am!
the food has left me satisfied
and the wines creeping up through my smile!
i feel as though i could fly!

confident i am!
this excitement makes me want to dance,
or even dance with someone new;
and then they catch my eye!

in awe am i!
i see them across the room,
dazzling! sparkling!
elegant cannot even begin to describe it!

nervous am i!
they make their way over to me
and ask me to dance,
and i stumble with my words quite a bit!

excited am i!
they guide me to the floor!
smiling, they offer two hands,
so i put mine in theirs!

joyful am i!
we dance and we spin and
red wine spills on my dress
but who cares?! who cares?!

so happy am i!
we're drinking and laughing
and swinging and stepping;
a blush comes along that i cannot conceal!

in love am i?
i gaze into their eyes
for just a moment
but was what i saw truly real?!

embarrassed am i!
they see the red in my face
and the confidence the wine brought flees!
until i see their rose colored cheeks!

enamored am i!
it was truly real, what i saw in their eyes!
we giggle and laugh and continue to have fun
by teaching each other our dancing techniques!

ecstatic am i!
we danced all night long
until the hall closed,
but they want to meet me again sometime soon!

eager am i!
i'm clearing my schedule so that i will be free
because i'm head over heels,
watch me swoon and swoon and swoon!

le triomphe de la république: tambourin (arr. Burmester) (gossec (françois))

running through the fields,
my breath fades, i keep going;
to where? i don't know.

vivaldi variation - arr. for piano from concerto for strings (florian christl)

the grass tonight is soft. gentle.
my hands lay still upon the blades.

i open my eyes and look upwards.

see how the milky way looks like smoke from a fire,
trailing over mountain tops and reaching to the heavens.
stars splattered across the ocean in the sky;
enticing and tempting minds to wander amongst them,
never to return even if they were to beg.

i wouldn't dare return, if i had the chance to leave.
i would explore forever.
and i don't believe i'd ever run out of places and things and people to explore
with how vast the universe is.

but alas,
i am just floating through space.
with curiosity
and eagerness,
that will simply go to waste
as i lay here and look at
what i cannot have.

the wind tonight is cold. crisp.
the breeze flutters through my hair and chills my cheeks.

and i close my eyes again.

it's time for me to rest.

you are loved - don't give up (josh groban)

one day i hope
i love myself
the way the
ocean loves the moon.

to harbor trust;
full of tranquility;
as the moon protects,
while waves do swoon.

one day i hope
i love myself
the way a
poet loves her muse.

to be creative;
full of passion;
as she composes verse
to express her views.

one day i hope
i love myself
the way
you love the stars.

to gaze upon them;
full of wonder;
let love flow
through reservoirs.