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Final College Essay Prompt #1

I hang suspended in the air, my body gently swaying. The only thing keeping me from plummeting to the ground is a bundle of fabric clasped tight in my clammy hand. Caught in indecision, I decide to dangle. As the seconds tick by, the quick beats of my pulse reverberate through my head. I am drowning in the frantic inhale and exhale escaping my lips. I know I must descend. But each time I lean back, I see images of a broken, bleeding body laying crumbled and broken on the forest floor. I close my eyes, hoping it will prevent the gruesome images from assaulting my mind. I find solace in the dark; within the inky blackness, there are no directions, no up to climb, and no down to fall. Instead of feeling trapped within a prison of silk, I feel protected. Like something is securing me from floating away into nothingness. Strengthening my resolve, I take one last shaky breath and let go.

I was an extroverted, curious child, always doing, always moving, and always bright. As time passed and the seasons faded into each other, my extroversion faded into something new along with them. I was still moving and doing, but those actions were more internal. I was bright, in the way the sun is bright when seen through closed eyes. I started to feel more introspective and constricted within myself. My mind was a mess of jumbled pieces, unable to fit together. I went through life seeking something to help me feel alive, like an individual being. I pushed myself into singing, dance, and theater, attempting to escape my mind, and in a way, it worked. It made me feel distinctive in a way I had yet to experience; I still felt dissatisfied with what I was doing. Although I enjoyed these things, they pushed me into a competitive environment. There was consistent pressure to get the best role, have talent, and work harder. It overshadowed the freedom I desired. I continued like this until my second year of middle school, When I discovered something spectacular. I conversed with a friend about my desire to take another dance class. They suggested I try Aerial classes, a type of circus art and dance, which uses different apparatus such as a trapeze, hoop, sling, or silk.

When I walked into my first class, I was fascinated by the sight of bodies flowing through the air. They twisted, turned, and dropped in dazzling ways. In that instance, I knew I needed to be up there, detached from the ground beneath me. I needed to fly. I have never been afraid of heights, always looking down in awe and wondering closer to the edge. Infatuated with observing the world move beneath me. But, the feeling of my own body suspended, my only support gripped within my hand, gave an unforeseen thrill of fear and joy. It allowed me the power to control how I wish to exist within space. I defined the rules by what I wanted to explore and create. It helped open my parameters, teaching me how to create independently, without any external biases clouding my thoughts. And as I returned to land, I could feel a difference in how I wished to regard my place in other environments. The jumbled pieces of my mind finally came together to create an ambiguous puzzle. Every piece fits together to create an infinite combination of ideas and thoughts. I could recognize the dichotomy of logic and abstraction that make up my mind, and find a way to connect them. I can now live my life looking through different eyes, better understanding what I want, need, and wish.