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World Literature

Period 5

Pre-assessment

Cool drops of water steam down my face as I run through the street. The rain is exuberating on my hot, blistering skin. The feeling of the wind disappears as it is replaced by water, making me feel as if I’m swimming through the sky. And for a second I’m almost able to forget the body in which I am tethered to, and float free. Free from the chains of gravity and nature to which I never before realized held me down. I’m alone as I run through these streets, yet surrounded by rows of houses, each a mirror or the others. Each containing the same structure with small variation. They are snowflakes, each unique and individual when looked at, costly, but utterly uniform and insignificant as the wind blows them past you. I continue to run though the rain with the structure passing me in a blur, I continue with no clear destination in sight. I jolt as I hear a cheer to my right, I’m suddenly tugged back into this corpurial form of mine, I notice the sharp jab of uneven concrete lightly puncturing the souls of my feet. Notice the weight of the sky pressing down on me, keeping me grounded. Noice how small I truly am amongst these rows and rows of houses. As I come back to my physical form and look towards the sound and see people clapping and cheating. I give them a small grin and continue on my way. My clothes feel wet and heavy as I trudge on through the streets. My brain is in a fog as I slow my pace and make my way back. The only thing I can thing is :what am I doing here”

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To be honest, I’ve never understood what people draw towards and popular or exciting. People tend to value things because they are generally accepted or understood. I tend to be drawn towards thought rather than feelings. Things become important to me if I can use them, whether that be for personal gain or simple enjoyment. In this seemingly simple moment I found something unique, something that I had never felt or noticed before. It gave me some appreciation for the beauty of nature. Everyday people throw around words, they speak of the “beautiful waterfall” they had seen or the “beautiful hike” they had gone on. I have never really understood what that meant. I could understand a dictionary definition of beauty, but it gave little correlation to the experience people seemed to be having in relation to “beautiful” things. But on that hot day, as I ran through the rain I think I gained a new understanding of how “beauty” felt to me. The beauty was not about what my eyes saw, but about what the rest of me felt.