

Alexandra Samargia

The Heartbeats of Whales and Hummingbirds

Disclaimer: Whales have one of the slowest heartbeats with 33 beats per minute, while hummingbirds have one of the fastest with 500 to 1,200 beats per minute.

Disclaimer 2: this is *not* a scientific piece

Vibration engulfs my chest as staggered air enters and leaves my mouth. The vibration surges down to my toes and suddenly I can feel the hum of my heart throughout my whole body. My legs work effortlessly, yet my chest feels like it will collapse at any moment. I feel as my hair is intertwining with itself to create a problem for later, but I don't care. My eyes wander my peripheral view to see the backs of my best friends. Their contagious screams of laughter immediately trigger my heart to pick up the pace. The grass beneath my running feet suddenly turns into soft sand, and my legs go into overdrive trying to push off the soft ground. Instant pink and orange illuminate our cheeks, and we're flying. The oversized lake settles itself onto the sand, and our toes are dipped into ice cold water. We flap our wings and dance in a circle, taking advantage of our youth. The vibrations of our racing hearts sync, like a flock of life partners. The shoreline of the lake bubbles beneath our toes, and bits of water are gently splashed against our delicate skin. I notice the reflection of the sunset against the lake, and the vibrant colors overtake me. Orange,

Pink,

Yellow,

Purple.

The lilac goo swipes over the grain material of the canvas, and I am instantly calm. My fingertips caress the soft brushes as my gentle Mona Lisa smile appears. Assessing each color for

inspiration, I am met with draw of pastel colors that give my eyes an orgasmic pleasure. The brush dips into a pastel blue that resembles an ocean-like slowness. I angle the brush to swim perfectly across the canvas, with the lubed bristles gently gliding over the rough and hard surface. After a few strokes, I close my eyes and allow my hands to take control. The repetitive motion creates a steady rhythm in my chest, and I am entranced by the enormous canvas in front of me. Switching to orange, the small plastic cup of paint water spouts at me as I wiggle and swish my brush clean. Blue liquid smoke swirls and takes place of the see-through water like an oil spill. I notice some dried paint resembling blubber on the table and different colors have already made their way to staining my hands, but I don't care. Instead, I invite myself to float on my creation. I let the waves of paint rock me back and forth,

Back and forth,

Back and forth.

His body tenses and falls next to me into the cushions. Our breathing syncs as we lay exposed, and our chests rise and fall rapidly. Returning to the surface after a flight around the room, I am met with a continuous heart flutter. My eyes peer over, and I see his dark brown eyes gazing back. I wait for my breath to return to normal, but it relapses into a hum. Pounding and begging to be heard. I am reminded of gasping for breath while we giggle about an inside joke or singing at the tops of our lungs flying down I-90. I rest my hand on his flushed pink cheek and I feel beads of his bodily nectar dripping from his dark curly hair. He licks his lips and traces his fingertips along my skin. Tracing in a pattern like a buzzing swarm swirling in the sky and goose bumps emerge. No words needed to be said, as our internal beating says it all. Colliding and bouncing off one another, our hearts interconnect. Blood pulsating through our bodies and

creating electricity when the follicles of our flesh touch. A magnetic force pulls us together and we find ourselves dancing in the sky, twirling around each other with ease. I feel my chest begin to slow until I am floating,

Floating,

Floating,

Floating,

A cloud engulfs my body and I close my eyes. A slow deep breath fills my chest and burns my throat. Pressure builds until I have blown everything bad out. I feel the wisps of the cloud around me until it lifts me higher. A light pressure appears behind my eyes forcing me to squint into the reflecting light bouncing off the water. I find myself continuing slow deep breaths, to see how high the cloud will float me, but I don't care. I lay back and kick my feet up in relaxation with a potent lemon smell filling my nostrils. My pulse finds a steady and slow pace while tension is washed away. I cup my hand into the crystal water to quench my sandpaper throat. The cloud returns and fills my lungs. I dream of running with me best friends to catch the sunset, and dancing on the beach. I dream of falling in love with each look and touch. I dream of painting everything I find beautiful.

Flowers in a field

Sunsets/rises

City skylines

Women/Men

My heart is pulsing with joy and happiness, so much it's overwhelming. I take another deep breath in and push out everything toxic. A smile slowly spreads to my face as I endure pure

bliss and peace. I close my eyes and see beauty behind my eyelids and for eternity, I will live in utter tranquility. My heart slowly pounds and pounds until it just, stops.

- Add more disclaimers
 - Disclaimers about death, sex, beauty
- Play with title
- Good with formatting
- Separate final list- NOT bullet points, use stairs
- Add BPM of self