*I am the glitter on the floor.*

When the party is at its highest high, I fall to my lowest low.

They carry me in different mediums, throw me around with sweaty hands, and tell me to put on a show. So I do. I dance and twirl and shimmer, giving my all for the dazzling eyes looking at me with merry hearts.

I ride the rhythm of the booming music to the farthest corners of the room, settling on whatever adobe I can find, getting ready to be jerked away again. I make my home in those nooks, still glimmering and dancing for anyone who’d spare me a single glance.

But when the short-lived attention dies, I lay forgotten, sharing my home with old dust particles. From afar, I see my remnants cling to pretty girls’ hair, on their pretty dresses, and on their beautifully dancing bodies. Some rush to perch on couples, while some travel even further to accompany a lonely girl leaning against the wall. I see some parts of me still twinkling in the air, naive of the world below, just moving along with the melody.

A strong gust of wind blows, and my fickle body abandons the shelter I built. Swaying one last time, I fall like shooting stars, a sight to behold.

The crowd filters slowly by the time morning comes, and I’m left on the floor with drunken strangers. I'm gripping every inch of this room, refusing to let go of the celebrations. Nowhere else pulls me in; nowhere else do I belong anymore because this place, my sanctuary, has wrapped me in joy. It's where I've felt wanted and celebrated. It’s where people have loved having me.

So, I cling stubbornly, refusing to let go when they come to sweep me off. It’s noon now, but instead of the warmth of the sun, all I feel is the coldness of these tired eyes. The same hands that launched me are now cursing at me, ordering me to get out.

I don’t want to. I don’t want to leave this place—my solace, my origin. I don’t have an existence outside of this place. I don’t have any worth outside of here.

As parts of me come off bit by bit, I learn my true value. My capability only boils down to being a decorative tagalong, nothing more.

It’s just the price I must pay for being a people pleaser: being wiped off when the party ends.

But I live on in the clothes of strangers who once embraced me lovingly, girls who once called me pretty, and the walls of the room who once welcomed me with open arms. I live on with those who keep me in the darkest corners of their drawers, for one day they might need me. I live on for those who are afraid to come near but enjoy me from afar. I live on for those who live for beautiful things.

If you ever need me, you can find me always glimmering, dancing, and twirling for you. Because there’s always some *glitter on the floor* left after the party.