

Standstill

She stood with her eyes closed, ten feet from the lead singer on stage. At the concert by herself, there was a sense of freedom in not knowing anyone around her. This was her favorite band, and she felt free to appreciate their music however she wanted to. In that moment, it felt right to stand still with her eyes closed, meditating within the crowd.

Smiling to herself, she listened to the sounds pulsating against the drum of her ear's tympanic membrane. There were a hundred people moving to the music around her, and she thought about their energy, and how it affected her. She thought about them being happy to be there, and that hitched the side of her mouth up. Some of them might also think it was odd for someone to stand still with their eyes closed, and that hitched the other side of her mouth up; it felt good to jar against the status quo, and be doing something based on impulse—it felt good to follow a benign curiosity and see where it went. It felt right to feel her own heartbeat, breath, and feet against the ground.

“Gravity, you’re knocking me out, you’re shaking me up, till I twist and I shout,” Stephen Kellogg sang out. “Woah, gravity, it’s okay in the clouds, but I love it right here with my feet on this ground.”

She thought of yoga mountain poses and all of the organs in her body harmonizing with each other, pumping blood to keep her warm and sending oxygen to her brain so she could cognize all of this. She felt loved and cared for, and wanted to give that back to herself. Following curiosity felt like a step in that direction, and even if it wasn't, the intention was, and that felt just as important to her.

This was her favorite song: one she danced on the beach to mid-way through runs, and a song she loved playing in the morning on her sunrise drive to work. It spoke to her of trying your best and humbly accepting challenges. It spoke to her of respecting nature and creating a partnership with it. It spoke of loving and appreciating your life.

Halfway through the song, she opened her eyes and danced it out to the end, grinning. She felt healthy, alive, and in love as she followed her own compass.