

Life in Static - one story

We see her, she speaks, she is gone but we hear her. We see trees, we see rain we hear her.

The Encounter

It is moments after the sun bid farewell.

Darkness has not quite collapsed us into the night and the moon is just beginning to become visible behind the sky's veil of blue.

Early spring's branches are reaching across the horizon as each tree, seeming to stand alone as a perfect silhouette, offers its cold fingers to fill the space above, leading her wandering eyes up from the hollowed trees to gaze at the darkening blue.

She is alone, framed from the touch of the forest by her window's edge. It is silent and just as night's first cool breeze sweeps across the forest floor, which is not yet touched by the growth of spring, she sighs.

Behind the window's ledge she too, is silent. While the outside breeze touches her she feels it not, and the outside world remains oblivious to her wide eyes that capture every light still alive in the sky.

Fingers crossed on the edge of a white framed window, eyes gazing up above.

Grateful that the glaring sunlight has for now, taken rest.

Her fingers dance across the frame, chipping the peeling paint, already worn from nights daring to lean out to see the sky.

Her eyes flick, like magnets compelled, down to the horizon.

A movement, a twitch, she was sure.

As her littlest fingers dare to cross the boundary and reach out, that chipped paint and old wooden frame begins to warm, a breeze, no, a gust as if sent straight down from the moon's cold exterior collapses the sky into darkness and slams her window shut.

Tomorrow, she thinks.

The Curious

Flowers have begun to sing across the forest, and inside she is perched cross legged on the floor, curtains shut, and light seeping through.

It is too early.

As each day grows longer she waits a moment later. The sun holds its grip on the sky till the very last second and as that glare turns into the soft moon's reflection she tears open the veil to see.

While the fingers of each branch still reach out into the blue, they are now feathered and seem to pollute the crisp sky's edge with their web of tiny shadows dancing on every tip.

Tonight is different.

The forest is holding an orange glow like she has never seen. She sees a small cluster of light glowing, not like the sun's glare or the moon's reflection.

Hugging the far edge of the horizon, caved between the low branches there is a movement. Her eyes lock onto it and staying behind her frame she watches the little lights dancing. There is noise, while they may be far away she can hear the echoes of music.

Then they sing. And she is filled with a warm goo, it trickles into her ears and seeps through and down her spine. Her heart is filled with this sap which pumps and flows through each vein so that her fingers seem to tingle and her toes seem to twitch. It is not a thought but an impulse that silently stands her legs and unfolds her arms so that she may take these twitches and tingles from the edges to the whole body.

Lit only by the reflecting lights, she spins. The night's darkness cannot hold her tonight, she can see out and she can feel their song and she can move. Framed by the white peeling paint on a frame she breathes a sigh.

But it has found a new way, it spun ropes from cloth and spiders webs and as she spins they wrap around her legs and arms so bit by bit like melting ice she is pulled back to the ground and away from the close edge of the window. Tired, she let the ground swallow her back into the floor, and the breeze closes the window. The light is still there, she can see them in the distance dance like leaves in a breeze. But silence holds her and the warm goo is drawn back out.

Exhausted she smiles, still full of warmth of song.

The Witness

With the heat of the seasons beginning to creep later into the night she often dared to hear their summer songs without pulling the curtains.

But tonight, tonight there was a new sound.

Like drums in a procession, rain hammered onto her window and the wind did not fly but beat at the frame and walls that surrounded. They needed no string to hold her in tonight, the clouds had kept the sun's glare from the world all day and she had watched the sky fight with every branch which held onto each feather.

For a moment she closes her eyes, the noise filled her with calm. While outside was full of destruction she knew that nobody would be dancing without her, no night's song was going unheard and no day's laughs were being missed.

A light brighter, sharper, no not sharp, electric, bolted, she launches herself forward and without a thought tears down the curtain.

The trees, once just being torn in the raging wind, were defending against a new force.

Striking from the stars, bolts stung the forest floor.

With each strike the horizon is alight, the shadows of trees cast like in iron on the floor below with white glares of lightning, that threaten to pierce through the very floor and earth.

Not sure if her frame could keep her from this attack she takes those ropes, and fabrics that had once held her down and weaves them around her. They turn to iron and form a wall of chains that will protect her and hold her.

But the iron grows hot and she is held in by the chains that now begin to burn and pierce her.

Again like the trickling sap she was tingling and twitching, but now the music was tearing into her and she moves not in circles but sharply, detangling herself from the very web she had spun.

She called out, but no sound left her lip.

Closer to the frame she could force the breeze to set her free, but too far. She breathes and holds still. Like holding together her own being, curled up on the floor she retains the strength she needs to fight. And finally, the chain, once hot and sharp begins to melt and sink into the floor.

The dark clouds have parted and a breeze sweeps off the moon to pull open her window. She was cold, still reverberating from the heat but now in the arms of the cool night sky once again.

The Awakening

Tonight she woke not waiting for the night but desperate to see the sun, who reaches its hand through the window and into a warm pool around her.

She is lying on the floor, surrounded by broken chains and torn fabric and the warmth does burn today there is something softer about its touch. Like the sky is soothing her back to health, she looks up. Though the branches torn in the night lie across the ground at the foot of each tree, the birds song she had never before heard, is playing she can see them dance across the figures of tall trees still towering above.

They are stripped almost bare. The bolts had left scars, burning and tearing across the bark. Yet they still stood, so she did too.

Little by little she collected the fabric which seemed to coat her floor like the leaves across the forest, and hung strands up. With the window now pushed open the torn material, no longer sheltering her from the sun's glare, danced in the calm breeze. With just the birds song to guide her she felt a little of that warm goo once again, but did not dance today. She is tired, and the light begins to shine too bright once again.

But she does not close the window; she does not draw the veil. She sits and watches the birds dance with a sigh until the moon reappears.

The Future

Tomorrow will be louder.

Tomorrow the windows will open wider.

She won't stay inside to watch the breeze dance and the birds sing. She will join them.

And little by little the branches on each tree will regrow and reach up to the moon once again.

By then, then forest floor will not be still.

It will not be quiet.

She is there, dancing, she will move with the light of the moon and she will call out.

And then, then she will make a noise so bright that it will make someone, anyone, behind a far off window, held back by their own chains, look out and see a movement in the cold night.

They too will look, and be warmed by her song. And they will dance.

But for now, she waits, she listens, she watches.