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The Dance // Masnoon Majeed

A light October breeze relieved the air of her heat. The scant remnants of the mystical moonless glow penetrated the slow and shallow waves of the small lake. Sounds slept while the silence stirred.

Amidst the tranquility, a drop fell. It cracked the peaceful air, and agitated the sleeping lake. A sound was heard. The drop awoke the sleeping lake. It painfully teared her down. Her waves ran towards the edges seeking shelter from the fissure caused by the drop. They acted like a tear from the eye of an angel which escaped her face in embarrassment of having spoiled her beauty.

And Tear it was. A despondent boy stood on the desolate bridge. His eyes gazed at the mountains afar. Without the love of the moon or the shine of the sun, they lie there. Incomplete. Even though they wore a dense blanket of the majestic trees, when the mountains glanced at their reflection in the dimly lit lake they detected nothing but barren blackness.

The despondence of both, the boy and the mountains, reflected daringly on the thin black surface of the lake. It caused the lake to burst into tears as her waves overflowed and confusingly ran away from life.

The wind heard the cries. She rushed from the East to rescue the lake from her burdens.

A strange sound alerted the boy. The wind had breathed life into the dead leaves. They left their mortal abodes to become immortal in the dance of life. They gracefully danced and lit up the environs like fireflies in a deep dark cave. And thus, the tranquility happily gave way to the joviality.

The mountains heard the trees thanking them for the fertility that gave them life. As more and more trees sang the leafy prayer to their parents, a life blossomed in the mountains. The boy felt that life. Soon, the leaves made the entire atmosphere their stage, and danced freely under the music of the wind.

He closed his eyes, and breathed the entire scene. The dance of the leaves and music of the wind found home in the distant corners of his body where they rushed his blood flow. He listened to the prayers of the trees, and found their whispers throughout his heart. He had never lost love. It was all there. Al-

ways. Inside him.

Amidst the conviviality, another tear appeared. Like the life-giving tear of the Phoenix, it blessed everything that it impressed with the power of rejuvenation. It reanimated the somber lake, and allowed her to hear the music of the wind and to see the dance of the leaves.

As, the calm drop found its way into the distressed lake, it settled the dazzled waves like the body of the child who slowly falls prey to his mother's beautiful lullaby. And thus the lullaby soothed the lake, and propelled her back into her deep sleep. Soon, the sound slept and the silence stirred.