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QUIET REFLECTION

Jonathan Wilson

Time passes slowly for this man as he sits in front of his dusty typewriter next to the one window in his one-room apartment. He is motionless, waiting for something to happen. As the sun begins to set, shadows cast over the desk and a hot haze seeps through the glass and calmly rests atop his shoulders. His concentrated state provokes the search for words and cools the sweat induced by deep thought. This meditation triggers his hesitation. Ideas linger in his mind and swarm his soul but remain disconnected. The buzz of the breeze outside disrupts the man's thinking. For a brief moment, he cocks his head in time to see the streetlights appear on Sleepy Hollow Boulevard, where a woman walking her dog stops at a bench on the sidewalk to watch a car go whizzing by, disappearing around the curve. The man shifts his head and re-fixates his eyes on the keys, blurred by the dark ink in dark print. Lost in a struggle for answers to a defined sense of self, a part of him that has been forgotten, his mind wanders lazily, unable to find the strength to begin.

The clock continues to drain out the light as darkness creeps methodically throughout. Suddenly this darkness brings vision, clarity. The glare from the moon guides his questions of uncertainty. His hands introduce vitality as his fingers touch the keys, feel the keys, punch the keys. His focus locks in sync with the synchronized pulse of the typewriter. The man's blindness that once lingered is lost as little ink-sprayed characters flood out and arrive, etched on paper. This fresh visualization creates a wiry power in his grasp and directs the push from page one to page two.

The typing stops. Darkness steadily vanishes to light as letters visibly emerge off the paper. The man's eyes fail to blink, simply stare with clarity as he reads his manuscript in silence. There is a deep sparkle in his eye as he traces the words. As he reads he watches his words flow into the change he wished to see in his life. His pursuit of truth, need for meaning, and hope for resolution all converge into one. He has rebuilt himself; filling the void that has haunted his life since that night in late November.

For the first time in a long time the man stands up from his typewriter and walks to the window. Gazing through the mist that hovers across Sleepy Hollow his eyes reach beyond the now empty bench on the sidewalk and onto the woman over the fence. He sees her lean down and place a bouquet of flowers on the gravesite in front of her. As he watches the woman wrap her arm around her dog, he glances to the memorial on her left. While the fog blurs his initial vision of the engraved words on the stone surface, the image of the funeral lingers. Tracing a moment from his past, a tear drips from his eye. Steadily, with time, he will escape from his caged emotions and embrace reality. As the man turns and walks back to the desk, an uncharted calmness eclipses the echoes of his suffering. As he sits down, the reflection of the last few words are imprinted into his soul: You will always remain a part of me. I will never forget you.