Envision

The breeze slaps about the curtains, like the billowing sails of an archaic galleon crossing the harsh, midnight oceans. An eminent man sits, welcoming the whipping wind sailing through the curtains. The rains pelt outside. The crashing thunder admitted by the eternal skies was nothing in comparison to the harsh conditions of the ocean. Had the rain been of a salty flavour, it might’ve unveiled the key to his locked memory. Alas, that time had passed. Squinting, the cardboard skin enveloping his obscured eyes, the man reminisced upon a time he couldn’t recall. He was cheating his incorrigible used-by date by this stage. The timber situated within his frame was prone to warping much like the majestic deck that had once deigned its erudite presence.
“Sir, your dinner is becoming chilled.”
Her voice, although aged much like his own, was still smooth and articulated. “Please, leave it over on the coffee table, Elise.”
Even knowing that it’d escape his memory as usual, she set it down, regardless. Her fine hands spread her skirt as she curtsied in an almost permission to leave the room. The man neglected to notice, seemingly, continuing to stare out at the pelting disarray outside.

His mind had however, already escaped the restricted confines of reality; the rain was no longer within his vision, but a metamorphosing image on a green screen where the syrupy sun trickled through the shadows and poured onto the shrubbery. The specks of gold that pivoted and orbited around yellowy streams of light fell softly, sprinkling the sweet stalks of waist high grass, swinging in the breeze. Tugged into a warm glow, the garden was lifted and pulled as a wind wheel spun through the luminescent labyrinth.

Alighting upon the very tip of her wing, one of the golden, tiny flecks that whirled, sometimes suspended in the air had caught the light; momentarily blinding the gentleman, but nevertheless, ensnaring him. Pirouetting and careening, she avoided the persistent threat of the flicking glass flipping in the gentle breeze; a twisted ballet, where the final curtain could formulate an authentic reality. A harsh paradise. Her glimmering wings fluttered around her, encircling her dark, dainty body as she spiralled through irresolution and indecision, whether to flitter around the petals or go join the others on the course of a new home. The once favoured family beckoned, but she stayed in her orbit, preferring the pillar of activity to the familiarity of souls.

The man’s heart beat more intensely with each flutter, clinging in suspense as she danced. As Caroline danced.
The golden flecks were her sunny tresses; the petals, her dance floor.
If only he could glide away with her… Hopelessly falling, hovering and falling.
Sailing through the air.
Some, Cupid catches with memory. With recognition.

The accelerating beating of his heart was a replication of the pounding in his ears; with only the embossed hairs on the apex of goosebumps acting as a hint of the façade. Darting through and around the piercing rays of warmth, it became a game, the beams potentially spearing her from the sky, her home. He was mesmerised. Drawn to her like a magnet to steel; the rhythm of her movement entangled the essence of his being. Every atomic structure in his body was intricately intertwined with the idea of her, with the effortless rhythm she possessed.

It was an appetite he never knew he had. One he didn’t know he could remember. He was captured by this miniscule... majestic creature.

Fixedly gazing, he was willing her to cease her relentless, but almost natural motions to go away with him again, to take the dive and snap the cardinal laws of Mother Earth. To break the extrapolating chain of existence. But a fairy tale, life was not.

“Do you require anything else, Sir?”
Elise remained patient, a few paces away. The man shifted in his chair, but otherwise neglected to relieve a response. The drizzle had begun to sneak into the room through the open window, and prior to leaving, the girl moved to close it. She was however, stopped with a smooth, but well aged hand, suddenly ripped from the reverie.
“I enjoy the rain.” He murmured. “Please.”

Loitering about the busy city, the clouds relayed their miserable intentions on the melancholy people. Stomping around, trenching through the puddles, with dark coats, dark eyes and sharp movements. The black umbrellas were held aloft, fighting with each other to pass without inversing. The man sees everything; a smirk hidden under this white and waxed moustache. Seated on his three legged stool, with his oversized easel in front of him, he mixes the colours; relaying the true personalities of the apparently utilitarian population. Mashing the hues together, a fantasy world of a cityscape configured before his eyes.
With one face visible, peering through the window of a high rise apartment.

To the city people, the it is lucky, encompassed through the window’s glassy protection.
To the businessman, inconvenienced by the cloudburst, the boy is invisible.
To the painter, he is detained within endless world of crystal.

The man continued to combine the colours together, where a kaleidoscopic crowd had formed, filling the full, yet empty streets like an overflowing tributary. The faces hidden, where the clothing shaped into a new fashion; one previous to its period. The drab clothes revolutionised into illuminated garments, shining like a reflection of light through a hundred lenses.
He has a new inspiration. She’d spun her pirouettes back into his hands, into his brush, his mind. The solemn frowns of the crowds ameliorated into grins like little specks of gold prancing around beams of light. The puddles dissolved with the sun admitting her face on the canvas, free for all to see as the paint solidified.

The labyrinth-like halls are filled with the murmurs of ladies and gentlemen alike. A teacher frantically works to herd her class of sheep-like children through the busy corridors from artwork to artwork. The curator ushers them over to a variegated painting in which the attention of the children is snatched by the blinding hues. “This, boys and girls, is the work of an aged painter. He is said to have stared out into the storming weather, deriving this from the hastened people.” However, the children hadn’t heard the description. The attention that had once been captivated had now been snatched by another work. Before leaving, one of the students however, shyly raises her hand. “What’s it called?” A pleased smile spread across the curator’s face. “Envision.”