Daphnée Chauvette October 29th, 2020

**Creative writing**

Part one: The innocent dancer. For a moment it’s February. Excitement’s in the air as he thought he didn’t want to go but changed his mind last minute. She’s happy. Of course, the show’s sold out so her ‘’roomy’’ saves the day by finding a ‘’sketchy’’ ticket on social media so he can join them. That’s just how she is. The usual routine of the pre-party can start. Chilled moments of shared anticipation of the event followed by the reunion of the whole group. Smiles. The type of smiles you get from simple pleasures of enjoying the company of loved ones and the possibility of encountering new people. As the movements of following the rhythm overthrows the ‘’chitchatting’’, small exchanges require proximity and silent gazes of enjoyment. Lights flashing, feet moving, arms flying around, a twist, a duet, a laugh. Lightness. Carefree. This evening was one for the books.

Part 2: The Opportunistic dancer. Life has changed with the coronavirus. They have not danced nor seen each other for months. They had so much planned, but it is not the time for these thoughts. Restrictions are getting lighter, days longer, sun is out, birds are singing. New permissions allow the new motto: a new day a new park. Every time they meet, they are discussing where and when to dance. They plan a first evening just the four of them. Girls night. What a relief. Decorations, beach themed party, make up, dress up, lights on, music. For the first time in months, the vibrations get to their heart which translates to their feet. Few times they will recreate such an atmosphere, until a pinch starts growing in their stomach. Nobody grasps it just yet. A feeling no one dares to discuss. They act as if it the movements following the music are as smooth, as random, as liberating. They forgot that dancing is a language, so what they were trying to keep for themselves they communicated all along. They are on the same page. To cover it up, they go from renting cottages, walking in the woods, roadtripping, travelling as far as allowed, and more dancing. Something’s missing. It grows stronger. Another attempt. Fake it till you make it isn’t it? What if it’s not?

Part 3: The Bored dancer. The crowd is missing. The possibility to encounter is missing. That feeling you get when everybody is in their respective group and for a moment you look around and you share a brief connexion is missing. The DJ is missing. The proper speakers that surround you with music and lift your body when you let it vibrate to the songs are missing.

Part 4. The Sleeping dancer. Sun sets. It is 5pm. It is dark and cold. In the blink of an eye leaves have turned red, orange, yellow. Some say it is their favorite time of the year, some others the darkest. Longer days are stories of the past. Let’s heat up a cup of tea before bursting into cries. The girls who had the energy to dance and try to make the most out it, are out of it for now, out of ideas to feel.