Daphnée Chauvette December 3rd, 2020

**Creative writing – first submission**

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.

**Creative Re-writing: Dancing escapade**

Beautiful moments are inscribed in simplicity of the unexpected and the complexity of human relations between themselves and nature. Beautiful moment is what I had with my friends one evening of August. It was beautiful for it was dancing. A dance coming from within but enhanced by all the beauty that was out. Togetherness. We were sitting on the shore of the gigantic lake guarded by the myth of the monster Ashuap. We were not scared of it; we were touched and reunited. It added a mysterious energy to the lake, to its changing moods at different hours. Always inviting although intimidating. Sometimes noisy, sometimes calm, sometimes moving, sometimes completely still, influenced by what it is within and out. Maybe the monster humanized the lake and gave it the power to displace the fear and the discomfort of life since the coronavirus has begun. As we were admiring the lake, the stars and listening to the sound of the night, the crackle of the fire and the music on the speaker; we got up. It could have been seen from afar that the lake had called upon us to approach it. The six of us drawn by the energy of the water – union of the sky as the stars were reflected on the riddles of the lake dancing to the changing wind and the six of us. The love we share and the commencing of the dancing as we were a mirroring the lake. Our movements were accompanied by the rhythms of the music, the riddle of the waves, the dancing stars reflecting on the calm yet agitated waters. It was a flow that began slowly and became more energized. Dancing was energizing and the energy was guiding the dancing. Our auras were flamboyant. We could hear the passing of energies coming and going through and between our bodies. Nature, music, and us felt like one element. One but multiple movements. United. As cheesy as it sounds it was magic. After months of dancing inside the walls of my small apartment we were finally enjoying the immensity of the lake, the moving of the wind, the infinity of the shining sky. We had not danced as such in forever, literally. I learned that dancing was more than a series of movements driven by music.

Dancing is emotions, a mixture between everything around you and a moment with yourself. It vibrates, it moves you deeper than your movements. You are so present in the moment (your feet cold from the sand), that you are unaware of where your body is going next (a toe touching the shore of the late), you are too busy spreading your arms around, turning, jumping and smiling to understand the precise moves you are doing. We are dancing through and beyond the movement of the wave. Therefore, we are movement, we are love, we are beautiful.

This was the beautiful evening when my friends and I we escaped Covid through dancing. Or maybe dancing escaped us from ourselves.