

A moment of joy



Moon and stars

Again that feeling was sweeping over her, that powerful yet intangible feeling that comes with a scent, with a stirring in the evening air, with an acute awareness of all the tiny specific details that make up a moment. She was wonderfully alone and free in a gigantic foreign city, enjoying a perfect evening on a balcony in the sky. Everything was as it should be. There was order and meaning to the universe. The world was a good place to be, filled with moments such as these. Celia felt strangely and beautifully at peace, yet elated and giddy all at once, suddenly in love but with no one in particular. The sweetness of the summer breeze now possessed her fully, rendering her mad with euphoria, ready to dance naked on rooftops, to float up into the stars on the sheer strength of her will, to scream her joy into the night, to kiss a stranger...