

I open the door and stand still.

'Yeah, right, as if it could be anything else' – I say seeing the face of a woman, standing several meters away from me. Her hair seems to be freshly cut, and its tint hints of a recent recolouring. The scene is filled with bright light, but I still cannot bring myself to recognize her face. I feel my heart trembling slightly, my throat tightening, and my eyes getting warmer, watery...

How many doors, arcs, gates, waterfalls, and curtains have I passed; how many mounds, cliffs, and mountains have I climbed... yet every time I see the new horizon, there is always this seemingly omnipresent element. How come?

She wears the same hair, the same outfit. Though I can never quite see the items themselves, with time, I got to know what they are. This realization together with my slight confusion and disappointment both calm and scare me, at the same time. Her outfit.

On her feet, she wears my childhood play. Neurotic grins of the bullies, know-it-all self-righteous smiles, the wide-open eyes of the weak and repressed. Laughs and puns, kicks and punches coming and going. The soft gaze of my first little muse. Starting right there and leading up to her thighs are the first school years. They shine with beginnings of close friendships and vicious rivalries. Where they meet the hips, there is my first love. There is a strong hypnotic quality to restless patterns building up there. As they continue further up, my adolescent years take over. So far chaotic, form and colour start polarizing into black and white figures, all angles equal. I see there... I see my passion for knowledge and reliable truths emerging from those forms. I see the fading attempts to fit into a collective, where I never belonged; the breaking of the bonds, which kept me attached. I hear their rumble where her stomach is.

And this is it. When she starts moving. Hiding one leg behind the other, changing again and again. Stopping for a second, she lets me fix my eyes on her gracious back, where I see my strongest friendships cultivate the mind, creativity, attempts to become better at things that do matter. Oh, how I love the movements of her shoulders, for there they are – the wings, lifting me above attachment to place, letting me bring my passion to another; land there and stand straight before the yet unknown future.

The movements of her hands. They are too fast for me to catch, but I can see the silhouette of her elbows interfering with the flowing patterns, with each movement. I see law in this dance, still the more I assume, the more complex her movements get. The waving, rhythmical wonder. I feel her dance resonating with my heartbeat, my breath leading me to the next step forward, another one. A red light blinds my sight. It is the Sun above her, reflecting from the burning red dye of her hair. Blinded, I am sensing warmth beneath my feet, wind touching my skin and bringing a subtle, most exciting smell of joy in anticipation. As the sight returns, I find myself in the same place, yet colours and patterns earlier manifested in her form are now shining and moving all around us. There is still a woman standing in front of me. A beautiful woman with enchanting thighs, gracious posture, and fiery hair. Many others are now around her. Women and men, moving with a strangely sophisticated account for the dancing landscape. In this enormous ball, I see fiery red shining here and there; I see places, where colours and forms get prominent, robust, and clear, and I know in an instant, that I am welcome there.

As I am standing still again, it comes to me.

'Thank you' – I tell her.

My whole body filled with warmth; Muscles gathering strength; I am taking her by hand and continue going forward. With a deep breath on every step. Every step made steady. Hearing the echo of my footsteps mixing with the rhythmic dance of colours and forms – coming back to my ears as a grandiose melody.