

In the Middle of Chaos – Angelina Russo

Rustic smells. Antique appliances. In a room full of people, yet so alone. Fancy clothes, work scrubs. Even island attire. Slippers and sandals. Heels and sneakers. So many conversations – it all begins to slur. Miles and miles from home, the baby's smile is the slightest sign of happiness. Delicious food that does not seem to fill the void. Missing precious time as if to blink and milestones have gone by. She knows this is the time – the time to make memories. But how can she get by? EMERGENCY EXIT. Closer and closer. Faster and faster, can you hear the heart beat? Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock. Time is racing by. Out of mind, out of body – detached from the commotion. As she stares into colorful waters.

Surrounded by laughter

Undivided by walls

She will not be bound

The clear abyss of vibrant seas. The distraction of sadness. Happiness, bliss. Drowning in smiles. But are they real? Or a mere diversion? Can one really be this happy and be faking? Truly...you miss the old ways and the ones far away. But this is where time begins. Time starts when you step foot outside the box. Time starts when you leave what you knew to begin what you are.

Winding roads

Varying weather

Smile at the unknown

The happiness in his eyes. The innocence. The simplicity. What will he become? Where will he go? Will he be sad to leave? Will he be happy to set out? The mystery continues. Missing the days of worry-free hours. Not having a care in the world. Loved by all. Judged by none. Considered to be perfect unaffected by the circus. Lions and tigers clawing at your strings to see how far they can pull 'til you break. Never really noticed at such a young age. Innocence is killed early. The tight rope grows thinner and thinner as the audience watches in wonder.

Is innocence a gift?

Or is it a curse?

Your demise fills the outside thirst

Look at her – look at them. What was running through her mind? Did it occur where she was going? Odd stares and creepy laughter as if to say, “what are you doing and who must you be?” The diamond gets lost in the rubble if it goes unnoticed. Sometimes it's what is small that is most important. The things you should be seeing. Maybe you have looked but never really seen. It amazes me the things that go unnoticed as daily life passes by. Breathe. Look and really see. Feel. Taste. Touch. Take it all in. Diamonds will shine when polished with wine.

*The sky is dark*

*Friends embark*

*The sun has shone*

*This trip has eased the inside ache. Lost on nameless roads. Turning this way and that. Shrieks of terror and laughs of amusement. Happy to arrive at the destination they were headed for. Horseshoes were served. Cheesy goodness enjoyed. Burgers devoured. Lemon juice galore – one girl cries out in disgust. Words flow faster than comprehension as girls sit in amazement. Baseball or the news? Music or the crowd? Which will be your guilty pleasure? Conversations of many. Drinks of a few. Diversity all in one room. Not sure how the night will end but curiosity feeds the mind. Bliss fills the soul as sadness is left behind. No longer is she missing those moments that pass her by. They explored the paths before them. Getting lost in the maze. Together they will never be afraid. Take a swing at life and you will survive.*

*Journeys and adventures*

*Are life's greatest treasures*

*Friends write the story*