

With the touch of a new dawn

Isabella Sestoso

There I was, standing in a dark, empty, rotting field. I could feel the brown, rough dirt beneath my feet and the gush of a lonely wind. It felt almost as if the life was pulled out of this poor land and the sadness of this field was starting to draw upon me too. *My* life was getting pulled out of me. All I could feel was sorrow and regret, knowing that I was the only one left. Knowing my loved one left like the green grass that once laid on this floor. Knowing I would soon leave this world. Am I alone? Is this world all that's left? Am I all that's left? I didn't want to leave just yet, but I didn't want to stay. I stood there, staring into the distance. The trees that previously felt the joy and happiness that I did, were dark, dead, and destroyed. I needed to give it a spark, the spark that would resurrect this field, but do I really have what it takes? Do I still have my own spark? Am I capable of reviving this land? I shut my eyes and listened to the howls of the wind and the lonely voices of the deceased.

The breeze began to accelerate its pace. I felt the tickles of the wind surrounding me. Except, it didn't feel like the wind. It wasn't. It was the fingertips of my loved one, embracing me. Tears started to fall from my eyes. Tears of happiness. With my eyes still shut, I cried into their arms. The feelings of their touch made me feel a sense of belonging. A smile started to shine on my face, giggles started to fill the silence, but I wish those 30 seconds lasted for forever. I felt alive again, I wasn't that lonely girl anymore. I was **inspired**. I opened my eyes to see the dirt below me had become fresh, beautiful, green grass. I was shocked. I lifted my feet from the ground and started walking at a slow pace. Each step I took turned the dirt into something alive. I ran joyfully across the land. Everything was alive again. I held on to the trees only to see them become prepossessing again. My memories were unlocked, I remembered my younger self running around the flourishing field, playing with the dandelions and tulips, getting lost in the tall grass and making friends with the bugs.

I looked around at what I created. I dropped myself to the floor and stared into the bright sky. I thought to myself, maybe I'm not so alone after all. At first sight, I didn't think I could change anything, but I **inspired** the field with the only drop of happiness I had left. It wasn't a lot, but I risked giving it up and it grew into something even bigger.