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Dancing Lights

Excitement is like dancing lights swirling and fluttering in my stomach. I am so excited that my chest hurts! The blinding lights overpower my young heart with hopes and dreams. With merry, sparkling eyes, it entices me to take hold of a life's adventure beyond what I have ever taken.

When I am excited, my heart rises, to that of a fierce forest fire beneath the full moon's eye. My hands tremble like a roaring sea at sunset, my cheeks glow like roses, and my feet are swift and eager like a falcon on the wings of the wind. I am confident as a whirlwind!

My long-confined self swept off from that high shelf! When I am excited, the world is vibrant and gay! Full of fun and excitement, does the world suddenly hold in store for me! I feel like I can climb to the highest mountain of my potential, dancing along the way! The heavy chains of society and the foolish care about how people see me have vanished! And so much more!

When I am excited, it shows what I am all fired up about! What I enjoy! I show my excitement when acting in a play, playing fun and physical games at girl's camp, or more to the chase—dancing! I feel like a roaring tigress bounding across rushing, thunderous rivers and up into the gentle, caressing whispers of the tall pines.

My focus switches from my hesitant choices and movements to that of a daredevil, which, without a firm grip, will lead to destruction. But I love the freedom I feel! So, I must be careful and observant. But that does not mean I cannot still experience excitement, and I shall!