

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Lost in the moment

by Sho Botham

She raced across the floor in pursuit of her happiness. Knowing concentration would carry her into flow. Into the zone where she no longer had to think. No longer had to try. No longer had to cope with anxieties or distractions. When she was in flow she was lost in the moment of her performance. This is where her happiness lay – in the optimal experience of all she works for each day in the dance studio.

Being lost in the moment is a magical experience. It is when she discovers again the sheer joy of dancing. The exhilaration of dancing without worry. That moment when something else takes over transporting her to a state of being at one with herself and her performance.

In flow she is oblivious to past mistakes. Her feet instinctively know what they are doing. Her body instinctively knows what it's doing. And her soul is at its most expressive.

This is what all the hours, days, weeks and years in the dance studio have been for. It's never about the job, the money or the fame. It's about feeling in the zone that is often elusive in the studio. But under the lights, in front of an audience, she finds flow. She finds her happiness.

Fully immersed in the zone, she dances with the music. It's in her soul. Her body moves without sharp edges. It is smooth. One movement blending seamlessly with the next. She leaves the floor, flying high into the air. Landing with a softness that years of hard work enabled.

Sweat trickles down her back until it meets her pink tights under the cotton leotard with shoestring straps. She relishes the sweat, the heat, the focus that keeps her in flow.

She feels good. She feels ecstatic. She feels happy. Success in the pursuit of her happiness. Would it be the same next time?

She felt herself flying through the air but this was different. She's wasn't in flow.

There was no next time. No getting into flow. No optimal experience. No being in the zone.

She was a mess.

Like a broken doll, she lay on the road. Her right leg at a strange angle on the tarmac. A pool of blood seeping from her head. The car that hit her stood still and silent. its driver unable to stop shaking.

Lights flashed in her face. sirens blasted her ears. Muffled distant voices came and went. She could feel her body being transported but not into flow. Instead there was a heaviness. She couldn't work out what was happening.

She sensed speed and racing through space. But she was not in her zone.

More voices, a greater sense of no longer being at one with her body. She drifted in and out of consciousness - no idea of where she was. Dreams of being in flow filled her head - remembering what it was like to be at one with herself and her performance. She smiled one last time.