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Escape

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Escape

Description

Sometimes worlds live inside your mind that you return to between breaths and sink into. Sometimes they're blissful. Sometimes they're sad. Most times it's a strange combination of both, not unlike the tangle of ascent and descent that characterizes our daily lives. Sometimes imaginations aren't that different from reality, except sometimes they feel more real.

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About the Contributor

Charis Chen is a psychology student from Malaysia. She loves exploring ideas and building relationships with people through conversation and writing. For her, words are a beautiful gift, providing endless opportunities to cherish the past, savor the present, and anticipate the future.

Escape

I crave the snowflake brush of wind across my cheek
as I walk down a foggy street alone, store lights casting hugs dimly
into the air. I crave the tinkering warmth of tea
with cream and sugar in the silence

of carpet and armchairs in a room lined
with floral wallpaper and aging photographs. I crave these
places because it's there that I feel real.

The fairytales only ever talk of being real as a blissful dream come true. Yet as a tattered toy rabbit
will
tell you, there's no one else like him, and soon, the wonder of being real threads into a linting mound
of
fabric loneliness, too worn to love, too soft to not wrap around something else, and too thin to not
tear.

I crave the footsteps of unspoken words and the
fetal vulnerability of curling up
under a blanket in an
armchair.

What feels most real eventually becomes clear to me --
in a place where I have no land, my breath bestows
my land.