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Those Emerald Eyes

The night air cooled the sweat on my brow as I opened the door. The constant flowing sound of the fountain was all that could be heard as we walked to the circular courtyard outside. The night sky was a dark navy blue, yet the stars shone brilliantly, piercing through the dark with specks of bright light. Light spray from the fountain's pool tickled the thin hairs on my hand as I sat down on the cold fountain's concrete edge. The strong scent of the freshly cut grass and the newly primed flowers filled the air as I sighed a deep sigh. Nothing could have been better at that time in my life than that night, prom night, at the Clinton Library.

The courtyard was a circle of tiled stones with a path leading into and out of the building. Each tile looked as if it were made of glass, as if one could see his or her reflection with every step. This courtyard complemented the building well because the building was amazing in itself. With a tilt of the head, I could see the awe-inspiring height of this wonder. The glass windows were wide enough that one could see not only the flashing lights of the pulsating party but also the frantic dancers themselves. The view was like a picture in a brochure. The walls before me seemed so impossible, so distant that the idea that I was there was hard to grasp.

Once inside, I was overwhelmed by the sights I had to take in. Throughout the white halls, pictures graced the walls, each with a golden plaque commemorating the photo and the people in them. The Master Ballroom was a massive open room with a glossy wooden floor and large glass windows overlooking the illuminated courtyard and often-congested highway.

Although the library was a beautiful sight, it was not to be the focus of my attention for the remainder of the evening.

When I was sitting on the cold concrete bordering the ever-flowing fountain, the wind blew some dry brown leaves and shook the thin, pallid branches of the maple trees. The light that the stars shone was perfect to behold the beauty of my date, who sat beside me. Every feature of her face was brought forth by each drop of light the stars provided. Her eyes seemed to be made of scintillating emeralds. Her lovely mahogany hair was in a loose wave, her cheeks as delicate as porcelain. Her lips were a deep cerise as she smiled at me. Even her coral-pink dress seemed more extravagant in that light as I admired her beauty. A brilliant smile lit up her face as she smiled, and her cheeks turned a rosy pink upon realizing that she had my full attention. Every word that she said sounded as lovely as a legato sonata, as if she were singing with every word. I could see the stars reflecting in her eyes, shimmering and dancing as we stood nervously. The warmth of her hand on mine suddenly coursed through my body, and a sudden shiver soared up my spine. I became numb to the outside world. Everything that surrounded me, from the fountain and courtyard to the library, became insignificant as all the world's beauty waned as if in the shadow of this moment. The brisk wind gusts blowing my hair, the chattering of people leaving the library, and the clapping sound of my own footsteps were all blocked out of my notice.

Everything seemed as if it had changed after that earth-shattering encounter with the woman of my dreams. The biting cold beckoned us to leave the courtyard. That was to be the end of that glorious evening.

Later, as I looked into the face of the moon, I pictured that moment when the world became one beautiful image. I felt that warmth in my heart again. Occasionally, I look up at the

stars and try to see them the way I did that night, bright and sparkling, yet soft and warm.

However, nothing is the same anymore, and I know that the only world left that makes sense to me rests in those emerald eyes.