

Flow State

There will be a moment, however brief, where you will feel it. The world will stop for only a millisecond, and you will feel something inside you snap. After that it is continuous. Your hands will start to move, free of your mind's control. Your feet will carry you exactly where you need to go. Let go of your body. Fall into the rhythm.

I have worked at this place for nearly five years. The last two have been inconsistent, coming back on breaks from school to get in a few hours here and there. In the time that has elapsed, I have undergone more change than is quantifiable. Though, really, I suppose no amount of change is quantifiable.

I started here when I was fifteen. For roughly the first year, I worked with my sister. She had gotten me the job, and I did not know it back then, but that is possibly the greatest thing she has ever done for me. This place has changed my life for the better.

I worked all the way through high school, building my savings only to destroy them with my fast food habits. This place became a part of my personality, a part of who I am. When I left two summers ago, I was terrified. I was leaving a piece of me in the past. I would be moving three hours from one of the most important places in my life. The goodbyes were bittersweet. I knew I would return, but in a way it was goodbye forever.

The next summer, I had changed, and so had the theater. We had new staff and new machines and new policies. It did not feel like the theater I left. Everything was so different. I barely knew half my coworkers, and I hardly had time to adjust to the new changes before being thrown into what was possibly one of the most chaotic and terrifying summers of my life. He was there. I am not happy about that anymore. His presence tarnished this place for me, even when we were on good terms. Last summer it felt so wrong to be here.

It feels different this time though. I feel at home again. The people here know me, but that isn't why it feels so much safer. I think it feels safer because I have come to know myself

better. I have been through hell, and I came out with scratches, bruises, and scrapes, but I came out whole. For one of the first times in my life, I feel like I am myself. I feel like I am a real person. This place holds a piece of my heart in it. It is good to be back.

There is a moment, when I first get back, every time I come home for break. It is the moment when the world snaps. I can feel something break. It is freeing, like there's a mental block I've built up around me, like there's a tension that grows the longer I'm away from this place. The second it gets busy, the second I start to remember what it means to work here, I can feel it. There is a pause. A small, only barely observable, yet undeniable moment, where everything in my brain stops.

And then I feel it. Old gears start to turn once more; my muscle memory takes control of my body; and my brain is freed from whatever ensnaring thoughts it was trapped in. When everything resumes I have become a different creature altogether. My hands, my body, they are my own, but not quite the same as they were. They become those of a fifteen year old me, those of a me who was scared to lose their sister to college, those of a me who was naive to the emotional carnage He was yet to enact. All in a single instant, I become every version of myself, all at once, moving fluidly through space.

A piece of me resides in this place. I think I will leave it here for a while. This place has so many stories that I still have yet to see come to life.