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Last Dawn from a Balcony

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Rise and Shine
Jayna Burch

Last Dawn from a Balcony

Emma Tran

Opening the balcony's door, suddenly getting blasted by the fresh air of the morning, I woke my friend up to enjoy that wonderful scene.

The clouds were so soft just like feather pillows. I felt like there was a whole fairy village hiding in those soft clouds. The sun was starting to rise a little bit, so the sky was still dark. The bottom of the sky was a tiny part of the sun, yet it was so bright, then a masterpiece which I later realized was the connection of the brightness of the sun to the darkness of the sky. At that part, it caused a diffraction, it was neither bright nor dark. It made me feel that the sun had a halo on its head. Above the sun is the ash blue color of the sky; I will never forget the color of the sky that morning, because it was like my feelings and my mind at that time. My soul felt so sad and hurt just like the ash blue color, but my mind was so happy and excited just like the yellow of the sun. And the connection of brightness and the darkness was my thinking at that time. I was confused, nervous, felt like I was lost and would get lost. "Oh, that connection of the brightness and the darkness was so beautiful, but what is that called?" I asked myself. I did not

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know what it was called, like I did not know what I was thinking at that time. Every time I look back to that memory, it hurts but I do not know why. My friend and I rented an apartment from a building in Ho Chi Minh City, and it was surrounded by a street market. Luckily, the apartment faced the east, so we could always see the sunrise. But we never did, we were always too busy with studying and working. That was the first time I enjoyed the sunrise with my friend and probably the last time too. That was the last time I lived with her in this apartment because I would go to the U.S. in two more days. The reason we could wake up that early was we did not sleep. I was just

laying with her on the sofa in the living room, hugged her in my arms and when the sun rose, she had already slept. The sofa was so soft that I just wanted to lay there with her for the rest of my life, but I had to wake up. I needed to capture the beauty of the sunrise for the last time. I called her to walk out to the balcony with me, but she did not wake up. Grabbing a pack of cigarettes with me, I stepped out to the balcony. The moment I walked out, the freshness of the air soaked in my skin. Sitting on the ground, I took the first cigarette and lit it up, slowly inhaled. The slowness of the sunrise made everything frozen, even my mind. I was terribly busy at that time. My mom called me multiple times, asked me to go home as soon as possible to start packing up for the flight. I used up all the reasons that came to my mind to stay at that apartment as long as I could. But eventually, I still needed to go home. I was stressed, smoked a lot, and very frustrated. Thanks to the dawn,

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I finally could calm myself down. The smoky smell of the cigarettes between my fingers, the burning engine oil smell of the smoke from motorcycles, the savory smell of food from the market, the tweeting noise from birds, the loud noise from the airplanes in the sky, the noise from the sellers in the market, sounded like they were having a fight because I heard something like "This is mine, you need to move!" The combination might seem so chaotic, but to me it was very peaceful. Maybe because I was used to it and thanks to that chaotic situation, I forgot about my problem and could enjoy the sunrise. After half of the pack of cigarettes had gone, my friend finally woke up, stepped out with me. At that time, the sun had already risen very high. I stopped smoking, walked inside with her. The light brightened all the living room. Everything was so clear, the sunlight was dancing on the floor, the sofa, and my friend. It was wandering on her hair, her perfect black hair that I always love. She was still sleepy. She yawned and looked at me. "Come here," she said. We laid on the sofa. The sunlight walking on her skin made me have an hallucination because it felt like she had a halo all over her body. I was the one who welcomed the sunlight to that room, but she was the one who was bathed by it.