

Sensory Writing

Standing here, in this arena that's larger than five of my houses, I feel like a needle in a haystack. So many people surround me it's like I'm a little grain of sand in a huge ocean. The people in round gymnasium all form a crimson, white, and blue rainbow. Their shirts mesh together like a finely woven shirt with different colors strings. Smelling the concession stand foods, makes me feel like a starving child. The aroma of the melted cheese on nachos, makes me want to be outside having a picnic. The smell of tenderly cooked hot-dogs makes my stomach growl wishing I had some. I can taste the hamburgers as somebody walks by with one. The warm meat, with a sweet barbecue sauce is delicious.

Then, a man on a loud intercom yells for the players to come out. The roar of the people surrounding me is like being right behind the jet of an airplane. The deafening noise makes me squint my eyes. I open them though and stand of the lightly cushioned seat. I clap my hands along with the other fans, and my hands feel greasy after just eating a hot piece of pizza. My mouth still has the pasty, saucy taste of the slice in my mouth. I look down towards the court where the players have now started shooting baskets. Their brightly colored uniforms stand out in the glare of the spotlights above. The court has a waxy look, like it was just swept, and the glass backboards, have a shine as bright as a new car.

The band starts playing a song and the crowd swings their arms back and forth through the air. The mass of people moving looks like a field of wheat blowing in a spring breeze. A lady rubs up against me as she moves down the aisle. Her jeans have cracks, and they feel as dry as a lizards skin that has spent the day in the desert. Her sweatshirt contrasts the dry feeling of the jeans. It is made of a soft cotton that makes me think of a bunny's fur. Then a man in front of me comes to his seat with a glass of lemonade. The tangy smell makes me squint thinking somebody running their fingernails down a chalkboard.

And then the game ends. The crowd all wearing smiles like they had just one a prize. Few others, scream and pout as they waddle down the stairs to the doorway. The noise has greatly decreased giving my ears a rest. It is down to a dull roar, like a breeze blowing around leaves. My feet and hands ache from being pounded for nearly three hours. Passing the bathroom, a dirty, smell flies in the air. It is like walking through an old abandoned building that hasn't been cleaned in years. And then I step outside. And smell the fresh air. And my mind clears. Remembering times in an empty park on a spring day. I watch car after car pass by while walking to mine. Some are brightly polished, reflecting the sun. Others have of dull, dusty look. Every few cars make a sharp squeak as they brake. The exhaust fills the air and makes me think of a grimy factory. And then I reach my car. Sitting in the warm, soft seat, I lost my thoughts and fall asleep.

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