

airbnb

[by Sophia Dimdam 02/24/25]

there are mazes in my mind. driving on paths that meet at crossroads, intersecting each other. the puddles of possibility, entwined with a barrage of 20 or so outcomes, splash on the car paint. floating words lodge themselves between the windshield wipers. some are locked behind wooden cabinets as big as mountains, others left out on the sidewalk marble caskets. premieres of the past occasionally flicker on the sky's canvas until memory's film roll runs out. regrets sometimes regress, and the constellations observe as sadness becomes routine.

the silhouette of joy barely visits anymore. It comes and goes like a faint acquaintance. it does get lost in the labyrinths created by my thoughts, and doesn't recover its gps' sense of direction for months. taking detours, scenic routes, until it recognizes the way back. and here it comes, passing doubts spray painted on the alley's brick walls. past self-sabotage books, its fingers tracing wanted posters.

it returns, and the room is instantly enveloped in golden-yellow light, honeycomb rays dripping from everything in sight. each nook and crevice of the room is whispering salutations to the figure, hoping it would stay a long while. so it does. blowing thick layers of dust off the grand piano, it chirps a little song to the orbs of my dreams and passions placed on tempered glass shelves. it looks out, and the intricate, winding roads that have created confusion have now gone.

construction has commenced, paths straightening, clearing out enough space for me to breathe. it is bliss, and even the cobwebs seem woven together with jewels.

when the silhouette's stay comes to an end, the room is remodeled. painted in black and blue. the piano shoved out the window, all the shelved snow globes packed into boxes for donation. the cobwebs dusted away. all these in preparation for the next visitor.