

Music of the Night

As I move, I feel his eyes on me. The music speaks to me as my body moves to the rhythm. I hear my friend's horrible singing along with the song as my eyes scan the crowd. My heart beats faster as the music becomes higher. My hands are above my head and my hips are swaying. My head is pounding with the music. I am one with the crowd. The moving mob being controlled by a rhythm created by a Hollywood god.

I felt his presence closer than before. My eyes rapidly darted from corner to corner of the crowded dance floor. The lights made me almost dizzy as the beat of the song became faster. My body moved back and forth with the crowd. Then suddenly everyone froze. He was here. Right before me his figure came closer. His lips were an inch away from mine, his eyes searching my eyes, our foreheads touching. Then the music played again and his lips crashed into mine.