

I Believe In Magic

At five years old, I believed in magic. Everyday, I searched for it in the rising of the sun, the roots of the great oak tree in my backyard, the steady tapping of the rain against my bedroom window- and everyday, I couldn't find it. However, my insistence on the reality of the mystical persisted. There was no other explanation in my mind for how the world could be so beautiful and bright. I lived in a land of stories, galavanting with fables and conversing with creatures unseen by the human eye. I firmly believed that this world would come for me someday; that in the nest of a bird, in the reflection of the morning dew, I would truly find the magic I pursued.

At ten years old, my belief began to waver. I started to realize that I had found no fables in the twisted roots of the great oak tree in my backyard, no fairies hiding in the crevices of my bedroom floor. The world had become eerily explained. The colors I had been surrounded by began to dull, and the rain stopped carrying any trace of the mystical substance I once found in the sounds it made. I began to recognize that this was the truth of the world- that it was dark, dull, and horribly ordinary. However, I was stuck in this place- approaching the age my favorite fantasy protagonists would be whisked away to a world of wonder, and seeing the signs of something extraordinary and unseen fade before my eyes. So, I accepted it, and drifted away from my childish fantasies.

As time progressed, it became clear that magic would not touch my life. I stopped looking at the shining stones on the road, in the ambience of streetlights on a city night, in the rising of the sun. I accepted the nonexistence of my favorite fabled creatures, and the futile

fantasy of a world waiting for me in the pockets of our own. I abandoned the land of stories, settling for the ephemeral friends in my mundane reality.

At fourteen, I wanted nothing but to believe in magic again. To return to my search for the land of stories, to peek in the crevasses of my floorboards once again and maybe, just maybe, find something supernatural. However, magic wasn't real. All I had to live in was the ugly, dull world- and I despised it with all my soul. The environment I found myself in was one I could barely survive- one that tried its hardest to suck the color from my eyes and make my once-mystical mind a prison- and for a moment, they succeeded.

In a way, I still searched for a land of stories- a city of gold, a perfect world void of contradictions. A fantasy in which when I cried, there was always someone to wipe my tears- where I wouldn't have to work tirelessly for friends that weren't imaginary. I searched for a land of stories- and when I didn't find it, I began to think I was the only one without magic in my life. That somehow, for a reason beyond my comprehension, I wasn't deserving of anything beyond my dull reality.

At fourteen, I discovered that reason; my perspective.

At five, I searched for magic in the rising of the sun, in the cracks between my floorboards, in the puddles formed by morning rain. At ten, the traces of magic faded; every nook of the world blending into a mundane life. At fourteen, all I saw was my own mind, spiraling into a dark room full of deep greys, mousetraps, and things that went bump in the night.

I had forgotten that there was still magic in the hidden corners of my world- because I thought what I saw was something supernatural, a reckless fantasy that would only disappoint me in the end.

Now, at fifteen years old, I believe in magic. Everyday, I search for it in the rising of the sun, the roots of the great oak tree in my backyard, the steady tapping of rain against my bedroom window- and everyday, I find it. I realized it was never in the supernatural; the fantasy that I would be whisked away to some land beyond my wildest dreams. It's between the floorboards of my home, nestled into the lyricism of a poem, engraved into the unseen love we share. Magic, what makes the world so beautiful and bright, is everywhere- we only have to look for it.