

## The Moment

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Squashing flesh flies over the moist grass of Morning Sky.

There is no hesitation in the heavy breathing that prepares itself for momentary shutdown.

You can almost hear the massive bundles of muscle contract and expand as the motions intensify and the figure accelerates.

Perfect timing is vital, yet, she makes it look so simple and benign.

In a breeze of slow motion control, her last leap seems to last infinitely long, going ever more slowly, and at the same time adding more power and height to what looks like an incredible athletic jump..

Her body hanging above Morning Sky, her mind conscious of every single instant of time, her skin heated by the burnt energy, cooled off by the dawn that floats in the air like a cloud.

She looks like a beautiful ballerina enjoying her art.

There is no breathing.

The electronic watch jumps a digit, but she knows that the distance between the bottom tips of her feet and the ground is over a 2680 feet.

Her arms stretch a bit more forward as her body launches further onward into the sky, as if she readies to embrace an invisible lover..

She blinks.

The land below looks like a handkerchief with all sorts of coloured dots, and plants and bumps in the contours all over the place.

Like a dolphin she plunges forward, head down, onwards into faster ticking sky that storms up against her soft skin.

Her vision reduces automatically to just a tiny rectangle, and everything outside it deforms and blends in a colourful mix of randomness.

Her fingers and toes play with the wind to keep the balance in the mind boggling descend.

Her lips shelter a tasteful smile for what is to come.

The parachute is one big mess. She'll pack it up later.