Still enough

The planet lay hushed, as if the very air mourned. Charred forests stood like blackend sentinels, their branches clawing at the sky. An electrifying flash of lightning illuminated the darkness, it striking with fierce intensity, commanding attention.

Cliffs rose like titans from the earth, their- faces sheer and unforgiving. Layers of stone jutted out in sharp ledges, weathered by centuries of wind and rain. Deep fissures ran down its surface like jagged scars.

As the hostile storm hovered over the cliffside, light streaked across the sky. It glared at the planets and its inhabitant. Then it unleashed a blinding amount, enough to set the worl d ablaze. Illuminating the crouched silhouette of a girl.

She sat at the edge of the cliff. Staring into the horizon that stretched into the unknown. She perched on a bench, its wooden frame draped with cobwebs that resembled silvery lace.

Her hands were placed delicately on the keys of the piano, not daring to disturb the silence. But her head drooped with misery, her eyes bloodshot and brimming with tears.She cried for her past life, her perfect family. She had dreamt of them for year now, all without fail. But now… She mourned for them, as they had not survived the brutal war.

Her devastated expression did not cease, and carried through winds that shook the cliffside, and caused loose pebbles to occasionally rattle free. Then time stopped.

In that suspended moment, as the world paused around her, clarity washed over her like a wave. The chaos stilled, the noise quieted and for the first time she could see the threads connecting everything- her past choices, present circumstances, and future possibilities- frozen in perfect alingment.

She knew what she had to do. She needed- to play.

The first haunting notes that were issued from the piano echoed across the valley, full-bodied and resonant. Each note was a breath, each chord a conversation. In silence, it remained a monument to feeling, poised on the edge of sound.

It made a sound too beautiful to describe, the girl’s fingers to swift to see. The pianomade a sound. A sound that could tug at the edges of your heart, but still enough to rebuild a planet.