

Freedom Cocktail

The stage was flooded with dim colorful light. Smoke permeated the air creating an enchanted atmosphere. Moving arc-lights swept the stage in a slow random movement throwing numerous tiny circular and oval beams. The stage was dotted with guitars, keyboards, microphone stands, speakers, and all sorts of acoustic gadgets and cables.

The steeply inclined auditorium of luxurious, red cushioned seats was filled to the brim with hundreds of men and women who had come to purge their weekly stress at this entertainment show on this warm Friday evening. The women wore a variety of hairdos and colorful radiant dresses. The men had thrown dinner jackets around their dirty, crumpled t-shirts. There were children who periodically shouted and screamed and wailed in a wide range of pitches and volumes. The men and women looked around intermittently to check if anyone they knew was also there, but they looked mostly to check out how the other women looked. The audience's attention was gradually attracted to the events taking place on the stage.

A beautiful woman stood at the center of the stage with a microphone in her hands and she sang in a beautiful voice. She had a golden complexion and her hair was dark brown and it flowed freely around her shoulders down to just above her waist. When she moved her head her hair occasionally came around her shoulders to flirt with her breasts, and she immediately pushed it back with a quick jerk of her head. Dark red lips ornamented her oval face and opened to a luscious mouth when she sang the song's lyrics. Her large black eyes smiled a pleasant smile when she opened them occasionally to acknowledge her surroundings. A single golden dress draped her tightly all the way from her shoulders to her toes. The dress had shiny straight vertical geometric designs that sparkled like tiny mirrors and reflected numerous colors as her body undulated with the music.

Her golden and slender arms, bare all the way from shoulders, glided gently in space as she sang, and her fingers curled and straightened with the tune. Thin golden straps went over a smooth translucent skin hugging her collar bones and held gracefully in place her young and firm breasts. The golden dress was stitched perfectly to match her perfect figure as it flowed tightly along her skin down. It went around her slender waist and gently grew wider along her hips and then narrowed again along her slender thighs and finally gave up and fell away from her body at her knees.

Her accompanists, several guitarists and keyboardists and a drummer – all men – performed on their instruments to provide a background score to her melodious voice. They played their magic with their fingers at their equipment and intermittently watched mesmerized the back of the singing beauty. The chords and the beats emanating from their instruments seemed to connect with her, creating channels of

energy and she added that energy to her own prayer which she sang to an unknown, a most beautiful lover.

She had arrived on the stage after finishing a busy workday. Outwardly she had thrown away her formal work attire and along with it the weight of a long day at a downtown bank where she worked at the teller. The strain of work and conflict dissipated from her body and face more slowly. She had served her customers for their financial needs with genuine interest and a smile. She had braved the harsh words of her woman boss who occasionally came by to breathe down her neck. She had given a sympathetic ear to the complaints of her colleagues.

All these noises rang fainter and fainter as her body and mind unwound into the turns of the music.

She had come to know about this musical group a year before and at that time her husband had joined her enthusiastically to attend all their shows. He had even danced with the audience when the musicians played some fast numbers. But, later when she expressed her desire to join the group and participate, he had pointed out to her that this group was engaged in a wanton show of singing and dancing to some sinful poems of love for a strange lover. He had asked her to join another group which performed their music sitting down.

His objections still pricked her brain, but that voice too faded slowly away.

Gradually she was immersed completely in the song and was one with the music. She became unmindful of her surroundings as she jerked her young body in delicate spasms with the rising and falling crescendo of beats. *"Do you hear me my love? Does my music touch your heart?"* She drowned herself in the

words of love and longing and threw her hands up towards the ceiling pushing her bosom forward. She tapped her golden sandals on the wooden stage moving her slender thighs apart and squeezing them together alternately.

As she sang her body undulated smoothly with the beat, like a serpent, accentuating her lovely figure even more and the hearts of the audience beat faster and faster. The men watched her beauty in stunned silence and with hungry eyes. Men who were in love drifted away to fantasy lands with their respective lovers. The rest of them felt lust and desire rise in their blood as they heard her crooning her craving for love. The women watched her slender figure and shameless abandon on the stage in disbelief. They wished their men were someplace else.

But the women in the audience also envied her freedom and un-fettered abandon. They admired her well-tended body with its youthful vitality. The blood of their stagnated youth surged in them and thoughts of rebellion fluttered in their slothful wings. The women felt ashamed of their out of shape bodies of which they had taken no care in years. They felt distaste for the little monsters tugging at their tired bosoms and wailing their unending demands in their tired ears. Their hearts connected with the heart of the woman who was singing and swaying freely, and they too became free in the moment. They too rose and started singing the song of true love although their bottoms remained stuck to their seats.

When the song reached its climax the forehead of the woman who was singing started shining as hundreds of extremely tiny beads of sweat gathered there. She stood there with her eyes closed, looking enlightened and in a state of ecstasy. As the crowd cheered and whistled, and drank her beauty hungrily, the woman bowed to the audience. She had finished her piece and now other artists would follow and take

her place. She might come back to the stage again later, but for now, she was finished with her piece. She looked with an exhausted but radiant smile at the auditorium and then turned her eyes to the right wing of the stage. Two little girls stood there, eyes wide, watching her in awe. They held the ends of their skirts in their tiny hands and stood swaying uncertainly. The woman in the golden dress ran to her little daughters and held them close to her golden heart.