

A Tiny Room

Leila Emira Royani

It was a cold breezy night and the rain just stopped some times ago. I was in a tiny room completely closed and isolated. No window and I could not see the moonlight. On daytime I sure could not see the sunlight. The only light I got was a hanging fluorescent lamp which lit up the whole room perfectly since the light became more accentuated in that tiny place. My belongings were still laying on the floor, waiting for me to give my attention to them, but I was occupied with something else, something I had to finish by the next day. The room surely left only a little space for me to move, yet I felt so free in that particular room.

That place was incomparable to my family's house I used to live in. It was not that my family's house was very pleasant after all, but it was definitely less comfortable in every way, yet I felt so happy I could finally live there. On the same floor in the same house, right across my door, there was a whole family in a room. Undoubtedly a bigger room. They were gonna leave a few days later, and the daughter would just be as alone as me. As much as I wanted to be like her, I could not deny that my own self wanted more to be left alone immediately. I was longing to be alone.

My work was not done yet, but I wanted to lie down and straighten my back. I stared at the low ceiling. After going through a restless day and night and day before, I could finally make time to think, to comprehend. Thinking about it now, I was in a city away from everything, in a house and room I had never been into before, the one that I only saw a few hours prior for the first time. I was just too absorbed in my works and what's ahead of me for the next few days that I completely ignored the fact that I was starting a new life in that room that night.

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