

Descriptive



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The paper “ Standing Like a Queen without Guards” is a great example of an essay on creative writing. Here are a few possible starting:

- She stood there calmly as if she were some priceless work of art.
- Like a queen without guards or an unregarded Greek statue, she stood in this light without moving.
- She stood there like a queen without guards or an unregarded Greek statue.
- She stood there like a queen without guards or an unregarded Greek statue, but a closer look revealed the strangeness of this comparison.
- She stood there like a queen without guards or an unregarded Greek statue and seemed as out of place.

I saw a woman standing alone in the center of the lobby of a large office building. Perhaps that’s what drew my eye. The lobby was busy in the middle of the afternoon with little room for anyone to walk, yet she stood alone in the center of the room in a circle of sunlight coming in through an atrium skylight. She stood there like a queen without guards or an unregarded Greek statue and seemed as out of place. Everything about her seemed to indicate that this was a woman not accustomed to finding herself in this position, from her body language to her style of dress to her facial expressions as I drew closer.

From across the room, the woman seemed misplaced. She stood in this beam of sunlight which should have made any high-powered corporate executive stand a little straighter and hold their head a little higher with the perception that they had somehow been singled out by the heavens as

special. This woman, though, seemed beaten down by the sunlight, defeated, her shoulders slumped, arms hanging down limply with hands clasped within each other and face turned down toward the floor. This, coupled with the fact that she was standing still in an office complex that was buzzing with activity at all times of the day, shouted that she was not one of the regular workers at the building and was probably not even associated with the world of business on a regular basis.

Her clothes made this abundantly clear as well. The first thing I noticed was a lumpy dark green and black poncho-type thing wrapped around her shoulders. It had a gold thread woven through it that only served to heighten its insecure texture rather than add any luster to the garment. It hung in shapeless folds down her torso, completely obscuring any suggestion of her shape and allowing only the two small white hands to show through as they held each other tightly. Two black-clad legs poked out underneath this curtain ending with the rounded toes of black patent-leather ballet slippers covered with intricate beaded designs placed neatly together with toes touching as if still on a store shelf. This Little Green Riding Hood seemed completely lost among the corporate wolves and concrete jungle. As I neared this woman, I could see that she wasn't the old crone of the fairy tales, but neither was she the maiden her innocent posture and out-of-place clothing suggested. Small lines and wrinkles in her face classified her as somewhere in her middle ages. I noticed her hair, light golden color with several wide strands of silver, was actually worn long and loosely flowed down her back, something nearly unheard of in the business world I was familiar with. A light seemed to dance deep in her pale blue eyes as she looked up at my

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approach. I had thought to offer her some assistance, assuming she was lost and afraid, but I found I couldn't say a word. A small smile playing about the corners of her lips suggested she was well aware of her present position and the deference being offered her by the corporate moguls flocking around the room. She had achieved, through simple motions and passive posture, something every single person in that room had been trying to accomplish since entering upon their present profession. She had made all the others bow to her by causing them to feel uncomfortable about entering her light-defined space although they had no qualms about pushing each other around. She was enjoying the moment not only through this dominant position she was tacitly given in a world she has obviously elected not to join, but also enjoying the pleasure of the moment itself. The bowed shoulders no longer appeared slumped in defeat but spread wide to the warmth of the sun while the clasped hands took on the symbolism of reverence. As I walked away, I realized I was perhaps the only witness to this woman's artistry. She broadly proclaimed her artistic tendencies in her unusual mode of dress and refusal to follow cultural norms within this society. Despite this, she managed to find a way of competing in it so well that, without even realizing it, the corporate moguls who held themselves superior to all other forms of human existence were acknowledging her higher rank and recognizing her right to claim whatever space she chose. And all of this was done as she expended only the effort necessary to appreciate the natural moment of the sun falling down upon her, drinking it like an elixir of the gods and appreciating it as the gift it was.