



The Pause

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At that moment everything froze. The wind crawled under my skin, fluttering in my stomach. It's rather abstract. But I think some sort of metaphysical thing happened. You want to become what you are looking at right now. And it isn't an object — not, say, a piece of architecture; it isn't something animate passing by. It's felt in the belly. Is it possible to disconnect at a specific instant from everything happening around you? Maybe what I'm saying now sounds like the ravings of a madman, but I suppose there is something extraordinary in it. I would call it this:

a p a u s e.

From that word, from that moment, I think I was born as a photographer. But that's another story, which we won't examine in detail right now. Let us return to what was said above.

Pause — in my feeling then, when you stand facing an insanely beautiful building, you suddenly sense that you disconnect from what is happening to you and around you; you don't hear people, no background noise, only silence. Silence in the city center, which in itself seems impossible. You merge with that which, in your creative life and life in general, has come to a pause with that moment — the city quieted, for one tiny instant there was nothing nearby, no one could be heard. The city was tired, as if waiting. The tired city lay on my shoulders, at first giving a feeling of some pressure, something rose in my throat, but then everything suddenly released.

Total silence and emptiness. Only the wind can be heard, whispering something cautiously into your ear as it fingers your hair. The wind runs across your skin, crawls beneath it. And you are in a pause. And I would like to be that — the moment within the pause. A person who looks through, who feels more than we are able to feel. Even though you experience, it would seem, some not-very pleasant feeling — a sense of emptiness both inside and out — you feel that something stands behind it, something necessary for you, pleasant, important, though you do not yet understand what. As I say in one of my poems: I split into atoms, particles, and some other tiny grains. A feeling of BEFORE and AFTER. As if everything that was in your life before this moment suddenly ceased to have meaning, but not in the literal sense. It moved apart from you to a new level, to some kind of new stage. The separation of this moment meant that you are not standing still; you have already done a lot (both as a creator and as a person overall), but you must move forward and do even more. Make it so that it turns out well or very well. I wrote above the phrase “moved apart from you,” meaning that sometimes a body of work as a whole goes on its own, separate from its author. It kind of evolves, experiencing both its highs and its lows. I cannot speak for everyone; I speak for myself. Sometimes you are surprised by where your work ends up. I must say, mine — travels without me. Proof of that: the recent events in my creative life.

Many people believe that creativity is something that operates solely on inspiration, hand in hand with some muse. But, as I think, inspiration is a working state (yes, I repeat myself). Discipline is important in any creative work, as it is everywhere. Creative activity is founded on setting goals, planning, and executing the plan. As we know: 80% of the result



depends on the first 20% of effort. Creativity must be nurtured; it must be grown. That is what I am doing. Precisely for that reason I do not allow various resources to trample what I put my soul into. And this is not self-praise — it is a presentation of my work. I may have drifted somewhat from the main topic, but I suppose the pause is about stopping and then reassembling oneself, transforming one's creator, evolving by values, and laying out a new path. For now it is unclear, vague, but you are already standing at the starting point. I would like time to become a mattress for my creativity, supporting it beyond the author's lifetime. It's a normal story when you create something. The moment of pause happened to me this spring. In spring I sum up my creative year (I have my own calendar year). And then we turn to the greatest power on Earth — imagination and the human mind, by means of which creativity is created.



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