“Bella Mente”

Fiction

So she sits. Worried. Worried about the future, about life.

She has earned everything she has. She has dreams that only great names have accomplished. She is on her way to being one of them. But she wonders if she’s done enough, thinking more would be better. Always wanting more while not always knowing it. Her goals drive her to get more time and recognition in a professional space.

She strives for the day when she can put her name on the screen. Where everyone will know what she has done. It’s her landscape and her rules. There, everyone will know that she is the creator.

But now she sits. Worried about the future, worried about life, and now about the past.

She thinks about all she has done to get to this point. She constantly reflects on what she could have done differently. How the dominos might have fallen if she had changed some of the events in her life.

She is successful in her own right. She has all that she needs to accomplish her goals. She has her mind. Her dreams. Her life. But something holds her back.

She is trapped in her mind, dreaming of possibilities. Under the weight of those possibilities, suffocated by fear. She needs her dream to work, but has no assurance it will.

So I sit next to her, confident. In the moments she is most unsure about her existence, I’ve never been more confident about anyone else in my life.