

Walking Away from Fear

Recently, I've started walking away from fear.

Like many things, it began in music. The tutor, a small Italian man who never sat still, asked why I was holding on to fear. I had no answer. He asked if I could let it go. I wasn't sure. He asked if I could walk away. I wanted to.

My first steps were unsure, a few notes, tentatively tiptoeing up and down. With tutor's praise, I tried again, going further and higher. With saxophones beside me, and bass clarinets behind me, I made my way. I tried triplets and scales, slurred slides and octave jumps, until by the end I made friends with giants, and walked many miles.

It was a key in a lock, my soul shifting. And since, I've felt lighter. Happier. Freer. As if I swallowed sunshine, and let a balloon fly. I've raised my voice, told my stories, and asked for what I need. I've achieved wonders; publications, concerts, live readings, meetings, presentations, and more.

I haven't left fear behind. Of course not. There are days when it catches up to me, when I return to cold corridors with no answers, or when friends fade into the amethyst dark. But I know it will pass, and I won't let fear block my path.

Recently, I've started walking away from fear. And now, life shimmers around me, in a new dawn.