Failure is Forbidden

(Writing assignment – Write about something forbidden)

The best way I can describe it is it’s a huge rock. A boulder if you will. Dark grey, cool to the touch and heavy. So heavy I am straining to hold it and I pull it close to me for better leverage. My breath is restricted as I shift under it’s weight. My shoulders all knots. I can’t seem to put this musty, dirty thing down. I can’t see around it and I’m losing sight of my path. I wander this way and that and look up to try to gain some clarity. I’m even more disoriented now.

When I first grabbed hold of it, it was just a pebble. It felt nice to have something to hold on to. It grounded me and made me feel safe. Over time it grew, but by then I felt secure and comfortable with my familiar rock. Others would comment on how nice it must be and I hugged it with appreciation. Eventually, it got too big to take outside with me. I decided it was best to stay home and set it on my lap. It was more comfortable then having to carry it.

I didn’t realize that staying indoors only made it grow bigger. I wanted to leave it behind to go out for walk, but it had fused to my chest. Panic set in and, again I stayed put. The bigger the rock got the more I seemed to shrink.

One day my favorite client called to talk about a presentation he wanted me to deliver. My excitement turned to dread when reality sunk in. How would I present while holding onto this huge fear of failure? Another call came in and this time I wasn’t excited. I was scared. What if the person they remember is no longer here? What if I traded all that I was for the safety this rock provides? What if the part of me that is being called forth has been crushed beneath the weight?

I cling even tighter knowing I have a decision to make.

I either have to face fear completely exposed and vulnerable on my own or I continue to embrace the crushing comfort of safety until I am unrecognizable.