

The sun's rays bleed through the gray blinds, massaging my face in a warm glow. The covers hug me in their cozy embrace as a persistent beeping sound gradually seeps into my consciousness. I'm late.

Now fully alert, I hurriedly gather some books, put on pants, and rush out the door. It is bright but cold outside as I hurtle down the sidewalk, mouth agape, face numb, out of breath. The tails of my long black wool coat flap behind me as I race. My mother bought me that coat for Christmas.

I burst into the lecture hall, embarrassed, exhausted, and gather what few notes I can in the remaining time. A high-pitched buzzing rings between my ears again. I think it's a B-Natural. All other sounds are muffled. As class lets out, my professor comes up to me, asks me if I am alright. Says I look "distant." I'm fine, I say.

Truth is, though, I'm not fine. I feel a huge anxiety, a crushing weight, an uncontrollable paranoia within me. It is an insecurity within the core of my being, the inability to express who I am. It is the reason why I drive myself into a panic attack every time I sit down to write. I feel like all of this anxiety has taken over me; I can't control it- it controls me- it has become me- and it is leading me to a point of arrival. As the day passed on, and anxiety compounded upon itself, I realized that this day would be my last.

Nerves frozen I slowly march up the steps to the top of the building. With each step, mounting tension builds within me-- I feel broken, in disrepair. I open the door, and the still night reveals itself to me, the moon glowing in a half-crescent. I reach the precipice, vertigo arrives, and I stare down at the street below. In the foreground of my view is my wool jacket, the top button dangling by a thread. I still need to sew that darn button.

But as I stared at that little button, so helplessly clinging onto my mother's jacket, I realized that was me. At that very instant, I knew I couldn't let go; the rest of the jacket could not function without me. Stepping back, I decisively threw out the rising fear within me-- it had come to a point of departure and left me to sit alone on the roof in the chilly half-moonlit night.