

The Opposite of Fear

by Juhi Kalra

The rocks were pillows around her shorn head, the crimson stream running from her ears the only sign she had not chosen to lay down on them. Behind us, the rockface stood stoic; below us, the water lapped our feet.

She held my hand in hers, giving *me* succor as I watched her breathe unevenly. My tears fell into her eyes, rolled down her face. Her eyes stayed clear, her speech immaculate.

"Look your worst fear in the eyes, dive into the ocean of your most debilitating fear, let it overtake and overwhelm you. Your fear cannot survive your courage to face it. You'll have nothing to lose but the fear of losing yourself." Exhale.

It took me years before I learned to live, freeing myself from losing her.

