







My anxiety – whom I've named Lucy – unfurled her shadowed wings, soaring toward a horizon of imagined possibilities, veiled in the mist of a future that did not yet exist. I felt disarmed, a spectator before the catastrophe orchestrated by my own mind.

Eight years have carved this path of mine. Today, when I look at Lucy, I no longer see an intruder. I've learned that my anxiety is, in truth, my vigilant essence.

Sara Mariana Meléndez Barrón To My Dear Pancreas and Brain Mexico

