

## Let Me Overthink About It

by Eduardo Mesiti

### Highly Commended

It is Sunday afternoon at the bar everyone goes to be seen. The place is buzzing with men and their gal pals dressed to the nines, talking animatedly, laughing and carrying on. I have spent most of my afternoon talking to someone I met through a mutual friend. He is handsome like Rock Hudson and we have been flirting up a storm.

He asks me if I would like to meet up sometime for dinner and a movie. I pause. My heart starts racing and I feel my chest tighten. Meet up? Like, on a date? A date that could lead to something more?

In my mind, I look ahead to our first date, which, in my fantasy, will go very well, ending with a long kiss goodnight.

Six months on he will declare his love for me and become my boyfriend. My entire being is going to explode with happiness!

In another six months, we will move in together. I have never lived with someone who isn't family before. Thoughts such as will we get along and are we moving too fast will torment me. But it is going to work out because we will love everything about each other.

*My anxiety and stress levels are running rampant.*

A year later we will be in a beautiful location on a sunny day having one of those romantic fantasy picnics. We will eat, drink and chat. He is going to tease me about some stupid thing I did one time and we will laugh and I will give him one of those affectionate hits on the arm because I will want him to stop even though deep down I won't. He will lean in and kiss me, tell me he loves me and then get on one knee to pop the question. I might hesitate for a moment because of nerves but his smile will reassure me. I will likely pounce on him and give him a loud yes and spill our drinks and crush our food in the process. I will feel excited but anxious at the same time because of what my family will think. They are not ok with me being gay and I'm sure this won't be great news. They will naturally decline the invitation to our wedding.

*I feel the sweat trickle down my forehead...*

Six months later, we will be arguing about my lack of involvement in the wedding arrangements. I will want a quick registry wedding and dinner with close friends followed by our honeymoon. But he will want it to be a

grand affair. Most of my loved ones will not be going so it won't be the happiest day for me. But he will brush that off and tell me not to worry about it. I will storm off, say he doesn't care and tell him to go marry someone else. I am going to ignore him for a few days.

*My teeth are grinding. I feel a rush through my body.*

However, a few days later I will receive a phone call from the hospital and they will tell me he is unconscious after a being in a car accident. I am going to rush to the hospital and to his bedside. He will be laying there unrecognisable with his eyes closed. There will be deep cuts and bruises all over his face, neck, and arms. The doctor will inform me that he may never wake up and his family will decide if he will remain on life support or taken off.

*I am in shock. Fear is crippling me. I feel remorse because of our last interaction.*

"Well?" I hear him say somewhere in the distance.

I snap out of my fantasy. I hear the buzzing sounds of the bar and I see him standing in front of me in the present again. Seconds must have passed since he asked me out on a date.

"It's not going to work!" I blurt out.

He laughs and tells me I'm being over the top and he is not asking for my hand in marriage. The word 'marriage' triggers my anxiety. My heart is pounding.

"Whoa," I say to him defensively as I take a step back. "I think this is too much too soon and I'm feeling pressured right now. I'm not ready for a commitment like this!"

I run off, pushing all the pretty people out of my way and stumble out of the bar into the sunlight.