

Solana's Blues.

My fingers are tapping feverishly against my computer keys. My ruby red nails are chipping from the aggressive tapping. I've been staring at my screen for the past 15 minutes. It's a college application. It doesn't matter which college. It doesn't matter where it's located. It's the question that's my dilemma. The question is causing my heart palpitations and feverish tapping. It's plastered in way too small words. It says;

“What major will you be choosing for the Fall 2024 Semester?”

Reading this gives me the shivers. It makes me want to retract inside of my body. I've been asking myself this same question for the past four years. One second, I want to be a Therapist. The next, I aspire to be an engineer. I see my agemates with solid goals. They know what they want and when they want it. They have amazing portfolios and outstanding resumes that have a clear path. My resume is all over the place. It's a mesh of summer camp projects that I don't feel. My resume is a cluster of new things that don't correlate to one another. My life is like scribbles you drew as a child that has come to life. I sigh and slam my computer shut. I hear a soft rap on my door.

“Come in,” I croak out. My mom steps inside of my room. She has a concerned look on her face. Her chestnut brown skin is creased, and her lips have a dip to them.

“What's wrong?” She asks.

“Everything,” I think, but I force myself not to verbalize. “I'm just frustrated with my applications,” I decide to say instead. I hope that she'll leave me alone. She closes the door and sits on my bed.

“Tell me more.” She eggs me on. She stares at me openly. I explain to her about my dilemma with my major. I don't know what I want to do, and it's bothering me.

“You could always go in as undecided.” She mentions. I fight hard not to roll my eyes. That’s what everyone says. I want to hear something different. I fear that if I declare my major undecided. I will be undecided.

“I don’t want to do that. It makes it seem like I’m messy.” I open my computer. I love my mom, but I’d rather deal with this alone. She’s unrelenting. She stands up and closes my computer.

“You’re not a mess. It’s ok to be unsure about what you want to do.” She holds up her hand before I can interject. “I honestly think that’s the best way. You can spend your freshman and sophomore year figuring things out.” She smiles warmly and gently rubs my shoulder.

“I don’t want to be figuring things out. I want a clear path. I want to stand out.” She rubs her forehead gently. That’s what she does when she’s in deep thought.

“You do stand out baby. Yes, it’s great that you have peers around you who know what they want to do. Even if you have a “clear path.” things can change. What stands out about you is that you’re well-rounded. You’ve done it all. You’ve done film camps, writing camps, debate clubs, fashion clubs, and the list continues.” She pauses and looks at me proudly. “Not only that, but you are exceptional at everything you do. Your commitment to everything you do is inspiring. You may not know what you want to do, but you have so much to offer.” She takes my hands and squeezes it. “Give yourself more credit than you’re allotting.”

I look off to the side. I never thought of myself as well-rounded. I’ve considered myself messy. I never knew which program I would like, so I signed up for them all. Hearing myself from this perspective is overwhelming. I feel like the idea I had of myself is slowly melting away.

“Thank you, Mama,” I croak, trying not to tear up. She nods and gathers me in a hug. Her embrace and gentle encouragement don’t fully convince me yet, but I have a feeling that maybe things will be ok.

