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Covid Work

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Yearning

To look someone in the eye, to see their smile, to hug somebody and feel them holding you together when you feel like you're falling apart. Just something, anything to remind you that it will be okay and that you weren't isolated. But you were; completely, and utterly alone, craving any type of social interaction that could put your anxious mind at ease. Marking, day after day, off the calendar— waiting, hoping— yes yearning for that day when you would no longer be lonesome. Aching for the day when you would no longer be surrounded by your sad, unsettling thoughts.

Solitary Confinement

Days turned into weeks, and weeks into months as I watched from my bedroom window. The snow melted and nature flourished into the vivid colors of spring. Yet, while the world around me bloomed, I felt like I was dying inside. Physically, I was doing just fine; in fact, the quarantine allowed me to focus on my physical health more. But mentally and emotionally, I was slowly falling apart. I yearned for social interaction; somebody to talk to, anybody. I now understand why solitary confinement is a punishment; trapped alone with nothing but your thoughts. I am still a prisoner.

History in the Making

I didn't care that this was unprecedented, that we were experiencing history and one day in many years students would learn about us. I didn't care if this would be a great story for future children, a time to reflect on when I was old and grey. I didn't want to be a part of history, all I wanted was for this to end. To see a bright light at the end of a terrifyingly dark tunnel that seemed to last forever. I just wanted to wake up and have this all be a nightmare, but it was devastatingly real.