

Quaranteen

If I had to describe quarantine in one word it would be suffocating. Absolutely, mind bogglingly suffocating. Not suffocating just by the dictionary definition, but in a number of metaphorical ways. It's not oxygen I have too little of, though I worry about it's supply, its hope. I'm drowning in discouragement, despair, and loneliness. Every shred of hope grows a little dimmer as I sink further into the sea. I'm not strong enough to beat the waves that crash over me endlessly, the kind that capsizes ships.

It's dark, and I'm afraid.

Afraid that I'll never see the light again, not even at the end.

It'll just go black.

Everything will be gone in a blink.

My heart hollow, my soul shallow.

I respect the quarantine only hoping that it returns the favor. I fear it won't. I fear I will lose things incredibly dear. Things that keep my world right side up. Things that keep me afloat even now. I can feel them being pulled away by the ocean's rage. This quarantine may be keeping me safe, but it's not keeping me sane. Without sanity, safety is irrelevant. My life was mine. Now the insane parts of me want to smash it all to bits until I'm a fraction, a husk of who I was because I won't become who I want to be.

Here or not, I'll be gone. The virus might not kill me, but quarantine got a solid shot.



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