

A Pandemic Writing Contest

Ray Every

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Silent Pandemic

Things were normal a few months ago. I was selfish and unafraid of the world around me. I ignored the things that people warned me about. I always felt invincible. Today I am locked away. I am locked away from like a caged animal. I admit, it started out fun. Working from home? Sure, that sounds great! I will be able to spend more time with my family. As it turns out, plans are not as simple as they seem in your mind.

I started out joking about the pandemic. I made fun of everything the media was saying. Every day it got more real. There was something different and scary every time I scrolled through my social media accounts. Stores are running out of essential items. The media scares us into thinking the world is ending. The world soared into a panic. At the beginning this was just a simple illness; until people started dying. That is just what the media shows you. The media can not show that we as people are dying inside. Some of us have become prisoners in our own minds. I die a little inside every day as this goes on. I find that I am not as motivated as I once was. Friends are not around as much as they used to be. There is no escape from reality. Social gatherings have become social distancing. I die inside as I watch my child's grandmother feeling helpless from not being able to kiss or hug her grandson.

"Are you ok Nona?" I asked.

"No. It kills me that I can not love on my grandchild." Nona said.

"Don't worry, he knows you love him," I said.

I watched as my son grew more bored every day from not being able to attend school. I started to become impotent in my marriage. My wife and I don't get our time to ourselves. We don't have time to miss each other anymore. We argue over the simplest things. The lack of intimacy hit its peak one night when we were lying in bed.

"Why don't you love me like you used to?" Taylor asked.

"It is not that I don't love you, I just don't feel like myself," I said.

I watched her turn away from me and cry. She was confused and she felt helpless. I touched her shoulder and kissed her cheek. I held her as tight as I could.

"This is not your fault," I said.

She rolled over and hugged me as tight as she could. I just feel numb now. I feel physically and mentally numb every day. I feel that I worry constantly about my problems from this pandemic. I feel that my mind is locked in a prison cell. My brain has a light switch that constantly stays on.

"I love you. I will support anything you are going through." Taylor said.

"I just thought you weren't attracted to me anymore."

"That is the pandemic talking," I said.