

Nostalgic.

You would think that surviving one pandemic was an opportunity to share the stories of my experience with my children, now old and brittle experiencing another is an experience I never thought I'd live to speak of. As the times change, we all are blessed with wisdom to adapt to the world around us, but this one, hit us a hard blow. I have done my best for my country, now living in my retirement, enjoying the days where I can still do everything on my own. I have spent most of my days admiring my great-grandchildren grow, relaxing visits to the beach and an occasional Saturday morning visit to the market. I smile on most days and astonish others by my strength and willingness to enjoy life even now. Freedom was one thing I enjoyed most out of life, until now.

A monster has invaded the entire world and its target are already struggling to stay alive. My fragile state of mind would not rest, as life, something that was meant to be lived and enjoyed, was placed into the hands of death, suddenly. Covid-19, is a just a fancy name given to ease the minds of the unrest. Truth be told, whenever you hear it, you see it, you feel it, you have no choice but to associate it with death. Prisoners of our own land, held captive by this invisible, dangerous man, would provoke me daily. I have had numerous heart complications and countless experience with a breathing tube but have been religiously dedicating my first breath of air at morning to prayer, thanking the almighty for a new day of life, just for it all to be taken away from me.

Confined to these four walls that surround me here in Clifton Hill, are the closest things that I have for comfort. I am too scared to go to the market to get my local provisions or even just to see Ms. Vanessa, the guava berry lady. My son checks in now and again, and I am thankful for that, but I should be the one to fully take care of me, as I have been doing for the past 87 years on this earth. I just hope that when the day comes for me to take my last breath, the air will be clean again.