

“Still Motion Is Still Motion”

Lam Lois, St. Mary's Canossian College

COVID-19. It's the most depressing topic in the world right now, yet it's all people can talk about, think about, as if it doesn't only plague our bodies, but our minds, too. The pandemic is all over the news, the first thing you see when you read the newspaper, the first thing everyone talks about on the phone or over a Zoom meeting. I feel sick of it. Mornings are gray and the city, usually full of hustle and bustle at all hours, sits awfully, dreadfully still. Life seems quite pointless when everything is monochromatic.

Things are the same, yet different. School carries on at home and I'm still submitting online assignments every day, but I can't feel the crowds of people swarming past me in the school corridors, or laughter carried by the Sun. I talk to my friends every day as I always did, but I don't hear their voices or see their faces anymore. Some days, I find myself mourning the little things I never seemed to care for. I realized that I miss many things, and it might seem silly for me to be sad about not having my Thursday coffee, or frantically copying notes from a friend after a lesson I dozed off in, or thumbing my way through the local public library with my ear buds in playing some corny pop song, but most of all I miss the regularity of life.

Time seems stretched out, a foreign concept when you're at home all day and don't have a solid routine to follow, no regular rituals to ground you down. You don't have to wake up at 6:00 and be out of the door by 6:45. You don't have to catch the 7:05 train and be at school by 7:40. There's no more looking forward to every 3:30

and flopping onto my bed at 5:00, when you're basically in bed fifty per cent of the time anyways. It sounds exaggerated, but it's easy to get into a headspace of eternal perpetuity when there's rarely any motivation or energy in the world, let alone in your life.

That's why I find things to do, to keep myself preoccupied, and I try my best to not let this rare opportunity go to waste. How many times are you allowed to stay home for months without going to school in your life? I've taken up a new hobby: gardening. I'm not the best at it, and my pansies don't look very flattering, granted, but there's a certain joy in watching them sprout and bud when the world seems bleak. They might not be the prettiest pansies the world has seen, but the yellows and violets and whites are quite pleasing to my eyes, like motionless butterflies ready to take off in an instance at the wind's whim.

Another hobby I've grown to enjoy is watching films. Usually, most of my time is dedicated to homework and deadlines, but with all the extra time I have staying at home now I discovered that watching movies is an excellent way to kill time. Sometimes, you just need a silly rom-com, a cup of hot chocolate and a few chuckles to brighten up your day. It's the least a girl can treat herself in these confusing times, if I do say so myself.

Reality feels like a strange dilemma in these times, caught between being more hectic than ever and radio silence. The places I'm so familiar with that were once brimming with color and action are now vacant and lonely. The streets may feel empty, but the city is still filled with life nonetheless. Even when motion in life seems still, life is still in motion. A black and white motion picture, maybe, but my flowers

are blooming nicely, and I think this movie will turn out the way it always was going to end.