crips for a free Palestine

Maybe our negative COVID tests could rest against each other like two friends sitting on a park bench, their arms pressed together.

alone and together

I sometimes wonder how many of us deeply desire a different blueprint for community.

Maybe we could walk your dog together, or take pictures of the falling snow. Maybe we could send emails to politicians asking them to stop selling weapons that are being used for genocide. Maybe we could bake cookies and sing along to the musical episode of Buffy the Vampire Slayer

A friend once told me that during lockdown everyone was stuck inside, scared and sad and hurting; hurting differently, maybe, but together.

It made her feel less alone.

After lockdown ended, people rushed outside to post Instagram pictures of themselves at clubs and bars and restaurants and football stadiums.

And it reminds me of my friend, who doesn't drink alcohol
And a different friend, who has food sensitivities
And a different friend, who has recovered from an eating disorder

Telling me how hard it is to make friends when you don't go to restaurants; how much the social fabric of North American culture is rooted in sharing drinks and rhinoviruses, hangovers and gluten.

In the early phases of COVID, many of us masked and social distanced, vaccinated, tested, and isolated. Now, I'm often one of few—if not the only person—masking in any given space. And even though we are no longer 5 feet apart, it feels like I'm far away from them.

But some of us are still inside, still sad and anxious, in pain, fatigued; sleeping too much or not sleeping at all. We're no longer part of a collective; we're the solitary dandelion seed left on a dry stalk.