

LOCKDOWN .. day one

The first thing I noticed was how 'loud' the silence was.

I want to dial it down .

Nothing is moving outside the window, there is no wind and the trees are still.

There's no dust from the trucks going to the worksite .

There are no trucks .

The worksite is 'sundayfied'.

Just me breathing.

The sound of the fridge motor startles me.

I am not alone .

A plane flies overhead and I wonder if I should spell out 'help' on the ground .

( maybe using my toilet roll stack?)

There are birds in the trees, the cicadas are singing , and life is still out there though it seems to be a few layers down.

Life has the mute button on.

Day 16

The days are losing their shape .

They are just a flat line , bleeding into each other as they merge and overflow from sunrise to sunset.

I can't remember the day or the date or how long I've been locked up.

I'm talking to myself more than usual . Not just the muttered ' where did I put that ' but full scale conversations .

I can't even go for a walk in peace and solitude .

The roads are cluttered with people and kids on bikes.

I've taken to walking in the dark on the silent black roads without traffic.

I long for shape and texture in my life again.

I once led a structured life, of work and routine.

Work is gone.

It now feels like a game of Jenga , deconstructing brick by brick and tumbling down.

The thing is with a game of Jenga you can rebuild with the same bricks.

Day 29

The mental turmoil comes later.

When it's over. But is it over?

I look back questioning if it really ever happened , and if it did what exactly happened ?

And just like that I'm out the other side.

Squeezed down the birth canal of Covid.

I wake early at 5am

In spite of the cold autumnal morning , I have the urge to make snow angels in the grass and be totally consumed by the night sky .

Instead I make a cup of tea and read in bed.

Welcome to level 3.

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