



COVID-19 Chronicles

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May 2020

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This morning, I woke to the crisp assault of icy water in the air, and excited with anticipation, I opened the windows and ran downstairs to breathe the cleanest air I have ever breathed in my life ... is this where I am being returned to, having come from? I am experiencing the past, present and future during this time.

The beauty of the earth now is an echo of my Ancestors, and I am in wonderment as I contemplate how stunningly beautiful our existence was before the terror and nightmare of the savages ... a sky that is blue, iridescent and sparkling with the diamonds of planets and stars. They awake me at night and in the early morning, and I willingly ease out of my bed to look at those resplendent energies that have called my Ancestors for Millennia, just as they call me now. I wish I knew their names, and I pay homage to them for reminding me that they have always stood as sentinels to me and my kin's existence.

I lament each day when I hear that we may return only for the purpose of serving a machine of profit that can't survive unless its workers are in slavery and subservient to its profit ... but wait, I whisper, I am not ready. I am still trying to understand how the magnificence of a world I lived in has been diminished, and I am not ready to go back to the dystopia I have been forced and coerced to live in ... I can't breathe, and my chest tightens when I think of how this is not what I want. I want to hear my Mother call for us each break of day when birds are the heralds of the new day. I still listen to traffic and wake at all hours, wondering why and who it is that awakes at this hour – are they shift workers, are they so-called essential, are they lost in the mire of the disruption?

I photograph the dawn as a reminder that I may never see this exquisite interlude again, as the madness tries to regain its hold and coerce us into believing this is normal ... I breathe deeply so as not to succumb to the panic of returning to a dysfunction that is now all the more pronounced in its starkness ... this is the 8th week and it is my chronicle of COVID.



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