

I cannot speak for all during this time, nor do I mean this work to indicate that all who are feeling emotional disturbances feel this way. This is my own analysis of what I am working through that maybe some could relate to. This slow realization is one I assume that I've neglected since I had the autonomy to do my responsibilities outside and then get home and lay my head upon my pillow to avoid any chaos that would happen if I were to entertain it.

On the regular day to day basis, where I could head home, head to work, wander around—it's funny that I still felt like time was never on my side. I felt like time was not my friend, yet I was able to ignore and even push time aside to not confront my familial issues, the resentment I had about being home, what Carl Jung would call my "shadow", and all the pent up emotions I did not want to recognize out of fear.

It is weeks into staying home, only leaving my apartment of four to do groceries, laundry, and to take some moments to myself. I imagined that I would stay on track with my homework, share cute moments with my partner who is here, participate in my craft that I have been prolonging to begin, happily sit and unapologetically be idle. It is nothing like this. I have all the time on my hands, but it feels tainted, I feel anxious and unable to do what I want when I am told what to do with my time, my space feels small, and even when receiving the most pure and significant amount of support from my greatest love, I find myself crying more feeling like I have wasted his time with these unimportant emotions of mine while the death count rises and while I could utilize this time to give him happier memories that he will reflect on in the future when we remember this pandemic—not those where my eyeliner rummages down my unwashed face on a late Thursday at 2:01 am.

The chaos that I always thought was escapable, is now not. I am unable to tell my mother that I have to head to school instead of talking about the mistakes we have made. I am without reason to sit in front of my father and see our similarities, how much we look alike, how much of our actions parallel. I have to sit with the parts of myself I wish to turn my cheek to. Even when I don't want to, I have to reflect and constantly remember who I was and the confusion on who I am. I feel like time is not on my side as I cannot control when I cry, when I walk around my apartment and remember the things I don't want to, be told the things I don't want to hear, have no authority when to leave this space.

Nonetheless, time has to be on my side. Whether it feels like it or it doesn't. While I have no interpersonal agency to stop the realizations I am having, to close my eyes to my memories, or to keep my opinions to myself—I do have control over how I respond and how I ask for help. It was not initially comfortable or helpful to look outside my window and admit to myself the immense population that might feel the same, because you want to feel like your emotions as your own. However, in general, when you are born into humanity and when you love through a time where everyone is scared, there is nothing to do but admit that we as people are a collective one. We as people, regardless of our individuality, are humans and share so much. In the time that is on my side, I have realized that my mother is my best friend, my father and I should share

more hugs despite the past few years, I am in a place of constant growth yet constant reflection, constant laying on the floor, and I am more in love than I have ever been.

Perfection and imperfection are constructs we should not abide by. This is not a time of force, just to be.