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Life Goes Splat!

You're going along. You see the path ahead of you. And then, splat. Like a bug into the windshield. Splat! Well, maybe not splat because you're still alive, but you get it. It came out of nowhere, this thing, and it takes over. And you just want to get back to your old normal. But now you have to learn new things. New ways of doing things. Simple things become much more complicated. You have to think them out first. You can't just do what you want, go where you want when you want to anymore. Even something as simple as going to the supermarket to buy soda and that frozen dinner you've been craving. You can't just pop over cavalierly anymore. And you are spending a lot of time sitting at home frustrated. Sometimes feeling trapped. New software to figure out. It feels like your world is shrinking. Days, weeks, inside the same walls, same windows ... You're worried about what this new reality means for your future, your opportunities to work, especially doing what you have knowledge and experience doing. And frankly, you're scared about your future, especially financially. Sometimes you go to bed scared, your heart racing, crying yourself to sleep. And you try to be positive. You can do this, you tell yourself. You'll figure it out. You're stubborn. At least you've got that going for you. You feel alone. You

talk to your friends sometimes, but the distance ... You are striving to find a balance ... There are new daily rituals. Stretches, hot and cold compresses ... No one around you understands. Sometimes they try, but can't. Sometimes they don't try. They think you're lazy. That hurts. And oh, yes, the pain. Everyday, the physical pain. It becomes like a whole new relationship in your life. Intimate. That's the kind of space it takes up. Your relationship with your pain, with what you can and can't do, with your particular disability.

And years later there this is huge pandemic. So many people at home struggling to adjust to new ways of doing things, struggling to comprehend such an interruption and dramatic shift.

And it feels lonely again. Because to them so much is new that to you feels familiar.

Eventually, many of them, the lucky ones, they will go back to their old normal. You wonder if you'll ever stop having moments when you miss yours. Or if you can ever explain what your disability is like, for you. You create new pieces of art and writing, little glimpses

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There's only one thing you feel truly sure of in this new pandemic reality, that you are not the kind of person to bake a sourdough bread.