

Some posts from my blog <https://starcatcherrus.tumblr.com>

31/03/2020

### **About streets soldiers**

Will we write everything off for a protracted April Fool's joke tomorrow? Will not work. Yes I know. The city is noticeably empty, empty streets, quiet roads, one or two people with masks walking around with children or dogs, the majority try to keep their distance, the rest either do not understand, or do not know at all - for sure, there are some that are out of the news, outside of the mass hype and the measures taken, who, maybe, just started to notice some changes around.

Days without news are no longer relevant. Something is constantly changing, corresponded, updated and regulated. The news feed has become more vibrant and relevant to each of us than ever before. It's not somewhere else, it's already here.

No matter how you try to suppress anxiety and any thoughts, they still break through not very strong armor and occupy the mind. To keep them within borders, to cordon off territory, to declare quarantine: disperse - to be a panic.

On the way home, looking at my feet in the midst of the games of the sun with shadows, I saw red little soldiers (firebugs) waking up, they poured onto the asphalt and did not notice at all that passers-by were treading on their brothers - they would be careful, no one would take revenge in front of them with a broom, so as not to step on anyone. I walked the entire length of the road, stepping into free sections; soldiers are a direct reference to childhood, as every spring they woke up in fresh shoots of grass, ran on asphalt, flickered with their black dots and lines on the backs. March ends, tomorrow is April. And, it seems, with his arrival, everything will only begin.