

## Life in a Bubble

For most of quarantine, I lived in a quiet bubble, alone with nothing but a pen and my thoughts. Therefore, the photo I've chosen shows a personal journal entry I wrote during the experience. It's short and doesn't include a date other than a timestamp; perhaps I unconsciously provided proof that during self-isolation, the passing of time seems like an illusion and that others like myself rarely remember what day we have woken to. The entry was a personal reminder or better, a desperate attempt to comfort myself: "Everyone runs on different frequencies. There are no deadlines to life. Although it may feel like it, and although people tell you there are, there does not have to be."

I had written this during a stressful week of online school, when deadlines crowded my inbox, college prep haunted my dreams, and stress reached a high I never knew possible. This was a time when I believed I was far behind my peers and needed to have my future planned out at 16 years-old. It felt like I was walking waist-deep in the ocean while everyone else was running on the shores. The pandemic fueled my insecurity as the plans I made at the beginning of the year went to waste and I was back with a blank slate. In journaling advice that I did not wholeheartedly believe, I managed to convince myself that everything would soon fall into place. And in some aspects, it did.

When it became clear that my entire junior year would be spent behind a screen, I soon reached a comfortable phase in my life where dealing with the pandemic is tiring but it could have been much worse. I couldn't pinpoint exactly when I decided to let life run its course and acknowledge that this chaos will eventually cease, but I know it is a lesson learned from months of being left to my own devices. If the pandemic ushered in the most depressing and anxious time of my year then it also blessed me with the realization that life is an unchoreographed dance with the universe. All we can do is move with the music and try to understand the rhythm. And if the music suddenly changes and we begin to fall out of step, then just have to keep dancing until we get it right again.

1:34 am

everyone runs on different frequencies.

there are no deadlines to life.

although it may feel like it,  
and although people tell you there are,

there does not have to be.