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Details in Days

I woke up at six o'clock on the first day of high school. A chilly day in September, that made the breath sharp and put goosebumps on my arms. At least, I think it was from the crisp air and not the worry of another year, not the anxiety of *this* year. I put on a new shirt from Old Navy or Marshalls and leggings that reminded me of the tides of the ocean, constantly back and forth, revolving around the time.

At this point, I imagined my dreams of high school and the experience. The friends, the classes, the sports, the clubs. I made my way down the steps and absorbed the warmth of my fuzzy socks.

It was six ten, and I was greeted by my ninety-pound puppy, who did not realize the momentousness that was this day. Though I remember feeling as if he did sense a change in my stature, how my posture was a little straighter, and my eyes more focused. A switch from my summer spirit, to my school psyche.

“*Good Morning sir*” I voiced in my high pitched tone, which was used for him and babies.

I greeted my Mom and Dad, who knew that this was the day I had waited for, though did not point out the obvious inconsistency within my imaginations and this reality.

By the time we were home from a quick walk it was six thirty and I sat, pouring hot tea down my throat, staring at the clock. I ate my breakfast in solitude, as parents walked out the door and it was suddenly just me with my dog and thoughts, a peculiar combination.

And then I waited. I waited for my class to start. I waited for the clock to tick, I waited for some sign, somewhere, that I was waiting for something. For those long minutes, I sat. I sat in silence. I sat in thought.

When eight ten finally came around and it was respectable to put on the class, I joined high school on a computer.

My laptop the only connection to the outside world and as my first teacher greeted me and she laughed at the fact that;

“I guess this is the new normal”

I wondered if I should laugh too. I didn't feel like laughing. I had been waiting for this since six o'clock. I had been waiting for this since March twelfth twenty twenty, at four o'clock in the afternoon when I was home and I realized I would be there for much longer than anticipated. I had been waiting since my sister's senior game, where all the girls seemed so content, so careless about school the next day. I had been waiting since my brother's freshman year, since I learned about the clubs, the teachers, the opportunities. I had been waiting since first grade, when my cousin graduated high school, and walked across the stage in her strappy sandals. I had waited since I watched *High School Musical* for the first time with my sister and we danced to the unifying tunes. I had waited days and weeks and months and years.

I had waited since six o'clock in the morning. I wanted to tell her, but I didn't. I smiled at her face constructed of pixels in the tiny box, on a thirteen inch screen.

“Yes, I guess it is.”

As more faces appeared in the grid before me, familiarity was lost, and we did not unmute to capture each other's attention. Faces of people I have known my entire life. The boy from my U-8 basketball team and the girl I did dance with, my second grade classmates. These

people who had all been waiting with me. Waiting for something we had not been explicitly promised, but something we expected.

By eight twenty, I was exhausted and my eyes blurred from the light that exploded from the screen. My day was not close to done, but I was already finished. So I waited some more. I reminisced in my mind about how things were, how things were supposed to be. I waited another year, I waited another three hundred and sixty five days. Another eight thousand seven hundred sixty hours. I waited for my life to resume and my days to no longer revolve around staring down the inhumane clock. The clock that lacked empathy. The screen that lacked compassion. The colors swirled around my head, and my mind glitched as the screen changed between classes and documents and people and numbers.

By eight o'clock that night I was in my bed. I realized how long the days were when nothing fills up the space, I noticed the details within minutes, and how much patience it would take. I realized that my life was like an ocean at that moment and that I was waiting for something that was insurmountably late.