

As the days pass time becomes abstract. The air has become heavy, its hard to breathe. The nights turn long and sleepless and the stars feel like they're burning out above me. The whole world feels like it's folding in. For some time I have been longing for cooler days but something stops me everytime, Covid-19. Being stuck in my house, which has become my prison, with nothing but my thoughts has driven me to the edge, the edge of sanity. This must end, it must.