

Staring blankly at the same wall day in day out.
Creating your own prison without even knowing it
Resembling some construct of our deepest fears.

Quarantine

We don't want to be but do we choose to be?
Is there something we can do to escape this place
Or are we just switching spots with others if we do?

Six feet

Masks and hiding might bring back days of past.

Although they say that day will come

Our dreams are pushed farther and farther away.

Wait

Starve your life from living while we're supposed to.

My best four years were college will yours be?

My hardest years were the ones that were supposed to be.

Sacrifice

I chose poetry because I feel as though it is a form of writing that forces deep thought to be used to understand the message. It allows one to experience what the writer feels and allows the reader to add their own meaning to each word. You can choose it to be extraordinary, or to be insignificant.

I drafted this poem to better reflect emotions that I personally can relate to. This by no means represents the world let alone out country. There are many conflicts happening not mentioned and by writing this I acknowledge that there are issues greater than what us as college students are going through. My explanation will be structured line by line explicitly stating what I attempted to portray.

Line one states how repetitive days feel in a world where you are limited in activities you do. As a school schedule almost demands hours a day sitting down at a desk watching lectures or finishing homework. This leads to feeling as though your world is pertained to a couple rooms, which causes a lack of fulfilment in your life.

Line two discusses the topic of whether line one something is we choose to do to ourselves, or if it is a requirement. We have free will to whatever we want as citizens of this country. We could choose to go out and see friends or family, but is the risk worth it? Following the orders to stay alone and away from other people slowly drives life into a lull. Which leads into line three, the

fear of being alone. Whether someone has thought about it deeply or not everyone's greatest fear is feeling alone in the world. It is important in this time to stay connected with those we can. Roommates or talking over the phone are ways to utilize the opportunity to stay connected. Even though it may seem we are alone, everyone is going through this struggle together. This stanza illustrates what someone who feels alone would feel alone and trapped in a world where they live the same day repeatedly. The last word at the end of each stanza is a word I associate with the previous lines.

The second part touches on the aspect of activities that you can do while these stay-at-home orders were in effect. "We don't want to, but do we choose to be" to me illustrates how staying at home is a choice, even though the orders are in effect. Everywhere across the country we see people disobeying these orders and endangering others. Which brings me to the last two lines of that part. "Switching spots with others if we do" by disobeying orders to go out and enjoy your life the way you want to, you potentially spread this disease to others who may not survive. You swap your enjoyment for someone else's parents or siblings. Six feet is the order I feel best interprets the feeling of distancing yourself from the things we used to be able to enjoy. Everything we used to do seems so close but is simultaneously far away.

The third part is about when the problems caused by the virus were supposed to go away. Early on we were told it would after a couple of months and everything will be ready by summer. It is now late November, and it seems as though we have not made any progress. This part talks about dreams being pushed further and further away. People have experienced everything from pushing back wedding dates, to being let go from your job. There are a lot of important things in everyone's life that are being pushed back or outright removed. This goes hand with the first stanza saying how we feel trapped and things feel hopeless sometimes. The word wait after this part shows the one word that has been told to us for the last year, even at this point it does not seem like there is an end in sight.

The last stanza illustrates the expectation of college versus our reality right now. My whole life I was told that college was the most powerful experience you will have in your life. The friends you make, and the awe-inspiring diversity opens your mind to new possibilities. This moment in my life is a profound one, but I do not think anyone would describe it as their favorite. It appears the reason I came to college is no longer there, it is difficult to meet new people, and the education feels lackluster. Every part of me wishes I would have taken the year off from schooling to work. This is not the educational services I was receiving before and now for the same asking price you get less.

My hopes of drafting this poem is for future researchers to understand the life seen through the eyes of the youth. To understand the feeling of missing what is the best years of our life. They can hopefully use this as an individual expression, compared to looking at statistics. Millions unemployed and millions killed, but this allows a more first-person account of the world so they may better understand how our generation handled these changes. Some of the historical sources include first person accounts of events. During the industrial revolution many were forced into working in unsafe conditions, and interviews of these workers can be used to understand why they chose to work if it was so difficult. These stories corroborate with others' accounts of what

happened during that time. My work could hopefully be corroborated with future statistics of anxiety or depression rates as the pandemic persists.