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Diaries on Corona Fears

(12)

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It's the weekend, and honestly speaking, days really just feel the same. Time drags on in a dreary continuity to the point where it has lost its value, as well as its distinctive features. Weekends and weekdays, 3PM from 8PM, seconds from hours, everything feels the same really; my perception of time has shifted drastically this quarantine. I just keep doing homework and browsing through Twitter today, finding all strands of excitement and extracting every bit of dopamine I can find. I go for a "quarantine-walk" later in the evening, a walk where I do not enter anywhere and keep at least 10 feet within the range of anyone passing by. This is made extraordinarily easy by the fact that there are about 9 people I meet in approximately two hours of walking, and around 12km of distance covered.

This university takes on a special form of lifelessness when its empty, and it's severely exasperated in the dark as well; it's almost an intentional form of lifelessness, as if all structures coordinate with each other to appear a little dimmer, while simultaneously displaying enough of their empty inside's to remind oneself of what used to be alive. The walk is in every way dead, radically antithetical to what I had always known to be a walk, but maybe never understood its full components. A walk isn't a movement of several limbs to manually transport myself, but its an active process by which I take in the environment around me; when I walked I took in the nature, scenery, the sky, the sunset, the people walking around me, essentially, I took in life in its totality. Effectively all these elements have been diminished now, with me being only able to take nightly walks due to time constraints and dealing with work in the morning/ afternoon, as well as to maintain a time interval where population density is at its absolute minimum. Regardless, walks are another thing that has died for me, and I long for its revival after this deathly pandemic depletes its destructive potential.