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Sense of Solitude

Cristina Ciocirlan

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"Sense of solitude"
by Cristina Ciocirlan

U.S. Fulbright Scholar
Associate Professor of Management and chair
Department of Business, Elizabethtown College
(717) 361 6618, ciocirlanc@etown.edu

Submission to the *Creative while Quarantined Contest*

Category: *Poetry*

My daughter asks, "what day is today? I'm confused."
All days feeling the same, she's lost track.
An extrovert, she suffers
from too much exposure
to solitude.
"Teach me how to sew," she says.
"I want to modify some clothes.
And then let's binge-watch some *Bull*,
while eating the brownies
we stress-baked today."

Glancing at *Instagram*, my son,
mature beyond his age, proclaims,
"Do people host parties now? That's stupid!
And *who* drinks *Corona* anymore??"
An interesting brand question
to occupy the mind
of a marketer somewhere,
in quarantine.

We overindulge on *TikTok* videos
of isolated Italians,
riding bicycles in tiny apartments,
hiding from restless *bambini*,
hand-rolling pasta to perfection,
singing opera in their balconies,
in a harmonic tune of
"We're alone together."

Working in a *Zoom* world,
sweatpants on the bottom,
business casual on top,
now that's a combination
for *Gucci* to figure out.

Hearing Dr. Gupta say,
"My mask protects you; your mask protects me,"
I can't help but speculate,
"That's a fine example
of positive externality
that Dr. Paul will use profusely
in his economics lectures."

My friend says, "let's social distance together.
We have to learn to live *with* the disease.
We can play *Farkle* - that way, we each use our own dice.
We'll wear masks. Sit on the patio."

Another friend says, "now is the time
to build our immune system:
eat healthy and exercise, sleep well.
Learn new things. Read a book per week.
Do some introspection. Analyze your *feelings*."

I feel thankful I can work from home
I feel fortunate corona cannot steal spring from us
I feel compassion for people with young children going stir crazy in the house
I feel lucky that mine are grown up, but somehow,
I also feel guilty of it
I feel saddened by the irony of veteran stories, many of whom survived World War II, the Holocaust, or
the Iraq war, only to be taken by corona
I feel enraged at the racial injustice: *et tu, Corona?*
I feel appreciative of the healthcare heroes on the front lines
I feel anxious that my son wants to be a doctor
I feel grateful for wi-fi, red wine, and reggae.

I feel happy that one thing I've never gotten good at is giving up.