

The Covid-19 Dilemma

We open our eyes every morning only to find out that the dark, forever coldness still lingers in the air. Uncertainty wraps us up like a blanket. We shiver with fear, trying to put the blanket away, but it consumes us. A huge black-charcoal cloud blocks the morning's dawn. Although this concerns us tiresomely, the meteorologists say, "It will pass, it will go away soon." But it doesn't, not very soon anyway. Children wish upon stars for the dark, rainy days to turn into rainbows with the sun shining, but parents break the truth to them that there is no light here to save us. Life is not getting any better.

Questions lurk in our minds. "Will we ever wake up tomorrow, but instead see a dewy meadow of dawn? Or will our eyes never open, but push us to a grave underground?"

Humanity is always looking for answers to their problems. When working hard, we usually get those questions answered, those problems solved. But this time, the game of life will not give spare any answers or solutions. We simply are board pieces, hanging loosely on to a game spinner, whirling and twirling. It never stops.

COVID-19 has infected, as of now, 7.64 million in the US, 40.3 million across this whole world. The numbers keep increasing, every second we breathe, every time we blink our eyes, to this nauseating world that has come to dominate, and every time when we realize there is nothing we can do. Those infected, their lifestyle completely deteriorated. Their wellbeing, shattered. Not to mention, 1.06 million left this Earth, with no justice being served.

While COVID-19 infected, it also affected. It affected all of us, no matter if we thought that this virus was a sly hoax or an endless hole of death.

Every day, we were trapped in a glass box, trying to kiss the cheeks of our loved ones or hug the warmth of our friends; the cold glass blocked us. It blocked all visions set for the future, the only thing clearly visible was a world full of blurry disoriented shapes, and hazy colors filling the atmosphere.

Every day, fights were our bad habits. Hatred and fury filled our eyes, while a fire kept on building up in the box. Blaming a virus is easy, blaming politics is easy, blaming people is easy, but blaming us is not.

Every day, temptation wants us to shatter the glass box. We try so hard only to get bruises seconds later. Even when we shatter the box, we're too late, as we see our dear souls float in the midst. We're too late. Too late.

Every day, we are living in a dystopian world. Is this a dream, can it really be? History books ponder about Yellow Fever, Spanish Flu, Black Plague. Will this virus put us in a textbook, curriculum that must be taught? We live in a world of cold fear.

But there are some days when we open our eyes and see a world of warmth. Opportunity and chances are awaits outside like presents waiting to be unwrapped. One present is time. Time slowed down. In the slowness, families got together in their cozy living rooms, laughter in the air, eating meals together once again, and thinking of ways of how to better ourselves for the world and how to help. There is no clock ticking making our hearts beat faster.

7 billion passions, creativity, and goodwill of all kinds can now be put to use. Our time and dedication are the gifts that keep on giving, it lets our light shine while reaching others as well.

In my hometown, Hunterdon, New Jersey, advocates, and simple people are bringing awareness towards organizations never heard before. For example, in my girl scout troop, we still realize that even though time is frozen, there are people in need.

The second present is awareness. Flemington Food Pantry, an organization, is overflowing with donations, and local clothing drop-offs don't even have space for more gifts. Letters and letters of concern and care are being sent to retirement homes. Local stores are teaming up with charitable organizations, fundraising money towards those needed. We now have the time to volunteer, act, and learn every day. Usually, leaders have to be elected and have a proper education, but the position has been granted to us. Being in a position of hopelessness, we have the experience. Being born onto this Earth with a heart, we have the qualifications. Being surrounded by our closest family and friends, we have the recommendation. Those who can't act for themselves depend on our light.

In Hunterdon County Hospital, one fellow citizen wanted to give thanks to all of the superheroes that work there. Soon, a week later, the whole hospital was filled with colorful letters and pictures of gratitude. The words of encouragement made each worker smile as they were out in battle. The final present is an inspiration. Each of our actions serves as a beautiful intention. The intention grows all over the community, like a garden. Ideas spread like blooming flowers. Each flower planted lures people of all kinds wanting to do the same until the garden is filled and prospering. At the end of the day, we come together and admire all the hard work that has been made. Our light makes those flowers glow and sing.

We see our lives as frozen darkness, continually spreading, being an act of villainous inevitability. But even after the dark cold winter, the frost melts little by little as the glorious sun peek out from those dark clouds. The light of humanity will win once again, as it did when we worked together all those tragedies ago.