I watch as the world burns an infinite flame. I bear witness to a society that cannot come together in the midst of chaos. A virus has wedged itself into society, separating humanity in more ways than physically. Life has thrown us back with a single, heavy fisted hit to the center of the chest. It has swept nations off unsteady feet like a raging current in never-ending rapids.

I sit in bed, nestled in blankets, burrowing into pillows and sheets and scroll through an endless loop of images and videos as time takes its toll. Remember what it felt like to grasp the steady hands of a stranger? The feel of leather against leather with the strange embrace of limbs in an awkward “hello”? Neither do I. Remember what it felt like to have strings tug at the corner of your lips in a swift upward motion as you saw a familiar face pass? Neither do I. Remember what it felt like to close your eyes and sync the beat of a bass to the beat of your heart? Pressed against the beading sweat of strangers in an overcrowded room? Neither do I.

Looking through old photos and videos I can recall a time of careless joy, nostalgia leaking into my broken down system. I can remember sharing memories in crowds of strangers, laughing, touching, and living. The frantic rustle of greedy hands looking for the right notebook during a full class. Deciphering the words and numbers scratched into desks with half chewed wooden pencils. I can remember the sounds of society in the construction maze of Calgary, Alberta. The bustling sound of fabric against fabric as coats and skirts brushed by to pass a crosswalk. Or the sharp, tangy sound of a crosswalk light nearing the end of the pedestrians signal to cross. I can remember the hazy nights of flying through intersections, the lights a fogged blur as my rear-view mirror vibrated with the deep bass of near-deafening music. Where
has society gone? I look to my right, the fading glow of golden, glistening through the glass as the sun dips gently below the horizon. Where has society gone.