Angela Acosta

One Year In

One year in and we’ve all aged a decade,

Gained a few gray hairs and a new glasses prescription,

Blown through emotional and financial resources,

And exhausted digital libraries and streaming services.

The pandemic stalled our social lives,

So we tried to cope with Zoom trivia nights

And ice breakers in breakout rooms

Until those tapered off as quarantine wore on.

It’s hard to stay in touch even when everything is online.

Each successive wave has stalled more plans:

A summer in Europe, graduations and family reunions.

We have become hapless, discouraged,

Risk-takers daring to fly on a plane.

Oh, how simple cruising at 35,000 feet felt a year ago.

It took away the dailiness of college life:

Eating snacks during long seminars,

Sightseeing from the top floors of Thompson,

The familiarity of strangers making the same morning commute.

One year in and my watch battery has died,

Hardly noticed for lack of use.

We can’t turn back time to March 2020,

Looking at the lives we once lived and will never regain.

We’ll somehow move on,

Long-hauling across this unfamiliar territory.

But right now, we just have to feel.