

Abril 3 del 2020

Día Veintidós

(No one taught scientists how to deal with lives without plans)

- by Cristian Zaelzer.

It was Tuesday,
we were laughing but nervous,
we were whispering dates,
we were planning scenarios,
movies, zombies, and quarantines.

How many days before they send us home?
How many weeks before the world collapsed?
I imagined my sofa at the top of the world,
drinking a coffee while the world burned in flames.

We made jokes,
I spoke of death,
she heard my whispers,
she took a plane.
she came curious to our island,
she came to stay.

It was Wednesday,
the email read "don't return,"
and the domino pieces started dropping down.
The air rarified,
it was the last Wednesday,
of the last day,
of my last life.

I packed a piece of normality,
I put it in a box,
wires, copper, chromium, UV lights,
twicers, lamps, fire,
four N95 masks and some gloves,
"He is allergic and asthmatic."
I am going to come for this on Saturday."

And then was home.
But before the metro, the bus, and the people.
I pulled my hands inside me,
like turtlenecks covering in hard shells made of a winter jacket.
Playing the game of lava but with my hands.
This jacket has touched so much dirt,

the bacteria will enjoy the virus.

The air was strange,
but the aroma was not pollution,
it was fear,
it was silence.
Barita ran home without telling Ibrahim why,
Ibrahim ran home cause Barita did have insiders.
No one spoke about it,
we just went to the supermarket,
we bought food.
We ate it in four days.

Then the time stopped.
The world was normal while the television and internet were off.
The birds started to sing stronger,
maybe was the Spring coming finally just to their lives,
cause the Spring still does not arrive at ours,
they say it's cancelled,
at least until the end of the summer.

The air became fresh; meanwhile, the days past.
Sweet, like some poison stayed at home.
The time stopped,
while the domino pieces continued dropping,
dropping from a hospital bed in brown wooden coffins.

No one taught scientists how to deal with lives without plans.
Which is funny, because uncertainty is the only certain thing in scientific statistics.
P values just reflecting high or low probability,
but never a hundred percent certainty.
Our data suggest,
our data never claim a result.

But statistics are not human,
they just play in their hands,
to count lives, to count n,
to count in semi-logarithmic graphs,
the rise and fall of the curve.
No one taught scientists how to deal with lives that have no plans.

And when planning arrived at a halt,
we were suddenly in the present.
But we forgot how to live in that weird moment,
that a moment ago was future,
and a moment behind is past.

Homes became cages,
so tiny,
so little cages.
Enclosed spaces,
memorized at inch.
And still, I do not know where I put my last days of careless walking.

The days came,
and the days went.
and I went down,
and hold in fragments.
The days came,
and the days went,
and sat in my bed,
looking through the window,
not understanding what was really different.

I see the bus pass in the mornings,
it goes empty.
Planning was in halt,
and we were suddenly asked to live the present.

Outside, the birds sing stronger than ever.
While I stay home in spaces that are not infinite.