

She has lost precious time. Time that she was supposed to spend with us and time that was supposed to be spent outside the confines of her room. She lost what was supposed to be her last normal christmas here on this earth and she lost thanksgiving entirely. It was not missed it was stolen, like she soon will be from us. This pandemic took and took and took while people looked the other way, assuring others that it was never there in the first place. This was only because it had not stolen from them yet. It is sly that way.

I have not learned much from this pandemic aside from the fact that time is even more precious than I thought. I learned a year is much shorter than it used to be. It felt like the minute hand was being cranked and everytime I blinked I lost another day, another month. I was standing in a crowd that was moving in fast forward. Someday I will look back and grieve that I did not have enough time with her. Not enough. Not enough. And there probably could never be enough.

She has spent the last year alone. She spent the year holding on and getting treatments that only made her suffer more. People send flowers and cards that say everything happens for a reason and that we are not given what we cannot handle. What comforting words for a woman who is dying slowly. And too quickly. But, what could you possibly say? That is another thing I have learned; there is nothing you can say that will be enough. I'm sure this time has been all too long for her and all too short. Not enough. Not enough. Not Enough.

I have learned what a tricky thing time is. How fickle it is. How 365 days feels like forever and a blink of an eye. Like waking up one day and wondering how it felt like just yesterday that you both were torn apart by a virus that is rapacious and a thief. And every once

and a while when you wake up, you wonder if it was all a dream. But it never is. And it never will be.

But then spring comes. The virus's desperate grasp on humanity slowly loosens. It will hold on tight. And there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. But, it will be pried off. It will wander aimlessly through the earth searching for unprotected prey. But it will not find any. And the summer will come. She will wrestle herself free from the prison that has become her home. The sun will shine once again on her face. And the warmth of sunlight will wash over her skin. There will be smiling faces and adventures waiting for her. For us. And they might be her last. But they will be good. They will be remembered. And I will accept that it is not enough.

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