

# *Pillow*

**Nimra Askari**

The quarantine guaranteed  
How my mind is free  
I have so much time to reflect  
To reminisce  
To feel some sort of glee

I reflect on the ways we lived our lives  
I tap into the emotions or at least try  
The three hallways we would reside  
The laughs and the cries  
The family dinners with no fights  
The picnics with the flies  
I miss seeing the world  
Without fear of ending someone else's  
I want my people back  
I can't help it

I squeeze my pillow  
And wrap my arms tightly  
To feel something

I want to feel attached  
So I dig into the past  
But once I write these lines  
I know digging won't surpass

The past no longer serves me  
And I struggle to accept it  
When the world is back to 'normal'  
It would kill me to forget this

Because in those past moments  
I was in a fantasy  
Too invested in the world  
Too attached to light

I didn't realize  
The temporal view of this vice

How at the end of the day  
It's only you who'll suffice

Socially  
the distance was needed  
For you to understand  
What you needed

And I needed the real me

The quarantine guaranteed  
How my mind is free

How instead of squeezing my pillow  
I could wrap my arms around me.