

Onslaught

“Hyo-In, your dad and I think you should cancel your trip to Morocco.”

“No, Mom, we’ve already booked everything. We’ll be fine, we’re all young and healthy.”

Boston - Lisbon - Madrid - Marrakech: Getting lost in the windy streets of the medina while photographing intricate designs of zillij tiles mosaicing the Old City. Unplugged. Camel trekking through the Sahara Desert and sandboarding in the dunes during sunset. Unaware. Staring at the Milky Way from our Berber campsite, sipping on mint tea. Unaffected.

Fes - Chefchaouen - Tangier: Whispering “corona, corona”
fake coughing at me ushering siblings out of my way
spitting in my direction hitting me with cardboard boxes,
yelling at me to “go back to where you came from.”

Tangier - Madrid - Lisbon - Boston: Wary travelers wearing masks.

Sudden barrage of information: “Covid-19.” “Coronavirus.” “Restaurants closed.” “Parks closed.” “Beaches closed.” “Stay at home. Wash your hands.”

“The College has made the difficult decision to transition all in-person classes to online learning for the remainder of the spring term.”

“Babe, I got laid off. Sorry”

“Oh, no! What are we going to do?”

“It’s okay. I’m sure we’ll figure out a way to pay rent.”

“Hyo-In, your dad and I got kicked out of the grocery store today because the locals didn’t want ‘virus spreaders’ shopping with them.”

“CDC.”

“Unemployment.”

“Although we have been thinking creatively about meaningful tasks to keep the office busy, unfortunately, we may not have enough remote work to keep you all over the coming weeks.”

“Deaths.”

”WHO.”

“Maximum capacity.”

“Rising death tolls.”

“Stay at home.”

“Shortage of masks.”

“Wash your hands.”

“Mass burials.”

“We don’t know
when this will

end.”