

Love in the time of corona

Love comes in many forms. That was what the man was thinking, when the phone call came. At the time he had just returned from work and was thinking about love and lockdown and his Mother. After her diagnosis, he had been thinking a lot about his Mother. And then the phone rang.

It was a brief call, it had no need to be long: dear Mr Cobbs, we are sorry, but your mother is old and we don't think she'll survive covid-19. And he stayed professional throughout it because there was nothing he could do. Crying wouldn't help anyone. So Cobbs went up to his bedroom, laid down on his bed, and cried anyway.

There, in a hospital on the other side of town, a woman pulled a bicycle helmet on top of her headscarf and started cycling home. Aneria was glad her shift had ended. She hated breaking horrible news like that to people. she wondered what Cobbs must be feeling right now. Over the phone, it felt so impersonal. Impersonal... There were so few people on the streets now. No cars on the road, no-one on the pathways she cycled by. Now useless Street Lamps illuminated nothing. She pulled up to her apartment. So few people... "Hey gal!"

Aneria was wrapped up in a grateful kiss. Almost no-one there, except her girlfriend.

The next morning, in the apartment next door, a young doctor drove his way down to his workplace and settled down in his office. A few moments later, a young boy ran in. the boy's name was Alfred Jones-a perfectly fine 6 year old, with no health complications other than type one diabetes. It wasn't fair, as our doctor knew. Alfie never did anything to deserve it. So he did the check up, and sighed with relief as his sister came down to take him home. He no longer had to see the optimism on the little boy's face.

Katrina took her brother Alfie home. He was so happy and smiley, no idea of the fact he was in the danger zone. No idea about how possible it was for him to die. And so they got home, and her mother made a joke , and Alfie laughed. Still smiling, she logged onto her virtual dance lesson.

In a small village nearby, a dance teacher taught the steps of a new routine over video. However, her mind was far from dance as she spun. Her mother was in a home-she feared what would happen if the virus got in. so she called her as soon as the lesson ended. All they talked about was an interview; conducted by a man currently crying over news given by a woman next door to a doctor who knew a young boy whose sister was practicing her dance. Love comes in many forms. Love for a mother, a woman, a boy and back to a mother. Love- in the time of corona.