

## A Midsummer's Pandemic



*We fit where we can  
Our bed now our table, desk, and mind  
I yearn to stretch my legs and feel nothing but air*

This photo perfectly depicts what it felt like to shrink into our flatshare. Our constant assessment of how to make more from less and finding unexplored ways to twist our limbs.

The strangest part was though, even throughout the endless monotony and aching joints, I never felt more in control. Suddenly, time was mine again. It no longer felt frighteningly fast, with days disappearing before I had the chance to sip my morning coffee. It was... peace.

Who would've thought that all it took for time to be on your side was for everything else to go away?