

My Days of Isolation – Esther Jiménez Rodríguez

17/03/20

My soul is drowning in a Spanish sea of sorrow.

I think of myself as Anna Frank but I am not even Frank of the jungle.

If soap repels the virus, why don't we all swim in a pool of soap?

18/03/20

I'm a shipwrecked in this tearful ocean where I can find no consolation. Emptiness is covering me up.

Thank you mum for understanding my pain.

A look into the sea healed me, the sound of the palm trees dispelled the thoughts that tortured my mind.

I could not sleep today waiting for my Spanish friends to return their homes safely. Please! Wait to close the borders! We need to come back home! Please! Do not cancel the flights! We all have the necessity of returning to our houses! Miraculously, we managed to face the frontiers.

I work out my body so that my mind hasn't got the opportunity to think about this horrific situation.

19/03/20

24 hours since I don't cry, my heart is now petrified.

This morning, could I order my books and thus store my souvenirs from the Emerald Island.

I can hear children cry since the light they cannot touch.

I remember the wind's roar over the Irish leaves.

20/03/20

We are now one week to reach the peak, I don't want to see it, I don't want to hear the dead bodies. Oh Madrid! The entire city is in chaos!

I can hear noises from the past that my heart wake up, if you want something to be dead, let it motionless. I am getting used to seeing the dead city.

Oh Erick, my fencing brother from the US, when will I have the opportunity of fighting against you again?

So many lives my heart filled, the glass spilled, they are all gone.

Valladolid, Córdoba, Madrid, Granada, Valencia, Chile, Almería, France, Basque country, Germany, Belgium, Sweden, US, Ireland come to me again!

22/03/20

Today could I laugh, dance and felt home more than ever in those pandemic times.

I wanted to cry when seeing the whole neighborhood, the whole county, the whole country of Spain clapping. The clapping that unites us. Thank you doctors!

I have an emptiness that I can no longer fulfill but I'm learning to live with it.

26/03/20

What if we are being manipulated? What if everything is planned? What if we are part of an experiment? Would the human being have such cruelty within him?

There is no home for the man of the beach. Homeless he is, alone he is and poor he is.

30/03/20

Ireland seems to be curing whereas Spain is now reaching the peak. All I can hear are number of dead bodies. The huge numbers are stealing each life's importance. One death is already important and horrible.

Is this the third world war? What is the meaning of life?

I like clapping with my people, my people, the people, the world,

31/03/20

Two weeks lasts for our liberation. The Spanish government claims that we will be able of controlling this virus by the end of Easter week. Albeit, I don't know if I should be hopeful or skeptic towards this affirmations.

The memories of my last summer are leaning out from the little window.

I cannot do art because I don't know how to order it, is art about order? Our lives are now disordered, chaotic! Why shouldn't art be disorganized?! But, then, what about the laws of aestheticism?

To be continued...