

# Lockdown Journal

Solidarity from at least two metres away.

## 4 May, Noida, India

**By Pallavi Singh**

Not everyone grows fat  
during a quarantine. Look at me,  
Just this morning I took the stairs  
after picking up milk from the guard  
watching over the deliveries of  
all my neighbors.

On floor one, I saw a mask in a bin and ran towards the second, heart racing  
but that was just  
runner's high.

I climbed past unkempt staircases,  
I thought of the missing cleaners,  
but I was just panting too much  
to think anymore.

I reached 16th floor and took the lift,  
the 22nd floor is vacant except for me.  
A man in blue emerged outside the lift,  
scrubbing the floor, but I just screamed.

A few weeks ago, I thought,  
seeing a man was no big deal.

My heart has now grown  
the size of a sinking boulder on Mount Everest  
about to set off an avalanche.

Everyone gets fat during a quarantine –

the weight of sadness can not be measured  
on a scale.

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