

Unbearable

We all feel restricted at home, like we're the victims of a mandatory hibernation. Bears, cubs and grizzlies, none have been out to play for so long. An uncertainty of the future blocks our vision like we're underwater, searching for a fish that seems near but darts out of view before we can sink our teeth in. We're hungry for answers, for a win.

Mama and papa bears need to stock up, work, and take care of loved ones in need. Some feel muzzled, but if they were truly muzzled, they wouldn't be able to roar so loudly, nor bare their teeth. Maybe they are polar bears. There are some who feel that, perhaps like bears, they need to cherish the outdoors. It is summer, after all. But when winter comes around, I fear we will be stuck in our dens long after the next summer...

Our ever-present loungewear wraps us like a thick hide, though we aren't escaping the winter. The cold we seek to evade seeps through our AC vents. It encroaches on our alone time when we cannot hug those we love. It's the emptiness we feel without the laughter of our friends, the love of our relatives.

I dream of the day when we can test the outdoors, when we can feel the pleasure that a bear knows when it can finally rub itself against the trunk of a tree. The warmth of sunshine on our faces after months indoors, akin to a bear hug from a friend long missed. A reminder that the world's rotation has not stopped, when we won't have to bear the loneliness any longer.