

Covid-19

To Have or Not to Have

Saturday March 14th, beautiful day at Jacob Riis Beach, a community beach for queer, Trans and people of color. There isn't any sign of wind and the 55 degrees weather feels more like 70. Despite the fact that I should be wearing pants and at least a sweater, I'm wearing a long, double slit black backless dress. As I run back and forth to deep my toes into the freezing sea, my once athletic silhouette comes out through the thin cotton to enjoy the sun's kiss. Passersby ask me if I'm cold. Surprisingly, I'm not. The excitement of being back by the sea has turned my body into an active volcano.

Sunday March 15th, I wake up with a sore throat. I was supposed to help a friend who just had bottom surgery, but due to her fragile state no one is allowed to help if they have a cold. Sadly, I cancel my meal train morning schedule. I fall sleep again, and by the afternoon I'm feeling a little better despite the persistent, throbbing throat. The sore throat is here to stay, and the next morning a slight body ache comes to visit on and off.

Wednesday March 18th, I wake up to learn that the body ache has decided to make of my body a staycation, and during my sleep it has invited Ty Cobb for a night visit. I call in sick to work. The unwelcome guests have decided to play ball indoors all night. There is no way I can get up. Every wall on my body has been sternly hit. I sleep the whole day, dragging myself to and from my bed to the kitchen to scavenge my fridge from time to time. This torment continues on and off throughout the week.

March 21st, I wake up feeling better. Time to celebrate. Let's have vodka shots and dance until day break. But plans don't go as intended. Midway through the private party with my girlfriend and her roommate I felt a cold ghost gust enter my lower back. Something wasn't right, I swiftly felt petrified, gloomy. Death had joined the guest list. I call it quits. I go to sleep. The next morning I realize that the Georgian Peach has returned with his swinging bat for another visit. And what a party he must have had

with Death. This time his bat was irate. I feel every hit in my bones. I wonder if Death got a good beating too. I crawl to the bathroom and wonder if I will ever be able to stand on my feet again.

March 24th, I finally have enough energy to get out of my bed. I use this energy to go to my doctor. I wonder if I have caught Covid-19. My doctor says that I should be fine, it's probably a common flu, and unless my kidneys start failing or I can't breathe anymore in a few days, it should go away within a week. I'm partially relieved. It feels as if I have now developed a deeper relationship with my flu. Now it is just a matter of waiting around to see if it will develop into something more. Covid-19.

March 25th, I wake up again not feeling that great. I start to contemplate my miserable state of boredom. The only thing left from time to time is my analytical skills which come to visit me during the lengthy day. Now, it has decided to analyze whether or not I have Covid-19. Up to now, I was sure that it was just a cold from walking on the beach on an early spring day with little clothes. I'm not the panicking type, I have had the flu before and this feels no different except that it's taking so much longer to heal. And yes, although I had body aches, Ty Cobb was not part of the picture either during the previous flu experiences. I'm now starting to hate baseball and all that has to do with it. I start doing research on Covid-19. I talk to friends and colleagues. It's like a Yankees vs the Red Sox betting.

March 26th, my analytical thinking has taken a Shakespearean approach. It's not so interested anymore in figuring out if I have Covid-19, but instead it questions and romanticizes it: "Covid-19, to have or not to have?" I start overdosing on Emergen-C. I heard you urinate the extra vitamin C your body doesn't use anyway. So what harm can it cause? I decide to pair it with vitamin D. My body is always in deficiency of it. I hear that some Russian doctor said that ginger can kill Covid 19. What wrong can it do to my body to trust the Russians at this point? I decide to add ginger to my overdose list with soups full of ginger, homemade ginger teas, and why not try a ginger chocolate cake? Nothing seems to be working. Every day is a constant struggle for a little bit of energy. I don't want to tell anybody how bad I

feel. That yesterday the same ghost gust entered my body through my feet helping me develop a closer welcoming relationship with Death. If I do have Covid-19, and I survive I will be happy and proud of my immune system. But if I don't have it, I'm now part of the "At Risk" group. Battling this flu for more than a week has certainly taken a toll on my body's strength.

April 1st, I wake up feeling a little better than most days. It's a beautiful day outside and I decide to go for an afternoon short run. We are trapped in our homes, but spring is still coming at full force. It seems to want to remind me that it doesn't need me. As I jog for four miles on Central Park I can see that nature sprung even better without our presence. The reservoir has ducks now! I don't ever recall seeing them in fifteen years. But now they are taking over the park. Maybe now that Death seems to have decided to move in, I can notice things that I didn't before. I'm starting to like Death as a tenant. We have great conversations. My life portfolio has appreciated.

April 3rd, I'm scared. I woke up with Ty Cobb's bat shoved in my chest. Should I call my doctor, or go to the hospital? Will they be able to do anything for me anyway? I think I'm just going to take it easy. Try to breath slow. Maybe I'm just having a panic attack. Maybe I'm just too stressed with the unknown. I did have very bad acid reflux a few years ago due to stress at work which gave me similar symptoms. The day goes through, and despite the occasional light head from lack of oxygen, I'm still breathing. The father of my son told me that if it was Covid-19 I would be losing my breath in six hours. I guess it's probably not. I go to sleep and hope to wake up.

April 4th, I wake up feeling like sleeping beauty. I don't understand what happened to my body in the last two weeks while being held hostage by a virus. But I'm back now. Death and Ty have become my two best friends and although they decided to move out we are still laughing side by side. I'm feeling stronger than ever. Maybe overdosing on Emergen-C wasn't such a bad idea after all, but tonight I'd rather have wine. I check the news. The world is still fighting Covid-19. I may have just won one of the

first battles. There will be no baseball season this year. No bets for Yankees or Red Sox. The game between Covid-19 vs Humans continues. And I'm betting on us.