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Poem English

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I'm sitting in my window looking out. I'm normally seeing all these people rushing by, hurrying to get to work. But I'm just seeing other people looking out of their windows now.

I'm in the park going for a run. I'm used to stopping all the time due to kids and dogs on leashes.
But I just keep on running because there's no reason to stop, the park is empty.

Where are those people? All those people that always complain that they don't have time.
They're always so busy and stressed, they say. But where are they now? They're sitting in a window looking out, sipping their coffee while reading a book.

I'm calling a friend who's always too busy to talk.
We're talking for hours since we don't have anywhere to be or anything urgent to do. Maybe it's good, he says, to take a break and stop worrying about grades or what your boss thinks of you.
Maybe it's good to be forced to stay home, because nobody wants to show weakness and admit they are stressed.

I'm cleaning my room, I'm organizing my closet, I'm cooking the meal I've always wanted to try but never had the time to prepare.
I'm feeling good about all this and don't really think about anyone other than the people closest to me.

Who cares what teachers think of you? Who cares how much your friend's new phone costs? Does it make it easier for me at home, knowing that I have an expensive pair of shoes standing outside the door, not able to be worn?

Maybe it's good. To stay at home for a while, realizing what and who we really need in our lives.

And if you are with your family or if you are by yourself, grab a book and do all the things in your apartment you always wanted to do but procrastinated on.

Maybe you shouldn't complain about being limited in your freedoms, maybe you should celebrate not having to prove to yourself that you are making use of your freedom all the time, even though you just want to stay at home on a Friday night and read a book.

And maybe we come to appreciate seeing our friends and talking to strangers more after this. Maybe we come to appreciate being alone at least one day a week without feeling as if you're missing out. And you know what? That's okay.

When I'm sitting in my window, I don't miss all the people that are rushing by, hurrying to get to their next appointment on time. When I'm sitting in my window I like feeling as if this fast world is calm and peaceful.

Maybe we'll remember some of the things we come to appreciate and maybe we won't. But deep down we all enjoy sleeping in and drinking a coffee in pjs while fighting with our family over the rules of a board game.