

HOMEWORK

I find it enraging how the feeling of normality always ends up winning over my mind

How switching from living faraway in the country
To living in the city

I end up feeling normal
from the absence of noise

To a sensory overload

I end up getting used to either
From a place where I have to comply to tradition.

To a place where I am encouraged to think for myself

I end up feeling normal

From greeting people with two kisses on the cheeks

To keeping a one meter distance when greeting friends

Then again, it feels normal after a while

From going outside and forgetting my backpack at home

To forgetting my mask, and feeling awkward not wearing one

And again, it feels normal with time

From having multiple social interactions a day

spending

To being happy when the cashier wishes me a good day after three days alone

Whatever happens, after a while, what I experience feels normal

I guess it's helpful, for quite some things

But that doesn't stop me from hating it

Normality spreads like fungi

And it smothers any other way of experiencing

Luckily, every so often, normality leaves me for a short period
and it's these periods that I strive for

Until then, I'll be feeling normal.