

# The Inside Times

By Samuel Kendrick

Children playing in the street in my Grandmother's neighborhood. Its something that I've not seen in almost twenty years.



My grandmother, Charlene, sends my family and me out to get her medications and groceries. Before anything enters her house, it is sprayed liberally with Lysol and sits for thirty minutes. She has not left her house since before the first shelter-at-home orders came out.



My father and my grandmother as we sit around her kitchen table as a family, eating before we leave for home. There's a local place near my Grandmother's house that is known for its po'boys and jambalaya.



“Social Distancing” at work on my family’s farm. We’ve always been pretty closed off, but now we only let one other person on the farm, even to walk around while maintaining distance.



We work hard and we play hard. An unloaded pistol has become more like a three dimensional puzzle that we take a part and put back together repeatedly, than the tool that it actually is.



Me, studying for classes that I still have to attend. The toll that they take gets harder every week. Online existence is not something I'm suited for, but it seems that this is my/our reality for the time being.



This is the hallway that leads to the school office, outside of my mother's art room. These days, "Create" seems less of an educational and inspirational word, than it does a mockery of sorts. Inspiration is sparse these days, but what choice do we have but to muddle through?





Hair. One of the unexpectedly important things that we cling to in order to maintain our sanity. My mama called her hair dresser and we did a pick-up run for some hair color. We drink, we have fun, we survive.



The joke has been made that dogs of the world are experiencing unprecedented levels of “People Being Home.” This is Bean, and I think this sums up how a lot of us are feeling right now. Or at least how I’m feeling. Let’s just sleep until this is over.



Sunsets seem a fitting metaphor for these times. It feels like an era is ending and a new one begins tomorrow.

