(branches)
What if I take this time to meditate regularly?
(water)
What if I create a calming ripple effect in all that I do?
(tree in light)
 What if I unearth optimism amidst the incredible uncertainty?

What if I never go on a plane again?
What if my suitcase's purpose is only to be my nightstand from now on? Will it ever find itself fighting for space on yet another overbooked flight to Vancouver?

What if I start eating meat again? Not because I want to, but maybe to simply taste an actual chicken nugget again.

What if I've already peaked, but what if I don't care?

Or what if I can finally accomplish all the little things that I had previously set aside for a "rainy day." What if I develop a green thumb at last?

What if I ration my antidepressants to avoid going out? But what if I still somehow run out?

What if I didn't live in Canada?

What if a customer gives me the virus because they value their comfort over my safety? And what if I give my immunocompromised roommate the virus? What if someone gives the virus wrapped in innocent gestures to my Babka?

What if I hadn't sent that meme?

What if the economy collapses? What if I can't afford this city? What if I have to move home? What if I can never move out again? What if I die in an earthquake?

And what if the coffee shop I've been meaning to try shuts down? I'll never know what it would've been like to sip a hazelnut oat milk latte while staring at my laptop screensaver pretending that I have a "serious job."

What if I'm stuck at my joe job?
What if I'm stagnant, or what if I don't "make it"? And what does making it even mean to me?

What if I don't use baking soda? Will my chocolate chip cookies care?

What if we re-imagine the word "justice." What would that look like? What if people's screams are finally heard- what if all of this was supposed to happen?

What if my light bulb burns out?

What if R.E.M. was onto something, and it truly is the end of the world as we know it? I feel fine. I think.

What if I can't hug my friends for another year? What if my heart is slowly breaking with every Zoom call I endure? What if my last conversation with you is over the phone?

What if we shift how we spend our time? Away from the voices online, and to the ones across the table. What if we stopped thinking about community building as some sort of naive idealism? What if we use this time to reflect to change our homes, our relationships, and our systems?

Or what if that's not how it goes? What if this simply perpetuates our gross hunger for capitalism? What if misery injects itself into our venomous words to each other? What if we push each other off the narrow ladder to prosperity instead of walking together down a wide-stretched road?

What if, what if, what if?