

## “This is 2020”

By Taravat Mansournia

Proclaimed as a curse and deemed hellacious, 2020 wears the world on her shoulders and relishes the raw taste of chaos. Her majesty lurks in the dark depths, and all who cross her path are subjected to wilting due to the absence of light. Having coerced the world to its knees, 2020 has numbed the multitude to any semblance of death, isolation, and division; what’s normal is the fact that it will never again be normal. This is 2020.

2020 is a show-off. An attention seeker. A sinless and angelic looking bystander but a cold-blooded mastermind by intent. Her introduction to the world was fiery, if you will—she sure knew how to make an entrance. Prancing about the desolate terrain left by over three billion animals, her appetite is nowhere near satisfied. This is 2020.

2020 is the embodiment of all that is despondent; she has verified the truth that so many of those in charge lack conscious awareness as to their roles as *leaders*. She has further widened the gap between those with selflessness and self-serving tendencies. She has caged the multitude and tossed away the key, and while the multitude boils in heat, she sits back and sips from her tea. This is 2020.

2020 is death in the midst of life and disease is her trusty friend. One by one they eliminate, and one by one they grow exponentially vile. The multitude’s strenuous—and belated—efforts to find the “key” almost feels ludicrous; over a million have drawn their last breath, over a billion have reconstructed their lives, and over a trillion seconds have passed—or at least that’s the common illusion shared by those caged. This is 2020.

2020 reignites a war that has been blazing within since the dawn of time. Deaths after deaths based on a factor that *should not* be a factor, and protests after protests over a matter that *should* matter—this is 2020.

2020 fosters the global deterioration of mental health and termination of human interactions which, arguably, can be reasoned as the basis of all existence. She turns the light off and stealthily exits, leaving behind a spiral of thoughts and prospects for self-sabotage. This is 2020.

The world is at the tips of her fingers, the future as she makes. Unruly, curious, a bit sarcastic, 2020 is unbothered by the damage to her reputation. She is a force of nature with incalculable casualties, marking history with an everlasting impression. Persistent and seemingly immortal, nothing can block her strides toward world domination now, except for 2021—unless, of course, that’s her evil twin.