

## **Zoom**

I sit in front of my computer.

I go back to the mirror to see if I am looking pretty enough for my virtual classmates.

I put a little bit of lipstick.

I go back to my seat and take a sip of my warm water.

And click Join Meeting.

The class is on Environment and Sustainability.

Believe me, it is an interesting course.

But my head wanders. I think about the toast and omelette I will have tomorrow.

With creamy cheese and lettuce. It's my favourite thing.

Or I dream of being an extrovert and doing the things they do.

Does every introvert secretly fancy some bits of being an extrovert?

Like talking confidently with someone they find attractive in a club?

Or re-enacting an extrovert character in a TV series? Saying all the funny things at the right moment?

I think they do.

I realise I have been wandering and listens to my professor.

She is super smart, and I nod with a smile when she says something fascinating.

And then I go on to look at a very good-looking boy in the class.

In a classroom, I would be so nervous to look up at his face.

But, on a zoom call, he can never say if I am looking at him.

The layout is different for everyone and it keeps shifting.

But I still feel bad.

I worry that he knows that I am looking.

I feel wrong and I direct my gaze at someone else.

Is Zoom bringing out the not so approved side in me? Or am I the immoral one?

The things that we do when we know others don't see is strange and baffling.

I settle on writing a poem about it to justify my act.

And waiting for people to say, "so true!"

-Anu Karippal

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