

I have always been drawn to the flourish of nature, but I had gotten my very own plant when I was around eleven years old, a golden pothos. Over the years, my home has housed more and more plants. The ones indoors are mostly devil's ivy, as they don't need much light or water, but all the succulents are outside.

A few months into quarantine, around June, my mother had gotten her hands on one of the stray kittens that had been hiding between the clusias. She had been so frail and ridden with parasites. We doubted that she would've lasted much longer if we hadn't taken her in. She's now incredibly playful and has lived with us for almost a year, even though we hadn't any intention of keeping her.

The pandemic mandated us to stay at home and isolate ourselves from the rest of the world. But when my parents caught COVID-19 and I was then isolated from my own family. I sat at my desk drawing flowers or creating them out of origami. Everything about the indoors is all too familiar to me now, and the outdoors don't seem real. I've gotten used to how the walls seem to be running away from me, getting me lost among the white color. Used to how the ceiling seems too close, like it'll crush me. But the outdoors, they hex me to stay, bewitch me in how the wind pushes a curl from my face, and stray kittens fumble around the shrubbery. How the sea slowly swallows up the sand, and how the clouds disappear in the midst of day.

I would then pull up the weeds from my yard, the white pusleys and yellow wood sorrels, but didn't throw them out. I gave them their own vases, yet they'd be withered by the next day. I saw the world in those weeds, an end that came all too suddenly. They still rest on my windowsill, I haven't the heart to move them.

I go round my home, slipping water to the soil. The ones I've had for years were my golden pothos, you can find them on the bookshelves, on the walls, hung from the ceiling, and

across tables. The half of them are taller than me, heart-shaped leaves that tower above. Outside are pots of succulents on the sides of the stairs and on the outdoor table. A buganvillea with magenta petals hangs over my porch, entangled with other leaves.

They are untouched amidst all of this, they needn't isolate nor worry. Nature has no doubt gotten used to the chaos of our unnatural world, it's become mere background noise. They still stand pretty out my window and throughout my home, their vines twisted perfectly round each other. They grow all around my room, and assure me things should be better soon.