

The Muckraker's Independent John F. Kennedy School Student

# QUARANTINE

Week Two: Imagine



Skylar Hardister

My four walls are now my palace  
The hall and five rooms my dominion  
The street and the park my freedom  
Screens now grant me vision  
Into the world beyond my reach

Claire Larson



Brooke Betten

Dear Reader,

As we return with our second issue of Quaranzine, we shift our focus to the raw imagination of our contributors. "Imagine", whether it represents the desire for social, political, or cultural change, or personal fantasies regarding the narrative of our lives, is an essential part of the quarantined existence, where the unreal is much more interesting than the mundane present. We hope you enjoy the many vivid imaginings throughout this issue, may they inspire you to dream bigger and create more art!

June Gromis

Next theme: **Boredom**

What does that mean to you?

Let us know.



## Germany and The First World:

### Imagining a Crisis

Opinion

When examining the current “Corona crisis” that is occurring throughout Germany and the world one thing becomes painfully apparent. The first world and its people cannot comprehend the scope of a true crisis. We have gotten so used to the comfortable and cushy life in our safe democratic bubble that people stopped being able to imagine times of crises. This was even addressed by Angela Merkel in her truly incredible speech which discussed the scope of the crisis. She mentioned that this is a catastrophe of a scale that has not been reached in Germany since the Second World War. Imagine living during the war, the fear of death being the norm, the uncertainty of how long the food storages would be able to support you gnawing away at your sanity every hour of the day. The truth is that we can’t imagine it, as most of us did not live then and almost none of us have ever experienced anything close to it since. This statement holds much truth, as we could see the developments in Germany as the Coronavirus came closer and closer to home. People did not know how to react, so they pulled crazy stunts such as buying toilet paper in masses. It does not take an expert to understand why this will not help during a public health crisis. And as comical as this may seem, it is a scary display of the incompetence that exists when it comes to individuals dealing with catastrophes. Perhaps the reality check that the corona crisis will inevitably bring about will have positive

effects on our future, however. Remember the German migrant “crisis” which is said to have started in 2015? Remember how it had close to no effect on the average German yet politicians and alarmist media claimed it to be a crisis of unmatched scope? The fear-mongers that profit off of the first world’s inability to actually imagine a true crisis will have a harder time pushing their alarmist rhetoric, as people are now actually experiencing a crisis of a scale that they could not fathom until now. Empty grocery shop isles, businesses closing down all over the country and the economy in free fall are all very real effects of the Coronavirus, and they are felt by almost everyone. This will undoubtedly have a long-lasting effect on the people, and it will hopefully open many eyes to the reality of what a “crisis” really means. Hopefully, we can become more empathetic after this crisis, specifically to those who suffer from such catastrophes every day, hopefully it will bring us together and try to help people. It seems that this effect has already begun to take form, as the general approval rating for Merkel’s dealing with the crisis is very high, boosting the CDU’s popularity. It must also be noted that the AfD has been strangely silent during this crisis, not that I’m complaining. The Corona crisis will have a massive fallout on Germany and the First World, and let us just hope that it allows us to truly imagine what a crisis is like and distinguish it from the fear-mongering and the alarmism that had been rising previously.

Jakob Reuter



*imagine*

i-m-a-g-i-n-e

is there something you've always wished for?  
maybe an experience that makes your heart beat faster?  
go for it  
include every single detail and get lost in your dream  
never doubt that one day it could become reality  
even if it seems far fetched

i-m-a-g-i-n-e

if there were no boundaries  
would you finally muster the courage to move in closer and hold her hand?  
would you finally stop giving a damn and just dance to that music you love so much?

stop it.  
don't listen to this  
stop dreaming.  
stop living in your imagination.  
you don't have any time to spare  
we all don't live long enough for hesitation and caution to lead to happiness

kiss her, him or them  
soak up sun as if they were the last rays you will ever feel  
break free from your routines  
do things you enjoy  
even if you're not good at them  
maybe start with some poetry

Johanna Tigges



Brooke Betten

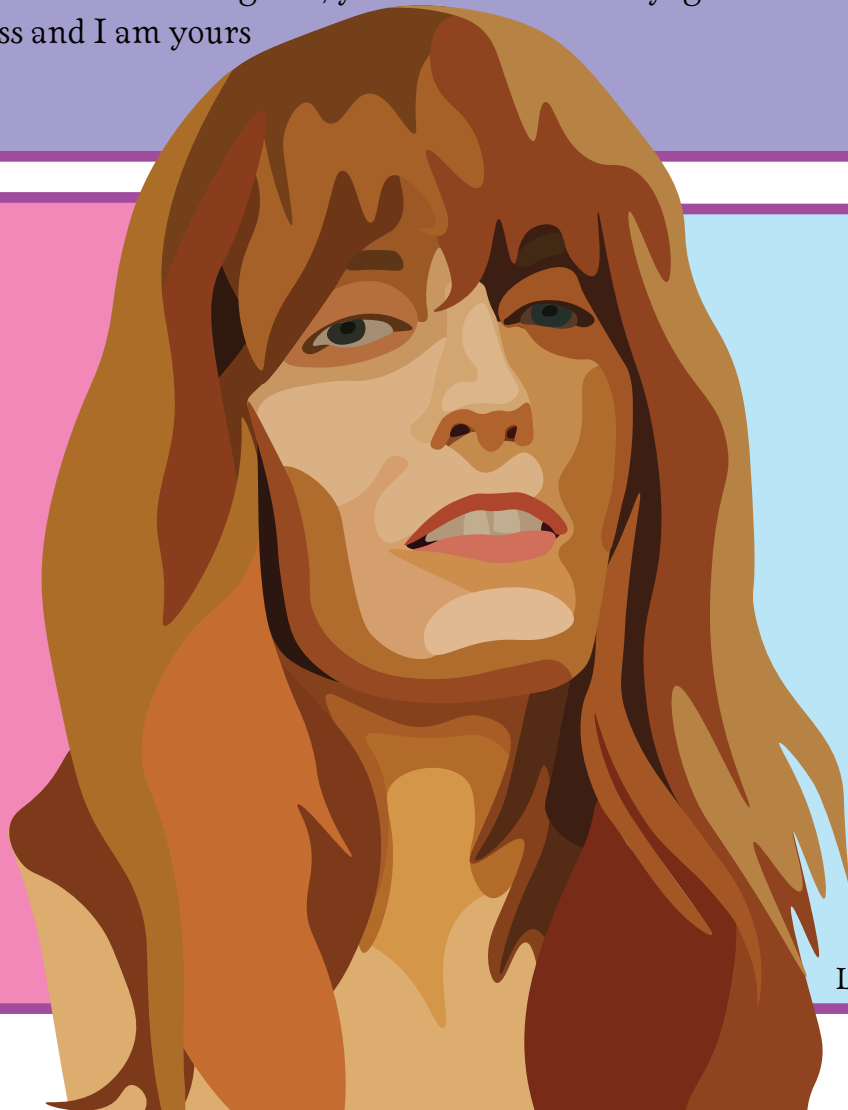
## A Supermarket in Berlin

inspired by "A Supermarket in California"

dedicated to Florence Welch

What thoughts I have of you tonight, dear Florence  
What lantern-lit gravel paths will I stumble down  
In pursuit of you, my venerated phantom?  
Finally, you take my hand and pull me into supermarket suburbia  
Sandwiches and salutations, swarms of adolescents shopping at night!  
Drunkards in the canned goods, hipsters in the tofu  
—and you Jane Bowles, what were you doing by the powdered milk?  
Florence, my serious lady, dancing amongst the vegetables  
tango with the tomatoes, waltz with the watermelons,  
You stride in manic happiness  
eyeing the grocery boys, blowing a kiss to the angelic girl at the cheese counter.  
I climb on your shoulders and we dip back into the murky night  
that bleeds past as our hearts take flight through my city—soon it will be your city.  
You have been lonely as I have been disgruntled,  
looking for an aspirin to soften life's many headaches  
I am your rosy pill as the roses on my dress bloom in the thunderous rain  
Oh Florence, you unrelenting, unapologetic, unbridled joyous being!  
Your laughter rings out in every direction, your embrace is indiscriminate,  
your touch is a hearth of passion  
I cannot ever peer behind that loving face, yet I am content in my ignorance  
We fall into the grass and I am yours

June Gromis



inspired by an image  
from Bella Newman

Liliana Walker

You'd think that would be impossible  
You'd think  
I'm really leaving, though!  
In my big blue rocket ship  
I parked it in the backyard with the bikes  
And it's warming up for takeoff

Bye, everybody!  
It was nice to know you  
I'll send you back a rock from Mars  
Or an alien, if you'd prefer  
But I'm going to have to leave you here  
It's nothing personal  
I haven't got enough air

You're going to want to watch me fly!  
I'll shoot up like a bottle rocket  
That never burns out  
And all you can do is watch  
Sorry!  
Just watch  
I'm going to fly away

You'd think that would be impossible  
I know  
To huddle in my big blue rocket ship  
And leave it all behind  
But what's left here for me  
That I can't find in the stars?

Are you watching? Liliana Walker

Brooke Betten



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