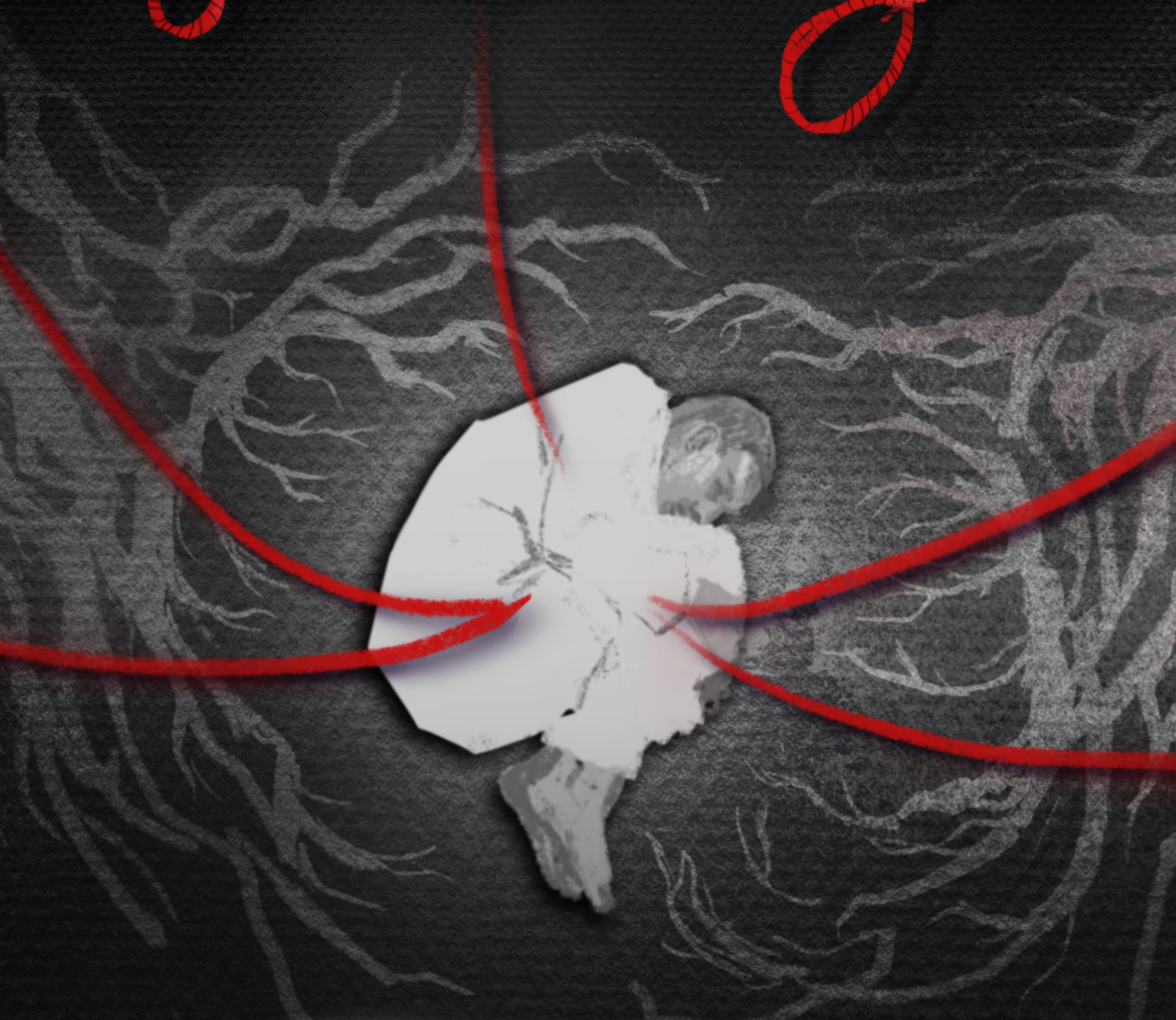
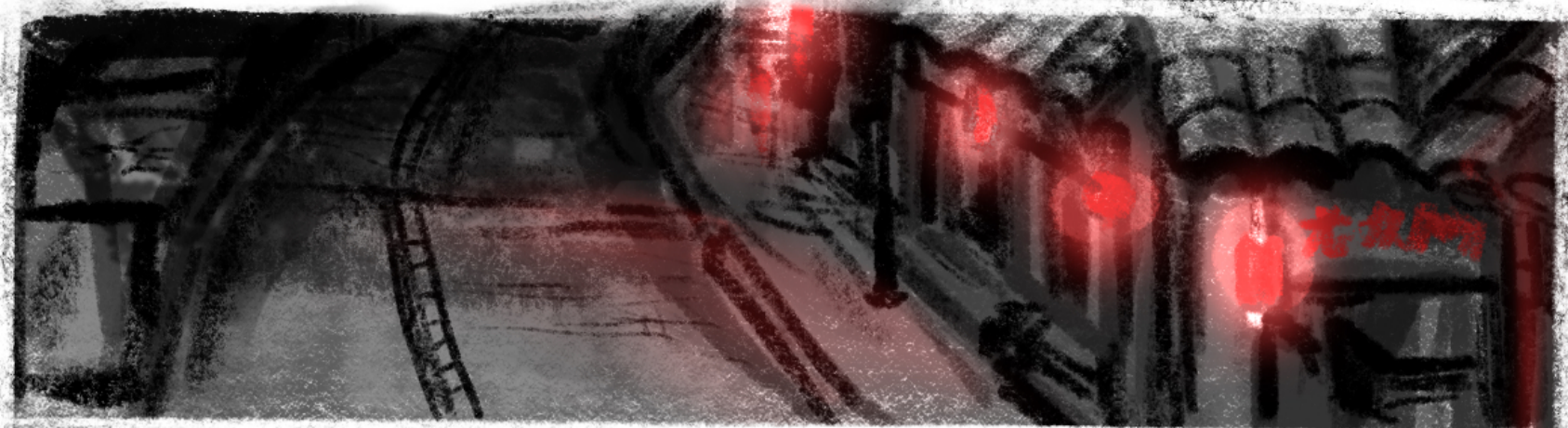
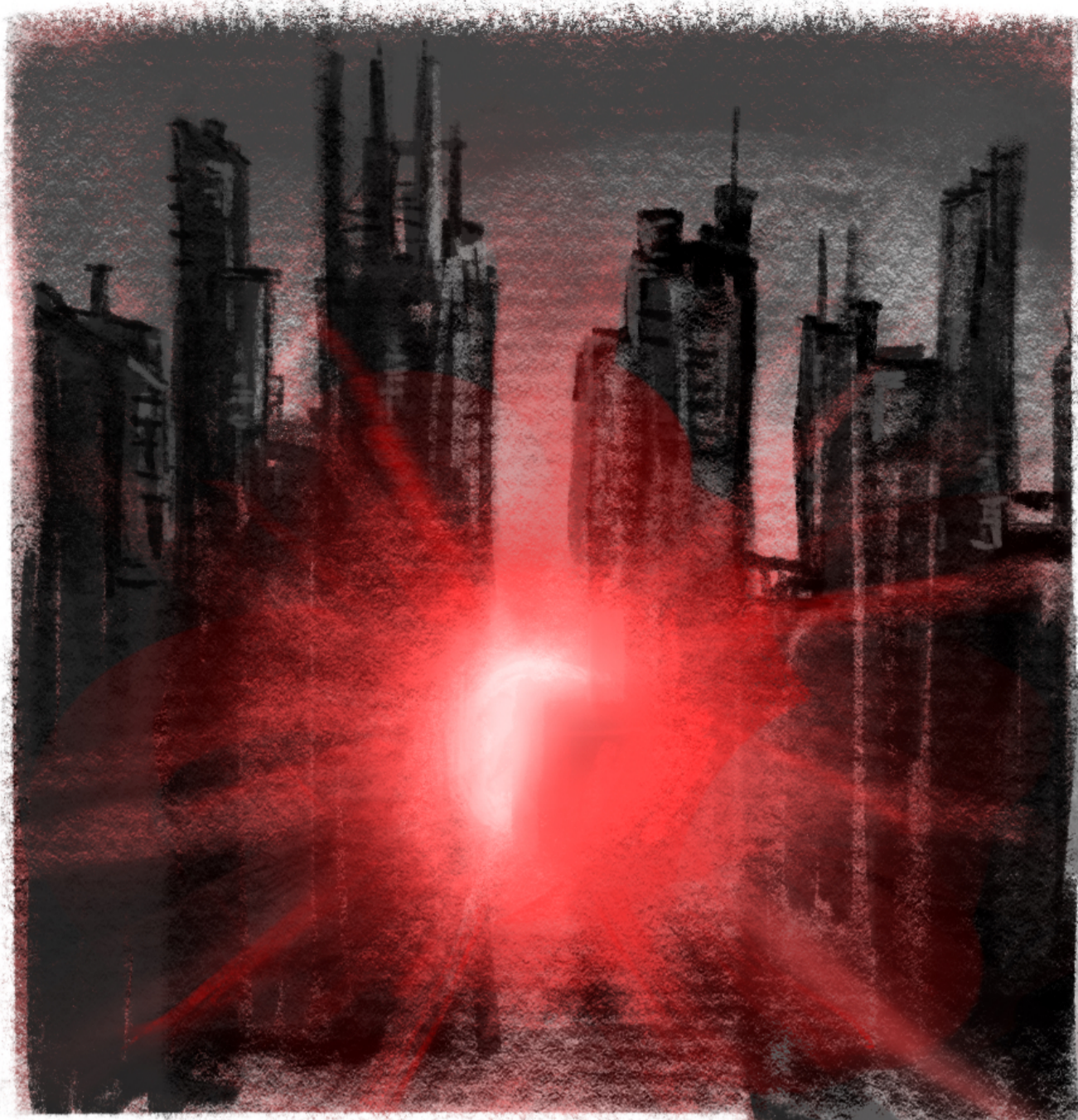


Quarantine



By Angel Xia
Inspired by a journal entry





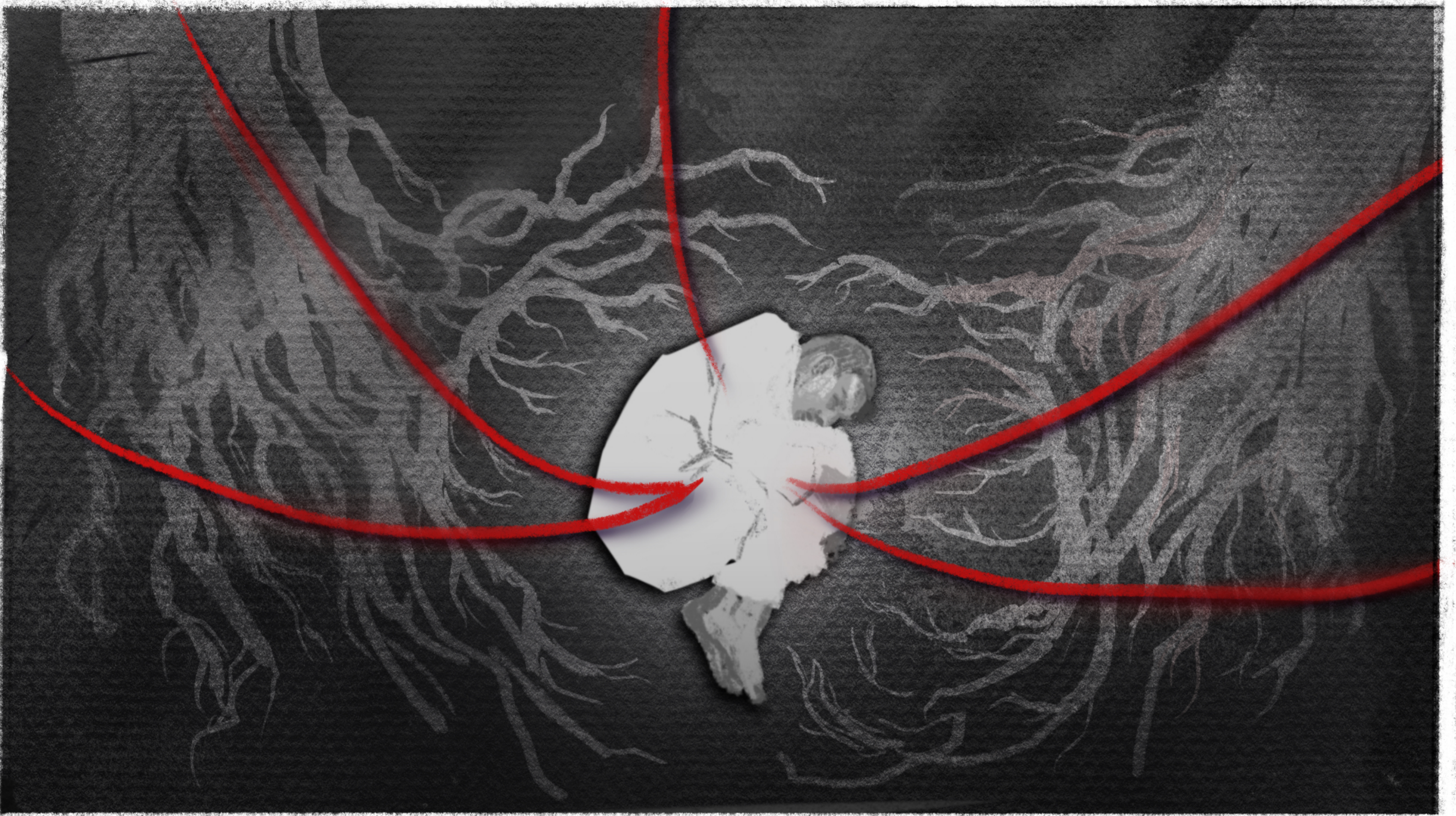
In cultures across the globe, there's this idea of interconnectedness.



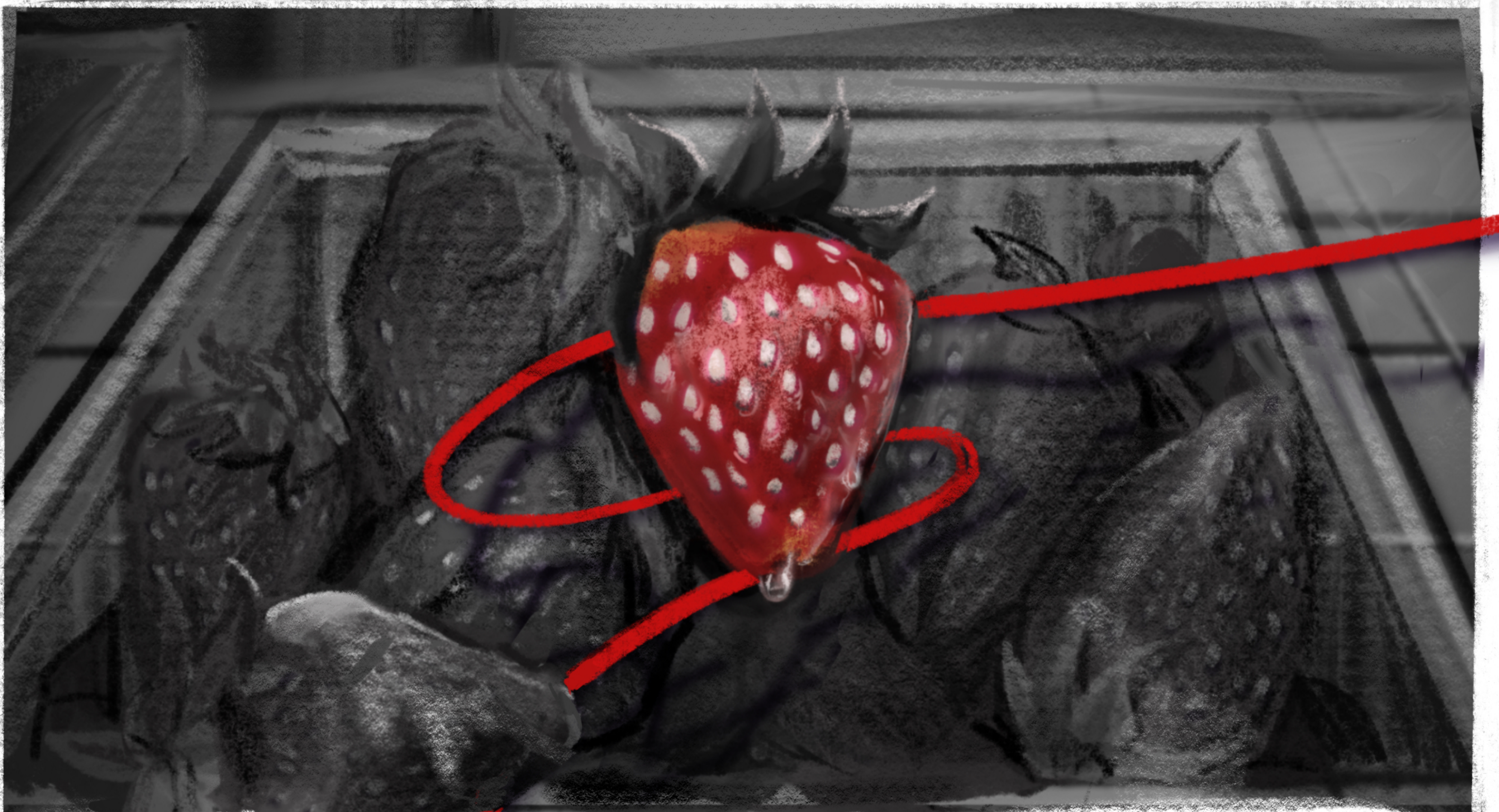
A red string that connects man and nature, man to each other, nature to nature.



A gravity to the universe.



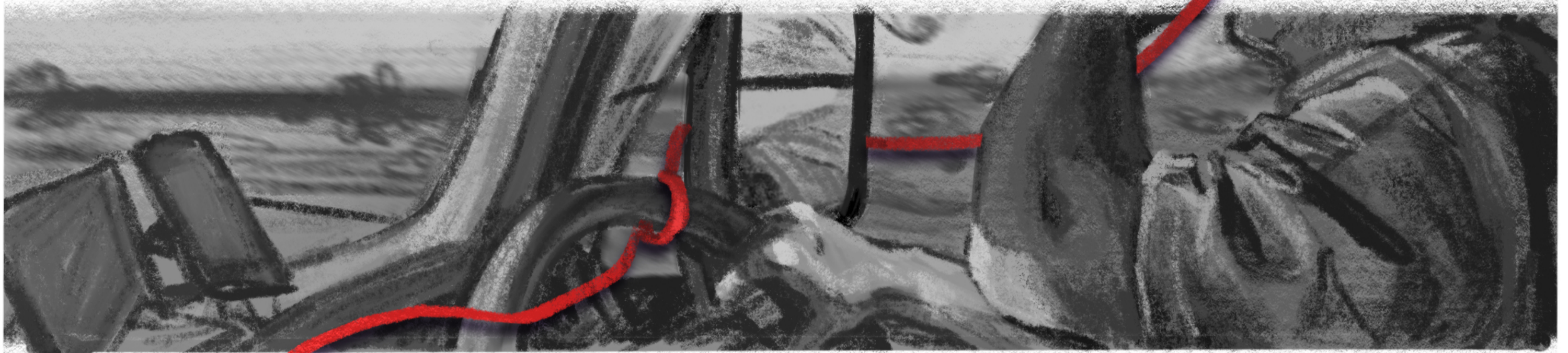
I see that everyday.



The invisible string that attaches myself and the migrant worker
who farms strawberries,



And the truck driver,



And the company CEO,



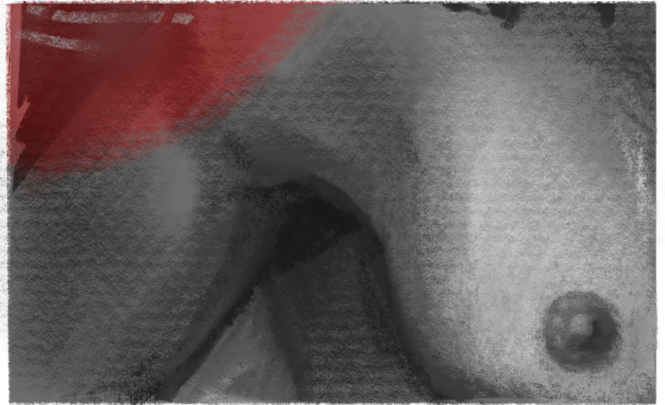
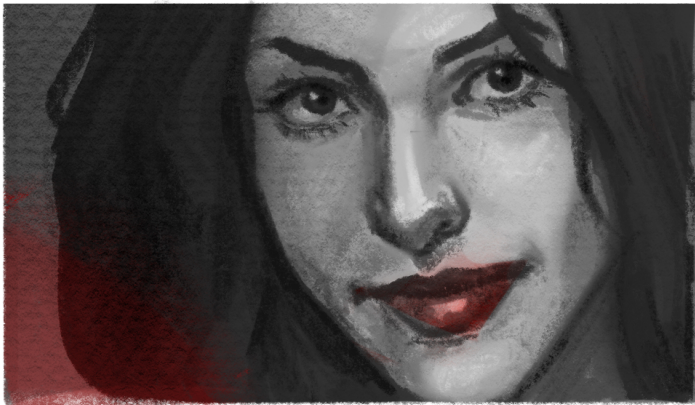
And the grocery store worker.



In the gaze of a shirtless woman on a magazine,



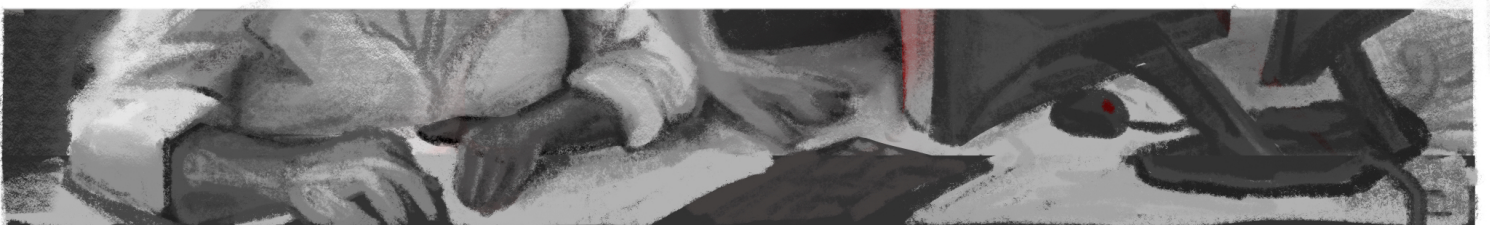
Who looks at me, knowing I have paid her to undress.



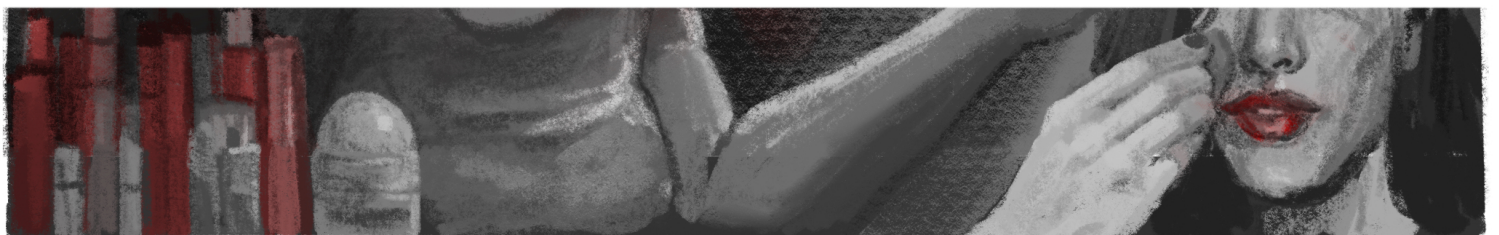
I have paid the photographer too.



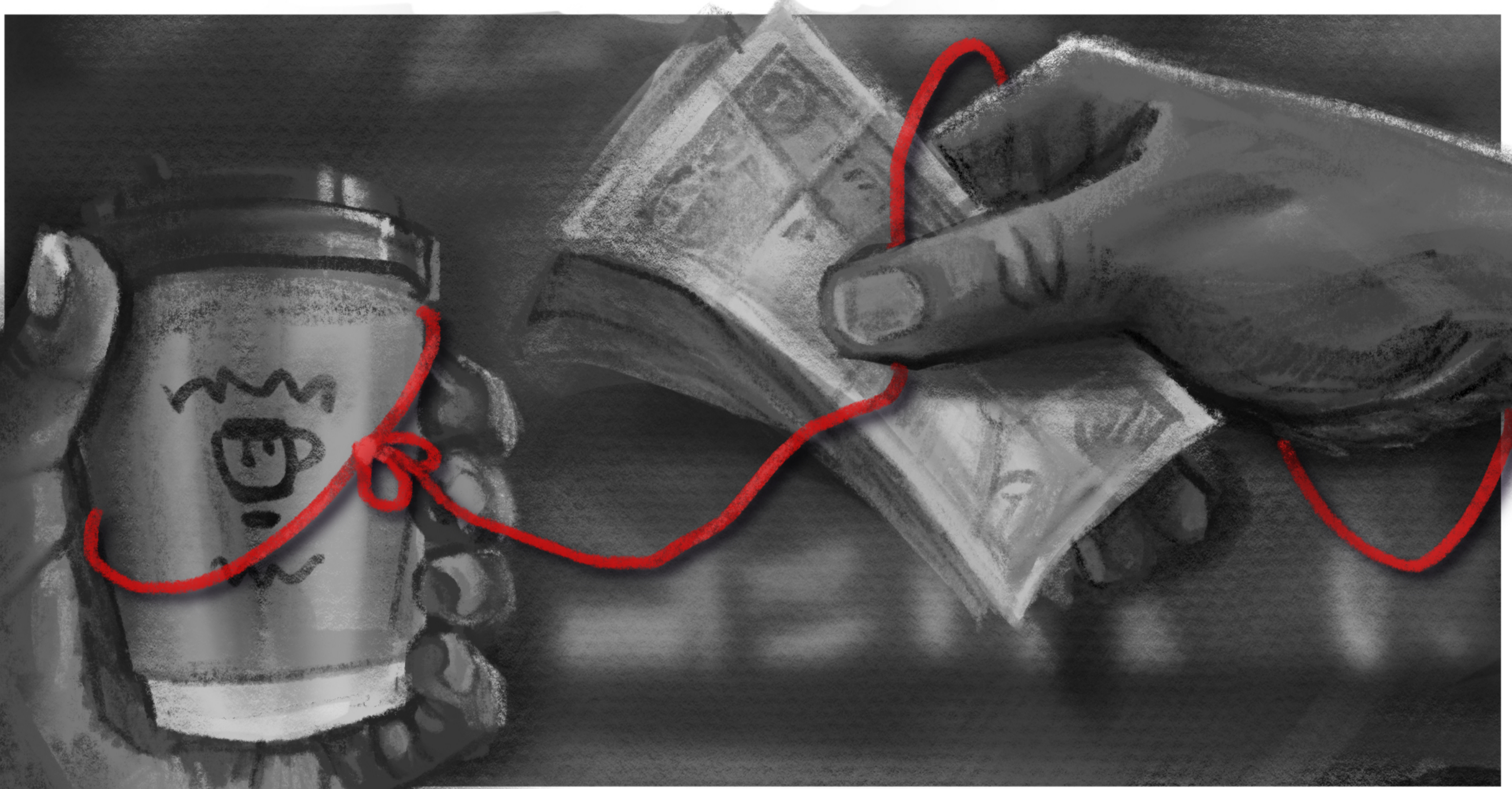
And the writers, and printers,



And the stylists.



All of our commodities, our resources, connect us to each other.



Nothing is just an item



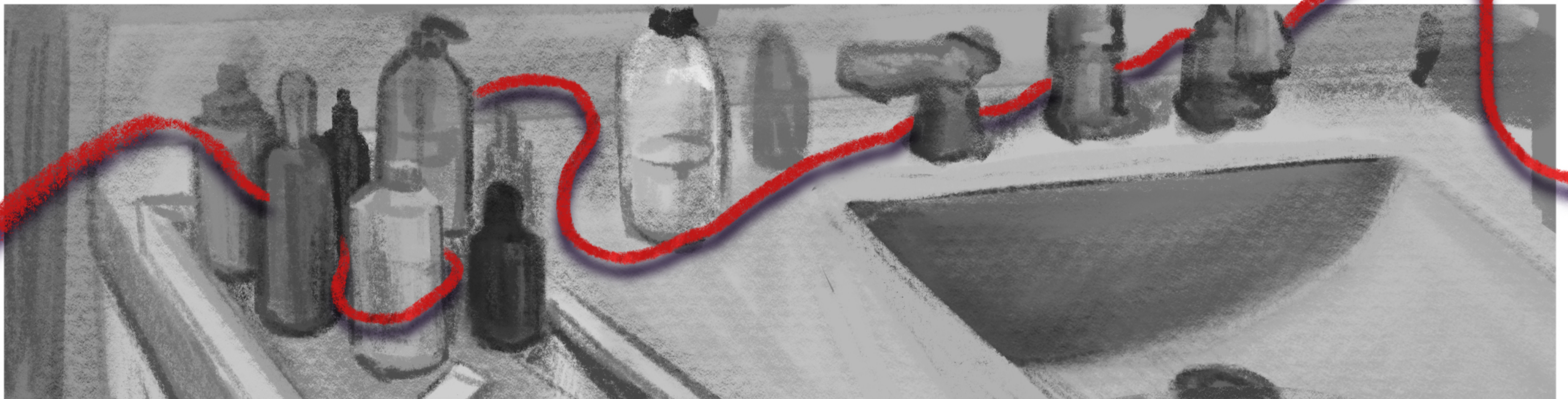
There is always labor, time, a person behind them.



The sweater from Zara was created by someone toiling away at a machine for hours, delivered and organized onto racks.



Consumerism makes it feel as if items, our daily necessities, spring into existence the moment we buy them.



As if we are the only ones to exist, to live, to buy and produce.



We only see what is immediate.



In that way,



capitalism is lonely.