

## Anxious Bliss #

The trees are not socially distanced.

The river has not been flow-tested.

The birds and butterflies are not masked.

I am still.

The stones are not being counted.

The rate of tree growth is not measured.

The sky is not isolated.

My environment is still.

My mother is still vulnerable,

I am still responsible.

Society is still accountable.

Nature is still.