



## “Nevertheless”

### A George School Ekphrastic Poem

#### I.

The 2020 March had its own cadence.  
Motions, familiar. Rhythms, not so much.

History collided with the now.  
Novel forces and flows invited endless circles and no resolution.

It seemed everything changed. Yet, the cherry blossoms still burst forth.

#### II.

Perhaps rhythms disrupted CAN be reimaged.  
Do we need to see,  
do we need to touch,  
in order to love?

Could the physical space, so far apart, be what brings us together?

Shut-in or cloistered?!

#### III.

This is not merely in our minds, yet we live in our heads.  
Whether a prisoner or guardian of our thoughts, are we not all captive?

Can the rhythms be reimaged?

From all four corners of the Earth,  
fear and grief come like thieves in the night.  
Though I hang onto the world, life is slipping from my hands...

#### IV.

Recreate thy Self?...  
each step is precious risk.  
A colorful parade of unanswered, sequenced fear.

The 2020 March had its own cadence.  
(Our) Shadows illuminate and dissipate.

How disorienting to feel connected and disconnected.  
Yet, the cherry blossoms burst forth.