







Zarah with daughter Uma. Photo by Jill Smith.

A STORY

Once upon a time
During a global pandemic,
The world stood still.

Amidst uncertain and often
Devastating circumstances,
The humdrum of human busyness
Faded away,
Unearthing nature's sure and steady rhythm.

I was seven months pregnant.
We split for the forest.
Our daughter was born in front of the fire
To a world that had stood still.
Little Uma took it all in as a given.

In the unhurried days,
The trees held us close
Entwining us in their slow, calm rhythms.
Rhythms we've always known.
Our senses expanded,
The air was sweet,
The trees...they've always known.

I relished in the big pause When people reconsidered their time, reimagined relationships, In every corner of the world.

And we all slowed down.



