



## **And Yet/I Hear Tomorrow**

By: DongChan Im  
*Valencia High School*

In the small of February we lurked,  
Observing distant horrors in safety,  
And yet the air was nonchalant,  
A fleeting worry in our days.

As the lockdown proceeded,  
It felt the world was ending,  
And yet, as the world was turned upside down,  
The feeling was familiarly ethereal.

And yet, with the melancholic promise that it would be over soon,  
Did birds not sing?  
Was the grass not green?  
Did we not dance and frolic with bliss, albeit in confinement?

Some tethers were cut,  
while others were strengthened  
And yet, with each coming day,  
I feel my wings regrow.

As I squint my eyes,  
There is a hopeful light at the end,  
And yet, when I press my ear to the ground,  
I can hear tomorrow.