**Haze**

*Our gauzed breath breathes*

*the smoke and haze*

*of bushfires and masked protection*

*This common air*

*veiled thin, in the space we share.*

*The trusted old trees reach out,*

*ephemeral amongst the haze.*

*The certainty of landmarks*

*cloaked in swell.*

*Obscured,*

*the view is different now,*

*lost from the status quo*

*Yet, the haze glides*

*a goldilocks-plan*

*in and through*

*assumptions.*

*With quick-change-and-slow-pace*

*The haze insists*

*on rendering*

*Absence/presence*

*as possibilities yet to be fulfilled.*

*All the while,*

*suffocating the stasis*

*of our certainties.*

*[Geraldine Burke, 2020]*