## **HiverNation**

This is how we went into lock-down:

Phase I:

We were told about the danger.

It was somewhere. Far. Affecting other HiverNations.

Very far.

Did we relate?

We kept on

flying in all directions

landing with as many stop-overs as we wished for

dancing on our returns

living in close proximities

mixing with each others

The danger was.

It was being estimated.

Did we relate?

Our compassion was.

Small.

Phase II:

The danger reached our neighbours.

Just behind the next molehill.

Quite close.

Our compassion rose.

Still we kept on

flying there and to most other places

enjoying the nurturing qualities of each stop-over

dancing on our returns

in close proximity with all others

living with all our illusory liberties

The danger was.

It was being estimated.

Could anyone see it coming?

Everything was fine. We had little complaints.

Our HiverNation flourished.

## Phase III-

The danger passed the borders to our HiverNation.

Who brought it in? Who was responsible?

Who had been that irresponsible? Who had acted as always? As if everything was fine? Our anger rose with our fears.

Still we kept on

flying to places in close proximity taking from the stop-overs - more this time - much more - completely everything posing our dances on our returns sharing proximity but not food breathing freely the same air

The danger was.

It was being estimated.

We were waiting.

Our compassion was.

Who was in charge?

## Phase III - Tier 1:

We were told about the danger. How it affected our HiverNation. Everyone of us. Every one.

We were told to

fly in straight lines, controlled by new fly direction patrols stay at stop-overs asap (as short as possible) dance only fff (for friends & family) distance socially

hold our breath if we could – otherwise breathe if you can't – or don't breathe The danger was.

It was being estimated.
Were our relatives being affected?
Health Service workers held the top ranks.
Were being applauded.

Phase III - Tier 2:

Everybeedy talked about the danger.

Everybeedy knew. Better. Anything.

Our HiverNation started to starve. We stared.

At the Oueen.

We were told to

only fly if we had to fly - otherwise stay in the Hive - or fly if you have to land only at stop-overs exempt from the stop-over reduction regulation sanitize for thirty seconds or more on every return dance only behind or on screens - representing straight lines only continue holding our breath

The danger was.

Here.

Invisible yet smellable.

Beeple were ill or sorry.

Was this illusory?

Phase III - Tier 3:

Nobeedy talked anymore. We textmessaged.

Our HiverNation got structured. Became multi-storeyed.

Crossing borders and keeping boarders was banned.

The Queen was dead. Long live the Queens

The end of the story was

HiverNate - no outgoing or incoming flights

pictures of stop-overs banned - doors remain open but don't use them

if you have to breathe wash first

dancing only symbolically - in private space - no spectators

breath is illusory

The danger was.

No more.

Our HiverNation was on substantial decrease.

Beeple were dying.

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