



## An Instant in Poverty

You now wait at every red traffic light. Windblown by winter, in a world beyond the warm, imagined immunity of my own car interior. A threadbare viral face-mask, that's long forgotten its purpose, hangs limply around your neck. Unmasked eyes stare right through me, hoping I might recognize your unimagined needs, lifetimes beyond my own petty wants.

My freshly sanitised hands clutch the steering wheel, immobilized in this moment's unique COVID dilemma - passing you coins by touching your hands, something I would have done without thought in the past. A flash of green light chorused by an irritated honk from behind, jolts me from this motionless moment. I reach hurriedly down - but your own gaze has silently turned away,

as you seek into other eyes that might respond more readily to our shared new reality.

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