**Sera**

Written during the first UK lockdown of the pandemic, starting in March 2020, this piece is in some not-easy-to-define way a kind of reaction and commentary on that time.

So many emotions were displayed during that time, as people grappled with an event that had not happened in anyone’s lifetime before. Fear, trepidation, paranoia, bemusement, wonder; the unknown effects of being at home most of the time, working from home, trying to keep kids schooled from home, looking after needy people when not able to communicate with them as normal. The rise in food poverty, domestic violence rates, undiagnosed illnesses, job losses, living on furlough if you were lucky – a huge stockpile of negatives.

And yet, against this, research has shown that about 10% of people in the UK feel they got benefit from the lockdown: less pressure on them at work, no hours and hours of commuting, time to enjoy the small but important things in life, and as nature was given a free pass for a while, watch the spring unfold in a new way, hear birdsong fill the cities and other animals invade human spaces. Learn to value silence and stillness in contrast to the rush of normal urban life.

*Sera* I think has elements of all of these things, and it was written without too much intellectualising in an attempt to give an unmediated reaction. The word “sera” has various meanings: in Latin it is a lock - self-explanatory. In Italian it is “evening” and in Spanish “will be”. I think many people at that time were wondering what “would be” after the pandemic and were speculating on all sorts of changes the world might see because of it. Were we witnessing the evening of one form of living, and what would the new dawn bring?