**After Video-Touring the Brooklyn Japanese Garden during the Time of the Virus**

—Cinematographer Nic Petry of Dancing Camera

I swoop and swoon with the camera

through the hill-and-pond garden—

a slow reveal of lift and slide.

Blue sky, and hanging above the blushing

cherry trees—cotton-candy blossoms. *Sakura*.

Only one god’s-eye milky cloud.

  *No one walks here.*

Cherry blossoms—symbols of birth

and death—sway in clusters on dark limbs.

The trunks have learned to dip and rise.

Birdspeak, lilting calls and strings

of notes without urgency. Lullabies.

Finch and chickadee and catbird.

*All the people told to stay home.*

Only the insistent Canadian geese

parade themselves, their honks lukewarm

as they toddle unchased.

*Media voices toll the deaths*.

Edging the pond, fiddlehead ferns,

camellias in pink, and a vermilion-red

wooden *tori*, gateway to a Shinto shrine.

The sun glimmers through the arms of trees.

*Komorebi.* I revel in this deluge of beauty

offered up by the camera’s lens.

*A swell of sound intrudes.*

*From somewhere beyond, a siren keens—*

*the world outside still sorrows.*