Europe and I are hibernating:

I can see the chestnut tree sprout outside. I take notice of its progress week after week...

... and notice of the connections made inside every day. The borders are closed but distance loses its meaning:

Although digital relations flourish I can't help but fear the physical distance building. Every household for themselves.

Right now we bridge the time. I hope we'll continue to bridge borders and divides.

Spring follows winter. Everything is building up to that.