

URBAN FOX FINDS PEACE IN LONDON

In a city as large as this is, one quickly assumes that nature is an abstract word, and that any attempt at finding it here would be futile. But one does not have to venture far before realizing that **nature is there, here, everywhere**, despite (and probably in spite) of the footprints humans leave.

We have the audacity and ego to think our metropolis could hold back the power and elegance of nature. Wandering through the concrete jungle reveals traces of nature: grass and weeds in the pavement cracks, giant oak trees overtaking the boulevards, a canopy of cultivated flowers, the muddy and dank smelling footpaths after a heavy rain.

Everywhere are reminders of nature if you open your eyes and your mind to experience.

And so, after an exhausting afternoon of trying to ‘find’ nature in the city, I collapsed on the grass in a park and **let go of trying to find anything, and discovered that it had always been right there, all around me.**

The park was full of industrious picnickers and I allowed myself to sink into the soft grass. In the distance, traffic moved and squealed and screeched, blending seamlessly with the sounds of laughing children, barking dogs, honking ducks. **I looked up** at the green leaves against the sky and tried to **match my breath to the speed of the clouds.** The grass had adjusted to having my weight upon it, and I imagined that the buildings of the city were growing around me like weeds.

Cody Rothery (Participant)