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## **How Strange**

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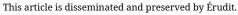
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# **How Strange**

## Özge Lena

how strange it is to remember a tree after a tree after another tree how strange wasn't a tree with the raining blossoms silently

meanwhile december it is and we still remember

how strange were the eyes on the wings of the owl butterflies and the eyes of the storms and soulless digital eyes and our laughing eyes and how strange weren't the animal eyes

meanwhile december it is and we still remember

how strange it is to remember a poppy with creased crimson papers how strange a chameleon's iridescent changing shields how strange a crab dragging a plastic head to the sea over a naked dummy washed ashore already

meanwhile december it is and we still remember

how strange it is now to remember the world from the world after a pus-coloured disaster to be able to remember azure oceans emerald jungles alabaster glaciers even toy houses with baby creatures

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meanwhile december it is and we still remember

how strange it is to be down in the shady shelters marking the flaming months and fading years how strange our hopes how they shatter yet how we still do remember

meanwhile the heat sirens wail
electricity is cut and there is no cooling
the sphere is on fire outside and it is scorching
meanwhile december it is and we still remember a sky snowing

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