The Trumpeter
Journal of Ecosophy

How Strange

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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

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