

# How Strange

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*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

*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*