

Remembering Littles

Paul

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As waves of white-blue-red machines
Lumber over Maidan's green
My sadness turns to seas blood red
Was it worth it? Seems obscene

As the tide of an odious orange
Sweeps across a world of colour
My animus turns to Sea of Red
Whence they came? From avarice or Other?

But here and now.
Ólafur Arnalds' zephyr tones trickle
Over my late night island
As an elegy for Forgotten Littles

Here and now.
His notes rain in as I surrender
To late night Alones
And so I breathe and breathe Ólafur's Remember



This poem was inspired in part by Ólafur Arnalds' song, "Re:member." See https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1N_gcFcI68c and <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oAh05eegMfY>

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