

## Oslo Oedipus

Jenny Hval

In Oslo it's swap and people walk through the city quietly like friendly zombies like a sleeping army a secret rhythm a sudden sticks a slow burning flame of safety lies at the heart, we can feel it, but we cannot find it. In and out between us a thin silver trail of broken glass stitches us to the ground reflecting us cut and ron. The city windows covered with cardboards and wood panels. Oslo Oedipus, I am Oslo Oedipus