

## Oslo Oedipus

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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 raw. The city windows covered with cardboards and wood panels. Oslo Oedipus, I am Oslo Oedipus