



Jens Meijen *text* · Scott Emblen-Jarrett *translation*
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Hey. How are you? I'll get straight to the point; I'd like to ask you what we've left behind. Can you still see what we've built? Swimming pools and rollercoasters, football stadiums, maybe some of those enormous indoor ski slopes? Is there still winter where you live? Do you even know what snow is? Or skiing? Maybe you live underground, in bunkers. You're really missing out if you've never felt how the sun can warm you up from within, allowing you to start the day. That makes you just like a little yellow lizard lying on a rock in the morning.

I'd like to say that we didn't know. Maybe you were told something different, but we certainly did know. All of us. About what would happen.

I hope you've been able to go swimming in the sea on a bitterly cold October day. We called that a polar bear dip. A polar bear is... well, it doesn't matter. I also hope you know how cooling a forest can be. Have you found out if glass ever decays?

I'd like to ask you something else. Go to a library or something, if you still have those. Perhaps it's all online now, I don't know. I'm just a kind of dinosaur now, of course. But anyway, once you're in the library, can you go to the Ms? M for Meijen. Do you see anything there? A thin, black book perhaps, or a slightly thicker dark-blue book, or perhaps other as yet unwritten things. I too don't know what else I'm going to do. Who knows. I hope you can still find something and maybe even borrow it. I hope you place it on your flashy aluminium coffee table, right next to the vase of hologram flowers. If you have any guests, you can tell them "look, this is by an ancestor of mine. This is his

blood, his existence. He lives on in me". No, that might not be so fun during a party. Forget it.

You might have noticed already; I'm trying slightly desperately to be remembered. I hope you can forgive me. It's difficult to realise that this is a voice without a body. That this may be the last thing of mine that anyone will ever read. It is confronting to find out that your words will end somewhere, especially if your life largely consists of words.

Sorry, I've taken up too much of your time. What I want to know most of all is if you're still there somewhere. I hope you realise how much that would mean to me.

Rachel Sender (1981) is an illustrator and a ceramist. She makes editorial illustrations, works with ceramics and teaches at the Willem de Kooning Academy in Rotterdam.

Jens Meijen (1996) is a poet, journalist, reviewer and columnist. His debut *Xenomorf* was awarded with the C. Buddingh' poetry award.