

ANTIPEPSIS



Samuel Beckett

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And the number was uneven
In the green of holy Stephen
Where before the ass the cart
Was harnessed for a foreign part.
In this should not be seen the sign
Of hasard, no, but of design,
For of the two, by common consent,
The cart was the more intelligent.
Whose exceptionally pia
Mater hatched this grand idea
Is not known. He or she,
Smiling, unmolested, free,
By this one act the mind become
A providential vacuum,
Continues still to stroll amok,
To eat, drink, piss, shit, fart and fuck,
Assuming that the fucking season
Did not expire with that of reason.
Now through the city spreads apace
The cry: A thought has taken place!
A human thought! Ochone! Ochone!
Purissima Virgo! We're undone!
Bitched, bugged and bewildered!
Bring forth your dead! Bring forth your dead!