

ABOUT LIMITS.

The cicadas, the cicadas are singing, Ramesses.
 The hemlock, Socrates, pour me my just amount.
 Let the others apply to their Central Committees.
 No, my brother Reason. I, ^{am} the soul, and I can't.

The buildings, my idol! Look at ^{all} the buildings!
 Are we really insects with our ~~wings~~ shrivelled
~~limbs~~ who throw down our bodies on the ^{trunks}
 and drape our rags on the ^{of the five} ~~stools~~ ^{chairs} they provide
 us with?

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Edwin

CONCERNING THE LIMITS

Cicadas, my Ramses, cicadas are singing. — a
 Wing your circuituous way to me, Socrates. b
 Swing to the Central Committee, will you please? b
 No way, my soul brother. Soul am I and will not. a I am a soul

a	a
b	b
b	a
a	b

Look at the building, my idol, look at the building.
 Don't we turn into insects in order to fling
 our bodies down on unoccupied bunks in the hive
 and hang up our rags on the stiff-legged chairs they provide us with

Open, Columbus, open up quickly,
 your offspring sweated to lead their earthly lives.
 Where will it lead the impoverished Jews,
 how will it point out the way to our wretched refuse?

My friend, my soft-shelled genetic sport,
 my crazy colleague whom nothing can thwart!
 We reach our limits at puke, diarrhoea:
 Here they are. Take a look, we've arrived, my dear.