

An angel tells me there's nothing
for me to be ashamed of,
there's no reason to cry;
in fact, I'm supposed to be glad
because my girl's been raped by God.

Hammer, plane, and chisel,
is anger allowed to
a carpenter? Suffer, be forbearing.
The weak and the small,
I think, are no match for heaven.

KING'S ORDERS

Whereas, the time for heroes is past
and there's nothing more for them to do;

whereas, swords have all gone to rust
and fire and storm have been pacified;

whereas, in forests we no longer have to cross
the old troll has lost his protection racket;

whereas, confused monsters are in exile
and not a single witch remains,

now, therefore, be it resolved,
as it is hereby resolved,

that once a year we shall offer
the illustrious heroes of the race
fragrant flowers and boring speeches,

and whoever tries to return to the forest
shall be jailed, whoever goes up the mountain
to look for nymphs shall be hanged.

translated by the author