

Hans Verhagen · *Netherlands*

EUTHANASIA

An age-old idea, the fruits of Coca-Cola

From 1 idea death-penalty has risen, in every cell  
a different infection

Preliminary detention gives room for coalescence

. . .

Clearly visible in slow-motion  
: a surprising embryo,  
4 inches of attraction to the moon

The latest medicine: radiation with the eye  
of a slaughtered calf

Thus religious mania spreads

. . .

Everyone his hare-lip

Every miscarriage bears its own anecdotes,  
tuberculosis according to capacity

Dressed only in the vitamins A to D your  
contagious diseases through the world

. . .

& in every structure the chemical remains of 1 idea,  
of himself,  
life-sized as no idea and nearly prewar:

human being!

The scar that hides you, the scar  
behind which you are hidden

. . . .

After last night's horrors

(Little difference from every other  
night's horrors)

. . . .

There's a lot of poetry emotion in the world  
: a small bunch of flowers,  
the smell in which syringes soak

Via your trained organs it seizes you  
like a new order  
: love

. . . .

No new orders will be given hereafter

. . . .

A car tire couldn't be faster, 30,000 miles  
& your body-work is rotting

& the cement-mixer of history whirls on

. . . .

*translated by Peter Nijmeijer*