

The Death of Don Flagrante Delicto

A Gesturology of Morals

By Kirk Wood Bromley

Characters:

Don Flagrante Delicto - da masa
Leotrice - his wife
Lora - his dotr
Pettrarc - his son
Ekard Fotofyjus Sciamaky - his driver
Holard Metazous Neogamy - his hous slave
Kresard Hodologus Nyctimasty - his field slave
Seamus - a free negro
Mary - a yankee nurs
Jukes - a confederat soljur
cohees (apalashan locals)
mourners

Karacters in *Aethelbert and Augustine*:

Stage Manager
Assistant Stage Manager
Hsuan Hsieh
Khorassan
Godwulf
Ouagadougou
Ronsard
Food-Chain Betty

The rap sistas:

Dogmalita Impertinencia
Tabaquista Opulencia
Comihuelga Ineducabilia

Aethelbert - King of Kent and Bretwalda (over-ruler of the Anglo-Saxon tribes)
Eadbald - his son
Aethelfrith - King of Northumbria
Raedwald - King of East-Angles
Ceolwulf - King of West Saxons
Bard
Pope Gregory the Great
Tarsilla, his sister

Slave Trader
 Anglo Slaves
 Bertha - Princess of Paris
 Theofile - Bertha's admirer
 Ingoberg - Bertha's mother
 Charibert - King of Paris, Bertha's father
 Liudhard - a Bishop, Bertha's overseer
 Fraethwith - attendant to Aethelbert
 Guilty Slave
 Ceorls (mesenjrs and servants)
 Aemiliana - a nun
 Monks
 Augustine - envoy of Pope Gregory
 Desiderius - Monk of Lerins
 Aetherius - Monk of Lerins
 John the Jejunator - Monk of Lerins
 Woman tied to John
 Demandng Diners
 Laurentius - Augustine's attendant
 Honarius - Augustine's attendant
 Rufianus - Augustine's attendant
 Paulinus - Augustine's attendant
 A Celtic woman named Cunt
 Melvin - Wizard, Son of Merlin
 Two Counsel Crows - Hugin and Minin
 Ester Friggfat - Aethelbert's second wife
 Norsemen

Time: April 14, 1865

Place: The Farm of Don Flagrante Delicto, West of Lynchburg, Blue Ridge Mountains, Virginia.

Faze 1, Sene 1. A road near Don's farm.

Kresard- O we's a play no time!
 Ekard- U tok im, den if he no go, I tak im.

Enter Seamus.

Kresard- Gud day, niga.
 Seamus- It is, gud brutha, les that word.
 Kres- Mos trubl do bust out dat bad word gud.
 Seamus- U noe't I'm getn at.
 Kres- But wers u getn to?
 Seamus- Freedom. Care to join me?
 Kres- U a runaway?
 Seamus- I'm a walkinto.

Kres- How'd ya care to wok into a play?
 Seamus- O come on, brotha! Not some patn juba praign bukra minstrel sho!
 We must lift ourselvs abuv such denigrashn.
 Kres- Y taint dat no how. Is cald Aethelbert and Augustine, a
 metabiopolisykosemioethical play in vers telng of the converjn of
 da Anglo-Saxons to Kristianity, as marvelusly performd by da
 authr's slaves, childrn, and nabors, Flagrate Stage, Delicto Farm,
 West of Lynchburg, evry nite at dusk. I playz da pope.
 Seamus- Has the weekly nuz, brutha, reacht dese Blu Rij Holas yet?
 Kres- Da weekly nuz, brutha, reacht dese holas al dis week - work a day,
 play a night, den sip yoself to sleep.
 Seamus- I mean the end of the Civil War and the deth of masa.
 Kres- See dis sho n u see un def masa, ma masa Don.
 Seamus- Hav u herd of the Emancipashn Proclamashn, brutha?
 Kres- We only do da masa's plays, wich gud, so come on in.
 Seamus- Hav u herd of President Lincoln?
 Kres- Present Linkum? Wut play he do?
 Seamus- He rote the Proclamashn.
 Kres- Wel, he ai no masa Don, boy. Dat man da germ a genius.
 Seamus- He won the war, and I'm to Washington to shake his hand.
 Kres- U think he wana see our play?
 Seamus- He's got no time for plays! Brutha, actin is for slaves; a freeman
 want it real. Break ur bonds and rite the scrip yoself.
 Kres- But I like masa's scrips, n actin's al I got! O, brutha, pleze!

Ekard steps out and noks Seamus unconscious.

Ekard- Niga shuda tuk.
 Kres- U one mean crak, Ekard.
 Ekard- Who call me craka?
 Kres- I means how ya swing dat stik.
 Ekard- I swings it like it work for me.
 Kres- O so hi yella?
 Ekard- My yella nuks beat yo blak eye.
 Kres- And ur brown nose kis ma blak ass.
 Ekard- Wuzat?
 Kres- Jus runin lines.
 Ekard- Ty im to da swingin oak; I go tel masa Don.
 Kres- U herd a dis Emancipashn Proclamashn, Ekard? It by sum Present
 Linkum.
 Ekard- I ain't herd a it, so it no gud.

They exit.

Faze 1, Sene 2. Don's house. Enter Petrarc and Lora.

Pet- Da mo u flee, da les u free, my sooty sweet nigget, cuz wite is lite
and blak is nite, so duz it lose itself in seekin same.
Lora- I'd rar be lost n blind than found n bound.
Pet- Sit, u scamprin coony, and let masa's hounds hav meat!
Lora- I'n yo nigga yet, cuz my wite mouth stil sez u no.
Pet- Lil hot blak curant jely fix al dat.

He wipes blak curant jely on her mouth.

Pet- Now, my dusky babun mamy, flash dem rozy butoks.
Lora- I'n yo nigga yet, cuz my wite bely make fair babas.
Pet- Lil hot blak curant jely fix al dat.

He wipes blak curant jely on her bely.

Pet- Blak as fired flapjaks! Here cum da maple buta!
Lora- I'n yo niga yet, cuz my wite leg stil runs away!
Pet- Lil hot black curant jely fix al dat.

He wipes blak curant jely on her thize.

Lora- O masa, pik ma cotn clean, cur dis baky til it burns, and edumate
yo niga gud!
Pet- U my masapeace.

Enter Leiotrice and Ekard.

Leo- Lora, Petrarc, wut is this?
Lora- We playn hot blak curant jely, mama.
Leo- Wel, suds yoselvs and git to chors. Papa's mornin pond is murky
riled.
Pet/Lora- Yes, mama.

They exit and hide to the side.

Leo- I fear a life in theater has much pervert my chilluns. Tok to me,
Ekard.
Ekard- I crak dis free negro say da Yankees win da war.
Leo- These fire words blast the shel of rumor.
Ekard- Here to truth.
Leo- Kresard hear it?
Ekard- So, but wuttin so? He hear himself n wundr who dat be. Boy thoro
play.
Leo- But Holard thinks.
Ekard- She too ador Don Masa t'eva run. Don't u fear, ma misa. Wit dis
stik I keep all dark n dour as me.
Leo- Stirrs the Don.

Enter Don.

Don- I have writ a stanza to Servantes.
Leo- Do share it, dear, with we, yr loyal slaves.
Don- Vijuns of Servantes in the heat,
Wepons of hidalgo at his feet,
Womyn far, womyn near him bleat,
As soldadotes slotr them repeat.
Glimpses of Servantes on the sand,
Off'ring up to nite his inky hand,
Quiv'ring cold, alone amidst the bland,
Wund'ring wild if anything shall stand.
O intimant Servantes in my brain,
Staring upon gilt's elusiv stain,
Hunchinh with his bitch beside the drain,
Noeing aftr sun ther's only rain.
A milyun days Servantes must hav died,
A milyun times his muthr must hav lied,
A bilyun fuks ly rancid at his side,
A trilyun nites he gurgls in the tide.

Leo- Exelent. Ekard?
Ekard- Mos exlent, masa.
Don- Servantes was enslaved to Afrik Mors,
Wich supros state exprest the life quixotic,
For freedom's rife with chois, but slite on dreams.

Leo- Too true, my Don.
Ekard- N apropo the nuz.
Don- Ah, yes. So sukt unsprouted from my pod
Of ireality, I that shud stalk
Am stalkt by economic lizard time,
My transvers symbols stifled, memory
Remembers only wut dismembers it,
And truth becums a sneaky furfrus pest
Neath that sharp invisibl heel, det.
Wut's so now-or-not that I must make sens?

Ekard- Wel, masa, me n Kresard, as u told,
Ben grabbin odiens from off the road,
But count a da war, passers ben real thin,
N three wut we dun thumpt confirm ur fear:
Da South is lost.

Don- Wen?
Ekard- Five days ago.
Don- How?
Ekard- Grant took Lee at Appomattox, n now
Lincoln's men move our way.
Don- The South is lost?

Ekard- Seem like it.
 Don- Then is all.
 Leio- Yet sum r set
 To hear yr newest piece, so must we play,
 As alwz, wen ther waits the waiting for.
 Don- Who is here but wut al ar al but ded?
 Ekard- A northrn nurs n a suthrn soljur,
 Took togethr but kept apart, since each
 Mos wana murdr each, n a free negra,
 Tokn mancipashun proclamashun.
 Don- Rouz the troop, prep the stage, n seat the stiff.
 Tonite we ope n close.
 Ekard- Yes, Don Masa.

Ekard exits.

Don- O min wif, hwa nu?
 Leo- Libben wit, mi mann.
 Don- In servitu? Na. It is time to dy.
 Leo- O do not say so, Don.
 Don- I do say so,
 And u wil do it so.
 Leo- No, I wil not.
 Don- Wut?
 Leo- Wer's the reazn?
 Don- I need no reazn.
 Leo- Perhaps the North is kind.
 Don- Like humankind,
 N that's anarkik ordr, urj indifrent,
 For nun is mor inhuman or unkind
 Than that carnivoric gorjing hoard
 Wer cel eats cel, sibling slotrs sibling,
 Root strangles root, each a fantazine
 To scarcity upon the stage of need,
 Urth our ofal bin, growth our ecocide,
 As it is sung in spirituals of nite
 Werin genetic mob defines the rite.
 Leo- Hav u no faith?
 Don- Wut, hav faith in actors?
 Shall I trust the weather, count on the press,
 Hold to a whore, create for capital?
 The Northans shall hak us into bits,
 And if they don't, they'l liberate our slaves,
 Who quikly wil.
 Leo- We hav ben gud to them.
 Don- Agreshn is pasivity recald,
 But I am speaking reazn.

Leo- Speak of hope.
 Don- They hope who do not valu wut they ar.
 Leo- They hope who valu wut they may becum.
 Don- Betr if strong, wors if weak, wich this week
 We've just becum, no more just becuming.
 One duz not win a war to lose the prize.
 Leo- Ther prize is freedom.
 Don- Slavery universal!
 O it shal be a sutl bondaj, shut
 As ours was open, freedom for the fake,
 A revolushn but in this great swindl:
 Ours revolvs to them, and abolishn?
 Abolishment of genius is ther goal.
 Now speak I reazn for no reazn, yet
 For ur defians reazn be reward:
 Here comerce cums, in waves of ernest slime,
 Reguisin aucshun bloks to stok exchanj,
 Privat servant to public demand,
 From one to mass of mastrs, literal
 Outproducin figrativ expreshn,
 Its wip the muny belt, its chains the charms
 Of downward duming drones, educashn
 Group discussn since nuthin's tru, its law
 Screaming legislators, artistry crimpt
 For distribushn, taste ofensiv stans,
 The sole concern of powr to empowr
 The powrles think powr's to outpowr
 The very thot of powr, unpowring
 Al powr owns beyond the powr to trade.
 O luk at wut refuses to be seen:
 The color line one omnipresent blur,
 Al enslaved to exclusiv angel rounds,
 But reazn tires.
 Leo- Self-deth too kindly gives
 Ur nemesis the carion he craves.
 O let us hury west and slyly liv.
 Don- So wake to hide? Ther's to ask confeshn
 Confes it's no acountancy to speech.
 I'd rathr slay myself n al I own
 To noe my last than last becuz unnoen,
 Thus reazn says the time is now to dy.
 Leo- It is too reaznless to say, too harsh
 To think in hush, and too misdun to do,
 Too rife with if for such a final act.
 Mite not the Northrn mite include our rite,
 They our proof improvd, our reazn refined,
 Wut if, wut if? O if not if away,

For if is cor to life, and wen it ain't,
 Ifless deth is ther, showing to invite
 Inevitans is spending breth on air.
 Don- Ur logic's point ensurs its own refute,
 As proving if in iflerness concludes,
 For lo how quik a free, briliant woman
 Faced with fatal fear dons a pity mask
 For wut intends her swelt and ax the nig.
 Leo- Who is to dy?
 Don- We, the slaves, the childrn.
 Leo- O y not just we?
 Don- Shoyaku shinju.
 Betr that the muthr take her offlings
 With her to the next than they muthrless
 Be then comitd to depravity,
 For thus to bild she craks creashn's code
 That care is to be taken at al cost,
 And hated by who ot to luv her, she
 Lets drop al miser being shrugs to giv.
 Leo- How then is it to hapn?
 Don- Wen but they
 Being not themselvs won't themselvs defend.
 Leo- In the play?
 Don- For ther deth sene, u wil serv
 The ritual juse, as it's ben reherst,
 Tho now it wil be laced with cyanide
 Kept for this day. Deth acted wil be real,
 Each passn in a role preferd to self.
 Leo- Me trifeaeste treuwe findest.
 Don- O my Leotrice, this is reazn.

They exit. Petrarc and Lora cum out.

Lora- Mama's gona murdr us?
 Pet- We gota run away!
 Lora- Thaz evil northan soljurs evrywer!
 Pet- I'l fite em off!
 Lora- Y, u ain but an actor,
 And Ekard send his dogs.
 Pet- Let's larm the slaves,
 N the'll revolt.
 Lora- Not un a them beleve
 This day a dred cd cancel years a care.
 Pet- So, wut we gona do?
 Lora- We gona dy.
 Pet- No we is not! I gota think a bit.
 Lora- O twisted trip from baby bud to nil!

A being sprigs out gob that speaks to gud
 From givin got, yet to be senshnt is
 To be invers, and gud is got by graft,
 So do we scul like litl loln ships
 Tween two oposing inhumanitys,
 A sea and sky, a memry and mentashn,
 The first a birthn broth we canot brethe,
 The last a vijn vast we canot see.
 Pet- Got it! We grab our freedom thru the play!
 Lora- How so?
 Pet- During the thirteenth angel sene
 Wen al is on the stage, but we in bak,
 N dark is near desenshn, out we scoot.
 Lora- But then I'l mis my deth sene.
 Pet- That's the point.
 Lora- Perhaps wut papa wana do is rite.
 Pet- Lora, my life is not my papa's play.
 Lora- But life is deth without our papa's plays.
 Pet- So, uns we'r free, we up n do our own.
 Lora- O, but they won't never be like papa's!
 Pet- Lora, sweet, papa wana poison us.
 Lora- N so we livd n dyd upon the stage;
 Tho most unnoen, they truly nu ther age,
 N spirald in a bon of burning verbs.
 My final words wdd be his final words!
 Pet- O, sista, stop!
 Lora- We stay.
 Pet- We go.
 Lora- We dy.
 Pet- N deth is wer an actor draws the line.
 Wut's a play? A fantasy on its feet,
 Wobly, soon to fal, colors quik congeald,
 Meanings barely ment that few can fuly sens.
 Not necessity, but indulgency
 Is al the play; costumes, props, n sets,
 Such things for wich nun ot to sacrifice
 Its vital being. Let's outplay the play
 N go.
 Lora- I can't, for how I luv this farm,
 N leavn here, we lose luv's set, wich I
 Than livn less our luv wud dy to keep.
 Pet- So, as we'r free to luv in papa's plays,
 Tel me without them we ain't lost to luv.

Enter Leotrice.

Leo- Chillun, plz, redy urselvs.

Both- Yes, mama.

They exit.

Faze 1, Sene 3. Enter Kresard with Seamus, stil unconshus, and tys him.

Kres- I sez ya nice to see da sho, but u got shat to do, so's fits ya git un stif up yo sof hed. Diz I warn ya? Yaz I did, but yo, ya mis ya cue, cuz shatman skip da simpl fact no shat be mo impotant dan da sho. Sum shat to make? Da parts is in da sho. Sum shat to say? Da lines is in da sho. Seekn at some speshl shat? Da akshns in da sho. See, da shat is in da shoin of da shat. Much like a man wok thru da wuds to nab hiself a buk, he may or he may not, but he ain enjoy da sene. But if he wok em just to wok, he nab a buk or no, but he do enjoy da sene wer at he go. Shatman skof da sunset see but un long sobrin shado. Shatman ride fast wata meet da watafal mite fast. Shatman frown at chiln gona get but frowns in turn, wen un ezy smile make him almos glad to dy. Now shatman git da shat dat he deserv: he watch da sho, wil or woe, tyd n fit for wipn.

Enter Holard.

Hol- Kresard, go help Ekard seat the hous.
Kres- We open tonite?
Hol- Wut, ain u happy?
Kres- We got mo talkas than lisnas!
Hol- So, wut's nu?
Kres- Y, pepes they use a cum in paks to see Don Masa's plays.
Hol- Times is od.
Kres- It's unatural.
Hol- O, n how is that?
Kres- Looka my hed.
Hol- Dam, u rite. It's unatural.
Kres- I mean, I got mo ears than I got moufs.
Hol- No u ain't.
Kres- Two ears...
Hol- N three moufs.
Kres- Go on. Squirm out this shakl n I swear u ai no slave.
Hol- U's a mouf sez 'yes, masa,' wich u wear on ur face. U's a mouf say 'no, masa,' wich u cary in ur hed. N u's a mouf don't say nun cuz u alwz sitn on it. Now seat the hous, n I wil speak to u in caractr.
Kres- Haply, wuz I like u beta wen u sumun els.

Kresard goes to exit.

Hol- Kresard, wut be dis?
Kres- Dats a blak man, Holard.

Hol- I mean, wer u get im?
Kres- Strutn up da hi road, singin how he free.

Kresard exits.

Hol- A free blak man? Creatur inconcevd
Til here this sampl slumps, this fable flames,
A skitish windigo flit out the wud
To cultur's chains. Free and blak? Words that uns,
So avers ther alujns, winst at tuch,
Yet hudl closely in this sheltr sol,
This nevr now, this fact imposibl,
And aquaint, as if fear enrapturd of
Itself itself anuls itself embrasin.
Free and blak. Blak meet free. Free, this be blak.
Blak's a hu, as in human, and he plays
The spoilr role in Wity Gets It Rite.
Free is a spy of elliptical regimes
Who takes no part but wut his puzl fits,
Wich he keeps tukt in natur's back poket.
U two shd wing awile, craft a cycle,
And tempt to avatize the latent dreams
Caged calmly in this clampt imaculens,
By blending urselvs being most urselvs.
Neva. If in this man u maybe meld,
Wich now's but sound upon a muted gape
Of futur sens al eko senslesnes,
It's wantles rare and horid wunderful
As a two-heded child, a shok wen sprung,
Odly cute in yuth, yet with time devolvn
To fleshy symbol of insanity,
Two minds, two needs, two harts, two hates, one trunk,
A haf extenshn servn dual intenshns,
In which feast of famin it eats itself.
No prospect now exists for free and blak.
Wite's free, blak's bound, thot hush, and I on trak.

She puts water to Seamus's mouth and he wakes.

Hol- It's wata.
Sea- Wer am I?
Hol- In ur body.
Sea- Ansr me!
Hol- Wen angr ansrs angr
It falsifys by ekoing the tru.
Sea- Ur angr shd be genuin to see
A bruthr falsifyd, whose rage reflects

His rite projected from a glaring rong.
 The rong is slite that brings a gud imens.
 Sea- Wut gud?
 Hol- To see the play we'r to perform.
 Sea- Ur gud into my bad inflicshn twists.
 Hol- These are the codices of liberty,
 Wich frame u not, so u seem a cripl
 Criticizn dans becuz u dream it.
 Drink.
 Sea- I ask u, pleze, tel me wer I am.
 Hol- As ur pleze plezes me, I will pleze u,
 And, ekoing the rong, so tru the tru:
 U sit upon the farm theatrical
 Of the great Don Flagrante Delicto,
 Whose mastery of dramas metrical
 An unequivocal bravisimo
 Has not yet found, tho as the fetal cheek
 Must nurtur on our darknes to be born
 A thing our lips must ever luvn seek,
 His text shal sumday by al tungs be worn.
 Now drink. The play is long.
 Sea- If he's so great, how cum u ty me down?
 Hol- Now drones the tune too dul to deeply urj
 Harmonic of reply, but I'm song-starvd;
 U may not be great enuf to see it.
 Sea- Tru greatnes al can see, and wut of chois?
 Hol- Wer is that man, set stupid on this sfere
 Of pointles signs, can say wer he shd go?
 Sea- Set free, I'l sho that man.
 Hol- That man is blak,
 And so unfree, as unlike he who's wite
 To whom the lite bekons as a brotha,
 He gestates with his twin, utr darknes,
 And livs nostalgja-bound to primal deth.
 Sea- That logic's colorful, yet fals as lite
 Wich thru a spectral metafor aserts
 We are internal difrnt as we'r seen,
 For al's created equal.
 Hol- And yet nun
 Livs equal to the act of creashn.
 Sea- The act of creashn is the living.
 Hol- The life of the actor is the drinkn,
 So u shush, and let the slave slake the slave.

He spits the water at her.

Sea- I am blak and free, just as u wd be

If u did not to othas giv urself.
 I giv myself to othas that I may
 Be wut it is not givn me to be,
 An otha that no otha than herself
 Must be, as othawise I nuthn am,
 Wich is al les than sumthn les than al,
 Yet if ur spit is ment to sprout my self
 Into a sap of ur nun otha kind,
 U drown me in the freedom u inflict.
 I ment to wake u.
 Ther are gentlr ways.
 Go free with me.
 Da masa'd wip me wite.
 Ther's ben a war...
 I ain got time for this.
 U ain got time for freedom? Wut's ur name?
 My name? That's a brutal transplantashn,
 Incorporated thru my corpral lak,
 Producin pristine fluf to market heavd
 As raw material for being's cloth:
 Sincer'ty's overcoat, the liar's sak,
 Th'elegant drapes that hide unhapy homes;
 Society ain but a sewn machine
 That stitches natur into our disguise.
 I see ur habit is to disinhabit
 Al demands of mind, tho nun of body.
 So, wur I a trader, shopn mental meat,
 And from the blok I glanst to fresh my gaze,
 As class wil flush thr palat with sum fiz
 Befor they nash agen into the lam,
 And saw u hidin shy behind sum beam
 To keep urself from los, wich dosil pose
 Ignites my rapine urj, thus ordr u
 To step ur secret guds out front, in hopes
 Of makin u my bedtime woman snak,
 Wut word wd I inscribe on the recete
 To note the self indelibl I'l blank?
 Three words: not for sale.
 Three mor: not ur cal.
 They cal me Holard.
 And they cal me Seamus.
 Then shame on u for showin me my shame,
 But tel me, Seamus, ot I feel shame
 To serv u wata, as my masa bid,
 To drink, not spit, befor our lengthy sho,
 Or wil u dry urself out washn me?
 Here alone, Holard, do I say obey.

She gives him water.

Hol- Now bout that war...

Enter Ekard and Kresard with Jukes and Mary tyd up.

Jukes- Push me agen, u jungl jiganiny, and I freak.

Ekard pushes Jukes to the ground.

Ek- Ya see dis boy? Is cald a cranky bich.
She scrach ya body ou, bu' mis da ich.
She cut ya open wut ca' no be stich.
She look ya way yo face be twista twich.
Hear cakln in ur cranum? She da wich.
How cuz yo life so cheap? Cuz she be rich.
Yo ain al fitn in? She spade da nich.
Go try and smuth it ovr, she da glich.
So I push u al down da deepest dich,
Yo bicha crank, cuz she ma cranky bich.

Kres- Don't kil im, Ekard, pleze. Three peple's sad, but two's embarasin!

Ekard- Holard, unty da niga.

Hol- U is untyd.

Ekard- Free im, I say.

Hol- He is free.

Ekard- Heed me, ooman.

Sea- Don't hit her, pleze.

Ekard- U sweet on masa's sow? He no trade her for al da fems in Frans.
She his darky diva.

Sea- N u his darky driva.

Ekard hits Seamus.

Mary- Y won't u hear the disentangling day
Of autocratic code is cum at last,
America singing liturjys of chois
For serf, pesant, laborer and slave,
Creating diagnostic guvernans:
Every need the rite, every rite the truth,
Each truth an end, each end equality,
Expresng from our rich, dezirus shors
Liberty's uncastigatng symbols?
Y do u who spurd this revolushn
Now shun the premium of its success?

Seamus- No mesaj penetrates unwilng ears.

Jukes- I do not wana wach ur fukn play!

Hol- Be hush, u al, be hush. How wd we be
 Mor than brunt and elemental drujes
 Past wunder bifurcated by our wants
 If we unto the plots of privat freedom
 Did not at times be linkt? Autonomy,
 In pur edafic climax, only cums
 From out a long and teribl selecshn
 Of ideomotic, arthromeric quirks
 Whose minglng gesturs temporary clash
 At last into a lush utopia,
 Yet getng ther is al dependency
 To sols like Masa Don. His invocashn
 Soothes bludjnd pride, camforic pourparler
 Slavn the ear to mantic luv. Enforsmnt
 Must often do wut nun wud freely choos,
 Yet wich, uns chosen, wud most freely al.
 So, be hush. Strech thy dodlng feelrs forth,
 Loose that politic vijn wich obscurs
 How our most mental mouth at histry roots,
 And don't resist resistn explanashn:
 U free us most by ur concentrashn.

All exit.

Faze 2, Sene 1. The stage. Enter stage manager, assistant, and actors.

SM- Cohees to the stage!
 ASM- Wut wud u do with al the muny in the world?
 SM- Hsuan Hsieh!
 1- I bild an elefant tusk shatoe,
 Feng shui Minya Konka,
 I peepee on Yunan Platoe,
 Yangtze for my kaka,
 I practicng the wai shang toa,
 Alone in mesur of chi,
 I ask myself til end of now
 If words be river or sea.
 SM- Khorassan!
 2- Ther basks in the shale an oil so pur,
 So punjnt, so pikwnt, so palpably sur,
 Its esens is fear, fasinashn, foe-fun,
 Wich sea-startd creatur we eva must plum.
 It codls me, I am inconkrabl, paeshnt,
 I glib it on nape, its sent is so nasent,
 Thot is a bubl it bloze thru a loop,
 Glaring its secret, its symbl the drupe,
 One god, litl man, in the field now plays,

Its coldrn of driplets propelng the days,
 Until u'r reminded in flesh-flamng fiz,
 The price of its lube's al the muny ther is.
 SM- Wolfgang!
 3- Upon zie vintr solstis,
 In vintr hardy vools,
 Zie vintr-bourn hot trikln,
 Neath frozn vintr poolz,
 Wis vintr shnitzl rauchert,
 In vintr feeding vat,
 Zie vintr crooknek candied
 Und rapt im vintr fat,
 Zie vintr habitd folkens,
 Gewarmt mit vintr hope,
 Dans zie vintr wichns
 On vintr's slipry slope,
 Und verk thru vintr vurys,
 Zat script zie vintr hex
 To end zie vintr flurys
 Shruout zie vinter flex,
 So if in vintr hunys
 I found sum silvr spex,
 I'd save mein vintr munys
 To varm zie vintr next.
 SM- Ouagadougou!
 4- Nomadic tween Gombe n Jos,
 In syzyge of water n sun,
 Rich in my thik colord mos,
 I need muny like hate need a gun.
 The teeth of my peples is purls,
 The gold of ther belyz my joy,
 For scrimpn I got my blak gurls,
 For splurjn I got my blak boy.
 Our songs pay the sky to be clear,
 Our dans pay da boomng monsoon,
 Our luvn do moisn the sere,
 N we ask of the bud but to bloom,
 So keep al ur muny mad ways -
 I won't trade the treat for the maze.
 SM- Pierre de Ronsard!
 5- O to hav al of ze marvelous munys!
 O for sedukshn about me complete!
 O to be master of dreams and of brezes!
 O for ze freedom from market compete!
 O how rich! O how ful! How profoundly hi!
 Mus I heav it about in zie sachel? O my!
 Al ze munys? Ze bukoss? Ze cashabl clams?

Won't my pokets, so bulging, chafen my hams?
But y am I thinking? I've al ze muny!
Movng it round is sum uzer man's task!
Tout l'argent! Oui oui oui. No no no. Me me me!
Wut wuz it ze questn u askt?

ASM- Hous is open!

Exit all actors, SM, and ASM.

Faze 2, Sene 2. Enter Ekard and Kresard with Jukes, Mary, Seamus. They ty them down.

Ekard- Tok, I hit ya. Stand, I sit ya.
Stay stil n enjoy, strugl n sufr.

Enter Actor.

Actor- For chuzn us tonite, we thank u much,
And that u stay our captiv odiens,
Tho guarantee's no luvr of the live,
We wil to win ur raving vijn strive,
Yet ask ur kindnes, for so por the day
That we by mass must sel our preshus play.

Actor exits. Enter 2 more actors.

Actor 1- Of the race of the Angles and Saxons this drama,
Of Lolland, of Frisia, Elbe Weser, Zuyder Zee,
The Nerthus-crowd, Woden their war-god indoma,
Who pelt-burdend, spear-ladend, crost the North Sea.

Actor 2- Of the race of the hermits of Lerins this play,
Of Arles, of Vienne, of Lyons and Rome,
Monks of the disciplined humble display,
Who peace-burdened, grace-girded, walkt on the foam.

Actor 1- Vandalic Europans in wiflheim umberd,
Their woodenships sproling, their moots ever tru,
Brash as the tonting Thunor unencumberd,
The race of the men of the blud-boiling blu.

Actor 2- Bearing forgiveness into the North hoardes,
The fruit of the lard of the slotr of lams,
Convertng the pagans, sheathng ther swords,
Of fisical thot, of psycical hands.

Actor 1- Of crazy hot semen, of womb ripe and strong,
Of lineage cherishd, of unbrokn home,
Of earl and ceorl bound eager in throng,
Of worda and worca enribbing the dome.

Actor 2- Tonsurd and meak, of cross and of image,
Of Admon convinced, of numen philosus,

Fear in the conshns, stilnes in scrimaj,
 Order and sanctity bearing mutuus.
 Actor 1- Hieran se wothcrafte Saxon und Angle,
 Nyde genydde, wuldorgeflogenum,
 Hand-locen baldlice, wergeld und wrangle,
 Singale saece, ead elne gesongen.
 Actor 2- Impurus purgare, factiosus spargare,
 In praesagitione permutando duritia,
 Reversns in gnomo pacis invehere,
 Inclinator a beneficio detergere invidia.

Enter rap sistas.

TO- Now swiva da stilo an alla zingara,
 Flagrante Delicto e cumn a spar ya,
 So coral twist beutyful life outa bone,
 Diz glandula wiza make any hormone.
 DI- Stay wakin as he intimate
 His cronkn infonervic blitz,
 Les asleep u vajinate
 Wut wil control ur spinal swich.
 CI- He pimp jesus largest, budha bich baddest,
 U target da margin, he market da fistest,
 Doctor Derijn, the rebi of rong,
 Chil it or choke it, cuz masa be long.
 Sea- I wil not lisen to this malignans.

Ekard hits him.

Ekard- I wil not hesitate to put a niga on his bak.

Enter Don.

Don- I ask the menispermum faze my mind;
 Sweet pilferaj of luv is my import.
 I mean no harm. Retracshns hav ben sined,
 But I must now ur fetal truth abort.
 The dugns of doom ly drying in the sun,
 Invijus freaks of freedom at them lap,
 Ther suk the target, my spokespawn the gun,
 Kwik they dy by me, or slo at poison pap.
 O mastery is lost in being gaind,
 Aleles of genius crak in being used,
 And countrfactiv powr is unbrained
 By brains empowrd by ther own abuse.
 If we cud make of history a home,
 A heedful public to our privat harts,

Detouring mesh adicshn to the noen,
 And sincronize our labor to the arts,
 Then shit like this wud bak to nutris turn,
 And pur fenomenastix of delite
 Wud esens us off strange existent churn
 And we wud swirl, rich proteins bilt of blite.
 But we canot. Wut's weak we cal wut shud.
 We weld the trak of time about our space,
 And saying nuthng to be understood,
 We scrambl facelesly into our face.
 As cute makes crime, as satisfakshn greed,
 As feeding pijuns justifys the seed,
 We struct our sol from one disgruntld glans,
 And celebrating ignorans, we dans.
 So u don't wana see my sho. Alrite,
 Then I won't sho u wut u wana see.
 We both can fit in this cosmopolite,
 Tho ur submishn's al I mean by we.
 Enslaving thee, I free myself from strife.
 By teaching thee, I bathe my mind in crap.
 In freeing thee, I end my ragged life.
 Yap yap yap yap yap yap yap.
 The stage is set, the cohees strangely clad,
 Weak wil is overcum by wild wud,
 So starts the play of Aethelbert the Bad
 And his sojurn with Augustine the Gud.
 TO- Now to the hals of mead,
 Of roth byrnys and falchions,
 Kings of the waring breed,
 Jutes, Angles, and Saxons!
 DI- Tales of victory tel,
 Wordhords of Widsith vain,
 Offring of Offa the Fell,
 Of Woercmen, of beorna, of thegn.
 CI- Yo like repeat it the storiest,
 How murderers mate evermoriest,
 Wile brodsworded hooligans hoariest
 Get drunk and shout "my dad's the goriest!"

Faze 2, Sene 3. Aethelbert's Mead Hall. Enter the Anglo-Saxons (Aethelbert, Aethelfrith, Eadbald, Raedwald, Ceolwulf, Bard, and others).

Ead- Behold, u bludy brutes, the Roman's head!
 Raed- How stoic, how advanst, how noble tis!
 Ceolwulf- Silens, for the homo wud oratio!
 Ead- Frends, Romans, Cuntrymen, wer ar my ears?
 Frith- Ear they ar!

All- Eat, eat, eat!

Aethelfrith eats the ears.

Ceolwulf- As our gore-lust, let our guts be sated!
Raed- Hungr is a point not wel debated!
Afrith- A mug of mead! Brew-bich, a mug of mead!

Enter brew-bich with mugs of mead.

Ead- U, fatha, who as warlord held the lead,
 And dru most stinky steam from begng bleedrs,
 Slug primal draft, and hear the flatrus liedrs.
Abert- ...and tha freolic wif,
 ful gesealde
 aerest East-Dena
 ethel-wearde;
 baed hine blithne beon
 aet thaere beor-thege,
 leodum leafne.
 He on luste gethah
 symbol and sele-ful,
 sige-rof kyning.

Aethelbert slugs.

Jukes- That Anglo-Saxon sound like niga blab.
Don- For its quik time it was, n so it is.
Ead- Up, word-warbler. Chug thy sudsy rout!
Ceolwulf- Awake, thou scop, and thrust thy throataj out!
Bard- I am the Word!
Raedwald- No, u ar the Worm!
Bard- Forgiv me, lords, but I was dreamng.
Afrith- Of our scamaseaxes gleamng?
Bard- Futil to say wut dreams imply
 As the saying ther sens deny.
Raed- Spare us, Bard, ur metafisical snare
 And sing of our race and its dominant lair.
Bard- Wut powr enforces, poets cal fair.
 In time with the kemical draw in my veins,
 I sing of the men of the strength and the rage;
 In modrn tones, tho ful of ancient names,
 Cums out my vois, of the Anglo-Saxon age.
Ead- Sing to our great drihten.
Afrith- Aethelbert!
Bard- Aethelbert, inchest of booklanded kings,
 Son of Eormenic, of Octa, of Oeric,

Of Oisc, the son of original Hengist,
 Stil trace thy viril puty back to Woden!
 All- The indigenous inhabitants
 Of Britain, after Brutus,
 Batld for predominans,
 Til Vortigern, that local chump,
 Askt us cum to play his punks -
 We came, we saw, we fukt shit up!
 TO- Adventus Saxonum is made in the shade!
 DI- Hirelings wil on the highest be paid!
 CI- It's a fish eat bison world we've made!
 Bard- Scotsmen, Britons, Picts, and Celts,
 Cerd and Cyrnic's wimp Gewisse,
 All in war hav took ther welts
 From Woden's fyrd gesitha!
 Ead- Of esens of our peple tel the meat,
 Of craft, of code, of otha's defeat.
 Bard- Of esens, meat is much,
 Of absens, thou art ful,
 Of cryptic stimulus,
 Authentic integral,
 Efishnsy extreme,
 Evry wish unwasted,
 Director of thy dream,
 Evry flava tasted.
 Histozoic not,
 Dedly set on life,
 Profitng in thot,
 Speech the spawn of strife,
 Ever outward prizing,
 Yet critic of thysel, f,
 Fably realizing
 Freedom folows welth.
 Raed- Sing of our craft, how we bild to the need.
 Bard- Thy craft varigated
 Wil spred oer the world,
 Thy urj unabated
 Invenshuns unfurl,
 Laws penetrating,
 With cifers debating,
 Potential to primacy
 Predestinating,
 The ships of fate carving,
 Al daunting in breeding,
 The loam of society
 Yurns for thy seeding.
 Ceolwulf- Sing of our code, how't avails the deed.

Bard- Thy code relegating
 Al peple are craving,
 Thou form over raping,
 Thou storm personating,
 Companionat servaj,
 Guvernd consent,
 Remandment for pilaj,
 Embeded disent,
 To fatha thy luv goes,
 From fatha the son noes
 Werfrom the rain flows,
 Werto the wind blows,
 Units unite thee,
 Each alegorical,
 Wejing authority
 One in dividual.

Afrith- Sing at last of our opreshun disdain,
 How slavery wil our spirits nevr tame.

Bard- Here squats thy strength,
 Competitiv rigor,
 From life's lagard length
 Weaving with vigor
 Nabor in nabor,
 Sehnsucht in sens,
 Valu in labor,
 Pese in defens,
 Elements livid
 Yet stonch art thou each,
 Chalenj thy luvng,
 Intrepid thy reach,
 Growing thru merit
 Of sord and of shield,
 Thy jactant bold oposit
 Nevr shal yield!

All- From Lothland's fjords and woods we've fled,
 The Anglo-Saxon hoardes so dred,
 Ravaj and plundr and drag em to bed,
 The Anglo-Saxons got big fukn heds.
 Industry, farming, and poetry dens,
 Race of the blue-eyed high-templd long-limbd,
 Pale of flesh tho of darkest intents,
 Stok of the fog-briliant thinkng undimbd.
 Nevr stray, nevr sleep, nevr relent,
 Upraising our broods on the oak-gripng urth,
 Fueling on freedom our avid asent,
 Ordr torential shal drench us in worth.
 The Anglo-Saxon race is cum,

Upon thy hope we hold the law,
 Survival's game is finally won,
 U cry for help, we shout huzza!
 Don Wel, now we've cast the baracuda bait,
 Any u sukas dare to masticate?
 Sea- The intransitiv shades that grim efulj
 From ancient monuments of dignity,
 Obstructng vijun of the next allure,
 Must as the lite that makes them sloly shift
 From face to face, place to place, race to race,
 And who wud ty down time to envy's stake,
 Constructng from detritus of ther fear
 Such bulky breaks agenst the glintng change
 Ar malaprop at birth and chaos-plugd,
 For conshusnes is but a color skeme.
 Ther's mor than blak n wite in blak n wite,
 N chonting greatnes amplifys the trite.
 U noe. To my repair thy thrashing's frite.
 Jukes- Ther ain't no such a thing as blak repair.
 All that's bilt, he breaks. Al that's great, he laks,
 So are these words a weaklng's mity whine
 That canot even liberate himself.
 Mary- Jukes, u devalu the human species.
 Don- Wel, here's a brawl, the lak-and-lose of drama,
 So let us graficate its latent troma.

Ekard drags the odiens onto stage.

TO- Fil the vial!
 DI- With vile seed!
 Jukes- Say wut?
 CI- Spu or sufr!
 Jukes- O man, u'r nuts.
 Don- No, man, ur nuts.

Jukes masturbates into a cup.

Don- I am the grub that likis its lips at birth,
 The godlike goof that porshuns us our derth.
 Ekard- Act!

Seamus and Mary read.

Mary- This hand holds a flowr, so it feels the luv.
 Sea- This hand wants the powr, so it puts on a gluv.
 Mary- That hand steals the flowr disguised in righteous nits.
 Sea- That hand hates the powr that uns upon was its.

Mary- This hand sufrs now as sufrd then that hand.
 Sea- Natur doses pain thru evry human gland.
 Mary- Acordng to the powr to rendr it exprest.
 Sea- We each ar remnants of a flowr uns posest.

Jukes completes himself.

TO- The juis dogmaticistic!
 DI- Balistic!
 CI- So spastic!
 TO- In the comandeerd cup swimng paleocrystic!
 DI- Take it, Don Evil, n speak ur bombastic!
 CI- Wow em da wisdum a wak masterbotic!

Ekard holds Seamus before Don.

Don- U like? Te gusta jizmajiminy?
 Es gut? Jouez vous crucial hominy?
 Look on it! Read the fogn book on it!
 Bet on it! Find ur famly name in it!
 It refrax the divinity,
 This liquid surreal,
 Of its oto-sovrenity
 The world's a-squeal.
 It's wite. Get the hint?
 It's perfect and al.
 It's natur's cool mint,
 Bubl'n hot from the bal.
 Slurp it and think,
 This parturient pee -
 U won't neva blink
 Uns u drunk the wite tea.
 Hol- Masa Don, I ain't seen this in the script,
 So wip me if u wil, but spare his lip.
 Don- Speak da slave, obey da masa:
 Placid fact's the fate of disasta.

He disposes of the sampl.

TO- To Rome! To Rome!
 DI- Forget the foo foam!
 CI- To the palas of pity!
 TO- Charity's home!
 DI- Here's Gregory Great!
 CI- Pope of the hour!
 TO- And here be wite slaves.
 DI- How shifty ol' powr.

Faze 2, Sene 4. Rome. Enter Slave Trader, 2 wite slaves, Pope Gregory, Tarsilla.

Greg- Sister Tarsilla, wut sullen splendor
Emerjes from these rakt and wogy ships?
Tars- Slaves, brotha Gregory, tagd for hagl.
Greg- A strange supernal spirit hues ther heds.
Tars- They ar blond.
Greg- Blandus, yes, smooth and fawning,
Geneticly disownd of that wise gruj
Wich cums of being bound in curly loks,
Opake, elastic. It is gud that I
Enslave, or educate, them to the truth.
Tars- Shal I then inquire of ther pricing?
Greg- Yea, u shal, tho my luv no price noeth.
Tars- Trader!
Trader- How can I be a traitor, mam,
Wen I's but swear alejans to free trade?
Tars- How much for these two sory lookng slaves?
Trader- These two fine specimens? Ten poops a pop.
Tars- That's a lot of pops for two scrawny pups.
Trader- But they strong. Shoez da mam how strong u is.
Greg- Let me speak to them. Werfrom cum u, boys?
1- We are Angles, sir.
Greg- Angels of God!
2- Our king was Aelli.
Greg- Sing u Alleluiahs!
1- Of the tribe Deira.
Greg- From God's wrath, de ira, flee to faith!
Trader- That's up north, in the mythic land of Briton,
Wer folks work hard, play ruf, n don't think much
Bout nuthin so's they don't see it's bout all,
So twenty poops ain't squat for such gud grunts.
Greg- Wen luv, Tarsilla, like the grazing flok
Compels pastoral care expand its range
Past the fens of comfort-bracing custom,
Tho rich humility por pride must curb,
Shalln't we alow the lesr lead us on
As they the greatr mor by misng sens?
So thru my sol now sorz sum nu desire
To ventur with these waifs to ther cribland,
And in my ecstasy convert ther race.
Tars- I shal but syncopate thy throbnng urj.

Tarsilla pays the Trader.

Greg- O to the north! To lux orbis finiens!

Of sea to see, O rich anastomosis!
Cum, my blond, butiful boys of bondaj!
My stok upon thy throng seeks pasturaj!

They exit.

TO- á Paris! á Paris!
DI- Et Bertha the Princess.
CI- Pelcht by her papa for Angland's alians.
TO- Qu'est-ce qui? Qu'est-ce qui?
DI- Is she of pese the bring?
CI- Or just a greezy pese a chow fat king?

Faze 2, Sené 5. Paris. The court of King Charibert. Enter Bertha and Theofile.

Theo- Bud Bertha, princess trist of Paris fold,
Hav I, suspended in desir's cloud,
Not nitely stird semantic storms untold
To drive away the smut-adornng crowd
That swayd our wims to past comitment stare,
Yet now in smuty Angland u prepare
Ur wedng tarp? O luvr coy and brusks,
How shal I liv not hufng of thy musk?
Ber- Consanguinat previjns hav inurd
My eyes to thine, dear Theofile, and wim,
Woundng me with salt-wave stimulashn,
Has sevrsl times untwistd tremblng braids,
And thus I luv thee, if luv is to swoon,
Yet det in servis and genetic wish
Of livng wer the code of concord craks
Rips from thy hand the bud that thou wudst blum.
I soro this, but strange ar we alurd.
Theo- But mary Aethelbert, that bakward brute?
Ber- My fathr wishes it.
Theo- And so do u.
Ber- I wish to help anothr help himself,
And luvng wut is lost to find myself.
Theo- U wish to slave the king of dred! U seek
A metal chest ur cooing can unlok,
A man who ignorant thy noeing needs,
Whom thou canst bobl, spin, and edify;
Sum chatl cros the chanl, that's ur crave,
For wich I fear thy charity depraved.
Ber- Depraved art thou who questun charity.
Theo- It's u who tot me questun evrything!
Ber- Tru questuning is acshn suplicant.
Theo- I wil not be supliant to a stone!

O pride entraps the sky within our hed,
 Resentment stufts the dirt into our hart,
 And tween the two, a crop of crap is bred,
 Nurturing us on wut our growth distorts.
 Return, O Frankan Bertha, purest Clovan,
 To Paris shor that surjes for thy moon.

Ber- Clovan is but cloven, Frank but lying,
 As I, a moon that serves the shorz redundant,
 Must ripl al, the pasiv and the vying,
 So now I seaskip cros the blu perfundant.

Theo- Who ar u that do wut least becums u?
 Ber- I am a quivring tree upon the crags,
 Whom climers cal the sprintng numa's lass,
 Thru whose soft leves the shuffling suncomb drags,
 And round whose lims the winds admirus pass,
 Yet who, so fethry, bare, and undrwaterd,
 Who so tatrd, cut, and hail-batrd,
 Into her bark and pith reseves but crying,
 As roots that feed on stone are ever dying.
 I must, my jentl yuth-luvd Theofile,
 Abandon home and robe, word and talisman,
 And al the instincts gathrd in our wiles,
 To travel far to luv a luvles man.

Theo- Am I ner to tug thy tendr butons?
 Ber- Ner to lik the jus of Berthan mutons?
 So deeply do we tuch, we canot sens
 The perfect pain, the beuty propt in plite,
 The stealing glans, the torid recompens
 Of meager thots, the doctrin of delite
 That sez I luv thee and so nevr wil,
 For luv's a prik of ever deeper quil.

Theo- Adieu, deepest Bertha, drear mistres of the doom,
 My lost luv now slothrs in thy ded luvles gloom.

He exits. Enter Ingoberg.

Ingo- How takes thy douce-amour this nuz, my child?
 Ber- He takes it, muthr, wel, as hay to fire.
 Ingo- Did not thy smile, cupng rainy tears,
 Dous his blaze of grief?
 Ber- I tried to smile,
 But my mouth was too busy being cruel.
 Ingo- Our mouths canot control conflictng needs
 That natural oposishn merges split.
 So, ar u set?
 Ber- Save un trifle, muthr.
 Ingo- No trifle is too trite for muthr's mind.

Ber- Y am I being sold to Aethelbert?
 Ingo- Sold is such an ugly word.
 Ber- So it truth.
 Ingo- Yet truth is he is hansum, rich, and powrd.
 Ber- The qualia for wich I am to luv him.
 Ingo- Wich he wil then reciprocate in time.
 Ber- Yet are these also not very features
 Wens fathr fears him?
 Ingo- Fathr fear him? No.
 Ber- At fairs I've herd the Anglo-Saxon songs,
 Those bragng brays of vilent clang and howl,
 And thot, wur I a King, and French at that,
 I wud be ofl scared.
 Ingo- Nuthng scares ur fathr.
 Ber- The lion keeps his prey til jakls swarm.
 Ingo- Wut means this metafor, my mystic imp?
 Ber- Ther ar too many posibilitys
 For wut the metafor by natur means
 To say but that I am a metafor,
 And seeing such no I can evr be
 As nots of nuthng nevr get untyd.
 Am I the lion, Aethelbert the prey,
 And Christun monks the jakls swarmng bout
 To eat wut I hav tenderized? Or perhaps
 Papa is the lion, I the jakls,
 And Aethelbert the prey, surendrd me
 In expectashn of my nashng lust.
 Or perhaps I'm the prey, and this negoce
 A truce my deth inspires. Or perhaps,
 But perhaps wut? Perhaps this is perhaps that.
 Al I noe is a quikening of breth,
 That lions lone must bow to mut excess,
 That jakals only eat wen pitiles,
 And prey to be itself must pray for deth.

Enter Charibert and Liudhard.

Chari- Ah, Ingoberg, my wife, and dotchen Bertha,
 This is Bishop Liudhard. He's being sent
 Along with u to mumify ur morals
 Wile boging with that pagan King of Kent.
 Liud- In luv, thou lady chaste and chery nu.
 Chari- His counsel is at fixt exchange with mine,
 So rate him hi.
 Ber- I'l rate him as he erns.
 Chari- Ingoberg, quit yr blubng, and bonjour.
 Ingo- Wut can I say, my dotr, of this hel

To wich my luvng urj has hurld thee?
 Its mana is waste, its bevraj blud,
 Its tastes retarded and vishus, its dreams
 A system of greed, its wundr defused,
 Its enemy diversity, its laws
 A lisens to kil, its natur extinct,
 Angr its sex, destrucshn its desir,
 And evrywer the same is ulogized:
 Chans privilej executes its comic rape
 Upon the masokistic ignorants.
 Hav I no comfort for u then? But this:
 Think not, say not, cherish not, and suk
 Hard and long at the empty nip of not,
 For O my-wors-for-wuntng-betr child,
 Not is al the comfort ther is here.
 Chari- Wel, my curvaceous bride, to Angle-land?
 Ber- As victim solast to suply demand.

Sistas- Red alert! Red alert!
 TO- Critic in the hous!
 DI- Grab the jelus retrovert!
 CI- And stuf im in his mouth!
 Don- U'r not lisning to my play.
 Jukes- U fukn umiliated me.
 Don- The Rape of Aesthetica!
 DI- Uns without a time, in the wimtown of a dreamstate,
 Rompt the flimzy free Aesthetica.
 CI- Aesthetica Autarkia Attractiva!
 DI- Then, on a wel-lit nite, for getgo and gudgrab,
 Slithd the glory-gutulant Ethico.
 TO- Ethico Solipsio Destructivo!
 DI- Seeing Aesthetica, Ethico sez...
 TO- She must be mine, al mine!
 DI- So up thru the broomfield he sitelesly sneaks.
 TO- I got sumthin u don't hav!
 CI- Wut is that?
 DI- Aesthetica speaks.
 TO- An odiens.
 CI- Wut is that?
 DI- Aesthetica shrieks.
 TO- A miror that reflects al u ar not.
 CI- Y do I wunt un of those?
 DI- Aesthetica squeaks.
 TO- Wut u'r not is wut u want to be.
 DI- Aesthetica freaks!
 CI- Get me an odiens!
 TO- Rite this way.

DI- And Ethico shuts Aesthetica in a cage.
 CI- Is this an odiens, or a cage?
 TO- Ain't much difrens nowadays.
 CI- Let me out!
 TO- I'll let u out, if u wil bear my child.
 DI- So to be free, Aesthetica submits, and from
 This fiduciary rape, a slug is born.

Jukes reads from the script.

Jukes- I am Kritikus.
 Don- The product of two oposits,
 He livs to opoze the world.
 DI- Hear the ten...
 Don- The five.
 DI- Hear the five comandments of Kritikus!
 Jukes- Thou shalt not represent except of me.
 Thou shalt not reach the peple save thru me.
 Thou shalt not take mor time than works for me.
 Thou shalt not devalu those who pay me.
 Thou shalt not hav anothr frod than me.
 Don- Thus spake Kritikus, the conshens we must kil.

Ekard returns Jukes to his seat.

Faze 3, Sene 1. Kent. Aethelbert's home. Enter Aethelbert, Fraethwith, a ceorl, and a slave.

Ceorl- Here's the reched slave, O monster-munchng Aethelbert.
 Abert- Word-belch the stain-blurb of his crime-seep.
 Fraeth- This slave stands acused of doing nuthng.
 Abert- How do u plea?
 Slave- Standng up. Tho a slave, I'm stil a man.
 Abert- Plea, plea. Wut do u say to the charges?
 Slave- If sumun charges, I run away, les I gain my freedom with a fite.
 Abert- Wur u doing nuthng?
 Slave- No, my king.
 Abert- Wut then wur u doing?
 Slave- Sumthng.
 Abert- Wut kind of sumthng?
 Slave- Nuthng in particular.
 Abert- U wur then doing nuthng?
 Slave- Nuthng I'd cal sumthng.
 Abert- Wuz it sumthng?
 Slave- O it was sumthng.
 Abert- Such as?
 Slave- Nuthng, sir.
 Abert- Then wur u doing this sumthng u cal nuthng for anything?

Slave- It is my strict policy, as a slave, to alwez do sumthng for nuthng.
Abert- But nuthng for sumthng?
Slave- That is the life of the free.
Abert- Cut open his back and squeez his lungs until he confeses or dyz.
Ceorl- Confeses to wut?
Abert- Nuthng.

Ceorl cuts open the slave's bak and squeezes his lungs until he dies.

Abert- Let me now brain-chomp my fantastical wife-chop. I want her lips smooth and ruje, puft yet pouty, her butoks plump yet pert, her dermis pale as foam one finds in the Wiche Island shoals, lite as gaulic lint and responsiv to the tactil twich as an open venus clam, thighs like the she-doe in Daneland, dapld, firm, pleading, with a womb as larj as a Pictan botl and a pubis smal as a Frankin pin. Hear me, Fraethwith? I'm dam demanding, but I'm al I hav.
Fraeth- May she be the tiniest inlet to the greatest bay.
Ceorl- The slave is ded.
Abert- From his guts divine my bride.
Fraeth- I shal, and with vigor.
Abert- Wil she be brite or dusky?
Fraeth- His pink lungs sayeth brite.
Abert- Wil she be petite or zaftig?
Fraeth- His small intestin sayeth petite.
Abert- Wil she be quik or slothy? O let her be quik, for sloth is the only forener.
Fraeth- His beatng hart sayeth she shal be quik as thy oars.
Abert- But wil she, Fraethwith, hav gigunguous titys?
Fraeth- This, my King, is past the powr to say.
Abert- Find it out, or I wil ask ur inards! Yet, if gigunguous, let them also be perky, for ther are two kinds of men: those with sagy-tited wives and those whose horn like eager leaf e'r longs to tung the sun.
Fraeth- His tiny brain verifyz she shal be stakt as Grendel's perky pig-papt mamy!

Enter a messenger.

Mes- Aethelbert the Deserving, thy Bertha is cum,
Brite, petite, quik, bounteus, yet perky.

Mesnjr exits.

Abert- O may her cream-kegs bobl hefr huge, huge as the howls of Irish ded, huge as the mid-girth of Fatbald the Brewboar, huge, hapy, heaving humps, like two bloated sea cows hung from a Swedish mast, and yet may they be perky, like a poodl on a spit...

Enter Liudhard.

Liud- Aethelbert the Luky, luv to thee.
Abert- Who ar u?
Liud- I am Bishop Liudhard, Bertha's overseer.
Abert- Wer is she?
Liud- Bridled to the breze
Til u brethe out the word that brethes her in.
Abert- Fraethwith, foist this fagot on the fire.
Liud- Beware! I am the map to Bertha's trejur!
Abert- King Charibert swor her trejur to me,
And being it is brite and bounteous,
I take her for a bit, so to the guds.
Liud- The guds are beyond thee, amoral man.
Abert- My orals wil take aim at my nu wife,
Cuz I got mor than morals on the mind.
Liud- U hav her if u say this word.
Abert- This word.
Liud- Beware, tiny man, the greed of woman!
U wish to wed l'envoy d'honnetete,
La marigold du Frankan cherubry,
Yet to delect her wundrs righteously,
This word must forswear acshns victimly.
Abert- So speak the word, or bob it in the bog.
Liud- Luv, King Aethelbert, the word is luv.
Abert- Change that ord, Fraethwith, and foist the fagot
In the fen. If he drowns, crown him jester.
If he floats, choke him sloly on his cok.
Liud- Admonishment surrounds thee, sutl sleze,
As natur's rageful at thy wasting her.
Do not take breftly this wide comunion,
Nor ly awake wile thy fear is napng,
For without luv, O mihtig feind man-cynnes,
Thou art thyself the sord that splits thy shield.
Abert- Sho me to my bich, u perverted prude,
Els ur beer-baterd bals wil feed my brood.

Enter Bertha.

Ber- My luv, hav u observd the masiv oak
Alone abuv the landng on the green?
Abert- Of cors I hav. It is our witan tree,
Our council beam, but let me luk at u.
Ber- Ur counsel tree, ur wity beam, is sik.
Abert- Imposibl, for my domain is helthy.
Ber- It's natur givs her helth to ur domain.
That por oak, so hung with fustian symbols,

Pagan trinkets of proud inconsequens,
 Its roots so gutng thru the givng soil,
 Its rondur dirt so trampld dry, its bark
 So scratcht with names, its leves al plukt, its trunk
 So burdend with ur fetishes, it dyz.

Abert- These decimashns are acts of worship.
 Ber- Worship it by endng its misery
 Befor it spreeds to the entire wud.

Abert- Chop down the eldran oak? I may as wel
 Timbr myself. It is our totem staff.

Ber- How shal we heal it, then?
 Abert- I noe a way.
 Cum my wife, we've forest to denude,
 Cords to cut, leves to rufl, oaks to fel.

Ber- Until that oak be helthy, I am sik.
 Abert- Fraethwith, go and heal the eldran oak.
 Bert- No English gardner noes the remedy.
 Abert- O, no. This is a gag. U frustrate me
 To braze my lust. No need, woman, no need.
 Tell her, Fraethwith. My tree needs no codlng.

Fraeth- Ur husband's tree, lady, needs no codlng.
 Ber- And this is y his famly tree is dying.
 Cum, to the lite, and tel me wut u see.

Abert- Wut al I hoped I wud.
 Ber- Yet hopeles mor,
 For that oak and I ar in harmony.

Abert- Harmony? I do not noe the word.
 Ber- I'l demonstrate.
 My hands are now in harmony with ur hands.
 U like?

Abert- O very much.
 Ber- So too my chest
 Is with ur chest in sembling harmony.

Abert- I like, I like.
 Ber- And too like that our eyes.
 Abert- So then, it's time to harmony our lips.
 Ber- Ah, but that's the hitch. If we harmonize
 Our eyes, keeping our heds uprite or bent,
 Our noses then obstruct our straining lips
 From fuly lokng in, so harmony
 Means un thing here and yet anuthr ther,
 Makes this posibl and yet prohibits that,
 Divides wut it unites, takes but to teze,
 Disatisfying us on satisfakshn.

Abert- Ezily solvd. U go rite, I go left.
 Ber- I wunt to go rite.
 Abert- Then I wil go left.

Ber- Yet yr wanting so makes me want it too.
 Abert- So we've the same desir, so let's go.
 Ber- No desir for the sik.
 Abert- Cum, u ar wel.
 Ber- I'm wut u make me, and u make me sik.
 Abert- Beware ofens, woman!
 Ber- Voila! A fens!
 We bild a fens about the oak and me.
 O ther's helth in fenses!
 Abert- I am confused.
 Ber- Wilst victory and welth, my Aethelbert?
 Abert- I nevr thot of wuntng les than al.
 Ber- And wuntng al is sik endemical.
 I heard thy ragings for my sex grotesk,
 Divining for dimensuns requisuit
 Upon the organs of an innocent,
 And herd u also threten my gud frend,
 Yet I've a rage outrages any rage.
 My suklant lips can teach the wolf to whine,
 Tite space to take its fingr off of time,
 Or they can, pincht and parcht, rench wince from blis,
 And lik a hint of rot in evry kis.
 My womb like molusks in the brine can be
 That open wide to gulp the lapng sea
 Wen it atug to life's confunctng moon
 Thrusts thru the fecund glebe its liquid spoon,
 Or a clam lokt and drying on the beach
 That supurates but frothy, toxic sleet.
 And my tits? O my tits can be so huge
 They'l crush u as a princess neath her ruje,
 With milk as numy sweet as baby's spit
 In fomentashn dript from grapy pit,
 Or they can wizen rancid as a snake
 Rotng in the yard on wich magots cake.
 In short, my man, I can be any way,
 But it's with these as with yon elder oak:
 Hang ur demands on me, I wil decay
 And brethng poison exhale, quikly choke
 And dy, consumng wut I came to giv:
 Nu life that u past ur departur liv.
 So let me hear u say the magic word
 My frend has askt of u, werin is herd
 The trust I need to share wut I am of.
 Abert- Not noeing wut compels me, I say luv.

All exit.

TO- Tabaquista Opulencia,
 Smoke wuteva mite insens ya.
 DI- Dogmalita Impertinencia,
 Don't ask me to represent ya.
 CI- Comihuelga Ineducabilia,
 Make ya look so I can steal ya.
 Don- Rap sistas ex machina
 Elocute our next dilemma.
 TO- Gregory the Pope man
 DI- Cals monk Augustine
 CI- Sends him off to Angland
 Don- To reform the bad mean.
 TO- Tossn in the god towel
 DI- Smilin on the hard scowl
 CI- Gregory and Augustine
 Don- Comihuelga's favrit sene.

Faze 3, Sene 2. Rome. Enter Gregory and his slaves. He is teaching them to chant.

Greg- Agen, my pupets, with no harmony.
 Slaves- Amor vincit omnia
 Praeter victum amori.
 Greg- No melody, for melody is freedom,
 And freedom is frustrashn to the wil.

Enter Aemiliana.

Aem- Great Gregory, thy Augustine awaits
 Inside the readng room. He is like lite.
 Greg- Fech him, Aemiliana, and I shal
 Implor him shine awile on thee, perhaps.
 Aem- O Gregory, yank a kite, and it wil rise.

She exits.

Greg- He is like lite. A simile wich shows
 The snag of melody: she can't perseve
 But by comparison to wut permits
 Persepshn, an infinit frustrashn,
 Werby we wunt to see as seeing wunts,
 So melody the inmelodius
 Requires, thus we to the thing itself
 Comit us, singing sans similitude.

Enter Augustine.

Aug- As un who's homeles weary walkt his life

Runs new refresht acros the final brij
That shows and leads him to his home, now I.

Greg- Yet sit a strech upon the brij and map
Ur jurny in ur mind, for uns at home
We think of nuthng save of how to leve.

Aug- Remembrng too reminds me of the urth
I've steppt, wich, being urthy, I'd repress.

Greg- Prognostic pundits weze of dusted times
Wen al the urthly flora and fona
Wil thrive but as data, to sign consignd
By our drive to be the vital prana.
Hast thou a macroterus raptor seen
As ovr Niling plush it freely sheen?

Aug- I studyd uns in Alexandria,
My preshus pontif, with Eulogius,
And may hav ther, tho my nuroglia
Wur mor enrapt with keenings sublimus.

Greg- Then hating self u playd extinkshn's frend,
Forgetng urth is of itself our end.

Aug- I concur.

Greg- The creaturs of this planet,
Panthr, kestrl, mite, ameba, lily,
Are to our sols as rain to rivulet,
Of our wide hope both futur and famly.

Aug- I concur.

Greg- Heven is a heresy
To natur, our only tru creator.
Luv of god is lust for desimashn
Of al that animates us thru its deth,
So is it doomd to rage ridiculus
Agenst this life, its formula frustrashn.
I say let us mimic trees and watr,
Bees and baboons, bacteria and dirt,
So shaping ethix and society
Aftr natur's valent cogitashn.

Aug- As u comand, I wilingly concur.

Greg- O dosil Augustine, do not beleve.

Aug- Do not beleve?

Greg- I mean not wut I say.

Aug- O thanks to God, my hart did near explode!

Greg- I loathe natur. It is so insolvent,
And worth alone a gud exterminator.
We ar not ment for this, so this means nuthng.

Aug- Concur I truly now, yet y this ruze?

Greg- I hav a mishun for u wich requires
Obediens, for it is danjerus.

Aug- Ur comand is my wish.

Greg- Hast thou herd of Angland?
 Aug- The foggy crag of rude barbarians?
 Greg- U'v ben.
 Aug- I'v not.
 Greg- Wel, I am changing that,
 But don't be nervus at the brisly heathen.
 Elefant trainrs of the Hindu cult
 Ofen employ a female, or koomkie,
 As distrakshn and reward for the males
 They domesticate, so hav I cozend
 King Aethelbert, the bul u ar to rope,
 Coraling then his race into the fold,
 Thru maraj to a fine French pakiderm.
 May ur luv be as mity as ther hate.
 Aug- To Angland.
 Greg- U to chans, we to chantng.
 Aug- Dear Gregory, aware of proselyt dutys
 To deep inur the habit voluntare
 Of obvers cheek and thot-enrichng fear,
 Y travl far to mine imobil welth
 Wen close at hand are such mobil riches?
 That is, if nitely need our windo thraps,
 Y stragl out the cudlng ecumene
 To cobl crude mosaics from a strain
 Al recognize enthrald past reflexhn,
 And in themselvs, tho facshnl, complete
 In cultur, law, theopathy, and land?
 Greg- No'st thou'f my debate with Euty chius?
 Aug- So well it is the story of my sleep:
 U claim our resurecshn is in flesh,
 He claims a substans pur impalpabl.
 Greg- And wut this mince of logic to our lives
 Werin to stumbl's close as can to sor?
 Aug- If we fleshful transit into spirit,
 Flesh is an adjudicativ subject,
 And thus is nul by being al in law.
 Yet if, per Euty chio, we transit
 To spirit fleshles, senses past our sens
 Control us, flesh is freely disposest,
 And thus is al by being nul to law.
 Greg- Ur mishun's exegesis.
 Aug- Pleze, forgiv,
 But if these hints explain me I am bosh.
 Greg- Behold these pagan puks. So meak and mild
 Upon the surfas, thru ther fusil blud
 The Visigoth Alaric scavenges,
 Ther genetic bleb, who brookt the Tiber,

Sakng Rome, geldng civilizashn,
 And who, ten thousand lawles evenings later,
 Svelt on glut and gor, had his labor-slaves
 Divert Busento river for his flank
 And booty to be buryd in its bed,
 Then had them murderd that he rest in pese
 From al tomoro's idol-robng mobs.
 An anshnt frenzy heves beneath ther fluve.
 Aug- They ar primitivs, designd but for druj.
 Greg- Comicly ignorant to the tragedy
 Of being so bereft of kosmesis
 In this our church of artifishl tint.
 Most cal them ugly, pupish, dunjun-du,
 Thin of lip, sharp of nose, such stringy hair,
 Minute genitalia, ruled by angr
 And greed, ther pasiv selvs a history
 Of agreshns, lakng grace and rithm,
 Exitashn to ther sols, dethly peakid,
 The hue of base emishns, O how sad,
 Yet I ador them as ther skin is wite,
 Being al the betr to rite upon.
 Aug- U luv them as a mastr duz his slaves:
 U the tree, they the roots - thru them u feed
 Upon, yet ar free from, the soil, a fact
 To inter wud deform creashn's grade.
 Greg- I luv them, rathr, as an analyst
 The law that proves al pashns preterit;
 I transit in ther flesh that they transfer
 My spirit round, like two fluxes blembng
 An ile off in silt. These sad fizishns
 Of quirks they canot tuch demand we men
 Of managd tantrums, tho we may not name
 The syntax of our jist, to rules infuse,
 For gestur is morality. We see
 A hole in natur, so we go to plug
 The sensual with sens. We make ther flesh
 The parchmnt of our treaty somaform
 With al the flam we wish we'd never thot,
 For had the nek of space no spaceles spine
 Thru wich our bodys hear the hed of time,
 These peple wud behed each othr evr.
 Aug- An ansr that quieses questns mor.
 Greg- So, my wisprng slaves, tel me wut u herd?
 Slave- I herd two dumys trying not to move
 By talkng of how words but altr words.

Don sings.

Don- I made America,
U wuz my niga-a,
Ur tool be big
But my brain be biga-a.

Seamus- Free urselvs of this fikshn!

Ekard goes to beat Seamus.

Don- Ekard, wait.
I long to hear the freeman's rashinale
For seekng eze in evr-bumpy fact.

Seamus- Ther's ben a war, an ofl, joyus war,
Tween North and South, freedom and slavery,
And the North has won, just five days ago,
So ar u free, by fact imobil as
A milyun corpses on a frozen day.

Kustis- The North has won the day, but not the age;
The South shal last, and as an injurd wolf
Crols back into the brush to lik its wunds
And in this meditashn cumms to learn
The valu of clandestin operashns,
It wil in shado, hood, and cryptic tung
Continu in its fite for dominans
Of policys afirmng wut al noe
Thru evidens resentment can't deny:
The wite race is superior in rule.

Mary- How can u now repeat this ignorans,
This clules coz of horror, after al
I've witnest in the nursng camps of war
For wite powr? Superior in rule?
I hav seen faces fuzing in the fire,
A cortex boblng in the breze, a hart
Beatng in a tray, a pitchfork perching skul,
Legs without hips, arms without hands,
Eys in throats, chins in grass, intestins
Curld in heaps like a fat napng python;
Hav they who ar superior in rule
Dun this? Who's freed the incubus of hate?
Who's thrown away the rind of rightfulness,
Yet sukt al up opreshn's sour pulp?
Who's straind to sutur shut inditment's lids?
Is this to be superior in rule?

Kustis- This caos came to hold that rule in tact,
And who its ruptur sot, they ar to blame,
So is ther deth a means to propr ends,

Mary- Wich thrive on merit, not entitlement.
 U hav befor u man's widest spectrum;
 Woman to woman, u noe wich to chuz.

Holard- Not chois, but chans, is shakl to the slave.
 Seamus- The chans is now for chois.
 Holard- The chois to wut?
 To work for anothr? A chans to slave.
 To work for myself? A chans to starv.
 To work for justis? A chans to hang.
 A sea of war can't wash my face of birth
 That posterd me 'unwanted, dead or alive.'
 Trade Masa Need for Masa Not? No shall.
 My bondaj brings me food and pese and play;
 To shud me shuds away wut u implor,
 As ur freedom disfreedom me my wud,
 Wich I of cud hav pasivly reseved,
 Yet sum folks swolo so they can survive.
 Wut chuz wen I've no chans?

Seamus- To cum with me.
 Holard- A wip of any color stil a wip.
 Seamus- Not as my slave, but as my free companion.
 Holard- No difrns to a man.
 Seamus- O yes ther is,
 As is the difrns in the singl sun
 That lites alike upon the free and slave:
 On slave, it rises mokng, shines in shame,
 But on the free, it lifts them rouzng pride
 In its brite pupils, difrns as extreme
 As infant raizd on tortur or on tuch.
 Then, on the toilng slave, the peakng sun
 Becums a weldng laze that sodrs shut
 The cask of craving, fuzng lip to lip
 With scorchnng hate, but noon-time to the free
 Is soothing heat, a downbeat to empath
 The zenith of life's genitor and find
 Therby a remedy to toxic time,
 The difrns between my own fire fuelng
 And my being fuel to othr's fire.
 Then sistren urth coldly turns her bak on sun,
 Who, like a mate neglected, crazy casts
 Forshadoz chil, and long of simil bleak
 The wary slave is sunk into a sad
 Arcane remindr how her being too
 Was born to hide, but sunset to the free
 Is of the day deservng celbrashn,
 And wut mor difrns than between a slap
 On face or bak? Finally, as sun cavorts

Cros other climes, the slave his sur return
 Must loath, and dredng fact's insanity,
 Dream of a darknes beyond ambishn,
 But to the free the nite is famly time,
 Wen leisure's joys cash the cheks of labor
 And expectashn drives her dream to lite,
 So to us al a slave or free companun
 Means sharing hate or luv for life itself,
 A difrns provng difrns of design
 For freedom past reproof, and y u ot
 To cum be free with me.

Don- Anglo-Saxon ridls!
 TO- I'm a singl wite woman who enjoys
 Gripin, avoidn, and disparagin
 Othrs ther du, interested in meetn
 DI- A man-child to rub my bak. Who am I?
 I'm a singl wite man wut just adorz
 Drinkn, fightin, sleepin, and scapegoatn
 Darkys for my problems, and I want
 CI- A bich to beat wen I'm blu. Who am I?
 I'm a singl blak man adicted to
 Dropn out, getn ovr, and slipn thru
 OI' witey's system, a'ite, and I wud luv
 A slave to stroke my dingo. Who am I?
 Don- I'm a long eery dredful thing that feels
 Always almost ded, and I'd like to find
 Sumun to brutalize as life has me,
 Endng thus my lonelines. Who am I?
 Ekard- Clear the stage!
 Don- U ask her go wer she wil nevr go,
 For she is mine, and ever wil be so.

*Faze 3, Sene 3. Enter Aethelbert, Raedwald, Ceokwulf, Eadbald, and Aethelfrith, on the
 batlfield.*

Abert- Wut clan these monks that neel upon the scrab
 And chant at our asalt agenst the Nors?
 Raed- Ther synod's Bangor, cast of Solomon,
 The curent pacifistic king of Pomys,
 The blak of frok; Pope Gregory has told
 Him beg for mercy midst our boning vise.
 As only the imortl dy for nuthng,
 Ther muling meaknes so afrited Cutha,
 Who'd stand upon his mum if told he'd see
 Mor land, he gave them taxles al they'd til.
 Afrith- The gud god that they bekon to is me
 That my swurd nacod clip ther misery!

Abert- That nashn's richest that most freely pays
Who sues for pese. We leve the muling monks
To madrigal, and march ther clatr past.
Afrith- The Nors implantd them that we be split
In troops, and severd on a trik, disperst.
My vulpin thegns wil panzy round no monks
That sing so seemng soft, yet feral pouns
Uns they are past. Scraithan sceadu genga!
Abert- We must not kil who wil not kil us first.
Afrith- The great to be must noe that al wil kil.
Abert- For trust, sum dy that many more may live.
Afrith- He dyz a lafng stok who livs for trust.
Abert- Yet Bertha sez...
Afrith- He quotes his wife on war!
Abert- We mis the monks.
Ead- Fathr, u must, for me, with Aethelfrith
Chuse horest path, els seem a horid coward.
Abert- Tho coward I may be, I wil not hear
My son infer it from a prudent chois.

Enter Ceorl.

Ceorl- The Nors are on the mountain!
Afrith- Go, soft Aethelbert, and bed thy luvsik Bertha;
I'l shave thee monk-meat for thy afrodisia.

Al go forth and slotr monks, save Aethelbert.

TO- Aethelbert!
Don- The monks hav al ben slayn.
DI- Aethelfrith!
Don- The peple ar cheering his name.
CI- Eadbald!
Don- Slobring in the sloke
Wuz herd to say:
Ead- My fathr is a joke!
Sistas- Eagersquirt's a pusy! Eagersquirt's a pusy!
Don- Wut, my boy, u wil not fite the Norsman to be free?
Has fantasy erast the fact this world is u or me?

Enter the Ghost Surgeon carrying monk meat and throws it in front of Aethelbert.

Abert- Ah! Wut cairns of carnaj fal befor
Me noshus. O, is this thy meat, ded monk?
Wut languisht hour of my youthful lor
Is risn now to zoo me in this funk?
GS- It's not thy yuth, great Aethelbert, no no.

Nor is it age's teribl pink walls.
 Sum Ghost Surgeon toold with thy go-go
 Has stücht thy incognito to thy flaws.

Abert- Lemnisent goul, authr swift and surchnng,
 O wut refluent zionist is this
 That makes me stres a languaj ment to moan?
 I trembl with the hype of inside-out.
 I'm being eaten by insubstant lips!
 Sound, shape, sequens, al's linkt alone by fear;
 An antike yelo paints my egosfere!

GS- Brethe, Aethelbert, and surf the waves of dred;
 Anothr mind has entrd in thy hed.
 Like cheze, u ar the victory of fat,
 So move urself and go to wer u'r at.

Abert- O muthr, lay thy nipys to my gums;
 I wish to hear the music of my suk.
 O muthr, may thy mamys be my drums
 To giv a rithm to the grunt of luk?
 O muthr, nasty universal flyz
 Hav cum to lay ther oogs inside ur eyes.
 May I with my swatr smoosh them wholly
 And take the kis deservng of a buly?
 O muthr, I do luv thee like imunity
 Agenst the throatd hairs of my comunity.
 O muthr, bury me inside ur womb
 That wen u spred al snif my stinky tomb.

GS- Here's ur muthr, Aethelbert, in this slab,
 Pepperd with the salt of mutilashn.
 Wut muthr ofrs, gud boys gladly grab,
 So scof the victim and be un with nun.

Petrarc- But mama, I don't wana scarf the meat.
 The script, papa, it neva sez "he eats."

Don- We do not folo, we swolo the script!

Petrarc- Kil me if u wunt, but I won't eat it.

Don eats the meat.

Don- So do pops and sons forevr resl
 Who shal nibl mama's yuky vesl.

TO- Chu chu chu!

DI- And luv thy chuing!

CI- Cuz al detest ya putrid fecals spuing!

TO- Scru scru scru!

DI- And scream wile scruing!

CI- To covr up the wimprs of subduing!

TO- Mu mu mu!

DI- Blok out the muing!

CI- Cuz ain't that shank a slave u barbecuing?

Faze 3, Sene 4. A monastery on the island of Lerins in the French Riviera. Enter Augustine, Desiderius, and Aetherius on one side. On the other is John the Jejunator, tyd to a woman, at the ej of a well.

Desiderius- As u can survey, my preshus Augustine, he has ligated his corpus flagishusly to that of a profligat feminin, un peregrinated hereanent on a self-made notical device, and he vows both the insubstantialitas of thy praefectiv status for the execushn of spiritual internments et the improprietas of thy monishunal ends viz thy futur rigots of restitutiv nuzia; furthrmor, he promises to hurl himself and the unclean she-slurg cryptomaniacly into our drinkng wel, incontestably sublevating both a sphero mundi, unles he be granted a cognishn on thy venturs to Briton for industrius papal profoundmnt. O I am so discombobulatio!

Aug- Has he ben eating?

Aeth- John the Jejunator has not suplementd his vita amine in three and forty cycles, and this inanitas reverbs his dementia.

Aug- Is he compos mentis?

Aeth- With periodic episodes of cogitabund detracti!

Des- Feste! He is welded to a woman!

They go to John.

Des- Dearest John, look who's cum to meet with thee?

John- Cork it, Desiderius. I'm prestidigitatng my polymorfism.

Girl- S'il vous plaît, moines. Je n'ai rien fait d'autre que d'essayer d'échapper à l'esclavage à Nice. Ne le laisse pas me jeter dans le puits.

John- Shush, silly mermanx! Thy veksum, idle blipng thru the plunjles pools of Mors shal not evr gain thee airways ambulashn.

Aeth- But it is Augustine, thy anshnt frend.

John- August Gleam, my novel nemesis, werst ya swabn?

Aug- To Angland, John, to convert the pagans.

John- Wo to the many that folo un!

Aug- Dost thou opoze my purpos?

John- Dost thou propose to my porpos, Rokus Kreems? Hear that, mermanx? Fogy Mean, the savior-self, desires to poach ur fishy parts for pikng.

Aeth- Augustine has cum here, John, for hugs, not harange.

Des- And to hear of ur explicatio on Matthew 5, 21.

John- Wen I wish u to speak, Desiderius, I shal vomit. Hang upon the cu as a slave upon a tree.

Aug- "Thou shalt not kil, but to thee I atest, that whomsoever be angry with anothr sans coz shal be in dangr of jumnt." Wut nu bring u here, John?

John- Nuthn's nu to a ju so he vu al he du as a clu to the pu in his stu.
Des- O por John.
John- Puke, Desiderius, I hav yet to puke!
Aeth- Amidst garblngs of prenatal sentiments, cacofonic nosis, polite malconflicti, noyad via regula, he, in an argute xenogenesis of paronomasic chirps, propounds an heuristic hermeneutoi wich aserts that this pasaj refutes the cleevaj of body and mind, thus totologizes incarnashn, proving al fenomenon ethicly balanst on a bevel termd motus, and from this frazld silojism claims ur evangelism enslavemnt.

Aug- A quizical asershn.
Aeth- And orthodox anathema!
Girl- Aide moi, si vous plait!
John- A ridl, Flogus Pream. Wut's a tiny monk?
Des- A monky.
John- Speak, Desiderius, and I'l castrate u, agen! Wut's a tiny move?
Aug- A movy.
John- And wut's a tiny nark?
Aug- A narky?
John- So y expect great law from litl liars?
Aug- John, y do u jump into the wel?
John- Becuz, Clogy Dream, siknes must into the wel that being wel not make us sik.

Aug- This world is gud medisn.
John- This world is bad theatr, boom begun and al decay. Desir, that obiter dictum sprung from the mind's molisol neath the pleonastic sun of pre-sarcastic sex, doth scorch and scorch and scorch agenst the downward uptite coolng til we equal ashes blend into the blakbox univrs. I leap into the wel, Grogy Genes, becuz u do.

Aug- The wel I leap into I canot see.
John- Wel then, u won't do wel, now, wil u? Wel.
Aug- Speak plainly, John, ur protest to my mishn.
John- O hast thou evr seen a spirit huvr?
The filotaxy of a bablng bush?
Ther is no dismental huch in natur
Werin we may the mental clearly cluch,
Yet a corps, its emoshns emigrate
Beyond its maker's modlin manikin,
Emits an ultragrafic acetate
Of that heredic primal apertur
Wer randomnes first met necessity,
And ther we face at last the mystery:
It is a crime to kill, yet aren't we free
If reazn says this may or may not be?

Aug- If reazn's indeterminat, ist not
Unreasonabl to determin it?
John- Our reazoning givs to unreazn rule.

Aug- Wer is ur faith?
 John- In my leap, unlike u
 Converting others that they fit ur spex.
 Aug- Opoze me with ur deth, but y this girl?
 John- Becuz I do not wish to lonely dy.
 I'v taut my quiet organs difrnt tungs.
 I'v sworn myself to the imortal ly.
 I'v let al other's breath into my lungs,
 And brethe no more therby, but I do dy.
 This girl's a matrix for my aftermath.
 My arc, her axis, givs a y to x.
 I use her tornado bubl bath.
 Of my unconshnabl bulk she is the flej,
 And sulk no mor therby, but I do fly.

He jumps into the well with the girl. All exit.

Faze 3, Sen 5. Enter Aethelbert and Liudhard near Bertha's chamber.

Abert- Wer is Bertha?
 Liud- She is not wel.
 Abert- Move off.

Enter Bertha.

Ber- Liudhard? Wut's al that growling? Ar the dogs
 In the hous agen? O, it's my husband.
 Abert- Let us alone.
 Liud- I shal not.
 Ber- He remains.
 Abert- Wut peple hope to last that canot see
 The rite inalien of privacy?
 Liud- That peple wich stil cares enuf to watch
 A preshus tresur.
 Ber- Am I that or no?
 Abert- Ar we not peple?
 Ber- Race duz not erase,
 So speak that I may bak into my bed.
 Abert- U ar not wel?
 Ber- Not wel is not wel sed.
 I am so sik the dreary march of me
 A blustr too severe's begun to storm,
 So graith with hail n smog n bilge n fowl,
 I'l bury mery Angland in its trash.
 Abert- So it's ur bely?
 Ber- No, it is my brain.
 Abert- Too much overseeing hurts the hed.

Ber- It's voices, actualy, or mor like moans
 Of praying monks murdrd on smogy heaths.
 Abert- That was Aethelfrith. I tryd to stop him.
 Ber- A holy man that canot stop another.
 Abert- Wud u I be violent to end violens,
 Or be non-violent to let violens be?
 Ber- I wud that u confes.
 Abert- To wut I did not do?
 Ber- Not in akshn, but asosiashn,
 Our doing is.
 Abert- I'l confes I mis u.
 Ber- U'l mis mor than me if u don't confes.
 Abert- Ther is no mor than u.
 Ber- Ther is much mor.
 Abert- Then I confes my asosiashn
 To Aethelfrith whose akshn slu the monks.
 Ber- Al betr.
 Abert- May we now hav privacy?
 Liud- U may wok in a circl, here, closeby.
 Abert- This is fitng. I the storm, u the eye.
 Ber- I wunt u to convert.
 Abert- To wut?
 Ber- To luv.
 Abert- I am luv's sacerdote sins ur desenshn.
 Ber- Yet luv the victim, as he dyd for u.
 Abert- Luv the victor mor, as I liv thru him.
 Ber- Un becums the victor thru the victim.
 Abert- Who then shal I luv? Luvng u, I am
 The victor wining u, the victim wun.
 Luv me as the victim, I can't luv u,
 Yet luv u as the victim, I hate me,
 The un u luv, wich luvng u, I can't,
 For then luv is unlud, showing to luv
 Un or the othr is to luv neithr.
 Liud- Luv him, hate urself.
 Abert- Y he ovr me?
 Ber- For he is gud, les wich this frajil world
 Wud crumble neath the wate of its own waste,
 Erupt with its own fire, drown in deceit,
 And jakl minds coruptd by the pur
 In vijn wud devour al, yet he
 Is gud, making war pese, urj fulfilmnt,
 Turning the torturer to the thinker,
 Spredng mercy over decimashn,
 And loyalty to word amidst desir.
 Abert- Thus the victim evr plays the victor.
 Ber- He bled for u.

Abert- Such men ar quik to bleed,
 Nor did I ask him to.
 Liud- Wut charity!
 Abert- And for my luv of him I get?
 Ber- My luv.
 Abert- Now we'r talkng. French me, Shezus.
 Ber- U must
 Thru mor than wagnng tung expres convershn.
 Adopt his principls, perform his works,
 Prove afekshn for him, and emulate
 His kindnes, onestas, umility.
 Abert- To do so in my epic is to dy.
 Ber- The betr then to liv for epix els.
 Abert- Wut epic els but urth?
 Ber- Uforia.
 Abert- In my cosmos, that rut uforia
 Is helish hevn, such a batl turf
 Of ups and downs, men fite to stay in clay.
 We cal it Asgard, cuz u watch ur ass
 Without end, wile on urth the vilent rest
 And look at wil. The richest stratagem
 Distrust and banditry, u must desire
 I practis here the pain I'l feel ther,
 Els word-breakng blis sold u on a sham.
 Liud- It is to but embrace eternal luv.
 Abert- Giv me ten minuts with my wife alone
 And I wil but embrace eternal luv.
 Liud- I am a shriek away.

Liudhard steps off.

Ber- Sweethart, convert, and spare me this tite spot.
 Abert- Luv my god, n I'l luv urs.
 Ber- Me luv Woden?
 He is a drunken, ornery, filthy lech.
 Abert- I derelict prefer my deitys,
 As true desir prevails on fals ideals
 And empathy outgoads emulashn,
 But no, not Woden. He's of war and vers,
 Too hyperactiv for a subterfuje.
 My god's of tiklish pink, of downy mounds,
 Of girl pulp and boyish huf, of lip
 Flanjd and quivrus, glotis loos, of wingbone
 Wide, of toes pukerd, tense and distant shins,
 Of rivr vapors cooling blis magmatic,
 Of nerv crescendo, lite and sprinjy tuck,
 My god is of the lamin, fold, and gape

Wer tresur gobs untucht in dewy glint.
 Ber- Amen.
 Abert- Do u luv my god?
 Ber- How's he named?
 Abert- Aethelbertha.
 Ber- O he duz not exist.
 Abert- U disbeleve? Then gleen abuv our sheets
 Wer slurpng hunywasp in bobng fleets
 Distil his gast from steams of ecstasy,
 Ther buz in beg of nook his litany.
 Ber- How runs the mesaj of his foloers?
 Abert- O how I'd own thee, craft thee my respect,
 Be evr in thee, clamorus to hush,
 Inur thee of me as the thot to chek,
 Be of thy likors most invijus lush.
 To drown desiring I wud rathr, luv,
 Than any drop of u let slip to sum;
 Enclose u in the rift I'm dreamng of,
 And bild a fantic palace from our slum.
 So cum, thou silent timeles tempo hart,
 And beat and boom acord my evocashn.
 I now wil stub wer u most wish to start;
 U are my eko, I ur lucidashn,
 A god emerging from my need to merj,
 Uforia from out the madest urj.
 Ber- Aethelbertha speaks wel.
 Abert- Y wud he not?
 He has my tung, ur mind, our harmony.
 Ber- I now perseve he tucht me uns in Paris,
 Wer he the name of Theobertha took,
 And as the esens of the arc is change,
 He cond a far discrepant incantashn.
 Abert- Tel me ur past, and I wil finaly sleep.
 Ber- He playd a boy, wild and jumpy,
 With lavish lashes, words of muny,
 Longing difusely for comedy's eze
 And a plezing indifrens
 Of how to apeze. And I, much tardy
 To my thots, as a reducing foam,
 Fel like virga in a thorn comb,
 Ovr the ripls of my repreve,
 Nevr to stay but to say I must leve,
 Lost in a forward plan of retreat,
 Deferment deepning, tumbl weat,
 As out of order, thru vacant yards,
 He scrambl'd at my shunning shards,
 Til crooked duty lured me from him,

A glas mysteek fild darkly to the brim.
 Abert- This Theobertha is my nodal kin:
 We are dubl driplets of crucial deth
 Dripng down the diapose of a fang
 Triknng fast to the tip of truth's torment,
 Thinkng alone of the inosent yak.
 Ber- U both hav sat beside the bek and cryd of
 Wut u simply shud hav choakt and lyd of.
 Abert- Wen I am weak, I want the strength of luv
 To sho it to the un I'm weakest of.
 Ber- Is this the teachng of Aethelbertha?
 Abert- Wich I so yurnd unoeingly to noe.
 Ber- U wur flawles.
 Abert- Now I am flawd with aw,
 For u ar the dream of the fire I am.
 Ur lips asleep say mor than my whole race.
 Ber- Tel me y u burn, and I wil waken.
 Abert- I want to noe, to feel, to hav it al,
 A mere continuans of helples birth,
 Enthrald to hold the world in a thral,
 Yet now my eyes ar turnd to sum nu worth,
 As I see thee, I see thee standng, sitng,
 Walkng, lafng, hiding, groaning, waitng,
 And I am surfast on a presipis
 Out wich I hear my mouth, the stranjr, shout:
 'Noe her, Aethelbert, and noe her only,
 For al thy striving's useles les u noe her.'
 And tho I don't yet noe thee, I do feel
 That I may doing so let al be done,
 And so I'm asking thee from my cras throat
 To flutr even meagr ofrings
 Of truth and luv, from wich I may unswathe
 How this longng infinitely painful
 That pangs the mor I sooth it, mite be turnd
 Into a longng not for beuty al,
 But beuty sum, conceald, circl'd, u,
 A longng for diminishment of longng.
 O I implor thee, Bertha, to transform
 My ridiculus panoply of want
 Into a reflecsn of ur motiv,
 To fil my world with beuty self-refering,
 To teach me luv the spirit past the flesh,
 As only thus may mind in luv relax,
 So I may end this coil-sans-convecshn,
 This growing-without-gain, this aimles sublimashn,
 O teach me to hav al my luv in thee,
 Not in sum abstract of umility,

Els I shal liv a man condemnd to crawl
Beneath the evr mor impersonal.

Enter Ceorl.

Ceorl- King Aethelbert, a mishunary's cum,
Named Augustine, from Gregory in Rome.
Liud- O bles! We must at once on him atend!
Aeth- Hold!
It's I say who we must at once atend
In this land. Wut is his demeanor?
Ceorl- Dark, smal, pasiv, stranj, and graceful.
Bertha- Beware - it is the anti-Aethelbertha.
Abert- Wud u I meet him?
Ber- I wud he meet u.
Abert- Cal it then, upon the virent open,
Tween the Hwicc and West Saxon rivers, lest
The Bishop sent a shyster to un-nerv me.
At sunset, Aethelbert meets Augustine.

All exit.

Pet- Meet me hind the barn.
Lora- I don't wana go.
Pet- But mama's gona poison us.
Lora- I noe.
Pet- Then I wil go without u.
Lora- So u wil.
Pet- Lora!
Lora- Petrarc, this farm is wer my life
Began, my luv for u emerjd, my years
Of play enacted, here is wer I dy.
Pet- That's it?
Lora- That's it.
Pet- I wil not luv the victim.

They exit separate ways.

Faze 3, Sene 6. Rome. Gregory's home. Twelv peple ar seatd at a banquet table and Gregory is servng them.

TO- Evry Sunday, Gregory Great
DI- Waited on twelv arogant humans.
CI- Evry Sunday, Giggly Pope
TO- Taperd twelve unquenchabl lumens.
DI- Once a week, blujning pride
CI- Servng the mean and the able.

TO- Then un day
DI- A thirteenth arived
CI- As an angel at his table.
Don- Ekard, tel my son he mist his entrans.

Ekard exits.

1- Camel for the Carmelite!
2- Panther for the Pantheist!
3- Blak rino for the great wite hunter!
4- Simian for the Simonist!
5- Magpy for the Magistrate!
6- Bald eagl for the tonsurd twit!
Don- Un smal turnip, pleze, raw and ungarnisht.
Greg- Who art thou whose ordr is so plain and polite?
Don- I'm ur frendly litle angel,
 S'got no fear to tread,
 The thirteenth gest at ur table,
 Cum fast to break sum bred.
Greg- I wait upon ur wil.
Don- Then confes, u holy dope,
 Is it realy ur plezur to serv me?
Greg- Truly. Obeisans to our maker,
 The meeting out of random cruelty,
 And the circularity of consent
 Satisfy my desir to corelate
 My conshusnes to its finality,
 As freedom fostrs nuthng tru to life.
Don- Yet y pay the natur that derides us?
 Y design acording to disezes?
 Y be eagr to end our eagrnes?
 Y avoid the freedom thot reprezes?
Greg- Y do anything but seek the stone
 To mark my final hesitashn's grave?
Don- Becuz, I read here, in my first feodary:
 The feoff shal fight for freedom from the feoffer.
 Forevr. Dost thou wish my fumbl, feisty freak?
Greg- Ambivalens to powr is the fate
 Of we who are by pashn so controld.
Don- Pashn and powr? They'r un and the same.
Greg- I say they'r not. Powr is projecshn
 Onto others, but pashn off othrs.
 Powr liks itself to a nub, but pashn
 Is of kaos the hub. Pashn atains
 Meaning thru pun, powr puns past meaning.
 Powr's the teror in hapy and soft,
 Pashn the comfort in cruel and condemnd.

Powr sits on a lonely spike abuv,
 Pashn returns to wild urth its frend.
 Powr frets ovr the sur and the soon,
 Yet pashn revels in our kronic doom.
 Don- But powr can say 'kiss my lizard lips,'
 And pashn cums sukng.
 Greg- O angel, pleze,
 Bend me not to thy bad breed.
 Don- Kiss em, slave!

They kiss.

Don- Pashn is a gem set in a baby's brain,
 Sykic valu at genetic expens,
 But powr keeps its valu in a name,
 Thus evr set in supereminens.
 Eat, drink, and be rowdy, my frends,
 For tomoro we eat, drink, and be rowdy agen!
 All- Slavery, slavery, evr reducng!
 Freedom, freedom, evr producng!
 Dets, dets, nevr repayng!
 World O world we speed thy delayng!

Enter Ekard with Petrarc at gunpoint.

Ekard- I cach im runin, masa, hind the barn.
 Pet- Free urselvs! Don Masa means ur deth! The Northan army's
 comin, and he'd ratha dy than fite! The Ghost Surjun carys poison!
 Holard! Kresard! Rise and run! Mama, how cud u? Tel em, Lora,
 how we herd it pland. Lora, speak!
 Don- Pardon, if u can, this ironic interupshn.
 Adapshn begets genius; genius, maladapshn.
 Wach im close, Ekard.
 Ekard- Places for the convershn sene!
 Holard- Wut convershn is this? I nevr seen
 Don Masa so behavin. Tru, he can
 Sho madnes in his moments, but hereto
 It's neva ben so vilent nor so cras.
 And wuts wit masa's chillun? They be so
 Caut up in drama's thach, un canot take
 Ther words for mor than mere efect. And yet,
 Petrarc did seem onest. But masa kil
 His preshus peple, we who hav for years
 Servd his words and akshns, we've excuzd
 His mastery upon the precedent
 Of extraordinary inspirashn?
 To kil his own kind? Nah, it canot be.

The child is confuzd, and he distrest
 By wut I wil discovr later. Now
 I'm in no shape to wundr. Free and blak?
 Sum strange new sensashn's slipn thru me.
 I speak my lines, yet am not in my speech;
 Shoe karaktr, yet do not noe my role.
 I heed my blokng, so I fail to reach
 A word, a beat, a gestur by my sol
 Conseved or directed. Nevr gave a thot
 To havin self beyond a self enslavd,
 But maybe now I'm feelin to be free's
 Mor livd, to cowl not, but crave
 At powr, as this al-empowrng man
 Invites, incites, excites me to. Y not?
 Change is at hand, let my hand exchange it.
 I'm dark, not dim, and tho wite most reflex,
 Blak most absorbs the heat of hope, the flare
 Of expectashn, and empowrd ax;
 So's this free blak implorz, y not go off
 With him at cloze n freedom's offr take?
 Y not, from centurys of sleep, awake?

Faze 4, Sene 1. The convergens of the Hwicc and West Saxon. Enter Aethelbert, Bertha, Liudhard, Eadbald on one side, Augustine, Laurentius, Honorius, Rufianus, Paulinus on the other. The Romans are holding a crucifix.

Aug-	King Aethelbert, Anglo-Saxon apex, I am Augustine, nadir of nothing, Pese in truth, luv in un, absolushn To al longng, sufrng, and confujn, And a resolushn to the teror Of inward absorbment, outward incrasment, Al temptngs tord inimitant perfecshn, I bear, as it is cum thru our redeemer, Un idea, un sors, un relm of beuty; Pese I bring to thee, Aethelbert the Blest, Pese that is the unwantedng desir, The rule of the objectiv medium. Acept, mere cell, this transfer of thy plastids, And swim in the al-disolvng image.
Liud-	O incarnashn absolut and pur!
Ead-	Stand up, u skeez.
Abert-	On wut am I to look?
Laur-	On thy hard hart unwound, thy mind unlored.
Hon-	On the deiform's swadlng deictic.
Ruf-	On the lacuna in time, the urj ignord.
Paul-	On the antidote to thot, the calm sykotic.

Aug- History delates thy ignorans
 And ends with thee, who art not but change.
 Wut u hav noen, noe, and altr by norms
 Thy peple's deliverans, thy hope's range.

Abert- I stand un dout removd from joy, al daunt
 With gripng fear so old my yuth seems lost
 Amidst the nital nexus of my wants.
 To evry ofr ther must be sum cost:
 Wut shal I lose? Victry? Woman? Me?
 To wut shal hook this wondr's hevy hich?
 I must noe that befor I chooz to see
 The poverty of Aethelbert the Rich.

Ber- Much deepr will u tuch me in this joy,
 And werevr u ar taken, feel me.
 Can u not sens the powr's hi decoy,
 In ther deployment rib us undrshaken?

Abert- Must I then hang upon a rood and bleed
 As this they sho me?

Ead- That is y they sho it,
 As a thret, and we must overthro it!

Aug- This man, in place displaced, in time untimed,
 Upon a distant desert quivring stood,
 Comprest his warm dejecta to his mind
 And of unhunted mamals understood.
 By our refraind projecshn was he held;
 He traced our thirsty wandring in the hils.
 How many dum previjns had he queld,
 As like a mute he mufld natur's shrils.
 And in this drol comunion with his self,
 His speech enformd by tablets indiscreto,
 He reacht thru pain the spaceles, shaping shelf,
 And lifted off into the praecognito;
 U need not sufr now as he did then
 If u his cold dejecta comprehend.

Ber- I wil be with thee, sweet, and evr thus
 On thee shal I push for my aliting.

Ead- Gord and pangd by inagresiv mush?
 Fathr, ther's no life in this fake mating!

Abert- O who is plukng at my testins now?
 Must evrything my pliancy beseech?
 Who ar u, wife, to tel me cool my brow
 With boilng watr I must strain to reach?
 And who ar u, my faithful, caring son,
 To ask me stay wer harmony is shund?
 With words can I exfoliate my cor?
 O luv duz evry creatur seek the same!
 Am I to evr crawl on crashing shors

Liud- In serch of stones washt up from seas of shame?
 Hej in natral sluj thy mental growng,
 Wich natral is becuz it stops our noeing.
 Laur- To his deth indebted thou by livng.
 Hon- To repay him must thou perish givng.
 Ruf- Al thy du to undeservng othrs.
 Paul- Al alike the sistrs and the brothrs.
 Aug- Al thy life the swindls and the bluthers,
 Storms created but to cherish hovels;
 Fal, King Aethelbert of blud seclujn
 And anoint thyself in luv's transfujn.
 Ber- This imaj lets us see with comon eyes.
 Ead- And teaches us to find our truth in lyz.
 Abert- My secret sol, wer float thee like a runeling,
 Mark of private wim, of intimat flume,
 On othr faces thy distracshn scriblng,
 O nite between us dawnd by roring doom!
 Ur spirit spice, like moons on urth reboundng,
 Is scramblng now thru circumstantial dros,
 My secret sol, with evry eze debating,
 Wer go thee now in crazy, constant cros?
 This mood, this breze, this jocund kilng quake,
 Ist each my sol, each foibl now thy yeast,
 This he, this she, wut music canot shake,
 Ist each a meagr sampl to thy feast.
 So I no mor shal hear thy secrets clatr,
 Thou relic of my uncshn unto matr.

He falls at the feet of Augustine and converts. All chant.

Incorporesthesia
 Allodyscousia
 Praetermenorrhagia
 Bona adventitia
 Fabricaglossalgia
 Dishyperprosexia
 Homeopantechnia
 Autoergonomia

Don- Here is my questun: wen a kind submits
 To its antagonist, as evry must,
 Be it, survival-wise, the best or worst
 Exterminated thru the disiplin
 Requird to maintain the hegemon?
 Servs defians or asimilashn
 The genic code? Be the sweet smel of suces
 For him or her? Is evolushn ded,

Discoverd dun? Wer's the apodictic
 Design in wich to grow an organel
 To sho us wut it means to thrive or not?
 Nature's in our expectashn of it,
 So we discreet a fake ambivalens,
 Certan that incertanty prevails,
 Devoid of any crux, tensor, fulcrum
 Weron we may habituate a balans
 To weigh our curent praxis with the next.
 Extincshn may be evolushn's end,
 The most productiv, economic means
 To each unit's maximum survival,
 The gene an atmosferic distilat,
 And we our best wen eaten by our worst.
 For don't we see the victims of the past
 Triumpf as the victors of the futur
 As generashns mix by ther exampl?
 Who's fitest wen the least in fit control
 Conductivity? Can we survive ourselvs
 If our survival needs our sacrifice?
 Shud our brief years be nothng to the span
 Of informashn our demise conveys?
 Must deth becum the only way of noeing
 How we wil determin futur mating?
 Un canot say, and yet un sez so much.
 Nor can un dy, and yet un dyz so oft,
 For here we are wer we hav nevr ben,
 Pursuing now wut's alwez only then.
 TO- Soljrs of Emancipashn!
 DI- Lemngs afr liberashn!
 CI- Maniacs for simulashn!
 Don- Grecorome this cogitashn.
 TO- Sum got food, goldflake rice,
 Furs n funky fay perfumes,
 N they the planet's greeny spice
 Pak in plastic powr looms.
 DI- Sum got nuthn, turd-nut bred,
 Germs and labor ar ther lot,
 N they the sky inside ther hed
 Clog with revolushn's clot.
 CI- Yo like wunda, thunk n thunda,
 If the po be natur's blunda,
 Du for dumpy, protochumpy,
 Ovr-funded hyperclumpy,
 Yo like wak it with yo wit...
 All- How cuz the streets is smeard in shit?
 Don- U, scurilus n venjful in ur pity,

Lay awake at nite and scan the day.
 TO- Wut's so fekn rong with this dam city?
 DI- U ask urself midst felon and delay.
 Don- I'l tel thee, my relijus parvenus,
 Wut keeps the sanitashn from its slurp:
 The problem's not the rich.
 CI- It's fookn u!
 Don- It's al that sik semantic gas u burp.
 TO- "The po's kfuflld by the rich's shlok!"
 DI- "They stupit cuz they skool's be undrstokt!"
 CI- "They du ther gud, ther bad is dun to them!"
 All- Logic lok!
 Don- See, Augustine convinst a master race
 To worship wut defys its going trend,
 So don't blame beuty for the ugly face,
 Cuz poverty's the and in us and them.
 TO- No, poverty's too slo to play the game.
 DI- No, poverty's too busy pasn blame.
 CI- No, poverty's too drunk to drink the rain.

Faze 4, Sene 2. The Anglo-Saxon Mead Hall. Enter Aethelbert, Aethelfrith, Eadbald, Ceolwulf, Raedwald, and others.

Raed- This miklmote of Anglo-Saxon tribes
 Is cald to ordr.
 All- Aethelbert haletten!
 Abert- Welcum, al, Mercia and Northumbria,
 Saxons east, south, and west, Deira, Gwent,
 East Angles, Lindsey, Far Dumnonia,
 To this aliens-gathering in Kent,
 My kingdom, wer u are evr welcum.
 All- In witan geliefan, in allvater run!
 Abert- I hav into my relm a Roman monk
 By the name of Augustine accepted;
 His motiv is conversun of our race,
 Wich I'v obliged by his grace receving,
 As dominans requires partnrship
 Strategic with al popular engagements,
 Of demands few yet many in rewards.
 So, let me hear ur thots upon the thing,
 Wich being dun, we may discus our plan
 Of pese with the Norsman now invades us.
 Wut say u, mi geferas?
 Ceol- Cwellan, Woden!

Ceolwulf goes at Aethelbert. Al draw ther axes.

Afrith- The soty Scot that strikes wil eat my glaive!

Aethelfrith kils Ceolwulf.

Afrith- Demize to whose disensun thretens al.
Aethelbert is bretwalda. If he ax
Considerashn of a nu alians,
We debate it bludles. So, comon king,
Befor this warband of the iland's tribes,
Whose meadcup's like to crak if it must clink
The helth of sum nu swarthy nutles wop
Adors a bludy old pathetic hebe,
Explain y we shud lay upon the sod
And ofr up our neks to Nordic tin,
Destroying al we'v stragld to create?
Don- Here, the playrite, faining ignorans,
Defers the rubric to the odiens.
TO- Y ot the tribe feroshus luv its nabors?
DI- Y ot the clan conceted do u favors?
CI- Y ot the ilk affluent giv away
Mary- The gudies they got fairly in ther day?
Befor my brain-transplant at batl's hands,
I'd sed a luv supreme, from natur's link
Of nurturans to growth, compels the gud,
Yet now I see such luv can slavery spur,
Seceshn, slotr, al supreme in fors
Beyond the law of natur, use, or logic,
And edy in supreme perplexity,
Rule-forlorn, like skitish litr rolng
From prison-fens to lawn pristine to heap,
Bewilderment my wil and lethal luv.
Jukes- The law ain't but a wil that wils itself,
Thus the self-inducing own it only.
Sea- The wil that wils itself consumes itself
As wil is charjd dependency, yet luv
Is independency contractual,
Maintaining wil upon its medium,
Free comunity.
Jukes- Cum the day I luv
Sum slakn, crookn, blabn quadruped,
Then tap my jely spine to feed our fate,
Free antipathy.
Mary- Only deth is free
In markets of distrust, and for the luv
Of serpents, it is rated by its reach.
Sea- This creep lost his creep wen he tryd to raid
The eagle's nest.

Jukes- So let the hybrids hach
 And profit nuthng.
 Mary- Profit's los that needs
 A war to raze.
 Sea- Nor'm I for othr's use.
 Jukes- U'r for ur own abuse.
 Sea- It's u abuse
 Urself controlng othrs, wen al life
 Begins and ends in needful helplesnes.
 Jukes- Sum folks is simply betr than sum folks.
 Mary- Speak only wut al times wil hold as tru,
 For histry rendrs jujment injudishus.
 Jukes- The record of a race is its jujment.
 Sea- Then read the record of ur race: its art
 Gaudy ads for salo wars, its lernng
 A diminushn of the mentor past,
 Its laws excluding and iregular,
 Its cultur barely out the bestial,
 Wut wur u save for grunts n dolts until
 These Roman Jews, these swarthy spirit slaves,
 Preachng luv's illicit reconcilements,
 Wich u took to like stow-aways to watr,
 Yet u'v no dignity to recognize
 Ther meaknes gave u empire, grace, and gud.
 Jukes- This southan man, I trust, wil sho it difrent.
 Mary- It's history.
 Sea- Wich is rot to those who keep
 Ther present welth embezlng from the past.
 Mary- Les the law of luv, England wud be dirt.
 Jukes- Du to that law the Vikings made it dirt.
 Don- And then the Christian Normans did the same,
 Shoing the law of luv the fuel of war.
 Jukes- Wut kind of man ar u to take no side
 In tugs of pese and war, and yet to treat
 Ur kind unkindly?
 Don- I'm the strangest kind,
 As evry chois convinces me I'm rite,
 Convicshn wich convinces me I'm rong,
 And for my kind, it is unkind to me
 To stipulate its serendipity,
 But we must pas thru may to get to june,
 For much that's boom and bust is bust and boom.

Enter Ceorl, dragging a wounded woman.

Ceorl- This Waelcyrian, beging thru the squadrons,
 Was discoverd with a Celtic dagr.

She lept at me, I smit her, and she bleeds.
 Abert- Wut's thy name?
 Woman- My name is cunt.
 Abert- Thy parents wur too literal.
 Woman- My mothr was a cunt.
 Abert- Dost thou noe me?
 Woman- Ay, Aethelbert, the King of Kunt.
 Abert- Art thou Celtic?
 Woman- From my cunt inward.
 Abert- Thou art mine enemy.
 Woman- From my cunt outward.
 Abert- Didst thou mean to carv an Angle?
 Woman- I'll round the world til it's a cunt.
 Abert- U like that word, don't u?
 Woman- I like wut it duz to Christians.
 Raed- This Celt called cunt is candid in her cant.
 Abert- Heal her wounds and send Miss Cunt to Wales.
 Afrith- She is an asasin.
 Abert- And a human
 Who duz for hers wut we wd do for our'n,
 So do I hope thru luv to win her help
 In coterizing a bludy divide
 Into united helth.
 Afrith- Be un with Celts?
 May with the pond my filching corps be un
 As it's digested by the niglng ness
 Than I alow the day to warm a jot
 Unslaternd by the spray of Celtic heme.
 Expedite her, Eadbald.
 Abert- If u wil buk
 My thORITY, then take the risk urself,
 But do not, coward, inculcate my son.
 Afrith- U who at Pomys fled the praying monks
 Cal me coward?
 Ead- Lisn to him, fathr.
 This Welshy bich came here to kil our kind.
 Abert- Mite not the kilng end by kilng mite?
 Afrith- He toks of mite! Dawdlnng in negashn,
 Joltng us with jokng incantashn,
 Farthr from truth the closr he gets
 To necessity, our king now squawks of mite,
 Yet has no mite to kil wut wud kil us.
 Augustine's converjun is perverjun!
 Raed- Our harts, Aethelbert, ar too huge with hate
 To nesl in the inglnook of luv.
 Afrith- Al is a ly except to fuk and fite.
 Abert- This is Woden warp, bawns of feral stook

Amast for a razorbak relijun;
This is the burh of a viperine scowl
Enticing us to inconclusivnes,
Onband beadu-rune, hetlic und ban-fag,
The trap of midangeard saps, rancid pilzens
Of fuelng blanknes, mistige moras,
Wife meat, flinch loyalty, and hed loin.
This is weird worship. Let it go for luv,
As even the corpuscles of human fear,
The screams and wimpers of a stolen girl,
The final realizashns of the drowned,
Al brain-blowing horrors evaporate
Before the sens that we ot not hav ben.
To share, to weep, to wundr - this is life.
Afrith- O Aethelbert the Once, I fear for thee,
And nevr have I even for myself.
Thy stool is blak and hard, thy pis translucent,
Thy flesh is pruny from the Berthan bath,
Indolens thy goal, shame thy enslavr,
As u but brace urself to batl rek
At meaning, wich no man wil evr beat.
I wil not hold alians with defeat.
Raed- We ar lost.
Ead- O Melvin Muspellsheimus,
Solv the Aethelfeud that misaligns us!

Enter Melvin and two crows.

Melvin- I am Melvin, Wizard, son of Merlin,
At my wings the counsel crows of Woden:
The fors of proceptiv thot, or Hugin,
And receptiv memory, or Minin.
Fly, jety rooks, and scrounj the glaucus nite
For tenebresent tendencys to lite!

The crows exit and re-entr.

Melvin- Wut say u, Hugin, or thot?
Hugin- Natur's gyrencefelat troop, in folds
Of interstitial combat by default
May only preserv the factors of chois
If in each mind abides the ur-debate
That creates it not, yet is created
By the omnilingual recognishn
That survival midst eternal colaps
Requires paranoia be in powr.
Melvin- Wut say u, Minin, or memory?

Minin- Residual urtherly preposishns
 Carv out the radical deliquesens
 That forms our tools, and al premonishn
 Of our unurthly indecisivnes
 Laks the reminisens akshn demands,
 For we are renderings of emulshns
 Seen fals as only once thru singl eye,
 So must coloidal fors be thy tenet.
 Raed- These crows are fusky, Melvin. Clarify.
 Melvin- Cut off her cocoa cunt, u cokozoid,
 And wear it as a mask on Mayhem day!
 So sez Melvin, Wizard, son of Merlin.

They exit.

Abert- Fine her and send her home.

Aethelfrith stabs her. Aethelbert becums fasinated by the air.

Abert- Ar u ther?
 Afrith- And I wil move of my intent.
 Abert- Can u see me?
 Afrith- A spectacl of shame.
 Abert- Is it like dreamng?
 Afrith- U'r a dying fable.
 Abert- As a pagan in a pod of luv
 I both desire and dred the pikng time.
 Afrith- Desir and dred away, but don't convert.
 Abert- I did not kil u, woman. It was he,
 And yet I noe in blame we are not free.
 Afrith- Suspend this pusy wipng, Eadbald, lest
 Ur fathr be the folklor lamed the folk.

Enter Ceorl.

Ceorl- The Nors are at the rivr!

All exit.

Mary- This is the kind of filth I wud expect
 From a pak of incest-ridld yokels.
 Don- Wut u say?
 Jukes- Let her be.
 Sea- She sed
 Ur son's illicitly ur son-in-law.
 Don- U censor incest, sir?
 Sea- I do.

Don- Holard!

Enter Holard.

Don- U like my slave wench, sir?
Sea- She is no slave,
But a free-born woman, as I like her.
Don- As do I.
Mary- Then let her be it.
Don- I would,
But that she'd copy u, ya loud-mouthd bich.
Sea- Freedom rewards compatibility.
Don- And she is most compatibl to me
As my niga wench.
Jukes- U obscur urself
By mating with a clear inferior.
Sea- Commerce by suply clings to purity,
Yet nolej of demand, wich mixng givs,
Is the economic form triumfant.
Don- Holard, do we mate?
Hol- No, sir, masa Don.
Mary- Ther is no truth wen mastrs questun slaves.
Don- Nor when free-born women fors agendas,
But say I wur to sel u to this man,
Mite u mate with him?
Sea- We ar not ur catl.
Don- Y, that ain't fair at al. I am merely
Recognizin u two took a likin,
And it's most kind a me to push it 'long,
Don't u rekn, Holard?
Hol- Yes, masa Don.
Don- So, tel me wut u'd like.
Hol- To go with him.
Don- U'l stay til the end?
Hol- Y, of cors I wil.
Don- Do u care to buy her, sir?
Mary- Name ur price.
Don- My price is that u lisen to my play.
Jukes- No way.
Mary- We wil do it.
Sea- We wil do it.
Don- Sold to the gentlman in the first row.
Go then, Holard, with my deepest blesng,
And make a famly with this man, unles...
Hol- Unles?
Don- O, my now, that is a quandry.
Hol- Wut's a quandry? Speak, masa Don.

Don- With this man so oposed to siblng sex,
 How wil u evr?
 Hol- We ain't famly, masa.
 Don- How can u noe?
 Sea- I's born sumwer in Georgia.
 Hol- As was I.
 Sea- My peple sold me yung.
 Hol- As did mine.
 Sea- That is al my history.
 Hol- Me the same.
 Don- Dag, that is sad. Wut blak folks gona do
 Bout startin famlys if they nevr noes
 Exactly who's relatin and who ain't?
 Don't seem rite to jeer a man for incest
 Wen brothas all be knockin on they sistas.
 Dam al, it's hush out here. Whose line, whose line?
 TO- Slip the propr stopr on the tung.
 DI- Strap the propr swapr to the fault.
 CI- Teaz the propr shopr to the bung.
 TO- Pay the propr mopr mop the vault.
 DI- Like do our valus target novel blis?
 CI- Or do they bor a barel bound to mis?

Faze 4, Sene 3. Bertha's chambers. Enter Bertha and Liudhard.

Liud- Aethelbert shal comishn Augustine
 The Archbishopric of Canterbury,
 Casing once promiscuat excursus
 Of urthly votion in his cosmic grid.
 Ber- The playful otr to the trap, the elm
 To timbr stak, the creek to viaduct,
 And romping day into a mesurd march,
 Al seems to be progresng as it ot.
 Liud- Bertha, ar u rite?
 Ber- In thinkng I am rong.
 Liud- It's ofn so that we, the old in faith,
 Look on a nu adherent jelusly,
 And think, O cud I start my jaunt agen,
 How fastr wud I scur, how strate to gud.
 Our trite and lispng conshens seems a stone
 But rubd in huny, yet the porus nove
 In word apears enquald with deepest mint.
 Even mor ocult is thy circumflex,
 As being wife and wand to Aethelbert,
 In the first, havng lain flush beneath him
 Bloatng fresent bulk upon the spoil
 Of his natal faith, and as the second

Being my instrument of convershn,
 Wich, as a making sik, has made u so,
 Yet noe, as u wil raiz a race improvd
 By grace, al liftng out a crowded grave
 The grovlng disipants of wican wold,
 U are in faith the mor, and betr he,
 For we convertrs are convertd most,
 As no nu vois can mach old melody.
 So on ur misdirecshn do not think;
 We've los of way enuf in evry blink.
 Ber- Liudhard, my only frend, how wel u noe me.

Enter Aethelbert.

Abert- Bertha, my deign, hav u ilused the leves
 Upon our eldran oak?
 Ber- I'v not lookt up
 Sins I set sand in Angland.
 Abert- They are green.
 Ber- Then I am helthy.
 Abert- And we in harmony.
 Ber- Wud u care to read ur book to the child?
 Abert- I cannot yet.
 Ber- U'v only just begun.
 Abert- I feel like a condor flown thru a hailstorm,
 Trying to navigate, yet beaten blind.
 Ber- Por bird of prey.
 Abert- Who noes himself no mor
 In flok or diet, range or cry, yet feelz
 A tiny type that flys in swindlng droves,
 Like a brief, flitng mij, arivng gon,
 Nestles, day-detaind, only made to mate
 In clouds of random spray, al-thrashng mad,
 Until his moldering to woman food.
 Ber- U wur so much befor me.
 Abert- Unmuchng much,
 As being's had by letng being go.
 I kild to rule, yet nun may rule the ded.
 Ber- U nue a need.
 Abert- For this, but not for that.
 Ber- U wur rich with that, valud tho thru this.
 Abert- In my renounst divine, each entity
 Is a place's mystery, the silent hum
 Of a massif, the ramblng retisens
 A grove al fool with fog is tonted to
 By torid wind of swelng day, the brod
 And fikl blathr of an empty vale,

And wile to sum it may seem beutiful
 Or liberating to posess such chois
 In vois as strange locales, the frantic lost
 And evr outward serch defrays the cords
 Of conectivity to globing self,
 That like a worm in wood petrifical,
 Enlitenment became but sors selecshn
 And mental liquefacshn, yet this om
 Of Augustine, wich u first picht in me,
 Shoz now a speech inviolat to thot,
 A lite devoid of place, and lets me rest
 Within the simpl serchings of myself.
 Liud- And Augustine awaits u to consign
 The victim laws, or dooms, into effect
 That al ur peple may as u elate.
 Abert- U wish it?
 Ber- Serch my spiting, evil side,
 And u wil find, thru self's antithesis,
 Wich convershn culs into persepshn,
 My most authentic wish.
 Abert- Lead me, Liudhard.
 To luv.

Aethelbert and Liudhard exit.

Ber- To luv, and rarely wen we'r wantng.
 My evil side, too tru thy guiles chauntng.
 This man, this king, this Anglo-Saxon spore,
 This teras on his race's highest tier,
 Now simps about in automatic bor,
 Convertd to a zelus volunteer.
 Fur luv? Wut of the man who shook the skys?
 Who did not noe obeyans from a wim?
 Fixated on the los each act implyz,
 Life's litl lithe's a masiv, fatal grim.
 I sot, thinkng it gud, his sol to save,
 So am I now wife-mothr to a slave.

Enter Eadbald.

Ead- Mumy, ho.
 Ber- Eadbald, I want to be alone.
 Ead- So too do I, and I seek it in u.
 Ber- Ther's nuthng in me. Pleze, now, let me be.
 Ead- The nuthng in u's al that I desir.
 Ber- Wut ar u doing? Eadbald, get away.
 Ead- I've got a way, if u'd let me go it.

Ber- U freak.
Ead- I freak to fit me into u.
Ber- I wil scream.

He covers her mouth and puls his agon.

Ead- Wen I was just a tot, we huntd bats
With slingshots, the system to divulj
A nestlmg cave werin they hung asnooz
Downside up, in furry, blivius bands,
Ther batys at ther chest, and in that lul
At firelamp we'd take our aim, and bam!
The stone wud flop un ded upon the flor,
A milun blipng othrs whirng mad
To screech u from the shelt, ur victim left
Uneaten, mokt, and useles in the dust.
Real huntng, that wuz, wer u kil to feel
The pasaj of a sol subordinat,
Becumng great by denying meaknes.
I mean to entr ur wet cave and peg
Ur tiny bat to life's dark dirty flor
In clules, clenchnng agony, unles
U shut ur lips, bel-mer, and lisen. Oui?

He lets his hand off Bertha's mouth.

Ead- A flowr fed on blud in Angland blums.
Ber- Wut kind of flowr ar u?
Ead- Augustine.
Ber- He cums in pese.
Ead- His pese is war on me.
Ber- Betr to dy for pese than liv on war.
Ead- Fuk ur clevr maxims. The best imigrant
Wil nevr noe the rigors of this iland.
Only laws elicited thru vilens
Can giv society security,
In proces horror, haven in result,
Al othr forms of progres suicide.
Ber- Kristianity converts thru vilens.
Ead- The strong to the weak, the deft to the dum,
Destroying the gud, promoting the worst,
It is a cult of fear, a rabl rule,
And so the enemy of excelens.
Ber- I beleve u.
Ead- Turn my fathr away
From Augustine, or I go huntng bats.
Ber- It's past me now. He's gon to cast the dooms.

Ead- The Anglo-Saxon wil be Kristian laws?
Ber- He is converted. Let us liv with that.

He stabs her.

Ead- Let us to save the race murdr mutants.
Take care, mothr. Gud to hav ben in u.

He exits. She crawls off.

Jukes- No! Y did u do that?
TO- Sumun's gota take the rap.
DI- Sumun's gota dis the lap.
CI- Sumun's gota cut the crap.
Don- I had a point to make.
Mary- Wut? That vilens is?
Sea- The urth is crusted with its gory proof.
Don- Not that vilens is, but that pese wil not
As long as children ar born to beleve
The womb is preferabl to the world.

Faze 4, Sene 4. Augustine's mishn. Enter Augustine, Liudhard, Aethelbert.

Liud- Great Augustine, savior of the swampland,
I bear u Aethelbert.
Aug- Bles u, Liudhard,
Now leve us.
Liud- Mite I share in this event?
Aug- To God wut is God's, to me wut is mine.

Liudhard exits.

Aug- Describe ur telos.
Abert- Wer is my talus?
Aug- Y ar u here?
Abert- The overseer sent me.
Aug- Hav u no motiv?
Abert- That u giv me un.
Aug- Am I to risk my status to engage
A king of rodents, grime, and briny reks,
Whose peple shout druidic cantilashns
Unto sum menhir freezng in a fire,
Littering the land with idle tokens?
Abert- I cannot bear ur censure. Help me trap
The winds in my hart, wich so pash and ror
They nerly break the hulling of my ribs,
And I wil giv u al that u demand.

Aug- I demand to gambel with ur genus.
 Abert- Y is ther so much harm in harmony?
 Aug- Faith on thee! Thou greedy mawmet mewling,
 Mere fetish is the glory of thy tribe,
 Thus hav I orderd my aposls juj
 Who must thru tortur be seduste to grace.
 Abert- Tortur Anglo-Saxons?
 Aug- Save the world.
 Abert- How can I avert it?
 Aug- Cast the dooms.
 Abert- I am but un; the dooms are of the race.
 Aug- The master makes the law.
 Abert- Y remake wut is made?
 Aug- To rendr me Archbishop of this Archipelago!
 Abert- Wut about the Irish?
 Aug- Wut about the Irish?
 Abert- But my alyz - in ther demise the dooms?
 And my peple - les ther surmise the dooms?
 I lak the rite to cast anew the dooms!
 Aug- The rite is urs anew by castng dooms,
 As powr's thred rewefths the uman looms.
 Abert- I wil try.
 Aug- Thru him, spirit, speak the dooms!
 Abert- Natur serv society,
 Self negate alterity,
 Failur daunt ability,
 Wisdom pleze stupidity,
 Profit tax imaginashn,
 Decency defile abandon,
 Formity deny disenshn,
 Privat ovr public rashn,
 Comfort conservashn sku,
 Celebrity indiferns stru,
 Popular progreshn ru,
 Now be slave to nevr nu.
 Aug- Yes, my slave, u cast the dooms,
 Law from thee is evr rite.
 Yes, my slave, u thole the cooms,
 Life with thee is safely slite.
 Dream, my slave, of futil wining
 Thru a term-efishnt sol;
 Smile, my slave, for glamor's grining
 On thee in thy grimy hole.
 I love thee, slave, like a gonad
 Cameld neath my mental minions,
 Humpng me, a corpral nomad,
 Thru the desert of opinions.

Lap, my slave, the cream of conshns
Out the cup of sexy vilens;
Soar, my slave, abuv the birds
And shit the stonehenj of my words.
Abert- My peple, that once sang to clouds and fenz,
Shal now in prayr thy glory reverens.
To luv.

Aethelbert exits.

Aug- To luv, King Aethelbert, or not.
A shushng world spokn thru my sentens,
A bilion thotles births by me predated,
The histry of al women les than I.
This rain of hope the reigning metal rusts,
As agapeti swarm the dales ovr,
Convincing those are ruld they soon shal rule,
Spredng faith in luk, the leafles clovr.
I hear the groan of law's entangld race,
Hypocrisy contortng wondr's face;
Dependency caws its lone aflikshn
Ovr our inept and corbeld dicshn.
To trade the planet for a profit rare,
And take ofens to the alien air!

He exits.

Don- Relax, my caring nurs, awile with me,
Our hands entwined, our thots beyond duress,
The landscape of our lives befor us free,
And with ur spirits open, tok of deth.

Ekard brings Mary on stage.

Jukes- Don't u tuch my wife!
Sea- Ur wife?
Mary- The Civil War split mor than states.
Don- Wil u?
Mary- Tok of deth is al life givs us.
Don- Duz my play adequately liv the tok?
Mary- If u wud let it free itself from u.
Don- Too late. It is my last. These lively lims
Shal soon but limply flutr in the stream
Wens the spring of gloom so lushly burbls,
Flowing to the wel wer woman warbls
Of our defunctiv term the sory song.
Y won't u sowf it now I am alive?

Mary- She is asylum from the war of man,
So is her singing silent to survive.

Don- Duz deth friten u, duz it excite u,
Duz it spray soothing salts on ur wound du?

Mary- Wen woman must for life to bed with pain,
Must feel al teknology as pain,
Must so fortuitusly be inscribed
Into the coz and cur of man in pain,
She out of instinct dreams of sensles deth.

Don- U ar the but of gag society,
Forst long ago to serv as hors or hags,
A wispr midst the hoots of falicry,
Sad does of don't ideal for doing stags.

Mary- Society is the dayjob of deth.

Don- U sho the wisdom of the platypus.

Mary- The platypus? Y the platypus?

Don- Becuz ur pusy speaks in platitudes.

He gropes her.

Leo- My Don, the senes of deth ar near begin.
U wish me stil to execute ur wish?

Don- U noe I do, my Leotrice.

Leo- Then stop.

Don- U tel me wut to do?

Leo- If u wish me
To folo u then u must folo me.

Don- Hine sorh-wylmas
Lemedon to lange
He his leodum wearth
Eallum aethelingum
To aldor-caere.

Leo- Thaer abidan scael
Maga mane fah
Miclon domes
Hu him scir metod
Scrifan wille.

Don- Deth is now the play.

Leo- And deth entire.

Don- Al the profets stray.

Leo- And then expire.

Don- I think u ar my frend.

Leo- U think in fire.

Faze 5, Sene 1. Bertha's chambers. Bertha is in the bed, a nurse beside her. Enter Aethelbert, Liudhard, Eadbald.

Abert- How is she?
 Nurse- Dim and seze and mutr al.
 Abert- The child?
 Nurse- Stil in her, yet in her stil.
 Abert- O wut malishus holo belcht this bane?
 Liud- Cast out venjens.
 Ead- She herself.
 Liud- I won't asept that.
 Ead- Who askt u, dikweed?
 Abert- I wil see her.
 Liud- No, u wil distract her
 From taking grace, a glint I've yet to grasp
 From out her gothic gault vermiparus.
 Abert- Her sol is bruised with being kikt from me.
 I wil see her.
 Liud- We wil see her.
 Abert- We, we.
 Ead- Spado troglodyte.
 Abert- Eadbald, fech the wizard.

Aethelbert and Liudhard go to Bertha.

Ead- I'l fech him fatal to the monk began
 This monotheic mes. Dead or pagan.

Eadbald exits.

Abert- Bertha, my coo.
 Ber- Aethelbert, I am sik.
 Abert- I beleve.
 Ber- Loungingly, the serpents nip at me.
 Liud- Seek solushn, child, to thy erors.
 Ber- I shal.
 Liud- O neel with us, Aethelbert,
 And share a tru believr's penitens.
 Ber- Forgiv me, lord, for twistng Aethelbert
 Into a tru penitent believr.
 Liud- Her spine relays the sepsis to her skul.
 Ber- Husband, tel the overseer leve.
 Abert- Leve.
 Liud- She must repent.
 Abert- She wil, in ur absens.

Liudhard exits.

Abert- Ur chest is cold.
 Ber- My hart pumps liquid ice

Thruout the sulking tundra of my sol.
 Abert- O my lithe, brusks, swirling, wintrd woman!
 Ber- Decay squats spangly in the April snifs,
 Wich we forlorn and eagr children wif.
 Abert- Cruel kasm tween the voyur and his need!
 Ber- Deth makes a voyur of us al.
 Abert- Tel me who did this, and I wil impale
 His evry inch.
 Ber- Me, myself, and lyz.
 Abert- Wur u not hapy?
 Ber- Thotles du to u,
 Wut I hav dun to u the wors to think.
 Abert- U gave me luv.
 Ber- That steep proclivity
 Werup we hike to plant a privat rose,
 Then daily hump the hil to nurtur it,
 On our asent perseving natural liken
 Ebulent in the scruf beneath our peak,
 Wich we must cum to luv the mor, as al
 Luv tactil dros beyond aloof perfekshn.
 Abert- Don't say.
 Ber- Don't say. Amidst such revrent noiz
 Repetishn alone communicates.
 Abert- Bertha, pleze, dy with me, not agenst me.
 Ber- In remedy, with u is agenst u.
 I am a moat u dug about urself
 To baricade ur own barbaric past,
 But now the hory hybern permafrosts
 The fields, twistng livestock into nots,
 My wats freze, and wilding wurmen cros.
 Abert- I won't revert wen u ar gon.
 Ber- Revert.
 Go hang a birch with lamps, go mutl thru
 The fulvic march of desprat verbs, go climb
 The rollng hils our faults hav bubld out
 The plain of forms predictabl. Go chase
 Urselvs from natur's polenating u.
 Revert. Thru devolushn we evolv.
 Licking lab u ar, wild wolf u wur.
 Uns underpeat thy muse, now ovraw.
 How like some fresh pubesens on a thug
 Whose lik she longs, wundr, hunch and lusty,
 Upon u hung. O u wur a geyser,
 Now a drain u ar. Wut, wud u be free?
 Then slay the financiers that herd ur stok
 To sel u valu-aded to urself,
 And wolo in the rivr ripls own,

Un with the flo, influent to the al,
Within that place no silens can displace,
Wer women nevr worry if ther care
Has ben of maim or mint. Revert, my luv,
To that great nevrlastng wens I go.

Enter Ghost Surjun.

Abert- Muthr, y?
Don- The script, son, stik to the script.
Ber- I wisht u gud, brothr.
Don- The script!
Ber- Husband,
Yet bearing u to blis has hurt me so;
It's hel to wach anothr to hev'n go.

The Ghost Surjun givs her poison, wich is not poison. Bertha dyz.

Abert- My luv is ded. This world too worships rong.
Ther's no un now to hide me from my fears.
My luv is ded, and taken al the songs,
And I've alone this sugar in my tears.

The Ghost Surjn sings.

Ghost- *Tend wel the dotrs
For days un-numberd,
Smiles unencumberd
Shine on the dotrs.
Let them wundr freely
Of worlds deep within them,
Hold ther hands ungainly
That no fear resind them.
Hew them homes in al wethrs,
Tos them not thru the nethrs,
Wok them gently cros the watrs,
Our best mothrs mix these dotrs.
Hold thy dotrs
Thru the slotrs
Les ther bothrs
Make no othrs.*

*Faze 5, Sene 2. Augustine and attendants at his mishn, Gregory and attendants in Rome.
Laurentius is preparing the spunj to bathe Augustine.*

Aug- Bathe me, Honorius, then we may dine.

Enter Melvin and crows and kills Honorius and Laurentius. Melvin soils the sponjes. Crows stand in for attendants.

Aug- Ah! This sponj! It reaks of morbid matr!
Hugin- My luv, that cannot be!
Minin- We sanitized it thoro!y!
Aug- O rank reciprocating winds of wo!
Deth twitrs evry vois to hungry cro!
Att 1- Gregory, the peple wait at ur porch.
Wut shal I tel them?
Greg- Tel them I am crums
And they shud seek the loaf from wens I fel.
Att 2- My luv, thy words in cruces as this now
Ar best to not divulj prognostic cues
Werby sum drol of natur may compres
Its irevers upon wut need not be.
Greg- Words cannot move us from the gavel's clap.
Aug- Gregory, is that u?
Greg- I am here, Augustine.
Att 1- He mumb!s, tokng to the gaze of gloom.
Melvin- How stupid's life to make us liv by sens
The end of wich is utr senslesnes,
Each rootng bak to its mothr madnes.
So sez Melvin, Wizard, son of sadnes.
Aug- Gregory, this iland is now my land,
Absorbng of our humbl benedikshn
As duz its chauky clints the tumb!ng koosh.
Greg- U hav spred a splendid dominashn.
Aug- Wer pas we now? Wut unimajind yield
For our labors rouzng and deliteful
Wil our so speshl spirits meet beyond?
Greg- Umility, my slave, best becums thee.
Aug- Am I not perfect in umility?
Greg- Ataca wirls the worm-lion, Augustine!
How hard we rush at evr-briskr pace
To win the race rewards us with a los,
Insertng ourselvs lively into deth,
That fernal sy of infinit breth,
Yet not to pride in endng's not to dy.
Aug- Not to pride? Was my doing not wel dun?
Greg- To brag is as to celebrate a birth
By tosng nek and al into the air.
Aug- We've shown the primitivs in baren huts
The glory of amasng guds!
Greg- And we
Shal hiest bid in spirit markets see.
Aug- But I hav seen, agog with pre-blum savor,

The pang absolvd, the masses lite and free,
 As deep as mind can plum, if not much deepr.
 Wut gud for al this gud acruz to me?
 Greg- Think not to be the coz of wut u do:
 Y we chuz, wut we ar, wens we emerj
 Ar al in undiscovrd particl
 Containd, pasng thru us as the surjes
 Liven weat to a fals animashn,
 And evry nu found particl implyz
 Uns unfound must exist if we'r to be.
 Can u see the flags of silens flying?
 Hear the stones, jelus of flowrs dying?
 The nasent laf of time that feeds our crying?
 Say the inexpresibl is conshus
 If it exprees thru unconshusnes?
 We'r nuthng save wut must our nuthng noe,
 And exit must to nuthng wen we go.
 Aug- I hav dun much, Gregory, maybe too.
 Greg- We ar tomoro's hazy yesterday.
 Aug- I go to take my residens in mulch
 And for my mishun need the merit now.
 Greg- Adieu, Augustine!
 The verj of lite awaits us,
 The instinctual congress of kind,
 The feminin bundl of sons.
 Adieu, my slave, adieu!
 Aug- Gregory?

Enter the Ghost Surjun and givs Gregory poison, wich is not poison.

Aug- U washt me with a soild spunj!
 Get ur testicl out of my milk!
 God dam the god of jelusy!

The Ghost Surjun givs Augustine poison, wich is not poison.

Melvin- He has sind and died!
 Don- Entr the sin eatr!

Ekard drags Jukes on stage.

TO- Viands gorjd
 DI- Off a corps
 CI- Sik with sin
 Don- Clears the man
 TO- Eat the bred
 DI- Clean the grave

CI- Chu the ded
 Don- Save the slave!
 TO- Treatys and Buttamen!
 DI- This is the sin eatr.
 CI- The win cheatr, the win cheatr!
 Don- Sins he wil suk.
 TO- From the flesh of the miscreant
 DI- Yummy is yuk!
 CI- Glee goblng glibly
 Don- Crakas for Christ!
 TO- Absolvng the slipy
 DI- Of wigly malfezans.
 CI- The rivr derives it?
 Don- The miror reflex me?
 TO- Sin eatr! Sin eatr!
 DI- Yak in my Ganges.
 CI- Of floatng ded injuns.
 Don- And Augustine's crime
 Of swoloing sols let thy sacrament mime.
 Jukes- Y do u abuse me? Are we not un?
 Don- I ain't no un with no un save myself,
 N even that's a union dubius,
 Cuz tho we maybe share idologys,
 We stil two coks a-clawin to the kil.
 Mary- See wut u fot for, Jukes? A coz corrupt
 And confounded by its own condishns.
 Jukes- I wil say this: wen down the Shenendoa
 I seen the blazon forge the green to grey,
 The shrapnel shredng armament to scrap,
 The red and rabid elefant of rage
 Downtrampl my entir company
 To paste of human lard upon the turf
 Like hairy frostng on a deathday cake,
 I did not mustr curaj from the thot
 That for a man like this I bekond deth.
 Mary- So havng fot five years for rongful rites,
 A few hours at a play may rite the rong.

Don stufs bred down Jukes's throat.

Don- Go, free man, and burn ur Sunday best;
 Naked ar we born, and deth is overdrest.

Ekard returns Jukes to his place.

Faze 5, sene 3. Enter Aethelfrith and ceorl, at battle on the River Idle.

Ceorl- Aethelfrith, we are doomd, for Aethelbert
 Has traded land for pese with the Norsman,
 And he, for whom amity is enmity,
 Turns the land to fire and pese to war.

Enter Aethelbert and Fraethwith.

Abert- Tel my militia to sit down and pray.
Fraeth- They did so, and the Nors hav cut them down.
Afrith- Pray for pese from me, Aethelbert the Gud,
 And hear it eko thru my emptines.

Aethelfrith droz his batl ax.

Abert- I wil not fite u, Aethelfrith.
Afrith- Then dy.

Enter Eadbald.

Ead- Fite my fathr, Aethelfrith, fite me.

Eadbald and Aethelfrith fite.

Abert- Eadbald, let it hapn.
Ead- Shut the fukn up!
Afrith- I fite him as a craven of the Nors,
 Thus u fite for him who fites agenst u.
Ead- He is my fathr stil.
Afrith- He is a pest
 Whose pasiv, vage, n wavering animus
 Of frinjifuse too-crejulus devoshns
 Has funkt our fenz with sik imported moss.
Abert- I cherish the charitys I'v unfurld.
Afrith- O how, my brothr mity, u hav errd.
 Thy sol was sovren tite, now it is slak.
 Into thee weaklng idiots hav blared,
 N now thou art an adict to the smak
 Of shame, yet Aethelfrith shal nevr stray.

Eadbald haks Aethelfrith.

Afrith- My words hav by distrakshn formd my deth.
 O Anglo-Saxons, drive out fearlesly
 The jakals of equality that flit
 About thy prize, els thy rich fertil sea
 Shal turn a stagnant tarn of begar's spit.
 Ungelic is us.

Abert- Angelic ar we.

He dyz.

Abert- See him, Lora? Befor u, this was I:
A brazen void that grubd thru bogs and sods.
Ead- See me, Bertha! I hold the world's eye
Entranst at my erasur of its gods!

Enter Ceorl.

Ceorl- The Nors are evrywer!

All exit.

Faze 5, Sene 4. The ej of a bog sumwer in Angland.

Don- U redy, son?
Pet- I don't understand it.
Don- It's best that way.
Pet- Y hold to principls
Agenst the masiv movements of the time?
Don- A man without principls is nuthn.
Pet- A man whose principls ar proven rong
Is nuthn if he holds them stil as tru.
Don- Fors proves nuthn.
Pet- Then u disprove urself
To nuthn, by relying al on fors.
Don- But fors is the end, fantasy the means,
As only fantasy can prove it's real,
So my posishn is my principl
That timeles made with fors of time can't change.
Pet- Ur fantasys hav destroyd our family.
Don- Wut fantasy can kil ot not to be.
Pet- But wut givs u the rite?
Don- Ther is no rite.
Pet- One is not sane by calln the world mad.
Don- So wut givs u the rite to say I'm rong?
Pet- Ther is an assumphn of afekshn
Inherent in the making of a child,
Yet al u gave to us was cruelty.
That is rong, as it shunts our survival.
Don- The cruelty I giv is my afekshn,
As survival's based in competishn.
Pet- U cannot luv.
Don- I luv, tho roundabout.
Pet- Look at my sistr. This u took from me

Don- Becuz I wud not fite for slavery.
 Pet- So making u my slave.
 Don- U ar the slave
 Pet- To the mastry of ur own sykoses.
 Don- It's tru. My mind's a dark, anshnt custard.
 Pet- Equality wil shine upon its crimes.
 Don- And that's the way u want us liv? In fear
 Of al we represent as atmosfere?
 So wut's a crime? Wer gongs a clear tru bad?
 Ar akshns ment to be ineptly had?
 Too native we to luk and cu sublime
 To but dawdl dumly. So, wut's a crime
 Wen al's a crime? Can deth be vaguely screwd?
 Ar we kabob of dung to feed the lewd?
 A criminal is punisht for his deed,
 Wich from his name dismembres evry heed,
 Yet an actual crime is hard to find
 For absent, it incriminates the mind
 And thus al inosens therin is hurld
 As on its curb al flush percepshn's curld.
 We personize the crime til it is we,
 Then nuthng is but wut we cannot be.
 A pass, a hu, a sign of least raport,
 Becum the shiftng axis of our cor,
 And bablng in a syntax we resent
 We plumet thru transgreshns pure repent.
 U want a crime? These peple in us lost,
 Whose vampant code is now our substant boss;
 Our we-defining-world is wondr's fact,
 Ther we-congealng-world's that wondr crakt.
 The crime is thers to kil the spastic brain
 By making it subservient to same.
 Pet- Wen explanashn, impulst by my need,
 Is versosofic exercise to u,
 A pland and relict congery of memes
 That starvs upon abstrakshn's foney food,
 It finaly seems, great fathr, to make sens
 That acusashn is ur sole defens.
 Don- U wana hear the truth of me n u?
 Pet- Truth melts in ur mouth.
 Don- No, no, my son,
 I want to speak of the luv between us.
 Pet- The luv?
 Don- Befor we go.
 Pet- I do desire...
 Don- Wen I was yung, and masturbated daily,
 An otorotic batl crag my loins,

Of my shut eyes I structured scarp and baily,
On dreams of bliss spent al my concept coins.
The world was a ring of flesh and postur,
Evry gorjus entity a monstr
In need of purj from Excitashn Gulf,
N stok in hand, I fot my Beowulf.
Then, my mail masht, yet hard with masacr,
I yanged my javlin deep into ur mothr,
And out u came, a screaming litl reflex
That gru into a symbol of my sex,
(O had I stuk to my own bely's bouns
As birth's the first of my unpaid accounts),
Now u'v becum a rodent in my scrotum,
Mating in the shadoz of my scutum,
So thru me hungry anacondas pass
Tiklng the crazy buton in my ass,
But as my fathr did, I leve u this:
Fuk ur face n u can giv ur prik a kiss.

Pet- If that's my story, it is gud I dy,
But y do u kil ur family, fathr. Y?
Don- Wut's famly but the first and longest ly?
TO- The final sene!
DI- The closing dream!
CI- Turn the valv and blo sum steam!
TO- Luv the gimp.
DI- Teach the chimp.
CI- Cast the wethr as ur wimp.
TO- Aethelbert has got to go.
DI- In flagrante delicto.
CI- Evr sins he cared wut's cool
His mind's this crapy public skool.
TO- Sweet a u to cach my spit.
DI- Nice of us to babysit.
CI- Thanks for actin like u it
Wen u ain't comprehended shit.
Abert- Indomitum, Norn of Tungs, lay on me
Who art but huffng sordes of sardonic,
Hear the hymns of my recesiv rigor,
Notis wut only notises itself,
And acompany this trite sol of los:
Deth of a man too wundrstruk to liv.
Ead- Arn't u ded yet, dad?
Abert- Wors. I am alive.

Enter Ester Friggfat.

Ester- Das ala ist da. Die mead-mensh ist drunk,

Und die Nordys swigerd ala dem bierskys.
 Abert- Bertha?
 Ead- No, dad, it's ur nu Nordic wife,
 Ester Friggyfat, a propr pagan;
 Wen u ar gon, I shal refile her vat,
 Cuz incest is the surest tradishn.
 Abert- I wil not dy til Bertha's at my side.
 Ead- Here she is!
 Say helo, Aethelbert.
 Ester- Halo, Berthalert.
 Abert- And Augustine?
 Ead- Here am I.
 Abert- My frends, my admirers, my alyz?
 Ead- So many round the urth atend ur deth
 It's almost as if nuthing's changed at al.
 Abert- Pleze, my wife and gide, take my tremblng hands:
 I'v sites to speak, wich now so reel and rise
 I screen the dreams of othrs in my eyes.
 Ead- We lisen, as childrn at an orgy.
 Abert- Methodles was my mead-guzlng world,
 A dragl from a drunk to drunk agen,
 Until ur spors into my thalus buroed,
 And I was made a strangr to my ken
 And songs. Adornng my far-reachng folk,
 Those caos-works of genital convikshn,
 My jargon now but slouches in the joke.
 Deontologic animal depikshn
 Am I, debred from natur's ictic tag,
 Seekng glances from the blindspot in the sky,
 Velocitys inhuman thru me lag,
 A lonely need for wut is needles only.
 My bounty-glut the Anglo-Saxon curs,
 That we shud liv determind to ligate
 Not wut provokes rich time to shut its purs,
 But calm excess to madly emulate;
 I luvd the imaj sterilized by truth,
 And thru it choze to nevr livng chuz.
 O sweet disfajia...
 Ead- Fathr, ar u thru?
 It's late, and ur wife has got me fugy.
 Ester- Shoen respecten, Bedbald! Ozy zin noty!
 Abert- My Bertha, O my honted hart, my fog
 Tutoric, how my life had slogd a blank
 Alujun til ur luv administerd
 Cling inanimat into my edicts.
 Ur praxic premonishns bor my sol
 Imercifly to mercy, provng me,

As pale violet wool, as lakes at dusk,
As sudn cares, made to meld with woman.
Upon a grid delineat and warpt
Of unreservd uforia, u sot,
So yung and brave, an irefutiv sens
To cast between ur ordr and my rek,
Yet suferd in this rivarly of selvs.
Without u, brabant Bertha, I wud be
To deth as a gravid 'lantic salmon,
Struglng, sufocating up life's stream
To spang and twist upon a gril of cob,
Yet now a curent-caryd spawnlng I
Downward to the evr-goblng ocean
Desend to doom, wer our two sols shal swim
Its deep, dark, unmeaning mystery.
To say I luvd u sez the least of al:
U ar my languaj and my mineral.

Ead-

Pop, it's time to drop.

Ester-

O lesen im be.

Ead-

He's ben enuf.

Abert-

I am a meteor, spooj is my fathr,
And in my stok I hold no equity.
Tired of my race, I sot refuelment
In the tangld scurf of law's aluvia,
Wer dry gords of prolegite difuzia
Nutrinize the infant on amujia;
Sacrogenic bubls buv me bobl,
And I, inveigld by my lejur's scope,
Reach out my adld, arenashus fingrs,
And O the sugar zefirs thru my lak
Like swarms of pedofilic flying-fish
Seekng yuth down a ded-end adaptashn.
My life has ben a skitng thru the maze
Of undulatng imprints in a haze,
And now I see the ansr's to inquire...
For such fine vers, liv evr in the mire.

Ead-

He drops him into the bog.

Abert-

I sink indenturd to unwitnest crimes
Awaitng my reacshns from the quag.

Ead-

Jabr, dad! The los of air wil sink u!

Abert-

Y these clanging joyus human rimes
Now emanating from our transient slag?

Ead-

Kik, dad, kik! The bog wil soonr chug u!

Abert-

We things that thrive but once ot nevr out.
I leve u now who luvd, tho roundabout.

Enter Ghost Surjun and givs him poison, wich is not poison. Enter Liudhard.

Liud- Did he ask forgivnes?
Ead- No, but he askt I giv u this.

Eadbald stabs Liudhard. Ghost Surjun givs him poison, wich is not poison.

Ead- So, u Nordic newt, let's misejenate.
Ester- I vont to see his boody disapearen.
Ead- I vont to see ur boody disapearen.
Ester- Es ist sad.
Ead- Boohoo kity.
Ester- He tok a foogin lot!
Ead- Let's fire the fuzy kiln and glaze my pot.
Ester- Bablhurt, Bablhurt, broke like a twig.
Ead- Cum on. Skirt about the nek. Me want fig.
Ester- Ester bawls for u.
Ead- I'm shakin sunbeams at ur du!

Enter Norsmen.

Nors- Ur vater is caput?
Ead- Caput in his grave.
Nors- U wil mary Ester Friggyfat
Und make zie Nordic junglings.
Ead- Ja vol!
Nors- Soon, ther shal be no mor Anglo-Saxons.

Don goes to Seamus.

Don- U lookn at me?
Sea- U'r doin a sho.
Don- Is that a thret?
Sea- U wish it wuz.
Don- U wunt my shit?
Sea- Yo, keep ur shit.
Don- I wil not stand for sambo sass.
Sea- I'l kik befor I kiss yo ass.

Don gets a wip and givs it to Leotrice.

Don- Wip im, wife.
Mary- Revolt and free urselvs!
Leo- Don, it is enuf.
Don- I sed, wip im, wife.
Leo- Y he need a wipn?

Don- He sass at me.
 Leo- Ain't he got reazn?
 Don- Nigaz got no reazn!
 Leo- I got no wil to wip.
 Don- Wip im.
 Leo- No.

Don takes the wip and intermitently wips Seamus.

Don- My wife has took a likin to u, boy.
 Sea- I'd like to take a likn to her, boy.
 Mary- This man ain't dun nuthn to deserve this!
 Don- Ain't he stole his freedom at my expans?
 Sea- I ernd my freedom at my own expans.
 Don- Ur freedom's doom, and I'l prove it. Lisn!
 To dout is blis, to noe a rich remors,
 To author our intenshns stultifyz,
 Yet freedom, carnifex without discors,
 Demands we noe our motivs signify.
 Atentat upon dilatory hope,
 Invijus of wut it may nevr uze,
 A baby blu with mothrsplurj of dope,
 This freaksho fad of aimlesnes we chuz?
 The cognuz of control are less by being,
 Gro rarer as they sprit and spru in man,
 Renderd static by our flesh-engravng,
 And sprout as thot between the can't and can;
 Then natur's saber clips us in the holo,
 Our sinewz split and fibril in the weat;
 For freedom we wil any bantr folo,
 For any victory we are defeat.
 Yet he wants freedom and equality,
 Wen each is but the othr's oposit,
 And thru ther mutual hostility
 We of our destroyer ar composit.
 Mary- Save a swach of time, u ar the victim!
 Don- Inguina, art thou opening to them?
 Art thou in concentrashn of ther motor?
 Do not thru metempirics flu ther flem
 Wich gloats the world with its banal soda,
 But surj thy teemng liquid wundr sens;
 Ther freedom is an epistemic scam,
 A hole for junk to flo beneath the fens,
 And ther equality? It tryz to sham
 That tween the slave and mastr hangs a musl
 That carys furthr its dynamic charj
 To sex, thot, and space, and tho we husl

To noe how we may sevr our discharj
 Of conshtnt permutashn from the quest
 Of torkng brutal luv to human hate,
 This tendon evr wil prescribe our jest
 Thru eros of the curent kilng rate.
 I am embost and sukt by slaves to rule
 Ther hyperlatent latitudes, to comb
 For indivergent noosferes of grool
 Compactd in the powrs nevr noen,
 Wich I'm to then define into ther vois,
 So how am I to evr noe for sur
 This here behavur's not in fact ther chois
 To liv beneath my mastery matur?
 I am forevr stuk inside my race
 As is the wave of lite to time and place.
 Jukes- Stop! U'r kilin him!
 Leo- Cum, my Don, and drink.
 Don- O gaud expergefakshns of my sol!
 Vitrific faces haw about thy verd!
 Ther genital consumashn is thy role!
 Of ther oppreshn-lust u ar the word!
 U retroed down the helix of ther milk,
 To ther cardial nashn wur u wired
 And sot to rite the akshns to the ilk
 Wens roze the Ingaevonic profit-fired.
 U bilt their moot arkaic and sur-keen,
 The batls of ther spuming angon yelp,
 The peseful paradise that made u mean,
 The perfect crime that bred ther cripln culp,
 And now u stand, O Don Flagrante Delicto,
 To slavery wed by ovum of ther idols,
 Relegatin war to the cogito
 And feeling to the relm of miracles.
 A man not holy bound nor holy free,
 An Absalom in evry bakyard tree,
 Shoing myopes wut the'l nevr see,
 Mesiac to the negativ degree.

Don and Leotrice drink.

Don- I dy to clenx the AngloSaxon rongs;
 Ineptitude must hav its govrnment.
 Toglng at the node of selfish throngs,
 I'v provn life mor than deth-detrment.
 My scurlus unapreciat dizeze
 Of nominizng each ilogic but
 Who must hav intermishn to be plezd

And has his children from his loest slut,
Wil nevr cese, and tho my heel may lift,
This globe is groovd with my proratan yaw.
A word, a scream, a broken tooth, a kis,
Nuthn exits inocent from my jaw.
If uns the mastres of our weak beginings
Wud manualize our instruments of lust,
My hart (O silent crime!) wud noe its winings,
And wut to hear itself unluvd it must.
What palpitashn feeds my anarky?
Y am I adicted to simplicity?
U wil dy, O Don, but to be reborn
As the clit of a sex slave in Bombay,
And cowmen wil graze on the sour, stunted corn
U cultur in ur dry labial clay,
And this al freedom-folk wil cal a crime,
Yet wut's a crime wen no un's realy here?
I am a glitrn snake of code sublime,
Of myself both agency and atmosfere.
But here is al: I am and am not free,
The masterslave to my hostility.
Al are ded, my slaves, my yung, my wife, me...

Petrarc gets up.

Pet- The truth be told.

Holard gets up.

Holard- U ment us ded?
Don- The drink.

Ekard gets up.

Ek- It wuz real poizn?
Don- For ur gud.

Kresard gets up.

Kres- Our gud?
Pet- Yet I feel nuthng.
Don- Min wif, hwa nu?
Leo- Don Masa told me poizn u, but al
 I giv was juis, harmles as the apls
 Wens it came but a few fine days ago.

Lora gets up.

Lora- So we wil liv?
 Leo- U wil liv.
 Don- Yet I wil not?
 Leo- Nun hav drank the poizn.
 Don- O woman, u ar too gud for this world.
 Jukes- Lynch im!

They lynch Don. Enter mourners.

M1- Peple, y this vilens? The war is dun.
 Jukes- Blu or grey?
 M2- Blu and grey and wite and blak.
 Sea- We hang the man to blame the war begun.
 M1- Yet so sad the day, even venjans sobs
 That such gud by such evil cud be kilt.
 Mary- This evil gud? The Northan win sez no.
 M1- Al fakshn disapears amidst such grief.
 Sea- Wut grief?
 M1- The genral grief we march to join
 In Washington. March with us, if u care.
 Jukes- And wut has Washington to do with this?
 M1- It's ther he lyz in state, as president.
 Mary- President who?
 M2- President Lincoln, frend.
 Sea- Lincoln is ded?
 M1- Tonight, at a play, shot by the lesr Booth.
 Kres- Is this that Present Linkum wut u ment
 To go and meet this mornin?
 Hol- Shud we march?
 Sea- How to speak? My words ar waste. Al I've herd
 And seen, now this? He is ded? O too soon,
 Too soon it cums at end of horid war
 We had to wage, tho al our lives we traird
 For policys of pese. Shot at a play?
 My words are waste. Shud we march? Shud we march
 To mark the mark of deth so deep unjust
 Ben visited on un so just in life?
 We strugld, and he perisht, that we al
 May betr prospr thru his principls:
 That race by definishn is dizeze,
 Insanity strut cros this stage tonite,
 And that ther is no greater curaj than
 To fite for wut is rite uns proven rong.
 He dyd to sho us this, so shud we march?
 U propt abuv ur kind, u cruel becum
 With random oportunity, u hurt

Urself in hurtng othrs, as it's trust
Determins valu, u who wud be mor
Than ur creashns, u who'd liv the dream
That u design, u who from a decent
Clan perverted to this split socius
Asocial and corrupt, u who feel ripe
For dialog, and u who've faild to see
Atop the niga pile sits a niga,
He dyd to sho u frendship, famly, nashn
Beget and flowr out determind luv.
For the onest and for the hypocrit,
For the dreamrs and for the denyers,
For the victimizrs, for the victim,
He dyd to sho that union equals freedom.
His comitment lost our comitment gains,
So shud we march, that thru the scoldng rains
We stil may feel the sun of proudr days,
Turning grey to blu, batls into plays,
That finaly we, wise to neshnt vilens...
Yet words ar waste. O al go in silens.

All exit.

THE END