

If I could breathe the hate I found in humanity
I would be suffocated by its virulent fogs
If I could live in my way - no mercenaries
I would count on the pain, the only thing I own

I am a man... I am without a leg
If I look down I realize
That I don't even have the other one
I am a legless man and I don't have my left arm
I don't have the right one either
And I have no spinal column
I have no hands...
I have no hands... I don't have eyes
...I don't have hair
There's a lack of nose and ears in my face,
I can't see anything of me: I am a black fly
I am misery: I am nothing:
You made me a "non-man" dear doctor world

And if I transgress against your catechism
I hope many will follow me!
If I exist I am no one else:
I don't acknowledge in me this equivocal pluralism
My subjectivity subjectivity and the Creator
It's way too much for just a brain
This place...
In where huge instinctive pulsions are lost:
Here there is the Final Apocalypse

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