

## Cryptal DADA # I \*

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the cakes of sainted haloes  
or the sweat of *Heraclius*  
a meandering chase through the atmosphere...  
*did not admit that the lapsi*  
The attempt of Jesus and the Bible,  
*could do penance for their sins.*  
conceal, under their ample,  
benevolent wings:  
*But Eusebius taught shit,*  
*that these unhappy animals ones,*  
and days...After the carnage  
*should weep for their faults.*

we are left with the hope of a purified humanity...  
Joy rises like an arrow up to the astral strata,  
*From the passionate rage of the people,*  
or descends into the mines  
strewn with the flowers of corpses...

Look everywhere for stalactites,  
*divided into two factions,*  
in crèches magnified by pain,  
eyes as white as angels' hairs...  
*came seditions, slaughters,*

All flowers aren't saints,...  
and what is divine in us  
*war, discord, strife*  
is the awakening of anti-human action...  
*till suddenly the tyrant Maxentius*  
Is the kitchen of grace,  
our white, lithe  
or fleshy girl cousins...  
*banished both.*

Being governed by morals and logic  
*The Pontiff,*  
has made us impassive towards policemen  
*who stood for pledges of peace*  
–the cause of slavery–  
*bore exile serenely,*  
putrid rats  
*awaiting divine judgement*  
who have infected the corridors  
*and left the world*  
of clear and clean glass...

*and earthly life*  
*on the Sicilian shores.*

\* Pastiche by /cual @ January 2007

All text in Verdana is quoted from Tristan Tzara – "DADA Manifesto" published in 391, March 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1918. Zurich. *All text in italics is from a poem by Saint Damascus (366 – 384 A.D.) in honour of Pope Eusebius, martyred in 310 A.D., from a crypt in the Roman catacombs. Translated from the Greek by Istituto Salesiano San Callisto, Rome.*