1984

King's Orders

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

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

**King’s Orders**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*translated by the author*