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Circe

She sings still boisterously for a long time

And we do not really know who she is or what she is

And when we eat these well-baked tasty cakes
That she herself prepares and serves
We will be transformed into lions, wolves, boars
Wild animals without their wildness

We will retain all that otherwise adorns us
Human propriety instantaneous Courage
Soft backbone And also this wretched hope

We will be transformed into sniffers
Without significance or pleasure
Who will be called by our name
Which exists in the present

But it needs to be known that this is the land
Upon which we too just emerged

In the grasses growing underfoot is strength
It needs to be known

That the weighty seeds live for the blossom
Not only for the death

Let us strongly gird ourselves with these grasses brothers
Because we are deep within them

And in the sword whose lush roots
Birthed
the same land

In the sword when drawn at the right time
And with the right purpose

And so all this

Mixed with the right measure of cunning
Leads an attack barely noticed
But carefully considered and certain
Leads a retreat with excessive perfection
For which you know perfection is excessive

Comes the oath of one who is conquered
And unexpectedly life is beautiful such that
the gods envy those who are most wise
and most sinful

Upon the end

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