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Death with a Coda translated by Miller Williams

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DEATH WITH A CODA

Either we're liberals or we truly do
Believe in the law of the Lord. We can't have both.
If we do believe, red-blooded or blue,
The heart freezes when it comes to death.

You go to taverns, run to a theatre, dash
From party to party, take somebody to bed,
Make your deals, pile up a little cash,
Grab everything you can—and then you're dead.

And then what? And then the soul swaps
The world we have a while for the world to come,
One that goes forever and never stops.

The word is *never* and it's so damned final.
Floating or sunk to the bottom, it's all the same.
The bitch eternity is going to be eternal.

*translated by
Miller Williams*