Death with a Coda translated by Miller Williams

Giuseppe Gioachino Belli
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.

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