

FRANZ KAFKA

1883 — 1924

I have completed the construction of my mine hole and it seems to be secure; All that might be seen from outside is a big hole that leads nowhere; If you try to visit you hit rock; I cannot boast of having contrived this trick purposively; It is simply the remains of one of mine many failed building attempts; I decided to leave this failed hole without filling it in; True; Some tricks are so subtle they are self defeating; It is certainly risky; Permitting this hole raises suspicions that there may be something in the vicinity worth investigating; But you do not know me Mary if you think I penetrated this hole out of fear; That I am afraid of being eaten; At a distance from this hole is the real entrance to mine hole covered with used rubbers; It is as secure as anything in this world is secure; Yet someone could step on the used rubbers or break through and then mine hole would lie open; Anyone who wished could penetrate mine hole and despoil everything; And it is not only by external enemies that I am threatened; There are also enemies in the bowels of the earth; I have never seen them but dirt farts warn of them and I firmly believe in them; Their victims can scarcely have seen them; They come; You hear the scratching of their finger nails just under you in the ground; You are lost; Now you are in their hole; Even though mine enemies are countless; I try to live in peace in the inmost space of mine hole; A penetrator may very easily become mine victim and a very tasty one too; I am not as strong as many others; I am growing old; Even though mine enemies are countless; I always place white gritty fluorescent strips on mine hole edges to prevent tripping injury; I always fill cracks on mine sidewalk to prevent tripping injury; I always fix loose tiles around mine bath tub to prevent tripping injury; Even though mine enemies are countless; I always replace splintered hand rails; I tack mine carpets to prevent tripping injury; I never use drugs to prevent tripping injury; I never allow mine handicap ramp to be slippery; This affords a really pleasant reduction to my insurance rates; It give me a deep feeling that life is fair; I always place timers on mine hall lights; I use only energy saving florescent 12 watt bulbs; I re use brown paper bags from the supermarket; I wash and re use mine plastic veggie bags; I always unroll mine two ply toilet paper and re roll it into two rolls to conserve paper; Even though mine enemies are countless; I always place bricks in mine toilet tank to save water; Though I fall through the hole of the shadow of death; I only flush once; I do not leave mine aluminum cans out so the poor may collect recycling redemption; I protect and save mine recyclables for mine sound government; Whenever I knock up a cute molette I refuse her an abortion; Let her get on her knees; Let her sob for underground freedom; No way molé; Women smell the tunnels and drop slimy rat babies; That's what it says on my wall calendar; I have won awards for mine fine invention of a hard hat to wear when tunneling things are falling; Even though mine enemies are countless; I am a good little mole and mine big mole under the earth and mine big mole on earth and mine big mole above the earth sing out special wholesome love and respect to me
For I am one extremely clean and careful mole;