

THE TRANSFORMATION OF AESCHYLUS OF ATHENS INTO A TORTOISE CRACKER GATE

O!
Good
Bye Eagle!
Hello, rock!
Luck gods
mock!

Ω. I saw him writ ~~✕~~ ing out loud from
his latest and rich dark gold inborn family fear play, The
Occasionæ, waving up one of his bleak old arms as if to sing, “I am Sixty
Nine years old and yet I can still so easily fold any royal house in clear fine agon,”
His bald head shining noble in the Attic sun strolling down the stone slabs on Olive Street, the
singer, the lyrist, and a few speakers to meet. He began to inspire on a speech for Phlegmæ of Tibæ:
β. Our fate is burning. χ. Tell me about it babæ: β. There are no gods just the occasional woman with
the occasional dead child on her breast. There is no sea just wet death puking the occasional great fish up on the
beach. There is no victory just the occasional mother sticking a spear in the ribs of a son that ran from war. There is no
love just the occasional fools regretting for the rest of their life the sweet little ripe slave they sold. There is no wealth just
the occasional loaded ships at the bottom of wet death occasionally groaning a wave. There is no empire just the occasional
sad bunch of Xerxes’ cretin Euphrates retards drinking up whole rivers of water every day. There is no art just the occasional
eagle landing on a mind. There is no good. What happens every day is death. Ω. I now saw with my own eyes an occasional
eagle flying over the head of Aeschelus looking for a rock to drop and crack the tortoise in its talons on. The eagle hearing him
sing lines and eye sharpening his bald head shining the sun, clear-eyed, “I, the crafty feather barbarian shall accomplish two things
in one catharsis. I have a flying hunch I’ll end this poison verbiage well, this bunch of darkness munch depressing out heavy lines
and at the same time crack open a lunch. The eagle flew a Zeus higher and dropped his big tortoise on Aeschylus bald head. The
tortoise cracked. Aeschylus dropped dead. Two things were accomplished: The air received lunch and the land received dinner.
Stars shine bright on shatter light. There was a third thing. Thee. The. That’s the sea, the killer of life and wealth always eats, folks