

- EXCERPT III -

Jenny the mother and her eldest daughter named Jenny
called Eleanor, Laura his precious and two more Jennys
he procreate - his lends

when daddy fought
On the barricades for his proletarians
There were zealous hands to transcript what he wrote
down in night when he reconstructed the evil and
solved the secret and found the key to break its
system when he was alone with the gods and they burst
into the flames of that stylistic masterpiece and
overboarding analytic monstium that opened a dimension
not known before

we owe him the first analysis of capitalism - never
reached ever after / where he named the evil so
clearly and obvious for anyone to detect
the mechanism of the fetishized borders and what he
called metamorphosis
You hear me - that spooky journey we all love our
invisible chains for

And they insisted - and began to rewrite his opus /
nearly sleepless over hours and hours and hours and
influenced its shape with all the consequences until
today it unfolds its subversive potential and we see
their full impact
That will be female and the suppressed that was kept
in silence will strike back harder against this
pyramid of silent violence than any canonball Marx got
hit on his chest

No one could but them