

Abscontrition

The Song of the Void

André Veidoux

1893

I have blasphemed God like a dauntless anarch,
Constantly spit on that Zeus on high;
My Atlas rebellion, my heretic bark:
What ecstasy, this battle cry!

Go bribe Atropos, the final Fate,
To smother my dissident cursing;
Bury me in Charon's boat—don't pay the rate—
You will never hear me bitching!

I'll remain with the untamable beasts,
Fueling our hatred for your feasts,
We sons of Titans, damned for eternity.

And what?! Doom me to the flames of Hell?!
So be it! But history will never tell
That you wrenched from me an apology.

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originally published in *L'Art Social*, January 1893. Translated by Michael Shreve

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