

Slapp Happy/Henry Cow, Europa

Europa opens weary eyes;
all her pretty cities
levelled lie.
Sweet continent, courage,
don't cry.
The occidental Accident,
concerning Reason's acts
of treason, has short
to Hell what Heaven sent.
(Centered on playthings,
turning round toys,
our shaman drank duck's
blood & drove a Rolls Royce
We entered the circle,
a map was described,
we recognized Europe!
We broke down & cried)

She cannot call her myths
her own;
lupine nipples squirted
infant Rome,
but Reason turned
the Beast to stone
(Stone,
when struck, released
a spirit.
From a spire spirit sang :
"A vitamin glimpsed
in a mirror might exorcise
Europe's dilemma")

Europe let me thank thee
for these -
Minds unravelled travels:
memories.
'twas sweet to picnic
'neath the trees