

# 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