

Toy Distribution

Armand Robin

The human being must be changed into the sub-human;

In every country the decree has been signed.

The human being is the last undesirable;

Anyone who catches a trace of it must signal: «Danger!»

It's useful that humanity

Has its toys.

It needs to be playing

The whole time that it's being killed.

Slaughtered humanity must amuse itself while it is being slaughtered

And loudly announce: «No one is being slaughtered anywhere».

Without its knowledge, we have killed its soul;
It's time for its material life to get killed.

False events are invented every day
So that the slaughtered one can play with them.

The only fact of these times is that the human being is
getting slaughtered:

Quickly, for the slaughtered one, millions of false facts!

To expand war, «peace conferences»!

To expand misfortune, «prosperity conventions»!

To expand slavery, «galas for freedom»!

To expand death, «central offices of Progress»!

Better and better we know how to slaughter;
Better and better the slaughtered one knows how to
play.

[translated from *Poèmes indésirables*, 1945]

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