

# Europa Sonnets (A work in progress 1-4)

*by* Iain James Robb

1.

So this is how the Western world ends, with a shrug:  
Great lanes extinguished of the lamps that yearned  
Once for tomorrows turnstiled as agog  
We watch you, Paris, long rejected, burned-  
If without flame from exiled natives, yearly  
As you were cast from quisling governments-  
Macron the Rothschild traitor, varnished hourly  
In smiles that sneer at ramshacked pediments.  
No reparation for the slaughtered myriads,  
The mutilators dead, but hands that string  
Kalergi's grand momentum smash the dryads  
Of vacant courts and know no answering.  
We had guessed the fix was in, but watch your futures;

Your trust may bring the one that's none and none that's yours.

2.

Grand bastard, Soros, NGO manoeuvres  
Carried in the Plan's name on the stilléd swell  
Of Libyan waters, all your gene outbreeders  
Cannot usurp the ready, or save Hell  
From claiming your masonic rivelled features  
The moment our economies bid farewell  
To they who crashed them only to build sutures

Cast of barbed flex, wherein the standards dwell-  
Of paper currents bloated and redacted.  
Hail, O Lord Rothschild, Monty, Kaiser Burns,  
Your French branch did once what is now enacted,  
On Armenian rocklines. Learned again what earns,  
The bribing of the vanguard of the drafted,  
That mocks once fair of France and spares no urns.

3.

*Der große Verräter*, Merkel, how your oarage  
Spins its heaps from your belov'd Somali seas,  
To lend upon your Babylonian whorage,  
Bought mother worship, food upon the breeze  
They will not eat when grown, but will abuse you  
With the ones who do not profit from your rape:  
Committed once again upon the purview  
Of some hundred years that granted no escape  
For Prussian due, or Europe, from the bindings  
Of central bankers: how they puppet zoos  
From destoned cities, churches wrecked, and rindings  
Faecal as your words, and still the spread refuse  
Picks new momentum outward to its voters:  
Yet who kills their lands stills hands yet, from your curs.

4.

Un popolo senza radici sono facili da manipolare;  
Ils seront enchaînés pour voter pour des marionnettes égales.  
Essi non sono allevati per vedere oltre lo schermo del proiettore...  
Quel plaisir qu'ils auront en matière de drôles aux carnavals...  
Y las obras pasan como lavandería vacía lavada más allá de la  
limpieza,

Und die fröhlich bunten Bildschirm wird grau als nicht Reue  
Fleischereien;

Los consumidores de castas de esclavos se ríen de nada para fingir  
respuesta-Mechaniker Kaffee farbigen Massen Dank für Nichts  
codierten.

Elitarna rasa, która zaprogramuje to, jest wolna w zamkach  
dalekomorskich;

Fri från våldtäkterna av döttrarna som bär

Generna de skulle hamstra för sig själva-

Zacieranie go przez Europę w zazdrość, Urodzeni w uparty Trojan  
bicz...

And a world in Esperanto lingers blind as timelessly:

The uneyed grey of lime-washed laundry, on the ravished tapestry.

