Apolitical Intellectuals

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Music: Frederic Rzewski
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1. One day the a-political intellectuals of my country will be interrogated by the simplest of our people.

2. They will be asked what they did when their nation died out slowly, like a sweet fire, small and alone.
1. No one will ask them about their clothes, their long siestas after lunch,
   or their feelings of self-disgust when one among them begins to die the coward's death.

2. won't be questioned on Greek mythology or the ontology of money. They
   will be asked nothing on their absurd justifications,
Born in the shadow of the total lie.

On that day the simple people will come, will come, who

had no place in the books and poems of the apolitical intellectuals, but

daily delivered their bread and milk, who mended their clothes and drove their cars, and
cleaned their houses, and kept their gardens, and worked for them, and they'll ask:

"What did you do, when the poor suffered, when tenderness and life burned out in them?"
A-political intellectuals of my sweet country,