

Jens Bjrneboe

"Flowers for Genet"

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Maria, mother of all affliction
Name our names in your benedictions
We're all bearing crowns of thorns
We are, each one, sons of yours.

Procurers and sodomites
Exhibitionists and transvestites
Pederasts, fetishists
Poets and masochists
Morphine addicts, alcoholics
Virgin, all afflictions' mother
Console Genet, our poor brother
He too bears a crown of thorns.

Thieves, whores and Genet
We hanging one side and the other
Of your son on afflictions' tree
Know what the world's savior suffers.

Virgin mother, only we
Know what the cup of mercy means:
The coronal thorns turn to roses.

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