

The Auld Man: Scottish Literature's Thrice-Nominated Nobel Nominee

By Stuart A. Paterson

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*Our egocentric species runs
And ricochets in purblind terror
Of its own insignificance,*

*And brings forth in the mind's blind eye
An afterlife, devoutly hoping
That it, at last, will signify.*

*Afterlives, tombstones, priests' amen!
Ah, unavailing and more useless
Than any useless work of men.*

*La egocentra homa speco
resaltas kun teruro blinda
de sia propra malgraveco,*

*kaj al si kreas fantazie
transmondon, esperante pie,
ke ĝi finfine gravos tie.*

*Transmondoj, tomboj, preĝoj, ĉerkoj!
Ho, vanaj kaj plej senutilaj
el senutilaj homaj verkoj!*

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