



But since a chance remains  
That "I" survives the body,  
So talk the men whose brains  
Are made of shit and shoddy.)  
I'll stop it if I can.  
(Ah Jesus, if Thou couldst !)  
I'll go to Martaban  
To make myself a Buddhist.

Let me die in a ditch,  
Damnably drunk,  
Or lipping a punk,  
Or in bed with a bitch !  
I was ever a hog ;  
Dung? I am one with it !  
Let me die like a dog ;  
Die, and be done with it !