

C H R I S T I A N B Ö K

U R U S

(for Martin Niemöller)

First they came, seeking every U, and we said nothing.

Then they came, seeking every O, yet we were silent.

Then they came after the letter I, yet we never balked.

At last, an E was harshly drawn away by a hangman.

"Why lynch my nymph? My A!" — my cry, my cry...

Why.

**Edition of 60  
Printed in Canada  
July 2017**



**THE BLASTED TREE  
ART COLLECTIVE & PUBLISHING CO.**

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