

VERSO

(by Pierre Reverdy)

The room in the draught
Under the flame which spreads
In the sleeping town
By moving trees
Of the stone wall
At the end of the road
which circles the earth

It's there

head leaning out
sunbeams near the wave of hair
drowned face
tears

All the reasons not to believe in anything anymore
Words lost and scattered all along the path

There's nothing left to say

The wind rises

The world slips away

The other side

SAME TASTE

(by Pierre Reverdy)

Level with my eye the hook's horn from which the
 signboard hangs
 At the end of a longer arm
Let all the windows blaze at the same time
 Let moonlight knock harder against the shutters in
 the street
Let the plaster plaques inscribed with letters fall
 The clock has struck
Water spurted from the chime
 And if someone still hesitates to go back up
 It is not yet time
It is not late enough
 And for the shadow to die
He remains
Always with this freshness and especially this taste of
 ashes on the tongue and against the night

LOVE IN THE SHOP

(by Pierre Reverdy)

All that's happened slides into half-dark
It's this ground-floor square which marks the limit and
the count
It's a little sunlight
Hot behind the head
It's a broken glass
Dust motes or air bubbles rise over
the screen
Come out on the landing
In the shop love is sold
But this shape of shadow or white or more
motionless against the drapes
In the narrowest corner
Who is it