

SQUARES

a prose poem by

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translated by

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transcribed for radio and up to 8 voices by

RICHARD FRANCIS

(voice 1, center voice:)

The shameful mask hid his teeth.
Another eye saw they were false.

Where is it happening?
And when?

He is alone, weeping,
despite the pride bearing him up,
and he becomes ugly.

Because it has rained on the shoes,
the other one said,
saliva on my shoes,
I have become pale and wicked.

And he kissed the mask which bit him as it sneered.

(voice 2, center voice:)

The profile, the same profile as the great singer!

She wanted to have it,
she had it and also her mammoth mouth without her voice.

But what she most envied was her dress
and never could she have it.

(voice 3, center voice:)

If you hear someone behind you
go Psst ...
and a taxi is passing at the same time,
don't turn around ...
it's for the taxi.

(read simultaneously)

(voice 4, left channel:)

The hair cut,
the head severed,
the saber still remained
between his teeth.

The amateur executioner was weeping
and his face was a mask.

He had been imported from China
and no longer knew how to be cruel.

(voice 5, right channel:)

I pass by being swallowed up,
am swallowed up in a passing by.

What an abyss!
The head turning about me
has disappeared.

The birds were singing behind the window;
they were singing off-key
and were not dressed in real feathers.

(voice 6, center voice:)

The rum is excellent.
The pipe is bitter
and the stars falling from your hair
take off in the fireplace.

(read simultaneously)

(voice 7, left channel:)

From the binding of your lips
from the binding of your shutters
from the binding of your hands.

Or perhaps easier.

On the wooden balcony
she kept watch
in a dazzling nightgown.

(voice 8, right channel:)

After the first steps on his toes
he had taken flight.
The first clouds stop him.

They are mirrors.

And here again,
where he discovered our world without flesh,
he believed himself in heaven.