

# **THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL**

Volume 3 | 1994

## **Literature And Poetry**

Max Jacob

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

*The Prose Poem: An International Journal* is produced by  
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)  
for the Providence College Digital Commons.  
<http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/>

**Max Jacob**

From *Le cornet à dés*

LITERATURE AND POETRY

It was in the neighborhood of Lorient, there was a brilliant sky and we were strolling, watching in these September days how the sea rose, rose and covered the woods, the landscape, the cliffs. Soon there was nothing left for the sea to battle with except the meanders of paths under the trees, and the families got closer together. There was among us a child dressed in a sailor suit. He was sad; he took my hand: "Sir," he said, "I have been in Naples; do you know that in Naples there are many small streets; in the streets you can stay all alone without being seen: it isn't that there are many people in Naples, but there are so many little streets that there is only one street per person." "What kind of lie has this child been telling you again," said the father. "Sir, your son is a poet." "That's fine, but if he is a man of letters, I'll wring his neck!" The meanders in the path left dry by the sea made him day dream about the streets of Naples.

Translated from the French by **James Vladimir Gill**