

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 6 | 1997

It is no use reminding myself . . .
Jacques Réda

© 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/>

Jacques Réda

It is no use reminding myself that the young Proust must have capered about beneath these trees: the whole district still stinks from the cash of crooked business deals. Fraudulent dealing on a very much humbler scale is in evidence here on Thursdays when the stamp-dealers come, but the real scandal is here every day as people keep coming back to drive themselves to exhaustion in front of telephones and blotting-pads. So once again I get off the bus in this place. At the Rond-Point, alarmed by the drastic crush of people, a lady with some mysterious green stuff in a bag balances precariously on her bicycle. She has come from Montrouge or Clamart where a few vegetable plots still manage to survive behind the concrete, and she must be going to Saint-Lazare to catch a train. With her heavy brown jumper and navy-blue skirt she seems the only decent human being around, amid this whorehouse medley of expensively dressed men and women dragging their dogs along. She is not quite sure which direction to take, but she is certainly not going to ask anyone. In the end she will have no difficulty getting to Maurecourt, where her sister lives. And then in the evening, after retrieving her bicycle at the station, emboldened, she will set off again in the opposite direction, without any further worry about crowds, Palaces and Arches, wobbling a bit on her bike because her bag is now stuffed with rhubarb.

Translated from the French
by **Mark Treharne**