

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 3 | 1994

The Soldier Of Marathon

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*

THE SOLDIER OF MARATHON

There's a feast in the asylum for the insane: at night, the paths of the property are invaded by an amiable, slightly frightened crowd. There are, here and there, little wooden tables with candles protected by glass, and where candies are sold: everything went well, except that during the theatrical presentation given by the inmates, one of them who played the rôle of a Sir or some Lord, would throw himself to the ground in a notable pose and would scream: "It is I who is the Soldier of Marathon." Auxiliary staff had to bring him back to reason, in the present, in the presence, in the precedence, but they didn't dare to make use of their truncheons because of the present, of the presence, of the precedence.

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