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Combat Area Pierre Reverdy

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Pierre Reverdy

COMBAT AREA

On the empty chamber there is an aureole. The plants bordering the fringes of the roof down to the roots and even the blond leaves bring shadow.

The fourth wall goes further back. Further than the angle where the curtain is sighing. Higher than the pitch-black night and the shifting smoke from the factory. People are singing next to the empty chamber, against the roof, near the star.

There is an aureole which is not the moon, a brightness which is not a lamp. But a black square on the dark earth.

And this square, the empty chamber.

From *La balle au bond*
Translated from the French
by **Michel Delville**