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Behind The Eyelids Pierre Reverdy

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Pierre Reverdy

BEHIND THE EYELIDS

Inside the tree—stars, images and electric wires sketching flashes of lightning. In the center the characters are dancing on a cloud which does not move. The hand of a sleeping child flutters around the lights—without touching them. Kneeling before the hearth, he says a prayer. And in the darkness where everybody is spinning round and round—in blackness—the war goes on. In the city where the sunlight of old is dying, the war goes on. The bed is rolling down the path leading to the roof. And the head, smiling at the dream, full of chimes and plans of glory, keeps going.

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