Chance And The Lot Of Time
Pierre Reverdy
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The dial where the digits are carried along by the wind. The measured sun. The hours coming to an end. He is leaving. We forget everything. Measure and time. The mind slides further down. A handful of sharp pictures. And the shattered rays mark a slower time. The water sleeps. The wing comes back. The color is wider at the winning number.

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