

**PAUL ELUARD
WROTE A POEM**

a collection of 10 poems by
PAUL ELUARD
written about/to his contemporaries

and translated by
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collected and transcribed for radio by
RICHARD FRANCIS
for
a group reading for up to 30 readers

CASTING

Eluard reader (x10?)
Dedication reader (x10?)
Poem reader (x10?)

(eluard reader:)

Paul Eluard wrote a poem:

(dedication reader:)

He titled it “Max Ernst”

(poem reader:)

In a corner agile incest
Circles the virginity of a little dress.

In a corner the sky turned over
to the spines of the storm leaves white balls behind.

In the brightest corner of every eye
We're expecting the fish of anguish.

In a corner the car of summer
Immobile glorious and forever.

In the light of youth
lamps lit very late.

The first one shows its breasts that red insects are killing.

(eluard reader:)

Paul Eluard wrote a poem:

(dedication reader:)

He titled it Giorgio de Chirico

(poem reader:)

A wall denounces another wall
And the shadow protects me against my timid shadow.

O tower of my love turning round my love,
All the walls spinning white round my silence.

You, what were you protecting? Sky heartless and pure
Trembling you gave me shelter. Light standing out
Against the sky no more the mirror of the sun,
The daytime stars among the green of leaves.

The memory of those who spoke without knowing,
Masters of my weakness and I am in their place
With eyes of love and hands too faithful
Emptying a world where I am not.

(eluard reader:)

Paul Eluard wrote a poem:

(dedication reader:)

He titled it “Pablo Picasso”

(poem reader:)

The weapons of sleep have dug into the night
Marvelous trenches keeping our heads apart.

Seen through the diamond, all medals are false,
The earth is invisible under the blazing sky.

The face of the heart has lost its colors
And the sun seeks us out and the snow is blind.

The horizon has wings, if we turn away,
And looking into the distance we dispel mistakes.

(eluard reader:)

Paul Eluard wrote a prose poem:

(dedication reader:)

He titled it “Andre Masson”

(poem reader:)

Cruelty is knotted and agile sweetness is unknotted.

The lover of wings takes on impenetrable faces,
the flames of the earth escape through the breasts
and the jasmine of hands opens upon a star.

The sky benumbed, the devoted sky is no longer upon us.
Forgetfulness, better than the evening, wipes it out.

Deprived of blood and reflections,
the cadence of temples and columns remains.

The lines of the hand, so many branches in the whirring wind.

The ramp of winter months, the pale day of insomnia,
but also, in the most secret rooms of shadow,
the garland of a body around its splendor.

(eluard reader:)

Paul Eluard wrote a poem:

(dedication reader:)

He titled it “Paul Klee”

(poem reader:)

On the death-dealing slope, the traveler makes use
of the favor of day, the slippery frost, no small stones,
and eyes blue with love he discovers his season
Be-ringed on all fingers with stars.

On the beach the sea has relinquished its ears
And the sand digs the spot for a beautiful crime.

Torture is harder for hangmen than victims
Bullets are tears and daggers are signs.

(eluard reader:)

Paul Eluard wrote a poem:

(dedication reader:)

He titled it “The Gertrude Hoffmann Girls”

(poem reader:)

Gertrude, Dorothy, Mary, Claire, Alberta,
Charlotte, Dorothy, Ruth, Catherine, Emma,

Louise, Margaret, Ferral, Harriet, Sara,
Florence stark naked, Margaret, Toots, Thelma,

Night beauties, fire beauties, rain beauties,
Heart trembling, hands hidden, eyes to the wind.

You show me light's gestures,
You trade a clear gaze for the springtime,

The curve of your waist for a flowery curve,
Defiance and risk for your unshadowed flesh,

You trade love for the thrill of shivering swords
An oblivious laugh for the promise of dawn.

Your dance is the frightful abyss of my dreams
And I fall and my falling makes my life eternal.

Under your feet space grows ever more vast,
Marvels, you dance at the springs of the sky.

(eluard reader:)

Paul Eluard wrote another poem:

(dedication reader:)

Which he titled “Max Ernst”

(poem reader:)

Devoured by feathers and subject to the sea,
He has let his shadow pass by in the flight
Of the birds of freedom.

He has left
The ramp to those falling under the rain,
He has left their roof to all those proving themselves.

His body was in order,
The body of others came to disperse
This prescription he kept
From the first imprint of his blood on the earth.

His eyes are in a wall
And his face in their heavy ornament.

One more lie of the day
One more night, no more blind men.

(eluard reader:)

Paul Eluard wrote a poem:

(dedication reader:)

He titled it “Georges Braque”

(poem reader:)

A bird flies away
Throwing off the clouds like a useless veil,
He was never afraid of the light,
Enclosed in his flight,
He's never had a shadow.

Shells of the harvests broken by the sun.

Every leaf in the woods says yes,
all they know how to say is yes,
All questions, all answers
Deep in the yes runs the dew.

A man with weightless eyes describes the sky of love.

He gathers up the wonders of it
Like leaves in a wood,
Like birds in their wings
And people in their sleep.

(eluard reader:)

Paul Eluard wrote a prose poem:

(dedication reader:)

He titled it “Arp”

(poem reader:)

Turn without reflecting the unsmiling curves of mustachioed shadows,
register murmurs of speed and miniscule terror,
seek beneath cold ashes the smallest of birds,
those which never fold their wings,
resist the wind.

(eluard reader:)

Paul Eluard wrote a poem:

(dedication reader:)

He titled it “Joan Miro”

(poem reader:)

Sun prey imprisoned in my head,
Take away the hill, take away the forest.

The sky is more beautiful than ever.

Among the grapes, dragon flies
Bestow on it definite forms
I dispel with a gesture.

Clouds of the first day,
unfeeling and unauthorised,
Their seeds burn
In the straw fires of my gaze.

In the end, to shelter under a dawn
The sky would have to be as pure as the night.