

T W E N T Y S I X

G A S O L I N E

S T A T I O N S



PROSE DU TRANSSIRE

RE PRESENT

PEINTURE SIMULANEE

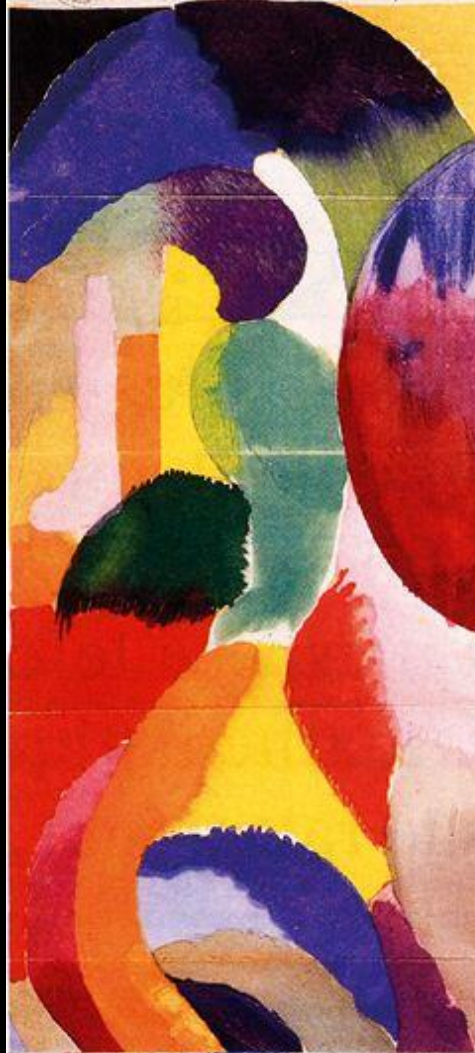
MME DELAUNAY

BLAISE CENDRARS
**La Prose du Transsibérien
 et de la Petite Jehanne de France**
 Cahier n° 1 de M^{me} DELAUNAY-TERR

ÉDITIONS
HOMMES NOUVEAUX
 4, rue de Dunois, 4
PARIS
 1933



à Paris, 10 rue de la Harpe, 10
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**PROSE DU TRANS-SIBÉRIEN
 ET DE LA PETITE JEHANNE DE FRANCE**

Et se trouva le plus en son abîme
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Le Transsibérien était comme un immense globe barbu
 Et se trouva le plus en son abîme
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Puis, tout à coup, les signaux de l'été
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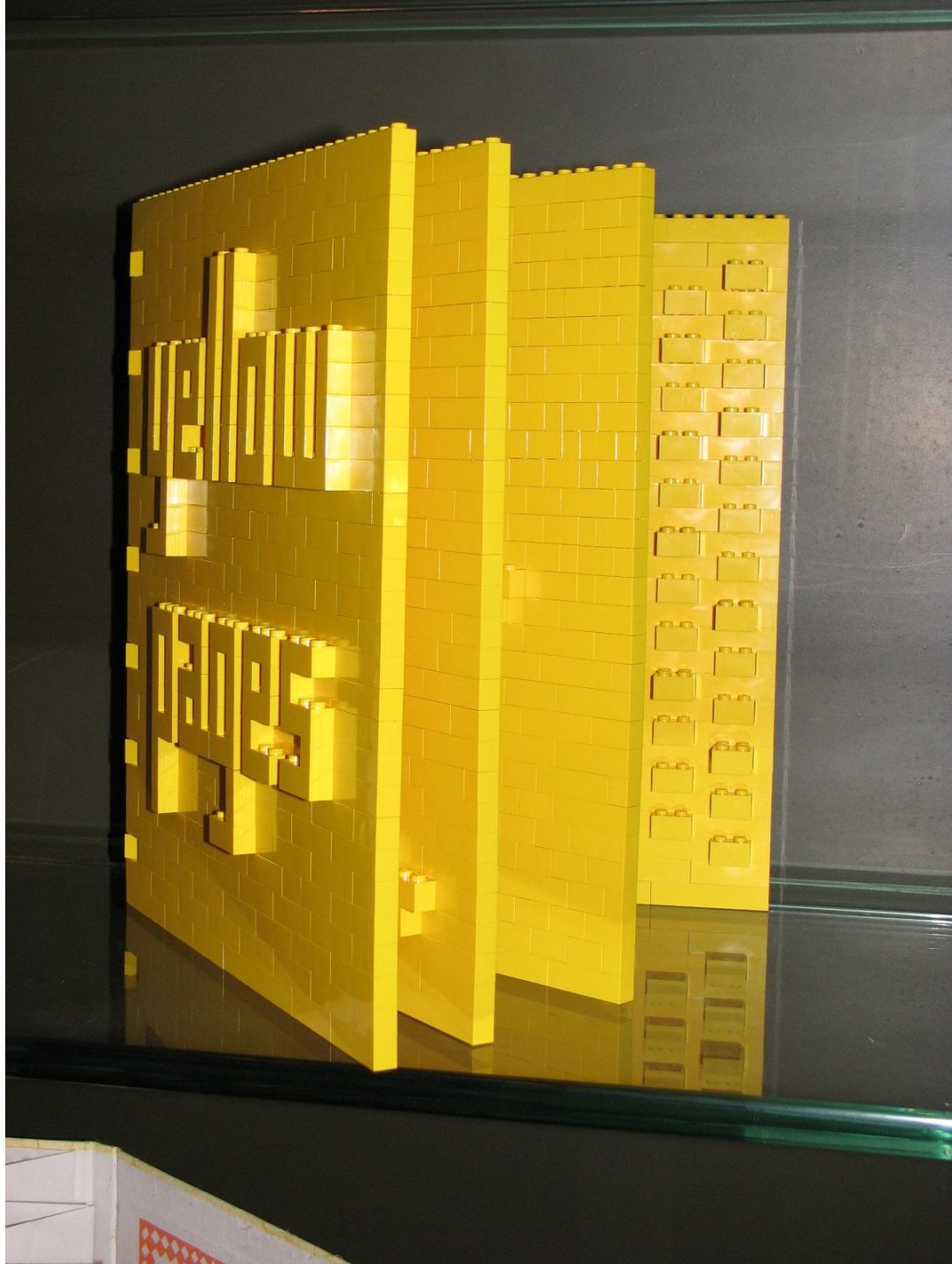
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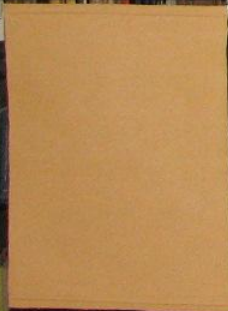
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DEATH
AND
OTHER
LIVES



BY
JILL
LITTLEWOOD



BOMB

Endeavor of history Breaks of time You Bomb
You of universe Grandest of all matchless sky I cannot hate you
Do I hate the mischievous thunderbolt the lawless of an age
The happy rib of One Million R.C. the mare the fall the axe
Capelet the Viceroy Sombark Gorbok the mare the fall the axe
And the sad desperate gun of Verbalis Pankale Dittigore Roger
All and not St. Michael a burning sword St. George a lance David a sling
Bomb you are a crowd in man makes you and you're no crowdier than cancer
All man hates you they'd rather die by revolver lightning drowning
Falling off a roof electric-chair heart-attack old age old age Bomb
They'd rather die by anything but you Death's finger is iron-lance
Not up to man whether you come or not Death has long since distributed its
categorical blue I sing those Bomb Death's extravagance Death's jubilee
Some die by swamp some by sea To die by orders is not to die by bad luck
Some die by swamp some by sea and some by the bushy-haired man in the night
O there are deaths like wishes of Arc Scary deaths like Boris Karloff
No-felling deaths like birth-death sufferer deaths like old pain Brewery
Abandoned deaths like Capital Punishment stately deaths like senators
And unthinkable deaths like Harpo Marx girls on Vogue covers my own
I do not know just how horrible Bombdeath is I can only imagine
Yet no other death I know has so laughable a preview I scrape
a city New York City screaming delivered delivery shofar
screams and moans A fumble of humanity High heels head
Mata whirling over A waltz forgetting their room
Ladies not knowing what to do with their changing hats
Unperforated gun machines Yet dangerous for rail
Rail travelers from the Bronx sought in the Bronx
The smiling Schenley poster will always smile
Impish Death Sassy Bomb Bombdeath
Turtles exploding over Istanbul
The jaguar's flying foot
soon to sink in arctic snow
Percussion plumed against the Sphinx
The top of the Empire State
screamed in a horizontal field in thirty
Eiffel shaped like a C in Magnolia Gardens
St. Sophia peeling over Sudan
O athletic Death Sportive Bomb
The temples of ancient times
their grand ruins ceased
Elephants Poodles Neurons
gathering Bosphorus hair
walking the desolate golf of Arady
hiding marble balustrades
entering the final amphitheater
with a hymnally swelling of all Treys
heralding cyprusians herbes
twing plumes and banners
and yet knowing Homer with a step of grace
Lo the visiting team of Present
the home team of Past
Liza and Lulu together joined
Mark the holding soda olive grape
gilt galaxy rubed and unimpaired
concomitantly O the happy stands
Ethiopian road and shore and low
The billiment all-time attendance
The Kazanka pandermonium
Hermes raving Ozymis
the sphinx of Hoththa
Christ striking out
Luther cleaving island
Planetsarian Death Bismark Bomb
dash the final run O Spring Bomb
Come with thy powers of dynamic green
renounce Nature's invisible eye
Before you the winged Past
behind you the hallooing Future O Bomb
Bound in the grassy chariot air
fly the lot of the little he
thy field the universe thy hedge the gun
Long Bomb bound Bomb Indolig and tag
The stars a swarm of bees in thy blinging bag
With angle on your jubilee feet
wheels of midnight on your healy wheel
You are die and behind you are die
and the heavens are with you
Bismark's locomotive gloriou station
BOOM O have antiphony another cliff BOOM
Bomb mark infinity a sudden increase
spread the modifications uncompossed herap
set forth wafal agenda
Carpus starts Charal glanous carous elements
Carpe the universe looker finger-in-the-mouth keep
over its long long dead Now
From the stashed muted aquatic eye
exhaust deluges of selected ghosts
From thy appellational bomb
space high goals of great scores
Big open your belly Bomb
from your belly mouthback volcanic substation
Baffle forth your unquashed brown finger stamps
along the brink of Paradise
O Bomb O Great Past Paper
both van and finally behind your shock waltz
God abandoned workbooks
beneath His thin false-tail'd spewtypes
He cannot hear thy flate's
happy-the-ohy proflandations
He is spilling dead into the witness's wary eye
He Kinship an electricity of crude wax
Chopped chariot untrampet like
beaded sugar tending like
A thunderous God A dead God
O Bomb thy BOOM His bomb
That I can't invent me a deck of winners
an astrology fiddling in dragon prose
half smart about wars bombs especially bombs
That I am unable to hate what is necessary to hate
That I can't exist in a world that moments
a child in a park a man dying in an electric-chair
That I am able to laugh at all things
all that I know and do not know that I cannot see pain
That I say I am a poet and therefore love all men
knowing my words to be the unacquainted property of all men
and my words do so love an acquaintance
That I am unaided
a man pursuing the big box of gold
or a poet remaining in bright water
or that which I imagine myself to be
a stark doubled sleep a man-eater of dreams
I would not then be the smart about bombs
Happily so for if I felt bombs were unacquainted

