

A pack of red rabbits comes bounding out of a grove at the right. Their ears back. Their bodies a straight line of speed. They are stopped in the air. They strain to another leap. They are compelled to remain motionless. A smile of indifference points their faces. They slowly change to glistening fish. They fall into a long line . . . abreast. They close their eyes and swim towards the river, singing softly in the night.

## MARCOUSSIS

**I**T IS now almost a month since three young cyclists told us that spring was here. Since that evening when they passed along the avenues arm in arm, gentle, in beige trousers, I have seen new signs each day. Yesterday I remembered that the scenic railways appreciate nougat. Tomorrow the wise swallow will be changing his swallow-tail for a summer frock. Today the Opera tottered under its weight of sparrows. A little later the grey hour came out from the windows to go and give a lecture to the poor Czech students. This evening all the glittering signs had a tinge of salmon pink, a ministry had just fallen. Outside the Deux-Magots before Saint-Germain des Prés, Marcoussis offered me his pretty aperitif, towns green and calm in the springtime: the Eiffel Tower and two lemons in a spoon.

Lovely advertising pencil, O Eiffel Tower, smoke writing in an English hand on the asbestos of the sky . . . Citroën would offer any price to make you write "ten horse power." But for us, dear, remain a little faithful, shepherdess of May, remember the wind-mills.

Hope is made from the milk of green lemons. Beautiful Pharaoh, for whom so many women intercede, spring, keep your promises. The swallows are flying away and what will return? A beautiful bird? What sweet beautiful bird? It is called the "Firmament," a beautiful many coloured bird above the mountains.

He came . . . at every flap of his wings rainbows leaped forth, great primroses . . . in the growing shadows the violets died, swollen with repentance. A single hydrangea and this was the earth, overflowing with sweetness.

Marcoussis, in the evening, we have found your guitar, cracked. Each cord had broken in the heart of the night.

**JACQUES VIOT**