

I am fighting furiously with animals and bottles  
In a short time perhaps ten hours have passed one  
after another

The beautiful swimmer who was afraid of coral wakes  
this morning

Coral crowned with holly knocks on her door

Ah! coal again always coal

I conjure you coal tutelary genius of dreams and my  
solitude let me let me speak again of the beautiful  
swimmer who was afraid of coral

No longer tyrannize this seductive subject of my  
dreams

The beautiful swimmer was reposing in a bed of lace  
and birds

The clothes on a chair at the foot of the bed were  
illuminated by gleams the last gleams of coal

The one that had come from the depths of the sky and  
earth and sea was proud of its coral beak and great  
wings of crape

All night long it had followed divergent funerals toward  
suburban cemeteries

It had been to embassy balls marked white satin gowns  
with

its imprint a fern leaf

It had risen terribly before ships and the ships had not  
returned

Now crouched in the chimney it was watching for the  
waking of foam and singing of kettles

Its resounding step had disturbed the silence of nights  
in streets with sonorous pavements

Sonorous coal coal master of dreams coal

Ah tell me where is that beautiful swimmer the swimmer  
who was afraid of coral?

But the swimmer herself has gone back to sleep

And I remain face to face with the fire and shall remain  
through the night interrogating the coal with wings of  
darkness that persists in projecting on my monotonous  
road the shadow of its smoke and the terrible  
reflections of its embers

Sonorous coal coal pitiless coal

