

Jacques Prévert
Paroles



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Paroles Jacques Prévert

Rappelle-toi Barbara

Il pleuvait sans cesse sur Brest ce jour là

Et tu marchais souriante

Épanouie ravie ruisselante

Sous la pluie

Rappelle-toi Barbara...

Oh Barbara

Quelle connerie la guerre

Qu'es-tu devenue maintenant

Sous cette pluie de fer

De feu d'acier et de sang

Et celui qui te serrait dans ses bras

Amoureusement

Est-il mort disparu ou bien encore vivant...

Paroles Details

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From Reader Review Paroles for online ebook

Yann says

Pater noster

Notre Père qui êtes aux cieux
Restez-y
Et nous nous resterons sur la terre
Qui est quelquefois si jolie
Avec ses mystères de New York
Et puis ses mystères de Paris
Qui valent bien celui de la Trinité
Avec son petit canal de l'Ourcq
Sa grande muraille de Chine
Sa rivière de Morlaix
Ses bêtises de Cambrai
Avec son Océan Pacifique
Et ses deux bassins aux Tuileries
Avec ses bons enfants et ses mauvais sujets
Avec toutes les merveilles du monde
Qui sont là
Simplement sur la terre
Offertes à tout le monde
Éparpillées
Émerveillées elles-même d'être de telles merveilles
Et qui n'osent se l'avouer
Comme une jolie fille nue qui n'ose se montrer
Avec les épouvantables malheurs du monde
Qui sont légion
Avec leurs légionnaires
Avec leur tortionnaires
Avec les maîtres de ce monde
Les maîtres avec leurs prêtres leurs traîtres et leurs reîtres
Avec les saisons
Avec les années
Avec les jolies filles et avec les vieux cons
Avec la paille de la misère pourrissant dans l'acier des canons.

Edina Rose says

*Notre père qui est aux cieux.
Restez-y.
Et nous, nous resterons sur la terre*

All-time fav. The reason I like Prevert is the same reason I like Brassens: provocative, non-conformist, talented. Rebel.

Settare says

A book of poetry might take a whole lifetime to read, bit by bit, line by line.
so far I've read about twenty of its poems, but I won't be "currently reading" it non-stop, I go back to it sometimes. So let it be shelved as read.

Jon(athan) Nakapalau says

Beautiful poems that speak of what has been lost - what should stay lost - and what should be found after the war.

W.B. says

If you don't own the City Lights Paroles, do yourself a favor and pick it up.

He's right about Prevert's excesses and failures, and about his genius and relevance too.

Ferlinghetti's translations are for the most part as lucent and as loosey-goosey as the originals in most cases.

When Prevert chooses to be obtuse or clunky, Ferlinghetti respectfully follows.

If you don't understand I'm not being bitchy with what I just wrote, you probably haven't read much Prevert.

It's really the charm of the style; when he chooses to shoot himself in the foot, he does so.

And the reader enjoys it.

There really is no analogous poet in American poetry to Prevert.

You could create a Frankenstein's monster Prevert by synthesizing several American poets (probably a concoction of several early New York School Poets and certainly a brew including Kenneth Koch) I suppose, but it still wouldn't be Prevert.

I would tend to think of painters who remind me of Prevert sooner than other writers and even these would probably be French: Leger, Chagall (okay not originally French but...) and possibly somebody like Foujita.

A painter with an open Parisian heart.

I'm sure animals like that don't exist anymore. They were one of the consolations of the early and mid-twentieth century for all the other horrors it inflicted on the planet.

Usually Prevert is speaking to the entire world, but sometimes he speaks just to the French.

It's not an ignoble thing. They went through a lot together.

Ferlinghetti does a great job of contextualizing how much of this came out of the War, the Resistance and the postwar milieu.

Here's a poem I was rereadin today after quite a few years and admiring again, with Ferlinghetti's translation.

It's a very workable, rather literal translation but I want to argue with Ferlinghetti's choice of the literal translation of the last line, and particularly the last word, of the poem.

"Victor" doesn't really keep the poem dancing in the place between war and love, tournament and horserace, the way "vainqueur" does in the original poem, a mon avis.

I tend to want to translate it as something like "I await he who claims the prize."

That's probably still too stiff and not colloquial enough, but it's closer.

Perhaps the more succinct "I wait to be taken."

Something is needed which brings out the grim humor of the poem the way Prevert does with the closing line.

"I await the victor" is too sincere and sober-faced because of how it reads in English--even though in other contexts that could be a good literal translation of the line.

Just not in Prevert's poem.

Something is needed which makes it quite clear how strange and pregnant the poem is with waiting and how it needs to function in both the realms of les guerres and les amours.

It is an empathetic poem and a cautionary one for women. It's more than a little kick in the ass for anybody who wants to sit at the Penelope loom, man or woman.

This poem so reminds me of Steinarr's poem with the man on the beach, where life is similarly laid out in quick flashes like this. It's on this blog in Icelandic and English; if you want to read it, use the Search feature. And I should have had Steinarr on my list of 100 Books I realized too late!

Le Bouquet

Que faites-vous la petite fille
Avec ces fleurs fraîchement coupees
Que faites-vous la jeune fille
Avec ces fleurs sechees
Que faites-vous la jolie femme
Avec ces fleurs qui se fanent
Que faites-vous la vieille femme
Avec ces fleurs quie meurent

J'attends le vainqueur.

And Ferlinghetti's translation from Paroles...

The Bouquet

What you are doing little girl
With those freshcut flowers
What are you doing there young girl
With those flowers dried flowers
What are you doing pretty woman
With those fading flowers
What are you doing there old dame
With those dying flowers

I await the victor.

Ben says

I had been seeking out Prévert's *Paroles* for the past several years, but I never found it on the shelves of any of my favorite used bookstores. Occasionally, out of desperation, I might purchase a book on Amazon, but that is rare and typically only the case if it is a book that I intend to read for work (i.e., there is some sort of deadline by which I need to read a particular book) or my to-read shelf is running low on choices. But, as neither of these scenarios was the case, I simply did what I often do when seeking out a book (or for that matter an album or film): I waited until I found the book; or perhaps until the book found me, as I feel has sometimes been the case. Anyhow, I finally came across this one in the small poetry section of my new favorite used bookstore and did not hesitate for a moment to buy it, adding it to my handful of Russian classics.

I hesitated even less to read the book, and here's why: (1) I had waited a few years to find it, so it deserved to be pushed up in the to-read queue; (2) I feel that I have read considerably less poetry this year than I have in the past; (3) It is part of the City Lights Pocket Poets Series and any work that is part of that series is likely in some way – great or small – to speak to me and to re-instill in me a way of seeing the world again anew, for “the sad whip of reality” (to borrow a phrase from this book) always seems to beat out of us this way of looking at the world with fresh, innocent eyes; (4) The work is translated by Lawrence Ferlinghetti and even if something is lost in translation (as is always the case) I'd rather it be lost through a poet I greatly admire, like Ferlinghetti, rather than anyone else, for being familiar with his poetry and his worldviews I feel that I can trust him to deliver me some stunning truths and images, which are at least close to Prévert's intention; (5) When glancing at the book I was thrilled with having the French text parallel to Ferlinghetti's English translation; and (6) I already admired Prévert, as a humanist and a film writer (of one of *the* great works of cinema, *Les Enfants du Paradis*, nonetheless), even if I had not previously been all that well acquainted with his work as a poet.

As I drove away from the bookstore, the very poetic cover art drew me in. The book whispered for me to open it. So when I was stopped at a red light I cracked it open and started reading the translator's note. And I was drawn in completely:

I first came upon the poetry of Jacques Prévert written on a paper tablecloth in St. Brieuc in 1944. This so romantic, sentimental circumstance is no doubt at the root of my effort to perpetrate Prévert upon England and America. Bits and pieces of Prévert's poetry have been published in anthologies and periodicals in English, and I have surveyed most of them with a watering eye. Generally, he has suffered atrociously from constipated translation and trivial choice of poems. And the poem on the paper tablecloth is perhaps as typical of the way Prévert got around in France in the mid-forties as it is of his poetry itself – a poetry (his worst critics will tell you) which is perfectly suited to paper tablecloths, and existing always on as fine a line

between sentiment and sentimentality as any that Charlie Chaplin ever teetered on.

What Prévert means to us is naturally quite a different thing than what he has meant to the French. Many of the poems in PAROLES grew out of World War II and the Occupation of France, and it is plain that 'paroles' means both Words and Passwords. Prévert spoke particularly to the French youth immediately after the War, especially those who grew up during the Occupation and felt totally estranged from Church and State. . . . At his best he simply shows you something and lets you draw your own conclusions. At his worst he draws them for you with too maudlin a touch. . . .

I had these images by way of Ferlinghetti in my head before I embarked on Prévert and I read the intro and re-read it at least three times, thrilled with phrases like "constipated translation" (particularly as I've been very interested lately in the art of translation, reading many articles over the past few weeks on the translators of Tolstoy) and later with passages like "Man is destined for joy but there's a permanent conspiracy against it. Prévert always denounces the conspiracy."

Indeed there is a marvelous humanism found in these poems and there is also merit to the claims made by some critics that Prévert is a "Surrealist clown" and "the Picasso of modern French poetry" (though Ferlinghetti argues that these critics' reasons for making such claims are often 'superficial'). Prévert's surrealism comes through in so many poems, but perhaps none so much as "To Paint the Portrait of a Bird" or "Picasso's Promenade." True, Prévert's poems can sometimes seem a bit clownish and, other times, overly sentimental, but at his best he made me laugh, wonder, imagine and, most importantly, feel.

There were too many favorite poems and phrases in this collection to list them all here, but I was particularly fond of "Pater Noster," "Flowers and Wreathes," "Vincent's Lament" and "Picasso's Magic Lantern" (which contained some of the poet's richest imagery). His imagery sprang to life in my mind and I was absolutely delighted with many of these images, albeit as delivered to me through Ferlinghetti's hand. Some of my favorites include the following: "old men with closed faces"; "the sad whip of reality"; "A tall plumber/Dressed for Sunday on Monday"; "The line of chance lost and found broken and straightened/bedecked in the blue rags of necessity"; "A railroad ticket with all its baggage"; "the crimson couch of jealousy"; "A spider's life suspended on a thread"; "The insomnia of a white doll with broken balance and its big glass eyes open forever and ever"; "The obsessive presence of a key hidden under a doormat", etc., etc.

There was a wonderful dreamlike quality to so many of these poems, but there was also sadness, the sadness of a way of life that was dying if not already dead, the sadness of an object lost that one tries desperately to find again.

I don't know how well Ferlinghetti captured the actual poetry of Prévert, but I enjoyed it – it certainly did not feel the least like "constipated translation." I think there is a truth to the statement that Ferlinghetti makes at the end of his translator's note: "A poem can be finished, a translation only abandoned. . . . We tend to forget that English is not a romance language. . . ."

There were times when I would compare aloud the words of Prévert to those of Ferlinghetti (translating Prévert) and I occasionally did stop and think to myself, "It doesn't have the same feel, the same roll off the tongue quality and rhythm." And in closing I will just point out one such case, the aptly titled, "Chanson"/"Song."

*Quel jour sommes-nous
Nous sommes tous les jours
Mon amie
Nous sommes toute la vie
Mon amour*

*Nous nous aimons et nous vivons
Nous vivons et nous nous aimons
Et nous ne savons pas ce que c'est que la vie
Et nous ne savons pas ce que c'est que le jour
Et nous ne savons pas ce que c'est que l'amour.*

*What day is it
It's everyday
My friend
It's all of life
My love
We love each other and we live
We live and we love each other
And do not know what this life is
And do not know what this day is
And do not know what this love is.*

It's still marvelous, but it does not have quite the same feel. Maybe one day I can improve my French enough so that I can read it as it should be read, but if not I will probably return to Ferlinghetti's interpretation of Prévert again somewhere down the road.

Andy says

One of my favorite poets, Prévert constructs simple lines with unforgettable images...
"Where are you going, handsome jailer with the key that's touched in blood?"
"In the merry-go-round of lies the red horse of your smile goes round"
If you like good poetry and you haven't read him yet you owe it to yourself to discover his work.

Χρ?στος says

Το συγκεκριμ?νο βιβλ?ο ?χει μ?σα μερικ? αριστουργ?ματα, ?χει και πολλ? που ε?ναι στα ?ρια του τι μπορε? να θεωρηθε? πο?ηση.

Brandon Alan says

TO PAINT THE PORTRAIT OF A BIRD

First paint a cage
with an open door

then paint
something pretty
something simple
something beautiful
something useful
for the bird
then place the canvas against a tree
in a garden
in a wood
or in a forest
hide behind the tree
without speaking
without moving...
Sometimes the bird comes quickly
but he can just as well spend long years
before deciding
Don't get discouraged
wait
wait years if necessary
the swiftness or slowness of the coming
of the bird having no rapport
with the success of the picture
When the bird comes
if he comes
observe the most profound silence
wait till the bird enters the cage
and when he has entered
gently close the door with a brush
then
paint out all the bars one by one
taking care not to touch any of the feathers of the bird
Then paint the portrait of the tree
choosing the most beautiful of its branches
for the bird
paint also the green foliage and the wind's freshness
the dust of the sun
and the noise of insects in the summer heat
and then wait for the bird to decide to sing
If the bird doesn't sing
it's a bad sign
a sign that the painting is bad
but if he sings it's a good sign
a sign that you can sign
so then so gently you pull out
one of the feathers of the bird
and you write yours name in a corner of the picture.

- Jacques Prevert, translated by Lawrence Ferlinghetti

book woman says

Ce sont magnifiques poèmes. C'est tout!

LE CANCRE

Il dit non avec la tête
mais il dit oui avec le cœur
il dit oui à ce qu'il aime
il dit non au professeur
il est debout
on le questionne
et tous les problèmes sont posés
soudain le fou rire le prend
et il efface tout
les chiffres et les mots
les dates et les noms
les phrases et les pièges
et malgré les menaces du maître
sous les huées des enfants prodiges
avec des craies de toutes les couleurs
sur le tableau noir du malheur
il dessine le visage du bonheur
-Jacques Prévert

Corey says

One of the best books of poems I've read in a while. Startling image after startling image, mixed with pith and wit.

Sean-Paul Thomas says

An old classic and my favorite book of poetry ever :)

????? says

2.5/5

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Barbara

Rappelle-toi Barbara

Il pleuvait sans cesse sur Brest ce jour-là

Et tu marchais souriante

Épanouie ravie ruisselante

Sous la pluie

Rappelle-toi Barbara

Il pleuvait sans cesse sur Brest

Et je t'ai croisée rue de Siam

Tu souriais

Et moi je souriais de même

Rappelle-toi Barbara

Toi que je ne connaissais pas

Toi qui ne me connaissais pas

Rappelle-toi

Rappelle-toi quand même ce jour-là

N'oublie pas

Un homme sous un porche s'abritait

Et il a crié ton nom

Barbara

Et tu as couru vers lui sous la pluie

Ruisselante ravie épanouie

Et tu t'es jetée dans ses bras

Rappelle-toi cela Barbara

Et ne m'en veux pas si je te tutoie

Je dis tu à tous ceux que j'aime

Même si je ne les ai vus qu'une seule fois

Je dis tu à tous ceux qui s'aiment

Même si je ne les connais pas

Rappelle-toi Barbara

N'oublie pas

Cette pluie sage et heureuse

Sur ton visage heureux

Sur cette ville heureuse

Cette pluie sur la mer

Sur l'arsenal

Sur le bateau d'Ouessant

Oh Barbara

Quelle connerie la guerre

Qu'es-tu devenue maintenant

Sous cette pluie de fer

De feu d'acier de sang

Et celui qui te serrait dans ses bras

Amoureusement

Est-il mort disparu ou bien encore vivant

Oh Barbara

Il pleut sans cesse sur Brest

Comme il pleuvait avant
Mais ce n'est plus pareil et tout est abimé
C'est une pluie de deuil terrible et désolée
Ce n'est même plus l'orage
De fer d'acier de sang
Tout simplement des nuages
Qui crèvent comme des chiens
Des chiens qui disparaissent
Au fil de l'eau sur Brest
Et vont pourrir au loin
Au loin très loin de Brest
Dont il ne reste rien.

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23/01/2018

mwpm says

He says no with his head
bu he says yes with his heart
he says yes to what he loves
he says no to the teacher
he stands
he is questioned
and all the problems are posed
sudden laughter seizes him
and he erases all
the words and figures
names and dates
sentences and snares
and despite the teacher's threats
to the jeers of infant prodigies
with chalk of every colour
on the blackboard of misfortune
he draws the face of happiness.

- **The Duncie**, pg. 15

* * *

The mother does knitting
The son fights the war

She finds this quite natural the mother
And the father what does he do the father?
He does business
His wife does knitting
His son the war
He business
He find this quite natural the father
And the son and the son
What does the son find the son?
He finds absolutely nothing the son
His mother does knitting his father business he war
When he finishes the war
He'll go into business with his father
The war continues the mother continues she knits
The father continues he does business
The son is killed he continues no more
The father and the mother go to the graveyard
They find this quite natural the father and mother
Life continues life with knitting war business
Business war knitting war
Business business business
Life with the graveyard.

- **Familial**, pg. 26

* * *

He put the coffee
In the cup
He put the milk
In the cup of coffee
He put the sugar
In the *café au lait*
With the coffee spoon
He stirred
He drank the *café au lait*
And he set down the cup
Without a word to me
He lit
A cigarette
He made smoke-rings
With the smoke
He put the ashes
In the ash-tray
Without a word to me
Without a look at me
He got up
He put
His hat upon his head
He put his raincoat on
Because it was raining

And he left
In the rain
Without a word
Without a look at me
And I I took
My head in my hand
And I cried.

- **Breakfast**, pg. 31

* * *

At each mile
each year
old men with closed faces
point out the road to children
with gestures of reinforced concrete.

- **The Straight and Narrow Road**, pg. 37

* * *

In merrygoround of lies
The red horse of your smile
Goes round
And I stand rooted there
With the sad whip of reality
And I have nothing to say
Your smile is as true
As my home truths

- **The Red Horse**, pg. 45

* * *

What are you doing little girl
With those freshcut flowers
What are you doing there young girl
With those flowers fried flowers
What are you doing pretty woman
With those fading fowers
What are you doing there old dame
With those dying flowers

I await the victor.

- **The Bouquet**, pg. 51

* * *

Near the end of an extremely important discourse
the great man of state stumbling
on a beautiful hollow phrase
falls over it
and undone with gaping mouth
gasping
shows his teeth
and the dental decay of his peaceful reasoning
exposes the nerve of war
the delicate question of money

- **The Discourse on Peace**, pg. 59

* * *

Keep out of it
everything is fixed in advance
the match is faked
and when he appears in the ring
surrounded by kleig lights
they'll loudly intone the Te Deum
and even before you're out of your corner
they'll peal the bell for you
they'll throw the sacred sponge
in your face
and you won't have time to fly in his feathers
they'll snow you under
and he'll hit you below the belt
and you'll take the count
your arms stupidly stretched in a cross
in the sawdust
and never again will you be able to make love

- **The Combat with the Angel**, pg. 61

Anh Quan says

love the poems
les mi feuilleton-mi nouvelle-mi poeme, pas trop

P.E. says

Matching Soundtrack :

Les Feuilles Mortes - Yves Montand

Teresa Proença says

Jacques Prévert, poeta e argumentista francês, nasceu em 1900 e morreu em 1977.

Palavras foi o seu primeiro livro de poemas o qual obteve grande sucesso, apesar, ou, por não se enquadrar nas regras "normais" deste género literário.

Recorrendo a trocadilhos e aliteraões, Prévert faz das palavras música; joga com elas e tece, com ironia mordaz, críticas à igreja, à guerra, à família, ao Homem...

A maioria dos poemas são muito longos, ocupando várias páginas. Seleccionei dois pequenos, de que gostei muito. E uma canção...

1. "PARA TI MEU AMOR

*Fui à feira dos pássaros
E comprei pássaros
Para ti
meu amor
Fui à feira das flores
E comprei flores
Para ti
meu amor
Fui à feira da sucata
E comprei correntes
Pesadas correntes
Para ti
meu amor
E depois fui à feira dos escravos
E procurei-te
Mas não te encontrei
meu amor"*

2. "VIDA EM FAMÍLIA

*A mãe faz tricô
O filho faz a guerra
A mãe acha isso natural
E o pai? O que faz o pai?
Faz negócios
A mulher faz tricô
O filho a guerra
E ele negócios
O pai acha isso natural
E o filho e o filho
O que é que o filho acha?
Não acha nada absolutamente nada
Acha que a mãe faz tricô que o pai faz negócios e que ele faz a guerra
Depois de fazer a guerra
Fará negócios com o pai
A guerra continua a mãe continua a tricotar*

O pai continua a fazer negócios
O filho foi morto já não continua
O pai e a mãe vão ao cemitério
O pai e a mãe acham isso natural
A vida continua a vida com o tricô, com a guerra, com os negócios
Os negócios a guerra o tricô a guerra
Os negócios os negócios e os negócios
A vida com o cemitério."

3. Poema de Prévert (que não está em *Palavras*) na voz de Edith Piaf: *Les Feuilles Mortes*
<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=8SJ1Qsr...>

Marque says

I read this book of poems again and again every couple of years. They are so moving, both the original french and the English translations. I don't know if I can adequately describe it. The poems make me feel exhilaration like the world is mine to conquer, but at the same time that exhilaration turns into overwhelming grief and anxiety. Then when read in the context of children and teenagers coming to age in an occupied France, it's hard for me to stop reading it like I'm trying to breathe the words into my lungs.

Lucrezia says

Recensire Prévert
sotto la pioggia
alla luce di una candela
fra gli effluvi degli olii essenziali
gemiti, pianti, urla e ghiaccio
fra fratelli che cadono,
dal nulla e per nulla,
come pere...

Bene ,direi che mi ha contagiata abbastanza. Prima che il poveretto si rivolti nella tomba per le mie ,evidentemente, scarse doti poetiche, meglio che passi a parlare di lui, che un poeta lo era e, sicuramente, migliore .

Che si può dire di una raccolta come paroles? Amavo Prévert già da prima, avendo letto una raccolta delle sue poesie , ma leggere determinate poesie nel contesto da cui sono effettivamente state tratte è stato completamente diverso...

Paroles è una raccolta figlia del suo tempo, e di certo Prévert non si astraeva dalla realtà che lo circondava scrivendola. Vi si respira esattamente l' aria che si poteva respirare a Parigi e in Francia nella seconda metà degli anni trenta (immediatamente prima della guerra) e nella prima metà degli anni quaranta (durante e dopo di questa).Alcune poesie sono allusivamente (ma mica tanto poi) critiche, al clima che c' era in quel periodo (e sono guarda caso le più lunghe) ciononostante, per alcuni temi ,ancora così terribilmente attuali.Altre ancora criticano la chiesa ,in maniera abbastanza esplicita, dipingendo perfettamente la corruzione che vigeva al Vaticano (e mica solo in quel periodo). Altre ancora sono chiaramente d' impronta

socialista :

-Tempo Perso

Sulla porta dell'officina
d'improvviso si ferma l'operaio
la bella giornata l'ha tirato per la giacca
e non appena volta lo sguardo
per osservare il sole
tutto rosso tutto tondo
sorridente nel suo cielo di piombo
fa l'occhiolino
familiarmente
Dimmi dunque compagno Sole
davvero non ti sembra
che sia un pò da coglione
regalare una giornata come questa
ad un padrone?

(Poesia che fra l' altro conoscevo da molto prima e che spesso recitavo fra me e me in quelle giornate che ritenevo inutile e tediose nella mia vita da studente liceale , sulla soglia dell' odiato edificio , quando fuori magari c' era un tempo da gitarella nei prati)

E altre fra cui anche le mie preferite che parlano di un sentimento che Prévert ,come tutti poeti, conosce molto bene. Se poi questo sentimento lo uniamo alla pioggia e alla guerra ,otteniamo una delle poesie più belle che io abbia mai letto: (e ,che con la pioggia che cade proprio ora fuori dalla mia finestra ,mi è particolarmente caro rievocare)

-Barbara

Ricordati Barbara
Pioveva senza tregua quel giorno su Brest
E tu camminavi sorridente
Raggiante rapita grondante, sotto la pioggia
Ricordati Barbara
Pioveva senza tregua su Brest
E t'ho incontrata in rue de Siam
E tu sorridevi, e sorridevo anche io
Ricordati Barbara
Tu che io non conoscevo
Tu che non mi conoscevi
Ricordati, ricordati comunque di quel giorno
Non dimenticare
Un uomo si riparava sotto un portico
E ha gridato il tuo nome
Barbara
E tu sei corsa incontro a lui sotto la pioggia
Grondante rapita raggiante
Gettandoti tra le sue braccia
Ricordati di questo Barbara

E non volermene se ti do del tu
Io do del tu a tutti quelli che amo
Anche se non li ho visti che una sola volta
Io do del tu a tutti quelli che si amano
Anche se non li conosco
Ricordati Barbara, non dimenticare
Questa pioggia buona e felice
Sul tuo viso felice
Su questa città felice
Questa pioggia sul mare, sull'arsenale
Sul battello d' Ouessant
Oh barbara, che cazzata la guerra
E cosa sei diventata adesso
Sotto questa pioggia di ferro
Di fuoco acciaio e sangue
E lui che ti stringeva fra le braccia
Amorosamente
È forse morto disperso o invece vive ancora
Oh Barbara
Piove senza tregua su Brest
Come pioveva prima
Ma non è più così e tutto si è guastato
È una pioggia di morte desolata e crudele
Non è nemmeno più bufera
Di ferro acciaio sangue
Ma solamente nuvole
Che schiattano come cani
Come cani che spariscono
Seguendo la corrente su Brest
E scappano lontano a imputridire
Lontano lontano da Brest
Dove non c'è più niente

Vogliamo poi considerare quando si mette a parlare di amore a Parigi:

-Paris at night

Tre fiammiferi uno dopo l'altro accesi nella notte
Il primo per vedere intero il volto tuo
il secondo per vedere gli occhi tuoi
l'ultimo per vedere la tua bocca
e l'oscurità completa per ricordarmi queste immagini
Mentre ti stringo a me tra le mie braccia.

-Immenso e rosso

Immenso e rosso
Sopra il Grand Palais
Il sole d'inverno viene
E se ne va

Come lui il mio cuore sparirà
E tutto il mio sangue se ne andrà
Se ne andrà in cerca di te
Amore mio
Bellezza mia
E ti ritroverà
Là dove tu sarai.

-Il giardino

Mille anni e poi mille
Non possono bastare
Per dire
La microeternità
Di quando m'hai baciato
Di quando t'ho baciata
Un mattino nella luce dell'inverno
Al Parc Montsouris a Parigi
A Parigi
Sulla terra
Sulla terra che è un astro.

Ma ci sono anche poesie che parlano di una regione splendida quasi mitica , qual ' è la Bratagna come per esempio "Ritorno al Paese o la mia preferita sopra tutte (che riporto anche in francese, perché in lingua originale ha un suono inarrivabile):

-Sabbie mobili

Demoni e meraviglie
Venti e maree
Lontano di già' si e' ritirato il mare
E tu
Come alga dolcemente accarezzata dal vento
Nella sabbia del tuo letto ti agiti sognando
Demoni e meraviglie
Venti e maree
Lontano di già' si e' ritirato il mare
Ma nei tuoi occhi socchiusi
Due piccole onde son rimaste
Demoni e meraviglie
Venti e maree
Due piccole onde per annegarmi.

-Sables Mouvants

Démons et merveilles
Vents et marées
Au loin déjà la mer s'est retirée

Et toi
Comme une algue doucement caressée par le vent
Dans les sables du lit tu remues en rêvant
Démons et merveilles
Vents et marées
Au loin déjà la mer s'est retirée
Mais dans tes yeux entrouverts
Deux petites vagues sont restées
Démons et merveilles
Vents et marées
Deux petites vagues pour me noyer.

Insomma secondo me di questi tempi c'è troppa carenza di poesia, e anche chi legge ne legge poca, forse è per questo che siamo così grigi ... Bisogna rimediare....

Fede says

Where to start?

Maybe by saying that Prévert achieved in poetry what Picasso achieved in art: the perfection of polymorphism.

This is his first collection of poems, released in 1946; and yet we can already appreciate the whole range of his fully developed skills and interests.

As the Spanish genius mastered any style and technique with the same ease in visual art, Prévert has been able to explore here any possible dimension of poetry, from a well known politically committed realism (the grotesque description of a presidential dinner, in which intellectuals, politicians and wealthy industrialists look like macabre puppets or masks) to his famous odes to love, both physical ("Alicante") and lyrical ("Cet Amour", This love); from funny wordplays with erotic undertones to merciless 'j'accuse' denouncing the tragic hypocrisy of our social, political and religious institutions (the ferociously hilarious story of the French worker who goes to Rome and meets the Pope...). "Paroles" is the beginning of an intense relationship with the inner truth of Life, the shameless attitude of a man walking on the streets and looking around at the people, the houses, the changing landscape of a city he identifies with the whole world in his pantheistic sense of empathy.

War was over in 1946, after having scattered its load of material and human debris all over the world. The city was being enthusiastically rebuilt, whereas the spiritual wounds of the souls had been left open and bleeding: loss, disenchantment, moral abasement, bewilderment. The poet perceives the all-pervading violence dooming the world, a violence beyond the war tragedy in itself, displayed in numberless abuses and acts of injustice. "L'Effort humain", Human effort, is an elegy to the humble people of any time, men and women who live to build the world in which we grow and die to be utterly forgotten and replaced ("Chanson dans le sang", Song in blood). Prévert's social commitment is not merely part of a political belief, though: it's urgent and honest, an impulse both of his soul and rational mind.

The poet is often called atheist. This is not exact. Prévert is obviously not a fervent believer in any traditional cult, seen as an anachronistic display of superstition or overt repression, walking hand in hand with the Kings -and destroyers- of this World. But there is so much more than this, something different and moving: the

poet's atheism is actually a deeper tension toward a true spirituality, although bound to his earthly affection for mankind ("Pater noster"); it is a dream of peace, both intimate and universal, a new spiritual childhood of the heart what he claims for in these wonderful poems of hope and sorrow.

As always in Prévert, Love is the only way leading to our redemption. Love in all its manifestations and intensity, body and soul. It is so pure that it transcends the boundaries of individual life, so that "Cet amour" culminates in what can be considered the atheistic prayer of the most devoted of men:

'I beg you
For you for me for all who love each other
And who loved each other
Yes I cry out to it
For you for me and for all the others
That I don't know
Stay here
There where you are
There where you were in the past
Stay here
Don't move
Don't go away
We who loved each other
We've forgotten you
Don't forget us
We had only you on the earth
Don't let us become cold
Always so much farther away
And anywhere
Give us a sign of life
Much later on a dark night
In the forest of memory
Appear suddenly
Hold your hand out to us
And save us.'

All our relationships -with their delights and regrets, expectations and delusions- all our bursts or needs of passion, desire, tenderness: this is what remains when grief, anger, selfishness, fear are wiped away and our eyes can finally see through the fog.

Here is the true community of mankind. Once again, poetry opens the door and lets us in.
