



Less time than it takes to say it, less tears than it takes to die;
I've taken account of everything, there you have it.

I've made a census of the stones, they are as numerous as my
fingers and some others;

I've distributed some pamphlets to the plants, but not all were
willing to accept them.

I've kept company with music for a second only and now I no longer know what to
think of suicide, for if I ever want to part from myself, the exit is on this side and, I
add mischievously, the entrance, the re-entrance is on the other.

You see what you still have to do. Hours, grief, I don't keep a reasonable account
of them;

I'm alone, I look out of the window; there is no passerby, or rather no one passes
(underline passes).

You don't know this man? It's Mr. Same. May I introduce Madam Madam? And
their children. Then I turn back on my steps, my steps turn back too, but I don't
know exactly what they turn back on.

I consult a schedule; the names of the towns have been replaced by the names of
people who have been quite close to me.

Shall I go to A, return to B, change at X? Yes, of course I'll change at X.

Provided I don't miss the connection with boredom!

There we are: boredom, beautiful parallels, ah! how beautiful the parallels are
under God's perpendicular.

How would you answer the questions?

1. Does this poem have a structure?
2. How do you think Breton was writing this poem?
3. Is it easy to read?
4. Is it easy to comprehend?
5. How is this poem different from any other poems you've read?