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"Zone"

Poem written by Guillaume Apollinaire

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Artist book in

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Now you are on the Mediterranean shore  
Under the citrus trees that all year flower  
With your feet on the boat you feel and look  
To the sea and the sky and the sea and the sky  
The sea and the sky and the sea and the sky  
And among the olive and mulberry groves of the South

You are in a suburb of Prague in a hotel garden  
You feel quite happy there's a rose on the table  
Instead of waiting you. The tale in prose  
To examine the camera that sleeps in the red foot  
The rose

Disregard you see yourself with need in St. Vitus square  
That day you were so sad you stood at dawn square  
You Jew in the Lateran 1938. Banned by the night  
The hands of the clock in the Jewish quarter  
Backward and you also slowly return to you - The  
Chimney to the Marching you hear at night  
Creak songs in the tower

Here you are at Marseilles among the melons  
Here you are at Coblenz the Hotel du Geant  
At Rome beneath a Japanese medlar tree  
In Amsterdam with a girl you think is pretty  
She ugly and engaged to a student from Leyden  
Rooms for rent subarula Lucanda  
Three days I remember there and as many at Gowda  
You are at Paris you have been arrested  
And dragged to justice like a criminal

You have made grievous and painful voyages  
Before seeing through the lie and what the eye is  
You suffered from that of twenty and at the by eye  
Have lived like a fool and sent  
My time down the drain  
You no longer dare to look at your hands  
At any moment I could start crying  
For you for the one I love for all that  
You found terrifying.

You regard with tearful eyes the wretched migrants  
They believe in God they pray the women wise like the old  
They fill with their smell the station of Saint Lazare  
Like the mugs they have faith in their stars  
They hope to make some money in the Argentine  
And come back to their country with a fortune  
The family carries a sad quilt like a heart  
That ends down and out means a world apart  
Some of these migrants will rent a hole here  
On rue des Rosiers or rue des Écoles  
I've often seen them at evening out in the air  
Like checker pieces moving in starts and fits  
They're mostly Jews their bearded women sit  
Like mummies in the back rooms of the stores





