

Indications :

Documents de deux pages au format paysage avec marges de 22 mm ;
Polices de référence : Times, taille 10 pt, (sauf 8 pt pour ces indications, en rouge et encadrées) ;
Le texte est centré dans l'en-tête, qui contient l'image "Project Gutenberg" ;
Le texte est aussi centré dans le pied-de-page, avec un numéro de page automatique ;
Les textes en gras sont aussi en Arial 12pt ; les textes en Italiques sont justifiés ;
Le retrait de lignes suivantes des strophes du poème est de 5 mm ;
Une strophe ne doit pas être coupée par un changement de ligne ou de colonne ;
L'image de coquelicot ci-contre provient de l'exercice de PréAO.



Francis Thompson (16 December 1859 – 13 November 1907) was an English poet and ascetic. After attending college, he moved to London to become a writer, but in menial work, became addicted to opium, and was a street vagrant for years. A married couple read his poetry and rescued him, publishing his first book, Poems in 1893. Francis Thompson lived as an unbalanced invalid in Wales and at Storrington, but wrote three books of poetry, with other works and essays, before dying of tuberculosis in 1907.

(<http://en.wikipedia.org>)

Francis Thompson: The Poppy

SUMMER set lip to earth's bosom bare,
And left the flush'd print in a poppy there;
Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came,
And the fanning wind puff'd it to flapping flame.

With burnt mouth red like a lion's it drank
The blood of the sun as he slaughter'd sank,
And dipp'd its cup in the purpurate shine
When the eastern conduits ran with wine.

Till it grew lethargied with fierce bliss,
And hot as a swinked gipsy is,
And drowsed in sleepy savageries,
With mouth wide a-pout for a sultry kiss.

A child and man paced side by side,
Treading the skirts of eventide;
But between the clasp of his hand and hers
Lay, felt not, twenty wither'd years.

She turn'd, with the rout of her dusk South hair,
And saw the sleeping gipsy there;
And snatch'd and snapp'd it in swift child's whim,
With – 'Keep it, long as you live!' – to him.

And his smile, as nymphs from their laving meres,
Trembled up from a bath of tears;
And joy, like a mew sea-rock'd apart,
Toss'd on the wave of his troubled heart.

For he saw what she did not see,
That – as kindled by its own fervency –
The verge shrivell'd inward smoulderingly:

And suddenly 'twixt his hand and hers
He knew the twenty wither'd years –
No flower, but twenty shrivell'd years.

.../...

From "The Book of English Verse" (#875)



'Was never such thing until this hour,'
Low to his heart he said; 'the flower
Of sleep brings wakening to me,
And of oblivion memory.'

'Was never this thing to me,' he said,
'Though with bruised poppies my feet are red!'
And again to his own heart very low:
'O child! I love, for I love and know;

'But you, who love nor know at all
The diverse chambers in Love's guest-hall,
Where some rise early, few sit long:
In how differing accents hear the throng
His great Pentecostal tongue;

'Who know not love from amity,
Nor my reported self from me;
A fair fit gift is this, meseems,
You give – this withering flower of dreams.

'O frankly fickle, and fickle true,
Do you know what the days will do to you?
To your Love and you what the days will do,
O frankly fickle, and fickle true?

'You have loved me, Fair, three lives – or days:
'Twill pass with the passing of my face.
But where I go, your face goes too,
To watch lest I play false to you.

I am but, my sweet, your foster-lover,
Knowing well when certain years are over
You vanish from me to another;
Yet I know, and love, like the foster-mother.

'So frankly fickle, and fickle true!
For my brief life-while I take from you
This token, fair and fit, meseems,
For me – this withering flower of dreams.'

The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,
Heavy with dreams, as that with bread:
The goodly grain and the sun-flush'd sleeper
The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.

I hang 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread:
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap, but after the reaper
The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper!

Love! love! your flower of wither'd dream
In leaved rhyme lies safe, I deem,
Shelter'd and shut in a nook of rhyme,
From the reaper man, and his reaper Time.

Love! I fall into the claws of Time:
But lasts within a leaved rhyme
All that the world of me esteems –
My wither'd dreams, my wither'd dreams.

Project Gutenberg, abbreviated as PG, is a volunteer effort to digitize and archive cultural works, to "encourage the creation and distribution of eBooks." Founded in 1971 by Michael S. Hart, it is the oldest digital library. Most of the items in its collection are the full texts of public domain books. The project tries to make these as free as possible, in long-lasting, open formats that can be used on almost any computer. As of December 2009, Project Gutenberg claimed over 30,000 items in its collection. Project Gutenberg is affiliated with many projects that are independent organizations which share the same ideals, and have been given permission to use the Project Gutenberg trademark.

(<http://en.wikipedia.org>)