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The Poet
Georges Godeau

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THE POET

The guard at the library is twenty. He's tall and blond like a poplar and his eyes are like holes in the sky. Today he couldn't stop himself. "Are you the poet?" I shrugged and answered, "like you, like everyone." He blushed as if to say some are great, some small.

We were able to agree that there are poets, nothing more, and since then I have a friend in the building.

Translated from the French
by **Daniel Biggs**