

Frank Martin: Quartre sonnets à Cassandre (Four Sonnets to Cassandre)
(English prose versions by Eric Crozier)

When you are seated along,
preoccupied with your thoughts,
your head bowed,
happy in your isolations,
sometimes I long to invade your privacy
and to speak – but my voice
would tremble too much,
so I keep silent.

I cannot bear the brightness of your gaze.
I shake with fear,
unable to express my feelings.

Only my sighs, only my sorrowful
countenance,
can affirm the extent of my passion.