

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.