

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Boris Vian**

**- poems -**

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## **I wouldn't want to die (Je voudrais pas crever)**

Before having known  
The black mexican dogs  
Who sleep without dreaming  
The butt-naked monkeys  
Gobbling up tropics  
The silver spiders in  
Webs riddled with bubbles  
I wouldn't want to die  
Not knowing if the moon  
Behind its fake nickel look  
Has a sharper side  
If the sun is cold  
If the four seasons  
Are really only four  
Not having tried  
To wear a dress  
On the boulevards  
Not having peeped  
Through a sewer peephole  
Not having put my dick  
Inside weirdo corners  
I wouldn't want to end  
Without experiencing leprosy  
Or the seven diseases  
One catches over there  
Neither the good nor the bad  
Would cause me some sorrow  
If if if I knew that  
I would get it firsthand  
And there iz also  
Everything I know  
Everything I like  
That I know that I like  
The green bottom of the sea  
Where the seaweeds waltz  
On the rippled sand  
The burnt grass in June  
The crackling earth  
The smell of conifers  
And the kisses of the one  
She's this and she's that  
The belle here she comes  
My bearcub, Ursula  
I wouldn't want to die  
Before having used up  
Her mouth with my mouth  
Her body with my hands  
The rest with my eyes  
I say no more one should  
Remain polite  
I wouldn't want to fade  
Without someone inventing

Eternal roses  
The two hour day  
The sea at the mountain  
The mountain at the sea  
The end of pain  
Newspapers in color  
All children happy  
And so many other tricks  
That sleep inside the brains  
Of genius engineers  
Of jovial gardeners  
Of concerned socialists  
Of urban urbanists  
And of thoughtful thinkers  
So many things to see  
To see and to hear  
So much time to wait  
Searching in the dark  
And me I see the end  
It swarms and it comes closer  
With its ugly face  
And it opens its arms to me  
Like a cripplety frog  
I wouldn't want to die  
No sir no madam  
Before having tested  
The taste which torments me  
The taste which is the strongest  
I wouldn't want to die  
Before having tasted  
The flavour of death...

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