

**Salimbanques**  
poem by Apollinaire

The strollers in the plain  
walk the length of gardens  
before the doors of grey inns  
through villages without churches

And the children gone before  
The others follow dreaming  
Each fruit tree resigns itself  
When they signal from afar

They have burdens round or square  
drums and golden tambourines  
Apes and bears wise animals  
gather coins as they progress