

The Resurrection

by [Paul Claudel](#), translated by Alexander Burdge in the [April 2023](#) issue

There was no way that this silence of all the centuries before me would continue.

There was no way any longer to say that this interrogated earth was silent.

The stars began in an uproar to tell each other what they had seen.

The earth has broken its silence and begins suddenly to reveal its secrets.

The sun is not yet risen: there remains an hour yet of this vast solitude.

To guard the tomb, there are only these multitudes of vigilant stars in arms from Pole to Pole;

And suddenly, in the moonlight, in an enormous cluster in the steeple,

In the middle of the night, the bells begin to sound.

This is no human speech, it is the triumph, the great vintage of all the stars in the sky.

It is the liberated earth, sounding its solemn cry toward God.

It is the half-undressed soul, making its delirious exclamation.

It is the dead of all the cemeteries, half-alive, mingling with these great babbling bells.