

## SPRING IS FORGETTING US

- Text by Simon Burgers, based on quotes from letters by Frédéric Chopin -

*Misfortune must be very powerful today if it can forbid your heart to listen!*

Misfortune must be very powerful today if it can forbid your heart to listen. Don't go and dream that I died, I have already outlived so many younger and more vigorous people that I imagine I am immortal. Listen! I become a wet blanket to everyone. I am in fact becoming as gentle as a new-born babe and if anyone wanted to take me around on leading-strings I should be very happy - Send me a few lines.

I know I have never been of any use to anyone, and indeed not much use to myself. It is not my fault if I am like a mushroom which seems edible but which poisons you if you pick it and taste it, taking it to be something else. When I am exhausted, I am anything but cheerful, and I am stuck, and if it goes on like that, my new productions will neither give the impression of warbling birds nor even of broken china - Spring is forgetting us.

The earth is as black as my heart; the sky is as lovely as your soul.  
(And now I dream when wide-awake.)

I could throw off the thoughts which poisons my happiness, but I take a kind of pleasure in indulging them. But what can I do? It's no use running one's head against a brick wall.

I am living in the cell of some old monk who perhaps had more fire in his soul than I have. I had to look on while she, continually harassed, nursed my bed, tidied my room, prepared hot drinks. She deprived herself of everything for me. But what can I do? It's no use running one's head against a brick wall. I often knocked at the door of her soul without finding anyone at home! Listen - Spring is forgetting us.

They have removed your flowers. No violets, jonquils or narcissi in the little garden.

Send me a few lines...

*Spring is forgetting us!*