John Pilling and Seán Lawlor’s 2012 edition of Beckett’s *Collected Poems* was a significant moment in our understanding of the canon of Beckett’s poetry, but where his translations are concerned this majestic volume falls somewhat short of completeness. Among the omissions is a series of (unsigned) translations from Pierre Reverdy published in *transition* 50. By the time of Beckett’s translations Reverdy had abandoned Paris for a Benedictine monastery in Solesmes, but remained one of the most vital presences in the French poetry of his time. He was also an important figure for the New York poets (‘my heart is in my / pocket, it is Poems by Pierre Reverdy’, as Frank O’Hara wrote), bridging the worlds of American and French poetry in ways that (largely) did not happen in post-war Britain and Ireland. Beckett’s encounter with Reverdy is a reminder of his generative influence on Beckett’s own poems from this period.

Like Beckett’s Apollinaire, his Reverdy is an important mediating influence between the pre-war English-language poetry of *Echo’s Bones* and the French lyrics that followed. Appropriately, then, images of doorways, hinges, and thresholds abound. Reverdy’s is an ekphrastic poetics, richly visual but pushing its visual world towards pure abstraction. His aesthetic of discontinuity and rupture is strongly in tune with that of the correspondence that Beckett was then pursuing with Georges Duthuit, who contributes a short story to the same issue of *transition*. At a time when Beckett’s writing was setting out across unknown thresholds, linguistic as much as conceptual, with no clear idea what it might find there, it is not an accident that he should have found Reverdy’s work so congenial a *vade-mecum*. We have much to learn about Beckett, and Reverdy too, from these intriguing and neglected translations.