

DEAN YOUNG

The Death of André Breton

Only page 200 and already Breton's
finding it impossible to reconcile
life to his ideal. If only he could feel
my old dog drinking from his cupped palms.
If only some fog was still alive in him,
he wouldn't be making the marvelous
so uninhabitable even Desnos with his cortex
of starfish expelled. Forgive us, André,
and forgive yourself. We tried to dictate
a nocturnal manifesto to the bomb-blast
but children's laughter keeps ripping
camellias in our darkness, the tips
of our bodies turning green. Do you think
the dirt disapproves of anything? Nothing rots
underground, the brain seeps autumnal garlands
like those late Sinatra songs where he's hungover
just enough to sound husky and roughed-up
like a butterfly caught in a downpour.
Yes, the height of civilization is still
guided tours of prisons so surely now
is no time to be serious. Look how frantically
the hearts of these roses beat. Look
at those party-boats in the sky. Yes,
we all come into this world through a wound.
The soft thing tips, monsters arrive
with the light and what a struggle
just to stand up while the clouds break,
crickets quiet, flames come to the tongue
and the thorax is ransacked by bells bells bells.