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.