

19+1
SHORT WRITINGS
by
ANDRE BRETON

brief poems and prose poem pieces
available independently in script form
for use for festival
by anyone who wants to pick any of them up

The Mysterious Corset

My dear lady listeners,

because we've seen some **in all colors**
Splendid maps, *high-lighted*, Venice

The furniture in my room used to be fastened solidly to
the walls and I'd have myself strapped into it to write:

I've found my sea legs

we're members of a kind of emotional **Touring Club**

A CASTLE INSTEAD OF A HEAD

it's the Charity Bazaar too
Entertaining games for all ages:
Poetry games, etc.

I hold Paris like—if I may unveil the future to you--
your open hand

her elegant figure.

ANGLE OF SIGHT

A burst of laughter
in sapphire from the Island of Ceylon

The prettiest straws
HAVE PALE FACES
UNDER LOCK AND KEY

on an isolated farm
DAY BY DAY
the pleasant
grows worse

A well-paved road
leads you to the edge of the unknown

coffee
looks out for number one
THE DAILY ARTISAN OF YOUR BEAUTY

MADAM.

a pair
of silk stockings
is not

A leap into the void
A KITE

Love, first
It could all turn out so well
PARIS IS JUST A BIG TOWN

Watch out for
The fire smoldering beneath
THE PRAYER
Of fine weather

Know that
Ultra-violet rays
have completed their task

Short and sweet

THE FIRST WHITE NEWSPAPER
OF CHANCE
Red will be

The wandering minstrel
WHERE IS HE?
in memory
in his house
AT THE LOVERS' BALL

I do
as I dance

What has been done, what will be done

--ANDRE BRETON

from SOLUBLE FISH

In those days the one thing people were all talking about
around the place de la Bastille
was an enormous wasp
that went down the boulevard Richard-Lenoir in the morning
singing at the top of its lungs
and asking the children riddles.

The little modern sphinx had already made quite a few victims when,
as I left the cafe whose facade some thought
would look good with a cannon,
although the Prison in the neighborhood may pass today
for a legendary building,
I met the wasp with the waist of a pretty woman
and it asked me the way.

“Good heavens, my pretty one,
it is not up to me to put a point on your lipstick.

The sky-slate has just been wiped clean
and you know that miracles no longer happen
except between seasons.

Go back home;
you live on the fourth floor of a nice-looking building
and even though your windows look out on the court,
you will perhaps find some way not to bother me anymore.”

The insect's buzzing, as unbearable as a lung congestion,
at this moment drowned out the noise of the tram-ways,
whose trolley was a dragonfly.

The wasp, after having looked at me for a long time,
no doubt for the purpose of conveying to me its ironical surprise,
now approached me and said in my ear:
“I'll be back.”

It did disappear, as a matter of fact,
and I was already delighted to be rid of it so easily
when I noticed that the Genius of the place,
ordinarily very alert,
seemed to be having an attack of vertigo
and be on the verge of falling on people passing by.

This could only be a hallucination on my part,
due to the great heat:
the sun, moreover, kept me from concluding
that there had been a sudden transmission of natural powers,
for it was like a long aspen leaf,
and I had only to close my eyes to hear the motes of dust sing.

The wasp, whose approach had nonetheless
made me feel most uncomfortable
(people for several days now had been talking
about the exploits of mysterious stingers
that respected neither the coolness of subways
nor the solitude of the woods),
had not completely ceased having her say.

Not far from there,
the Seine was inexplicably carrying along
an adorably polished woman's torso,
although it had no head or members,
and a few hooligans who had pointed it out not long before
maintained that this torso was an intact body,
but a new body, a body such as had never been seen before,
never been caressed before.

The police, who were worn out,
were deeply moved,
but since the boat that had been launched to pursue the new Eve
had never come back,
they had given up a second more costly expedition,
and there had been an unconfirmed report
that the beautiful palpitating white breasts
had never belonged to a living creature of the sort
that still haunts our desires.

She was beyond our desires, like flames,
and she was, as it were,
the first day of the feminine season of flame,
just one March twenty-first of snow and pearls.

COUNTERFEIT COIN

To Benjamin Peret

From the vase of crystal made in Bohemia
From the vase of cry
From the vase of cry
From the vase of
Of crystal
From the vase of crystal made in Bohemia
Bohemia
Bohemia
Of crystal made in Bohemia
Bohemia
Bohemia
Bohemia
Hem hem yes Bohemia
From the vase of crystal made in Bo Bo
From the vase of crystal made in Bohemia
To the bubbles you blew as a child
You blew
You blew
Ew
Ew
You blew
You blew as a child
From the vase of crystal made in Bohemia

THE REPTILE HOUSEBURGLARS

To Janine

On the clothes reel in the courtyard
little Marie had just hung out the laundry to dry.

It was a succession of still-recent dates:
that of her mother's marriage
(the beautiful wedding dress had been torn to pieces),
a baptism,
the curtains of her little brother's crib laughed in the wind
like seagulls on the crags of the coast.

The little girl blew out the detergent flowers like candles
and convinced herself how slow life was.

She started now and then to look at her hands,
a bit too pink,
and leaned back into the bucket of water for later on,
when she'd have an anemone in her belt.

Night began to fall.

The details of nautical charts hardly mattered anymore;
on the bridges, scarves of ochre smoke
and goodbyes trailed on the ground.

The laziness of distractions,
the tempest of love,
and numerous marigold insect storm clouds
pass in succession across the "overalls"
covered with sparks of milk.

Marie knows that her mother
is no longer in possession of all her faculties:
for days at a time,
her head covered with reflections more notched than in dreams,
she bites laughter's necklace of tears.

Does she remember having been beautiful?

The people who'd lived in the region the longest
were worried that the roofers would return to the town,
they'd have preferred rain in their houses.

But the sky!

As the hives of illusion fill with strange poison,
the young woman brings her arms up towards her head to say:
leave me alone.

She asks for a drink of volcano milk
and they bring her mineral water.

She folds her hands before picking a leaf,
greener than the light of carafes,
to write on.

Underneath her shoulder we hear
(the angels don't miss it when they arrive,
guided by the trail of feathers she no longer wears):

“Marie dear,
one day you'll know what a sacrifice
is on the verge of being consummated.

I won't tell you any more about it.

Go, my daughter, be happy.

My child's eyes are curtains
more tender than those in the hotel rooms
where I lived in the company of aviators and green plants.”

The treasure buried in the fireplace ash
decomposes into little phosphorescent insects
that utter a monotonous song,
but what could she say to the crickets?

God didn't feel more loved than usual
but the candelabra of the trees in bloom
were there for a reason.

Frivolous demons hid,
changeable as spring waters that rush over the satin of stones
and the black velvet of fish.

What did Marie suddenly appear so attentive to?

It's the month of August,
and the cars have emigrated since the Grand Prix.

Who are we going to see appear in this lonely part of town,
the poet running away from home
modulating his lament over the pearl rails,
the man in love running
to catch up with his beauty on a thunderbolt,
or the hunter crouched in grass that can cut you,
and who is cold?

The little girl throws in the towel,
she's burning to know what she doesn't,
the meaning of this long flight at ground level,
the beautiful guilty stream which begins to flow.

My God, and now she falls to her knees
and on the floor above,
the moans become less muffled,
the face of the wall clock reflects everything that happens
and a soul rises to heaven.

Who knows;
the four-leaf clover half opens to the moon's rays;
for the evidence you need only enter the empty house.

UNBREAKABLE FISHNET

The nightwatch performs its usual
now-you-see-it-now-you-don'ts in the dormitories.

At night two multi-colored windows are left half open.

Through the first,
vices with black eyebrows creep in,
young women doing penance go to the other to lean out.

Otherwise nothing could disturb the pretty woodwork of sleep.

We see hands putting on muffs of water.

Blackberry bushes get tangled up on big empty beds
while white pillows float on silences more apparent than real.

At midnight the underground room
fills with stars around the theaters,
the ones where opera glasses play the leading roles.

The garden's filled with nickel-plated bells.

There's a message instead of a lizard beneath every stone.

IN THE EYES OF THE GODS

To Louis Aragon

“A little before midnight down by the docks.
If a disheveled woman follows you don't pay any attention.

It's the azure.
You don't have to be afraid of the azure.
There'll be a large blond vase in a tree.
The bell tower of the town with blended colors
Will be your reference point.
Take your time, remember.
The brown geyser hurling fern shoots into the sky salutes you.”

The letter sealed with a fish's three corners
Was now passing by in the light of the suburbs
Like an animal tamer's sign.

All the same,
the beautiful woman, the victim,
the one known in the neighborhood as the little reseda pyramid
unstitched just for herself
a cloud like a sachet of pity.

Later the white armor
Which used to take care of household and other chores
Taking it easy now more than ever,
The child with the seashell,
the one supposed to be ...
But shh.

CHOOSE LIFE

Choose life instead of those prisms
with no depth even if their colors are purer
Instead of this hour always hidden
instead of these terrible vehicles of cold flame
Instead of these overripe stones
Choose this heart with its safety catch
Instead of that murmuring pool
And that white fabric singing in the air
and the earth at the same time
Instead of that marriage blessing
joining my forehead to total vanity's
Choose life

Choose life with its conspiratorial sheets
Its scars from escapes
Choose life choose that rose window on my tomb
The life of being here nothing but being here
Where one voice says Are you there
where another answers Are you there
I'm hardly here at all alas
And even when we might be making fun
of what we kill
Choose life

Choose life choose life venerable Childhood
The ribbon coming out of a fakir
Resembles the playground slide of the world
Though the sun is only a shipwreck
Insofar as a woman's body resembles it
You dream contemplating the whole length of its trajectory
Or only while closing your eyes
on the adorable storm named your hand
Choose life

Choose life with its waiting rooms
When you know you'll never be shown in
Choose life instead of those health spas
Where you're served by drudges
Choose life unfavorable and long
When the books close again here on less gentle shelves
And when over there the weather would be better
than better it would be free yes
Choose life

Choose life as the pit of scorn
With that head beautiful enough
Like the antidote to that perfection
it summons and it fears
Like the makeup on God's face
Like like a virgin passport
A little town like Pont-a-Mousson
And since everything's already been said
Choose life instead

IN THE VALLEY OF THE WORLD

To Joseph Delteil

Some disjointed animals are traveling around the world
And ask directions of my imagination
Which itself is going around the world
But in the opposite direction
Great misunderstandings result from this
China is placed under interdict
The Balkan Peninsula is doubled
 by one part of the procession

In the Levant no sooner do
 sixteen starry reptiles get to an underground
Fire than they're hoisted to the top of a mast
Stirrer of the sky
The approach of white manes is greeted
By lanceolate leaves
Whose murmur accompanies this poem
According to a singer's statement
The shadow of wings of paws of fins
Lives up to its reputation
The azure condenses precious vapors
Sea monkeys
Hanging from coral trees

BROKEN LINE

To Raymond Roussel

We are the bread and water in the prisons of the sky
We are the pavements of love all the stopped traffic lights
That personify the charms of this poem
Nothing speaks for us after death
In that hour when night puts on
 its shiny ankle-boots to go out
We take the weather as it comes
Like a wall adjoining one of our prisons
The spidery grapnels bring the boat into the road-stead
All you can do is touch there's nothing to see
Later on you'll find out who we are
The things we make are still totally banned
But the last coast is dawning the weather's breaking up
Soon we'll bring our embarrassing abundance
 somewhere else
We'll bring the abundance of our plague somewhere else
We are a touch of white frost on the bundle
 of human firewood
And that's all
Brandy dresses the wounds in a cellar bar
 through whose vent a road can be seen
 bordered by large solitary patience plants

FREE UNION

My woman with her forest-fire hair
With her heat-lightning thoughts
With her hourglass waist

My woman with her otter waist in the tiger's mouth

My woman with her rosette mouth
 a bouquet of stars of the greatest magnitude
With her teeth of white mouse footprints on the white earth
With her tongue of polished amber and glass

My woman with her stabbed eucharist tongue
With her her tongue of a doll that opens and closes its eyes
With her tongue of incredible stone

My woman with her eyelashes in a child's handwriting
With her eyebrows the edge of a swallow's nest

My woman with her temples of a greenhouse
 with a slate roof
And steam on the windowpanes

My woman with her shoulders of champagne
And a dolphin-headed fountain under ice

My woman with her matchstick wrists

My woman with her lucky fingers
 her ace of hearts fingers
With her fingers of new-mown hay

My woman with her armpits of marten and beechnuts
Of Midsummer Night
Of privet and angelfish nest
With her sea-foam and floodgate arms
Arms that mingle the wheat and the mill

My woman with rocket legs
With her movements of clockwork and despair

My woman with her calves of elder tree pith

My woman with her feet of initials
With her feet of bunches of keys
 with her feet of weaver-birds taking a drink

My woman with her pearl barley neck

My woman with her Val d'or cleavage
Cleavage of a rendezvous
 in the very bed of the mountain stream
With her breasts of night

My woman with her undersea molehill breasts

My woman with her breasts of the crucible of rubies
With her breasts of the specter of the rose
 beneath the dew

My woman with her belly of the unfolding fan of days
With her giant claw belly

My woman with her back of a bird fleeing vertically
With her quicksilver back
With her back of light
With her nape of rolled stone and damp chalk
And a falling glass that's just been sipped

My woman with her rowboat hips
With her hips of a chandelier and arrow feathers
And stems of white peacock plums

Her hips an imperceptible pair of scales

My woman with her buttocks of sandstone and asbestos

My woman with the buttocks of a swan's back

My woman with her buttocks of springtime
 with her gladiolus sex

My woman with her sex of placer and platypus

My woman with her sex of seaweed and old-fashioned candies

My woman with her mirror sex

My woman with her eyes full of tears
With her eyes of violet armor and a speedometer needle

My woman with her savannah eyes

My woman with her eyes of water to drink in prison

My woman with her eyes of forests forever beneath the axe
With her eyes of sea-level air-level earth and fire.

FREE UNION (alternate translation)

My wife whose hair is a brush fire
Whose thoughts are summer lightning
Whose waist is an hourglass
Whose waist is the waist of an otter caught in the teeth of a tiger
Whose mouth is a bright cockade with the fragrance
of a star of the first magnitude
Whose teeth leave prints like the tracks of white mice over snow
Whose tongue is made out of amber and polished glass
Whose tongue is a stabbed wafer
The tongue of a doll with eyes that open and shut
Whose tongue is incredible stone

My wife whose eyelashes are strokes in the handwriting of a child
Whose eyebrows are nests of swallows

My wife whose temples are the slate of greenhouse roofs
With steam on the windows

My wife whose shoulders are champagne
Are fountains that curl from the heads of dolphins under the ice

My wife whose wrists are matches
Whose fingers are raffles holding the ace of hearts
Whose fingers are fresh cut hay

My wife with the armpits of martens and beech fruit
And Midsummer Night
That are hedges of privet and nesting places for sea snails
Whose arms are of sea foam and a landlocked sea
And a fusion of wheat and a mill
Whose legs are spindles
In the delicate movements of watches and despair

My wife whose calves are sweet with the sap of elders
Whose feet are carved initials
Keyrings and the feet of steeplejacks who drink

My wife whose neck is fined milled barley
Whose throat contains the Valley of Gold
And encounters in the bed of the maelstrom

My wife whose breasts are of the night
And are undersea molehills
And crucibles of rubies

My wife whose breasts are haunted by the ghosts
of dew-moistened roses
Whose belly is a fan unfolded in the sunlight
Is a giant talon

My wife with the back of a bird in vertical flight
With a back of quicksilver
And bright lights

My wife whose nape is of smooth worn stone and wet chalk
And of a glass slipped through the fingers of someone
who has just drunk

My wife with the thighs of a skiff
That are lustrous and feathered like arrows
Stemmed with the light tail-bones of a white peacock
And imperceptible balance

My wife whose rump is sandstone and flax
Whose rump is the back of a swan and the spring

My wife with the sex of an iris
A mine and a platypus
With the sex of an alga and old-fashioned candies

My wife with the sex of a mirror

My wife with eyes full of tears
With eyes that are purple armor and a magnetized needle
With eyes of savannahs
With eyes full of water to drink in prisons

My wife with eyes that are forests forever under the ax

My wife with eyes that are the equal of water and air and earth and fire

IT WAS GOING ON FIVE IN THE MORNING ...

It was going on five in the morning
The ship of steam stretched its chain to shatter the windows
And outside
A glowworm
Lifted Paris like a leaf
It was only a long trembling scream
A scream from the Maternity Hospital nearby
FINIS FOUNDRY FANATIC
But whatever joy escaped in the exhalation of that pain
It seems to me that I was falling for a long time
I still had my fist clenched around a handful of grass
And suddenly that rustle of flowers and needles of ice
Those green eyebrows that shooting-star pendulum
From what depths was the bell actually able to rise again
The hermetic bell
Which nothing last night made me foresee would stop on this landing
The bell whose sides
read
Undine
Moving to raise your spearheaded Sagittarius pedal
You have carved the infallible signs
Of my enchantment
With a dagger whose coral handle forks into infinity
So that your blood and mine
Would become one.

THE PINK DEATH

For one last time octopuses with wings
will guide the boat whose sails
are made of just this day hour by hour

This is the one vigil after which
you'll feel the black and white sun rising in your hair

A liqueur stronger than death will ooze from dungeons
When ween from high on a cliff

Comets will lean tenderly against forests
before blasting them
And all shall pass into indivisible love

If the rivers' motive ever disappears
Before it's completely dark you'll notice
Silver take a long pause

On a blossoming peach tree the hands will appear
That wrote these lines hands that will be silver spindles

Those too and silver swallows too on the loom of the rain

You'll see the horizon half opening and suddenly
it will all be over with one kiss of space

But by then fear won't exist any more
and the windowpanes of the sky and of the sea
Will fly in a wind stronger than us

What am I to make of your trembling voice
Mouse waltzing around the only chandelier that won't fall

Winch of time
I'll haul up the hearts of men
For a supreme lapidation

My hunger will spin like a diamond cut too many times

It will braid the hair of fire its child
Silence and life
But the names of lovers will be forgotten
Like the adonis a drop of blood
In the mad light

Tomorrow you'll lie to the days when you were young
to the great firefly days when you were young

Only echoes will make the mold
of all those places that used to be
And in the infinite transparent vegetation
You'll walk with the speed
That controls the beasts of the jungle

Maybe you'll bump into my shipwreck there
Without seeing it the way
someone dives onto a floating weapon

It's just that I'll belong to the emptiness
that's like the steps
Of a stairway whose traffic is called *totally at a loss*

Your perfumes forbidden perfumes since then
The angelica
Under the sunken moss and under your feet that aren't there

My dreams will be formal and vain
like the sound of the water's eyelids in the shade

I'll enter yours to sound the depth of your tears

My appeals will leave you a little uncertain
And in the train made of glass turtles
You won't have to pull the emergency cord

You'll arrive alone on that lost shore
Where a star will alight on your luggage of sand

THE VERB TO BE

I know the general outline of despair.

Despair has no wings,
it doesn't necessarily sit at a cleared table
in the evening on a terrace by the sea.

It's despair and not the return
of a quantity of insignificant facts like seeds
that leave one furrow for another at nightfall.

It's not the moss that forms on a rock
or the foam that rocks in a glass.

It's a boat riddled with snow, if you will,
like birds that fall
and their blood doesn't have the slightest thickness.

I know the general outline of despair.

A very small shape,
defined by jewels worn in the hair.

that's despair.

A pearl necklace for which no clasp can be found
and whose existence can't even hang by a thread.

That's despair for you.

Let's not go into the rest.

Once we begin to despair we don't stop.

I myself despair of the lampshade around four o'clock,
I despair of the fan towards midnight,
I despair of the cigarette smoked by men on death row.

I know the general outline of despair.

Despair has no heart,
my hand always touches breathless despair,
the despair whose mirrors never tell us if it's dead.

I live on that despair which enchants me.

I love that blue fly which hovers in the sky
at the hour when the stars hum.

I know the general outline of the despair
with long slender surprises,
the despair of pride,
the despair of anger.

I get up every day like everyone else
and I stretch my arms against a floral wallpaper.

I don't remember anything
and it's always in despair that I discover
the beautiful uprooted trees of night.

The air in the room is as beautiful as drumsticks.

What weathery weather.

I know the general outline of despair.

It's like the curtain's wind that holds out a helping hand.

Can you imagine such a despair?

Fire! Ah they're on their way ...
Help! Here they come falling down the stairs ...

And the ads in the newspaper,
and the illuminated signs along the canal.

Sandpile, beat it,
your dirty sandpile!

In its general outline despair has no importance.

It's a squad of trees that will eventually make a forest,
it's a squad of stars that will eventually make one less day,
it's a squad of one-less-days that will eventually make up my life.

THE FOREST IN THE AXE

Someone just died but I'm still alive
and yet I don't have a soul any more.

All I have left is a transparent body
inside of which transparent doves hurl themselves
on a transparent dagger held by a transparent hand.

I see struggle in all its beauty,
real struggle that nothing can measure,
just before the last star comes out.

The rented body I live in like a hut detests
the soul I had which floats in the distance.

It's time to put an end to that famous dualism
for which I've been so much reproached.

Gone are the days
when eyes without light and rings drew sediment
from the pools of color.

There's neither red nor blue any more.

Unanimous red-blue fades away in turn like a robin redbreast
in the hedges of inattention.

Someone just died, --
not you or I or they exactly,
but all of us, except me who survives by a variety of means:
I'm still cold for example.

That's enough.
A match! A match!

Or how about some rocks so I can split them,
or some birds so I can follow them,
or some corsets so I can tighten them around the dead women's waists,
so they'll come back to life and love me,
with their exhausting hair, their disheveled glances!

A match, so no one dies for brandied plums,
a match so the Italian straw hat can be more than a play!

Hey, lawn! Hey, rain!
I'm the unreal breath of this garden.

The black crown resting on my head
is a cry of migrating crows
because up till now there have only been those who were buried alive,
and only a few of them,
and here I am the first *aerated dead man*.

But I have a body so I can stop doing myself in,
so I can force reptiles to admire me.

Bloody hands, mistletoe eyes,
a mouth of dried leaves and glass
(the dried leaves move under the glass;
they're not as red as one would think,
when indifference exposes its voracious methods),
hands to gather you,
miniscule thyme of my dreams,
rosemary of my extreme pallor.

I don't have a shadow any more, either.

Ah, my shadow, my dear shadow.

I should write a long letter to the shadow I lost.

I'd begin it My Dear Shadow.
Shadow, my darling.

You see. There's no more sun.
There's only one tropic left out of two.
There's only one man left in a thousand.
There's only one woman left in the absence of thought
that characterizes in pure black this cursed era.

That woman holds a bouquet of everlastings shaped like my blood.

A MAN AND A WOMAN COMPLETELY WHITE

Deep in the parasol I see the marvelous prostitutes
Next to the street-lamp the color of the forest
their clothes a little out of fashion

They carry around a big piece of wallpaper as they walk
the kind that always breaks your heart
on the old walls of a house being torn down
Or else a white marble seashell fallen from a mantel
Or else those strings of necklaces
that get all tangled up in the mirrors behind

Their great instinct for combustion seizes the streets where they stand
Like grilled flowers

Their eyes raising a wind of stone in the distance
While they are swallowed motionless
at the center of the whirlwind

For me nothing equals the meaning of their random thoughts
the coolness of the stream where their little boots dip
the shadows of their beaks
The reality of those wisps of mown hay into which they disappear

I see their breasts putting a dot of sun in deep night
And whose rise and fall is the only exact measurement of life

I see their breasts which are stars on waves
Their breasts in which invisible blue milk weeps forever

THE GREAT DEADLY HELPING HAND

The statue of Lautreamont
Out on the plains
With its pedestal of quinine pills

The author of the Poems is lying flat on his stomach
And near him the suspicious gila monster watches

His left ear pressed to the ground is a glass box
filled with a thunderbolt the artist hasn't forgotten
to depict above him

The sky-blue balloon shaped like a test-your-strength machine at a carnival
When he has to gather the other swans from the horizon

The swan of Montevideo whose wings are spread and always ready to beat
Opens two different-colored eyes on the false universe

One of iron sulfate on the trellis of his eyelashes
the other of diamond-studded mud

He sees the great hexagonal funnel
where the machines that mankind works non-stop
To cover with bandages
will soon be ground to pieces

With his radium candle he rekindles the fire
at the bottom of the human crucible

Sex of feathers brain of oiled paper
He presides over double nocturnal ceremonies
whose purpose is a fiery extraction that exchanges
the hearts of men and birds

I DREAM I SEE YOU ...

I dream I see you endlessly superimposed upon yourself

You're sitting on the high coral stool
In front of your mirror always in its first quarter

Two fingers on the water wing your comb
And at the same time
You're returning from a journey
you're lingering the last one left in the grotto
Streaming with lightning

You don't recognize me

You're stretched out on the bed
you wake up
or you fall asleep
You wake up where you went to sleep or somewhere else

You're naked the elderberry ball bounces again

A thousand elderberry balls hum above you
So light that at each instant you're unaware of them

Your breath your blood saved from the crazy juggling of the air

You cross the street the cars hurled at you
are nothing but their shadows
And as a
Little girl
Caught in a bellows of sparkles
You jump rope
Long enough so that the one green butterfly which haunts the peaks of Asia
Can appear at the top of the invisible stairway

I caress everything that was you
In everything that's yet to be you

I hear the melodious hissing
Of your limitless limbs
The one serpent in all the trees
Your arms at whose center
the crystal of the compass rose turns
My living fountain of Shivas

THE MARQUIS DE SADE HAS GONE ...

The Marquis de Sade has gone back inside the erupting volcano
That he'd come from
With his beautiful hands still fringed
His girlish eyes
And that every-man-for-himself intellect which was
His alone
But from his phosphorescent study with its lamps of viscera
He hasn't stopped flinging the mysterious commands
That crack open the darkness of morality
It's through that crack I see
The great creaking shadows the old mined-out husk
Dissolve
So that I can love you
The way the first man loved the first woman
In total freedom
The freedom
For which fire itself became man
For which the Marquis de Sade defied the centuries
 with his great abstract trees
Of tragic acrobats
Clinging to the Virgin gossamer of desire