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Artaud, Don't Let It Snow

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Artaud, Don't Let It Snow

I kiss your plague of lips, Artaud,
As your hands, swallows, flit over you,
And mouth, pinched as a bat's, blips
Your breath chops at the air
I begin flicking pocketknives at every tree
Lash myself spluttering to highest branches during storms
Lift the pinholed cardboard of my face
To the eclipse swelling around me
Zigzag down sidewalks, kneel
And pslamodize to cracks
Hear strains of Castilian light
Slip from the blue crevasse
Is Synovia still alive?
I take inventory of all my absences
Pry the windows of asylums
Walk on my hands, bones tumbling out of pockets
From the cold sun and grip of your stare Artaud
My tongue wrinkles, closes its eyes like a lizard waning
My testicles tighten for this winter