

Anne Carson

FROM THE UNFINISHED SEQUENCE **TV MEN**

TV MEN: ARTAUD

Artaud is mad.

He stayed close to the madness. Watching it breathe or not breathe.
There is a close-up of me driven to despair.

His face is mad.

It was something of fire on which his soul wrote. All this mental glass.
Me beating my head against a wall.

His body is mad.

Some days he felt uterine. Mind screwed into him by a thrust of sky.
I run among the ruins.

His mind is mad.

There was (he decided) no mind. The body (hell) just as you see it.
Go throw myself from the tower, gesticulating, falling.

His hospital is mad.

He noted in electric shock a splash state. What holes, and made of what?
Falling to the beach.

His Mexico is mad.

There was not a shadow he did not count. No opium, no heads on the days.
You see my body crumpled on the sand.

His God is mad.

He felt God pulling him out through his own cunt. Claque. Claque-dents.
It moves convulsively a few times.

His double is mad.

The drawback of being mad was that he could not both be so and say so.

Beautiful jerks.

His word is mad.

He had to become an enigma to himself. To prevent his own theft of him.

You see my battered face.

His excrement is mad.

He envied bones their purity. Hated to die *rectified* (as he said) by pain.

Then I fall back.

His spring snow is mad.

They found him at dawn. Seated at the foot of his bed. Holding his shoe.

And shy away.