

**Tombeau VI for Robert Desnos (1900-1945)**

to be late for one's own death rehearsal  
to hell with pall-bearers pumping iron in uniform

put a phonograph on my tomb you said  
as if life was a waltz, mechanical ballet, scream

on a train from Fresnes to Compiègne, a sleep cantata  
with strings, blows and the voiceless noise between stops

that is not the proper sequence: Interior. Night. Cattlecar.  
Syntax is robbed of its function: any order will do

Auschwitz Buchenwald Theresienstadt. Slowly we are getting  
nowhere in the open space after a name: here lies