



P A T T I   S M I T H

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Collected Lyrics

1970 - 2015

B L O O M S B U R Y



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1970 – 2015

PATTI SMITH

BLOOMSBURY  
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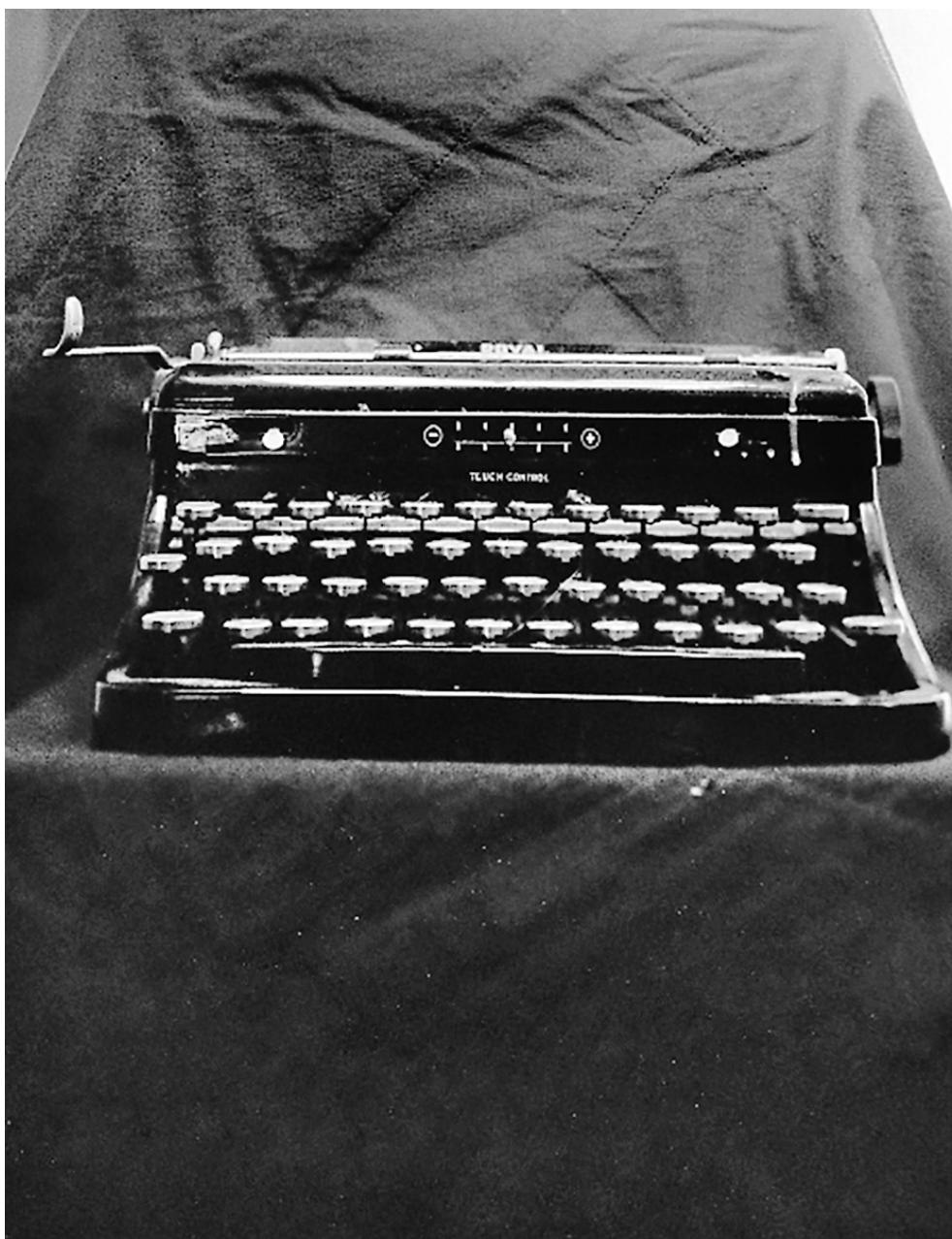
People have the power -

I was dreaming on my dreaming  
of an aspect bright and fair,  
and my sleeping was broken  
but my dream continued  
in the form of shining valleys.  
while the pure air  
was filled.

And my senses nearly opened.  
I awoke to the cry →  
that the people have the  
power  
to redeem the work of fools.  
→ upon the meet the graces shower.  
It's decreed - The people rule.

When they even deserts I saw fountains  
and like dream the water rises →  
and we strolled them together.  
With none to laugh or cry  
and the leopard & the lamb  
lay together truly bound -  
I was hoping in my hoping to  
recall what I had found.  
And I believe everything we dream,  
can come to pass tho' the Union -  
We can turn the world around -  
We can turn the earth's revolution -  
The people have the power -

*In memory of Fred Sonic Smith,  
1948–1994*



*The typewriter is holy the poem is holy the voice is holy the hearers  
are holy the ecstasy is holy!*

— ALLEN GINSBERG,  
“FOOTNOTE TO HOWL”

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Acknowledgments

## *To Find a Voice*

We all have a song.

A song comes spontaneously, expressing joy, loneliness, to dispel fear or exhibit a small triumph. We hardly notice we are forming them, as we sing them, often alone, half to ourselves.

It is finding the words within that leads us to sing. It might be a hymn, a shard of rebellion, or a teenage prayer. We discover inspiration where we may, in an old guitar in the corner of a garage, under a bed, or hanging in a pawnshop window. In a phrase carried to us by the wind, walking along. In the reflection we see of ourselves in the mirror. Sometimes we recognize our song in the song of another. It is the miracle of the popular song, songs that are beloved universally, often in their simplicity.

The evolution of such little songs into poetry, improvisational performance and collaboration produced these lyrics, written with great hopes to strike some chord, reaching a listener who finds their meaning within, and sings along.

The first song I remember singing is “Jesus Loves Me.” I can picture myself singing it while sitting on a stoop in Chicago, waiting for the organ grinder to come up the street with his pet monkey. I can hear the songs that were in the air. “Day-O” and “Shrimp Boats” and “Heart of My Hearts.” I can hear my father whistling “Deep Purple” and the voice of my mother as she sang us to sleep.

I recall my first record player, only slightly larger than a lunchbox, and my two records, one red and one yellow: “Tuby the Tuba” and “Big Rock Candy Mountain.” I loved watching them spin, contemplating the worlds they evoked. But the song that produced my first visceral reaction was sung by Little Richard.

It was Sunday. My mother and I hand in hand. She was taking me to Bible school. She had kid gloves on like the White Rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*. They gave her a special air and I admired them tremendously. We passed the boys’ clubhouse—two huge

refrigerator boxes cut and pieced together. Ritchie Glasgow was spinning sides and what wafted from the hand-cut window (more for breathing than for seeing) stopped me dead in my tracks, causing me to let go of my mother's hand so abruptly as to remove her glove.

I didn't know what I was hearing or why I reacted so strongly. It wasn't "Shrimp Boats" or "Day-O." It was something new, and though I didn't comprehend what drew me, drawn I was. Drawn into a child's excited dance. That was "Tutti Frutti," so alien, so familiar. That was Little Richard. That was for me the birth of rock and roll.

For a time we lived in Philadelphia. Everyone liked to sing and dance. My sister and I would jitterbug. People sang a cappella on the street corners. When I was nine, we moved to South Jersey. My music teacher adored opera. He would bring his albums to class and play us selections from Verdi and Puccini. I was taken with this music and I was especially moved by Maria Callas. Her emotional intensity. How she seemed to draw from every fiber to create a whisper. Her arias soared from the turntable—especially my favorite, the opera hit single "Un bel dì." For a time I dreamed of being an opera singer, but I didn't have the calling, the discipline, or the necessary physical frame. My teacher, sensing my desire, gave me a glorious task. As Manrico I sang the lullaby from Verdi's *Il Trovatore*. For a brief moment I was able to feel the troubadour's expansive love for his home in the mountains.

I dreamed of being a jazz singer like June Christie and Chris Connor. Of approaching songs with the lethargic charge of Billie Holiday. Of championing the downtrodden like Lotte Lenya's "Pirate Jenny." But I never dreamed of singing in a rock and roll band. They had yet to exist in my world. But my world was rapidly changing.

I was privileged to evolve during an inspired period of spiritual and cultural revolution. And the music was the revolution where all had a voice and through this voice we united. Our battlefields were Ohio, Chicago, the Fillmore. We gave new meaning to the word "soldier." We were slinging an electric guitar instead of a machine gun.

I broke from the confines of a rural existence. Farewell the factory, square-dance hall, the withering orchards. I headed for New York City. I had in mind to become a painter and through that pursuit

I found my beat and the root of my voice. Standing before large sheets of paper tacked to a wall, frustrated with the image I'd draw words instead—rhythms that ran off the page onto the plaster. Writing lyrics evolved from the physical act of drawing words. Later, refining this process led to performance.

In 1969 I moved to the Chelsea Hotel with Robert Mapplethorpe. By then I had abandoned hope of becoming a painter. I was offered work in underground theater. It was too confining. I longed to spar with the people, to make contact. Robert encouraged me to perform my poetry. I attended readings but found them even more confining than theater. Bob Neuwirth suggested I put my lyric style to music and Sam Shepard used two pieces in his play *Mad Dog Blues*.

On February 10, 1971, I gave my first poetry reading, opening for Gerard Malanga at St. Mark's Church on the Bowery. In desiring to project a raw energy, I recruited Lenny Kaye. We climaxed the reading with his sonic interpretation of a stock car race with electric guitar while I read "Ballad of a Bad Boy." It seemed to have a negative effect. I took that as a positive sign.

In the next few years I took to studying Hank Williams, got me a Bob Dylan songbook, banged away on an old thirties Gibson. I worked in a bookstore. I drew. I modeled for Robert. Scrawled in my notebooks. I wandered through the debris of the sixties. So much joy yet malcontent. So many voices raised, then snuffed. My generation's heritage seemed to be in jeopardy.

These things were on my mind: the course of the artist, the course of freedom redefined, the re-creation of space, the emergence of new voices.

And these things I came to express—albeit somewhat awkwardly—through the form of rock and roll. Perhaps I have been none but a scrappy pawn, but I am nonetheless grateful for the moves I came to make.

And salute all who helped me make them.

## FIRST SONGS AND PERFORMANCE PIECES

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## OATH

Jesus died for somebody's sins  
but not mine  
melting in a pot of thieves  
wild card up my sleeve  
thick heart of stone  
my sins my own  
I engrave my own palm  
Sweet black X  
Adam placed no hex on me  
I embrace Eve  
and take full responsibility  
for every pocket I have picked  
mean and slick  
every Johnny Ace song I've balled to  
long before the church  
made it neat and right  
So Christ  
I'm giving you the good-bye  
firing you tonight  
I can make my own light shine  
and darkness too is equally fine  
you got strung up for my brother  
but with me I draw the line  
you died for somebody's sins  
but not mine

## WORK SONG

I was working real hard  
to show the world  
what I could do  
oh I guess  
I never dreamed  
I'd have to  
world spins  
some photographs  
how I love to laugh  
when the crowd laughs  
while love slips through  
a theater that is full  
but ooh baby  
when the crowd goes home  
and I turn in  
and I realize I'm alone  
I can't believe, I had to  
I was working real hard  
to show the world  
what I could do  
oh I guess  
I never dreamed  
I'd have to  
I had to  
I had to  
sacrifice

you

## A FIRE OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN

A fire of unknown origin  
Took my baby away  
Fire of unknown origin  
Took my baby away  
Swept her up and off my wavelength  
Swallowed her up like the ocean  
In a fire thick and gray

Death comes sweeping  
Through the hallway  
Like a lady's dress  
Death comes riding  
Down the highway  
In its Sunday best  
Death comes riding  
Death comes creeping  
Death comes  
I can't do nothing  
Death goes  
There must be something that remains  
Death it made me sick and crazy  
'Cause that fire it took my baby away

have you seen  
dylans dog  
it's got wings  
it can fly  
if you speak  
to it to him  
it's the only time  
dylan

can't look you in the eye

have you held dylans snake

it rattles like a toy

it coils in his hand

it sleeps in the grass

dylan bed

it's the only one

sleeps near his head

goodnight Irene.

he sleeps in the grass  
he's the only one  
it rakes out  
when dylan comes

have you pressed

to your ear face

dylans bird dylan bird

it rolls on the ground

it sings dylans songs

it's the one

who can hum like dylan hums

it rests on dylan hip  
it drops on dylans ground  
it rolls with him  
it's the only one  
who can hum when dylan hums

have you seen

dylans dog

it's got wings

it can fly

when it lands

like a clown

it's the only thing allowed.

look him in the eye

it trembles with him

it rests in dylans hand  
it trembles inside of him  
it drops upon the ground  
it's the only one  
who can hum when dylan hums

Dog Dream, 1971

## DOG DREAM

have you seen  
dylan's dog  
it got wings  
it can fly  
if you speak  
of it to him  
it's the only  
time dylan  
can't look you in the eye

have you seen  
dylan's snake  
it rattles like a toy  
it sleeps in the grass  
it coils in his hand  
it hums and it strikes out  
when dylan cries out  
when dylan cries out

have you pressed  
to your face  
dylan's bird  
dylan's bird  
it lies on dylan's hip  
trembles inside of him  
it drops upon the ground

it rolls with dylan 'round  
it's the only one  
who comes  
when dylan comes

have you seen  
dylan's dog  
it got wings  
it can fly  
when it lands  
like a clown  
he's the only  
thing allowed  
to look dylan in the eye

## BALLAD OF A BAD BOY

Oh I was bad  
didn't do what I should  
mama catch me with a lickin'  
and tell me to be good  
when I was bad twice times  
she shoved me in a hole  
and cut off all my fingers  
and laid them in a finger bowl

My mama killed me  
my papa grieved for me  
my little sister Annalea  
wept under the almond tree

Oh I loved a car, car  
and when I was feelin' sad  
I lay down on my daddy's Ford  
and I'd feel good  
and you know that I got bad  
robbed hubcaps from the men  
and sold them to the women  
and stole them back again  
and I got me a car  
a Hudson Hornet car  
and rolled the pretty ladies  
and often went too far

I went to Chicago  
I went to Kalamazoo  
I went to Nashville  
the highways I flew  
I went to Salinas  
I rode to the sea  
and the people all scolded  
and pointed to me  
they said there's a bad boy

I was so bad boy  
they gathered their daughters  
I heard what they said  
steer away from him, honey  
'cause that boy is bad  
and tho' he's hung good  
and flashes that loot  
don't slide by his side  
he rides a wrong route  
'cause he's a bad boy

I was so bad boy  
my mama killed me  
my papa grieved for me  
my little sister Annalea  
wept under the almond tree

And I wept on a stock car  
I captured the junkyards  
and I sped thru the canyons  
though I never went far

from the wreckers mechanics  
I worshipped these men  
but they laughed at me, man  
they called me mama's boy  
mama mama mama mama

Monday at midnight  
Tuesday at two  
drunk on tequila  
thinking of you, ma  
I drove my car on, ma  
wrecking cars was my art  
I held a picture of you, ma  
close to my heart  
I rode closed windows  
it was ninety degrees  
the crowd it was screaming  
it was screaming for me  
they said I was nonsense  
true diver chicken driver  
no sense  
but I couldn't hear them  
I couldn't see  
fenders hot as angels  
blazed inside me

I sped on raged in steam heat  
I cracked up and rolled at your feet  
I rose in flames and rolled in a pit  
where you caught me with a tire iron  
and covered me in shit

and I coulda got up  
but the crowd it screamed no  
that boy is evil  
too bad for parole  
so bad his ma cut off all his fingers  
and laid 'em in a finger bowl

His mama killed him  
his papa grieved for him  
his little sister Annalea  
wept under the almond tree

Oh I was bad  
didn't do what I should  
mama catch me with a lickin'  
and she tell me  
You be good

*—for Sam Shepard*

## PICTURE HANGING BLUES

Don't hang me up Jesse James  
Don't hang me up Jesse James  
Too many men have hung me up Jesse James

I know the true story of sweet Jesse James  
The picture you have of him is badly framed  
He lived as an old man in exchange for his name  
He lived in hiding in exchange for his fame

I laid waiting for him on that fateful night  
Caring for him though it wasn't right  
I knew he was alive  
Alive and run free  
Another man slain in his place for me  
So he could come after me  
So he could come and love me

So don't hang me up Jesse James  
Don't hang me up Jesse James  
Don't hang me up Jesse James  
Too many men have hung me

It was Billy the Kid used to lay in my bed  
He knew I loved Jesse  
It was something I said

I balled Jesse but I had no shame  
I balled Billy but I called Jesse's name

Billy traced Jesse  
Gun in his hand  
Said there's no use living  
Half of a man  
He begged Jesse kill him  
And take up his name  
Jesse got the picture  
Love was to blame

Billy just trembled  
Mouth full of fright  
Jesse was left  
Love blinding sight  
Jesse was hot  
Billy was shot  
Life was the last thing  
That Billy could give  
So Jesse could love me  
Jesse could live

Billy lay broken  
Jesse came slow  
And the last words were spoken  
Were Jesse James "go!"

And don't hang her up Jesse James  
Don't hang her up Jesse James

Don't hang her up Jesse James  
Too many men  
Yeah, too many men

Jesse James is runnin'  
The outlaws all love him  
They don't blame him  
They say he's a saint  
A saint  
I ain't sayin' he is  
I ain't sayin' he ain't  
Though he could live like a man  
Love me like a woman  
My Billy died like a snake  
And Jesse James never came

Oh you hung me up Jesse James  
You hung me up Jesse James  
And too many men  
Too many men have hung me  
Up yours Jesse James

vera gemini

Oh your the kind of girl  
Id like to find in my mirror  
you have all the markings  
of the devil girl  
yet you are boned like a saint  
with the conscience of a snake  
  
Oh your eyes have shifted from me  
everyone saw what you did  
how you slipped from beneath me.  
live a nervous squid  
a little false and frigid  
the whole crowd knew you did it  
  
yes you have behaved treacherously  
and in public too my vera marie  
so i believe you'll have to pay  
  
i said you be good or go to hell  
in my arms ill be happy to sail you there  
my lovely

Oh no more horses horses  
Were gonna swim like fish  
into the hole in which  
you planned to ditch me  
  
you have filled me with a vengeance  
and touched me with your breath  
and planned to leave me cold  
but you'll never get your wish  
im gonna pull you from the dance  
you writhe you ride so easily  
im gonna gather up your reins in my fist  
just me and you  
one two  
oh no more horses  
horses horses

I was your victim  
I was well decieved  
hells built on regrets  
and i hold to many  
i love your naked neck  
even the lies youve told me  
a lily thats bend lying  
white and bent and sick  
  
Oh but you arent two faced  
you have two faces  
that will speak no more no more no more  
  
Oh your the knid of girl  
i found in my mirror  
laughing  
the way you laughed at christ  
oh he fell on frid y  
rose on monday  
but when i take you down you wont rise

*The Revenge of Vera Gemini, 1972*

## THE REVENGE OF VERA GEMINI

*You are boned like a saint  
with the conscience of a snake*

You're the kind of girl  
I'd like to find  
in my mirror  
in my mirror

Your eyes have shifted from me  
everyone saw what you did  
how you slipped from beneath me  
like a nervous squid  
a little false and frigid  
the whole crowd  
knew you did it

Oh no more horses horses  
you're going to swim like a fish  
into the hole in which  
you planned to ditch me

I was your victim  
I was well deceived  
hell's built on regrets  
and I hold too many

I love your naked neck  
and the lies you've told me

You aren't two-faced  
you have two faces  
the face of an angel  
with the mark of a devil

You filled me with a vengeance  
touched me with your breath  
planned to leave me cold  
but you'll never get your wish  
I'm going to pull you from the dance  
you writhe you ride so easily  
Gather up the reins with my fist

Oh no more horses horses  
you're going to swim like a fish  
into the hole in which  
you tried to ditch me  
my lovely Vera

## CAREER OF EVIL

I plot your rubric scarab,  
I steal your satellite  
I want your wife to be my  
Baby tonight, baby tonight

I choose to steal  
What you chose to show  
And you know  
I will not apologize  
You're mine for the taking  
I'm making a career of evil

Pay me I'll be your surgeon  
I'd like to pick your brain  
Capture you inject you  
Leave you kneeling in the rain  
Kneeling in the rain

I choose to steal  
What you chose to show  
And you know  
I will not apologize  
You're mine for the taking  
I'm making a career of evil

I'd like your blue-eyed horseshoe  
I'd like your emerald horny toad  
I'll leave all that you value  
By the side of the road

And then I'd spend your ransom money,  
But still I'd keep your sheep  
I'd peel the mask you're wearing  
And then rob you of your sleep  
Rob you of your sleep

I choose to steal  
What you chose to show  
And you know  
I will not apologize  
You're mine for the taking  
I'm making a career of evil

—recorded by *Blue Oyster Cult*

## PISS FACTORY

Sixteen and time to pay off I got this job in a piss factory inspecting pipe Forty hours thirty-six dollars a week but it's a paycheck, jack. It's so hot in here hot like sahara You could faint in the heat but these bitches are just too lame to understand too goddamn grateful to get this job to know they're getting screwed up the ass.

All these women they got no teeth or gum or cranium And the way they suck hot sausage but me well I wasn't sayin' too much neither I was moral school girl hard-working asshole I figured I was speedo motorcycle had to earn my dough had to earn my dough.

But no you gotta relate, right, you gotta find the rhythm within Floor boss slides up to me and he says Hey sister, you just movin' too fast. You screwin' up the quota. You doin' your piece work too fast. Now you get off your mustang sally, you ain't goin' nowhere, you ain't goin' nowhere.

I lay back. I get my nerve up. I take a swig of romilar and walk up to hot shit Dot Hook and I say Hey, hey sister, it don't matter whether I do labor fast or slow, there's always more labor after. She's real Catholic, see. She fingers her cross and she says There's one reason. There's one reason. You do it my way or I push your face in. We knee you in the john if you don't get off your mustang, Sally, if you don't shake it up baby. Shake it up baby. Twist and shout. Oh would that I could will a radio here. James Brown singing I Lost Someone. Oh the Paragons and the Jesters and Georgie Woods the guy with the goods and Guided Missiles . . . but no, I got nothin', no diversion, no window nothing here but a porthole in the plaster in the plaster where I look down look down

at sweet Theresa's convent all those nurses all those nuns scattin'  
'round with their bloom hoods like cats in mourning oh to me they  
look pretty damn free down there down there not having to press  
those smooth not having to smooth those hands against hot steel  
not having to worry about the inspeed the dogma the inspeed of  
labor oh they look pretty damn free down there and the way they  
smell the way the way they smell and here I gotta be up here  
smellin' Dot Hook's midwife sweat.

piss factory

16 and time to pay off. I got this job in a piss factory inspecting pipe. sweating my balls off in this hot like sahara with no windows ~~xx~~ real bullshit but its a paycheck you could faint with the heat but the bitches are too lame to understand they're getting screwed up the ass too god damn grateful to get this job them with no teeth gripping gum or cranium.nothing upstairs the way they suck hot sausage but then i wasnt saying too much neither.i was moral asshole hard working school girlgotta earn my doe. no. you gotta play by the rules find the rythnum within them you got to relate. floor boss says hey you did your piecework to fast quit screwing up the quota get off your mustang sa,ly you aint going nowhere.i swig some romalar and get my nerve up and put it to hot shit Dot Hook, say hey sister i get bored it dont matter whether you do labor fast or slow theres always more after. shes no catholic she says there is ONE REASon chicken do it my way or i push your face in. we may knee ya in da john if you dont shape up baby. shake it up baby slow motion inspection is driving me insane. no windows no diversion would i could will a radio james brown singing I lost someone hy lit georgie woods the guy with the goods and guided missles. nothing here save a porthole in the plaster overlooking sweet teresa convent. nuns in bloom hoods scattering like cats in mourning. to me they look pretty damn free out there lucky not to smooth those hands against hot steel free from the dogma the in-speed of labor. every afternoon like the last one like re-run lapping up Dot Hooks midwife sweat some sound track I prefer the way fags smell and spades and dagos school boys in heat. the way their legs flap under the desk in study hall and that forbidden acrid lean ammonia smell lilacs the way they droop like dicks.how long am i condemned to pump my nostrils full of clammy lady. me i refuse to sweat all i got under my armpits are a few salt lick hairs peeking like pubes ~~parking~~ from my sleeveless I refuse to sweat its 110 degrees in here i refuse to faint they're all waiting but i aintgonna faint see the monotony is even more brutal hour after hour in this piss factory more than ever my fists are assembled I refuse to lose nothing here to hide save desire hide here save desire. lucky i lifted rimbauds illuminations from the paper back forum. it was the face on the cover see rimbauds hair his sailor face. faire than any boy on the block i was seeing. my salvation my nosegay the words rocked sex smells coming on like my brothers sheets before the bath what did i care what he was saying it was the sound the music the way he was saying it his words over and over in my skull when I was pumping stel and she was pumping steel we looked the same but i was getting my first brain fuck illuminations my salvation oh stolen book no crime since has been so sweet no perfume ever to fill my nose no snow no more light then the simple knowledge of you rimbaud sailor face stolen book hidden inside my blouse so close to my breast.

*Piss Factory, 1972*

I would rather smell the way boys smell oh those schoolboys the way their legs flap under the desk in study hall that odor rising roses and ammonia and the way their dicks droop like lilacs. Or the way they smell that forbidden acrid smell. But no I got a pink clammy lady in my nostril. Her against the wheel me against the wheel Oh slow motion inspection is drivin' me insane in steel next to Dot Hook oh we may look the same shoulder to shoulder

sweatin' hundred and ten degrees But I will never faint. They laugh and they expect me to faint but I will never faint I refuse to lose refuse to fall down because you see it's the monotony that's got to me every afternoon like the last one every afternoon like a rerun next to Dot Hook and yeah we look the same both pumpin' steel both sweatin'.

But you know she got nothin' to hide and I got something to hide here called desire I got something to hide here called desire. And I will get out of here you know the fear potion is just about to come. In my nose is the taste of sugar and I got nothin' to hide here save desire And I'm gonna go I'm gonna get out of here I'm gonna get on that train and go to New York City and I'm gonna be somebody I'm gonna get on that train and go to New York City and I'm gonna be so bad. I'm gonna be a big star and I will never return never return no never return to burn at this Piss factory. And I will travel light Oh watch me now.

## THE ALBUMS



## HORSES

---

*Three chords merged with the power of the word.*

## IN EXCELSIS DEO

Jesus died for somebody's sins but not mine  
Melting in a pot of thieves wild card up my sleeve  
Thick heart of stone my sins my own  
They belong to me. Me

People say beware but I don't care  
The words are just rules and regulations to me. Me  
I walk in a room you know I look so proud  
I move in this here atmosphere where anything's allowed  
Then I go to this here party but I just get bored  
Until I look out the window see a sweet young thing  
Humping on the parking meter leaning on the parking meter  
Oh, she looks so good. Oh, she looks so fine  
And I got this crazy feeling that I'm gonna make her mine

Oh I put my spell on her here she comes  
Walking down the street here she comes  
Coming through my door here she comes  
Crawling up my stair here she comes  
Waltzing through the hall in a pretty red dress  
And oh, she looks so good. Oh, she looks so fine  
And I got this crazy feeling that I'm gonna make her mine

Then I hear this knocking on my door hear this knocking at my door

And I look up at the big tower clock and say oh my God it's  
midnight

And my baby is walking through the door laying on my couch  
She whispers to me and I take the big plunge  
And oh, she was so good. And oh, she was so fine  
And I'm gonna tell the world that I just made her mine

It was at the stadium. There were twenty thousand girls  
Called their names out to me Marie Ruth but to tell you the truth  
I didn't hear them. I didn't see. I let my eyes rise to the big tower  
clock

And I heard those bells chiming in my heart going ding-dong  
Ding-dong ding-dong ding-dong ding-dong ding-dong ding-dong  
Ding-dong. Calling the time when you came to my room  
And you whispered to me and we took the big plunge  
And oh, you were so good. Oh, you were so fine  
And I've got to tell the world that I made ya mine made ya mine  
Made her mine made ya mine made her mine made ya mine

G-L-O-R-I-A Gloria  
G-L-O-R-I-A Gloria  
G-L-O-R-I-A Gloria

When the tower bells chime  
ding-dong they chime  
I said that Jesus died  
for somebody's sins  
but not mine

*"Gloria" was bred by crossing the poem "Oath," written in 1970, with the Van Morrison classic. "Gloria" gave me the opportunity to acknowledge*

*and disclaim our musical and spiritual heritage. It personifies for me, within its adolescent conceit, what I hold sacred as an artist. The right to create, without apology, from a stance beyond gender or social definition, but not beyond the responsibility to create something of worth.*

## REDONDO BEACH

Late afternoon dreaming hotel  
We just had the quarrel that sent you away  
I was looking for you are you gone gone

Call you on the phone another dimension  
Well you never returned oh you know what I mean  
I went looking for you are you gone gone

Down by the ocean it was so dismal  
Women all standing with shock on their faces  
Sad description oh I was looking for you

Everyone was singing girl is washed up  
On Redondo Beach and everyone is so sad  
I was looking for you are you gone gone

Pretty little girl everyone cried  
She was the victim of sweet suicide  
I went looking for you are you gone gone

Down by the ocean it was so dismal  
Women all standing with shock on their faces  
Sad description oh I was looking for you

Desk clerk told me girl was washed up  
Was small and angel with apple blonde hair now  
I went looking for you are you gone gone

Picked up my key didn't reply  
Went to my room started to cry  
You were small and angel are you gone gone

Down by the ocean it was so dismal  
I was just standing with shock on my face  
The hearse pulled away  
The girl that had died it was you

You'll never return into my arms  
'Cause you are gone gone  
Never return into my arms  
'Cause you are gone gone  
Gone gone gone gone  
Good-bye

the women were singing  
of a girl who was blushed

sad description / but oh I was  
full of existance - listening for  
the son of a neck Police you

Shape of a young man dressed in a coat of  
milk.

(Telling)

Redondo Beach

it was late at Tenson  
Dinner Hotel

we had just had the quarrel  
that sent you away  
I was looking for you - on  
and you were gone gone

called you on the phone

Johnny no answer  
she never returned  
oh you know what I mean man  
I was etc.

down by the ocean it was so dismal  
but women standing w/ shock on their faces  
sad description / but oh I was looking  
for you -

the women were talking  
they turned to tell me  
that ~~girl~~ was blushed  
up on Redondo Beach  
and everyone was so  
sad -  
pretty ~~girl~~ little girl  
everyone cried  
she was the victim  
of sweet suicide

The desk clerk told  
me the girl was  
called Johnny  
small and  
angel  
w/ apple blonde  
hair  
she

Redondo Beach, 1971

## BIRDLAND

His father died and left him a little farm in New England.  
All the long black funeral cars left the scene.  
And the boy was just standing there alone  
Looking at the shiny red tractor  
Him and his daddy used to sit inside  
And circle the blue fields and grease the night.  
It was as if someone had spread butter  
On all the fine points of the stars  
'Cause when he looked up they started to slip.  
Then he put his head in the crux of his arm  
And he started to drift, drift to the belly of a ship  
Let the ship slide open, and he went inside of it  
And saw his daddy behind the control board  
Streaming beads of light.  
He saw his daddy behind the control board  
And he was very different tonight  
'Cause he was not human, he was not human.

The little boy's face lit up with such naked joy  
That the sun burned around his lids and his eyes were like two  
suns  
White lids, white opals, seeing everything just a little bit too clearly  
And he looked around and there was no black ship in sight  
No black funeral cars, nothing except for him the raven  
And he fell on his knees and looked up and cried out  
*No, daddy, don't leave me here alone*

*Take me up, daddy, to the belly of your ship  
Let the ship slide open and I'll go inside of it  
Where you're not human, you are not human.*

But nobody heard the boy's cry of alarm.  
Nobody there except for the birds around the New England farm  
And they gathered in all directions, like roses they scattered  
And they were like compass grass coming together into the head  
of  
A shaman bouquet. Slit in his nose and all the others went  
shooting  
And he saw the lights of traffic beckoning like the hands of Blake  
Grabbing at his cheeks, taking out his neck, all his limbs  
Everything was twisted and he said:  
*I won't give up, won't give up, don't let me give up  
I won't give up, come here, let me go up fast  
Take me up quick, take me up, up to the belly of a ship  
And the ship slides open and I go inside of it  
Where I am not human.*

*I am helium raven and this movie is mine*  
So he cried out as he stretched the sky  
Pushing it all out like latex cartoon  
Am I all alone in this generation?  
We'll just be dreaming of animation night and day  
It won't let up, won't let up and I see them coming in  
Oh, I couldn't hear them before, but I hear them now  
It's a radar scope in all silver and all platinum lights  
Moving in like black ships  
They were moving in, streams of them  
And he put up his hands and he said:

*It's me, it's me, I'll give you my eyes, take me up  
Oh now please take me up, I'm helium raven  
Waiting for you, please take me up, don't leave me here.*

The son, the sign, the cross, like the shape of a tortured woman  
The true shape of a tortured woman, the mother standing  
In the doorway letting her sons, no longer presidents but prophets.  
They're all dreaming they're going to bear the prophet  
He's going to run through the fields dreaming in animation  
It's all going to split his skull, it's going to come out  
Like a black bouquet shining, like a fist that's going to shoot them up  
Like light, like Mohammed Boxer, take them up up up up up up.  
Oh, let's go up up take me up I'll go up I'm going up I'm going up.  
Take me up, I'm going up, I'll go up.  
Go up go up go up go up up up up up up  
Up, up to the belly of a ship. Let the ship slide open.  
*We'll go inside of it where we are not human, we are not human.*

Where there was sand, there were tiles  
The sun had melted the sand and it coagulated like a river of glass  
When it hardened he looked at the surface, he saw his face  
And where there were eyes were just two white opals, two white opals  
Where there were eyes there were just two white opals  
And he looked up, and the rays shot, and he saw raven coming in  
And he crawled on his back and he went up up up up up up up.  
*Sha da do wop da shaman do way sha da do wop da shaman do way*  
*Sha da do wop da shaman do way sha da do wop da shaman do way*

We like birdland.

## FREE MONEY

Every night before I go to sleep  
Find a ticket win a lottery  
Scoop the pearls up from the sea  
Cash them in and buy you  
All the things you need

Every night before I rest my head  
See those dollar bills go swirling 'round my bed  
I know they're stolen but I don't feel bad  
I take that money buy you things you never had

Oh baby it would mean so much to me  
Oh baby to buy you all the things you need for free

I'll buy you a jet plane baby  
Get you on a higher plane to a jet stream  
And take you through the stratosphere  
And check out the planets there  
And then take you down deep deep  
Where it's hot hot in Arabia-babia  
Then cool cold fields of snow. And we'll roll  
Dream roll dream roll roll dream dream

When we dream it when we dream it when we dream it  
We'll dream it dream it for free free money free money

Free money free money free money free money

Every night before I go to sleep  
Find a ticket win a lottery  
Every night before I rest my head  
See those dollar bills go swirling 'round my bed

Oh baby it would mean so much to me  
Baby I know our troubles will be gone  
Oh I know our troubles will be gone going gone  
If we dream dream dream for free

And when we dream it when we dream it when we dream it  
Let's dream it we'll dream it for free free money free money  
Free money free money free money free money free money

## KIMBERLY

The wall is high the black barn  
The babe in my arms in her swaddling clothes  
And I know soon that the sky will split  
And the planets will shift  
Balls of jade will drop and existence will stop

Little sister the sky is falling  
I don't mind I don't mind  
Little sister the fates are calling on you

Here I stand again in this old electric whirlwind  
The sea rushes up my knees like flame  
And I feel like just some misplaced Joan of Arc  
And the cause is you looking up at me  
Oh baby I remember when you were born  
It was dawn and the storm settled in my belly  
And I rolled in the grass and I spit out the gas  
And I lit a match and the void went flash  
And the sky split and the planets hit  
Balls of jade dropped and existence stopped

Little sister the sky is falling  
I don't mind I don't mind  
Little sister the fates are calling on you

I was young and crazy so crazy I knew  
I could break through with you  
So with one hand I rocked you  
And with one heart I reached for you  
Ah I knew your youth was for the taking  
Fire on a mental plane so I ran through the fields

As the bats with their baby vein faces  
Burst from the barn in flames in the violent violet sky  
And I fell on my knees and pressed you against me  
Your skull was like a network of spittle  
Like glass balls moving in like cold streams of logic  
And I prayed as the lightning attacked  
That something would make it go crack

Something will make it go crack  
Something will make it go crack  
Something will make it go crack

The palm trees fall into the sea  
It doesn't matter much to me  
As long as you're safe Kimberly  
And I can gaze deep into your starry eyes  
Looking deep in your eyes baby  
Looking deep in your eyes baby  
Looking deep in your eyes baby  
Into your starry eyes

## BREAK IT UP

Car stopped in a clearing  
Ribbon of life, it was nearing  
I saw the boy break out of his skin  
My heart turned over and I crawled in

He cried break it up, oh, I don't understand  
Break it up, I can't comprehend  
Break it up, oh, I want to feel you  
Don't talk to me that way  
I'm not listening

Snow started falling  
I could hear the angel calling  
We rolled on the ground, he stretched out his wings  
The boy flew away and he started to sing

He sang break it up, oh, I don't understand  
Break it up, I can't comprehend  
Break it up, oh, I want to feel you  
Break it up, don't look at me

The sky was raging. The boy disappeared  
I fell on my knees. Atmosphere broke up  
The boy reappeared. I cried take me please

Ice it was shining. I could feel my heart it was melting  
I tore off my clothes, I danced on my shoes  
I ripped my skin open and then I broke through, I cried

Break it up, oh, now I understand  
Break it up, and I want to go  
Break it up, oh, please take me with you  
Break it up, I can feel it breaking  
I can feel it breaking, I can feel it breaking  
I can feel, I can feel, I can feel, I can feel

So break it up, oh, now I'm coming with you  
Break it up, now I'm going to go  
Break it up, oh, feel me I'm coming  
Break it up break it up break it up  
Break it up break it up break it up  
Break it up break it up break it up

—*for Jim Morrison*

## LAND

All the wisdom of the universe can be  
found between the eyes of the horse.

—KORAN

### *Horses*

The boy was in the hallway drinking a glass of tea  
From the other end of the hallway a rhythm was generating  
Another boy was sliding up the hallway  
He merged perfectly with the hallway  
He merged perfectly with the mirror in the hallway  
The boy looked at Johnny Johnny wanted to run  
but the movie kept moving as planned  
The boy took Johnny he pressed him against the locker  
He drove it in he drove it home he drove it deep in Johnny  
The boy disappeared Johnny fell on his knees  
started crashing his head against the locker  
started crashing his head against the locker  
started laughing hysterically  
When suddenly Johnny  
gets the feeling  
he's being surrounded by  
horses horses horses horses  
coming in all directions  
white shining silver studs with their nose in flames

He saw horses horses horses  
horses horses horses horses

unwinding compacted awareness  
deep in the desert like the edge of a spider  
in johnny's pit of light he approaches a  
vat of liquid sun the sands coagulating  
and the arctic stain is the mirror  
the image obscured by trailing nets  
of spittle he parts the veil  
everything falling away like <sup>rotted</sup> gauze  
from the skeleton of soft gold. is  
the night of the pharaoh and johnny  
grips him by his gold shoulders and  
drives it in deep in the desert  
charming the desert his fingers stretch  
the bones of blood veins and  
arteries and vague hoof beat  
thrashed wildly for an image they  
formed like scoured like a ball of  
minors sucking feed on pale blue eyes.  
one page ready I took out his switchblade  
a <sup>small</sup> glowing coral and <sup>small</sup> opened the  
throat. some mad pituitary  
gum.

Land Genesis, 1973

### *Land of a Thousand Dances*

Do you know how to pony like bony maroney  
Do you know how to twist well it goes like this it goes like this  
Then you mash potato do the alligator do the alligator  
And you twista twista like your baby sister  
I want your baby sister give me your baby sister teach your baby sister  
To rise up from her knees do the sweet pea do the sweet pee pee  
Roll down on her back got to lose control got to lose control  
Got to lose control and then you take control  
Then you roll down on your back  
Do you like it like that like it like that  
Then you do the watusi yeah do the watusi  
Life is filled with holes Johnny's laying there in his sperm coffin  
Angel looks down at him and says ah pretty boy  
Can't you show me nothing but surrender  
Johnny gets up takes off his leather jacket  
Taped to his chest there's the answer  
He got pen knives and jack knives and  
Switchblades preferred switchblades preferred  
He cries he screams says  
Life is full of pain I push it through my brain  
And I fill my nose with snow and go Rimbaud  
Go Rimbaud go Rimbaud oh go Johnny go  
And do the watusi oh do the watusi

There's a little place a place called space  
It's a pretty little place it's across the track  
Across the track and the name of that place

Is I like it like that I like it like that  
I like it like that I like it like that

And the name of the band is  
Twistelette twistelette twistelette  
Twistelette twistelette twistelette

*La Mer (de)*

Let it calm down let it calm down  
In the night in the eye of the forest  
There's a mare black and shining with yellow hair  
I put my fingers through her silken hair  
And found a stair I didn't waste time  
I just walked right up and saw that up there  
There is a sea up there there is a sea up there  
There is a sea seize the possibility  
There is no land but the land  
[Up there is just a sea of possibilities]  
There is no sea but the sea  
[Up there is a wall of possibilities]  
There is no keeper but the key  
[Up there there are several walls of possibilities]  
Except for one who seizes possibilities  
I seize the first possibility the sea around me  
I was standing there with my legs spread like a sailor  
[In a sea of possibilities] I felt his hand on my knee  
[On the screen] And I looked at Johnny  
And handed him a branch of coral flame  
[In the heart of man] The waves were coming in  
Like Arabian stallions gradually lapping into sea horses

He picked up the blade and he pressed it against  
His smooth throat and let it dip in [the veins]  
Dip in to the sea the sea of possibilities  
It started hardening it started hardening in my hand  
And I felt the arrows of desire

I put my hand inside his cranium, oh we had such a brainiac-amour  
But no more, no more I gotta move from my mind to the area  
[Go Rimbaud go Rimbaud go Rimbaud] Oh go Johnny go  
Do the watusi, yeah do the watusi do the watusi  
His skull shot open coiled snakes  
White and shiny twirling and encircling  
Our lives are now entwined we will four years be together  
Your nerves the mane of the black shining horse  
And my fingers all entwined through your silky hair  
I could feel it it was the hair going through my fingers  
[Build it build it]  
The hairs were like wires going through my body  
I that's how I that's how I died  
Oh when they made that Tower of Babel  
They knew what they were after  
They knew what they were after  
Everything on the current moved up  
I tried to stop it but it was too warm  
[No possible ending, no possible ending]  
Too unbelievably smooth like playing in the sea  
In the sea of possibility the possibility was a blade  
A shiny blade I hold the key to the sea of possibilities  
There's no land but the land looked at my hands  
And there's a red stream that went streaming through

The sands like fingers like arteries like fingers  
[All wisdom fixed between the eyes of a horse]  
He lay pressing it against his throat [your eyes]  
He opened his throat [your eyes] his vocal chords  
Started shooting like [of a horse] mad pituitary glands  
The scream he made [my heart] was so high  
Pitched that nobody heard no one heard  
That cry no one heard [Johnny] the butterfly flapping  
In his throat his fingers nobody heard he was on that bed  
It was like a sea of jelly and so he seized the first  
His vocal chords shot up like mad pituitary glands  
It was a black tube he felt himself disintegrate  
[There is nothing happening at all]  
So when he looked out into the street  
Saw this sweet young thing  
Humping on the parking meter  
Leaning on the parking meter  
A long Fender whine  
In the sheets there was a man  
Everything around him unraveling  
Like some long Fender whine  
Dancing around to a simple rock and roll song

*“Land” was an improvisation evoking Chris Kenners’s “Land of a Thousand Dances,” a salute to the past and an anticipation of the future.*

## ELEGIE

I just don't know what to do tonight  
My head is aching as I drink and breathe  
Memory falls like cream in my bones  
Moving on my own

There must be something I can dream tonight  
The air is filled with the moves of you  
All the fire is frozen yet still I have the will

Trumpets, violins, I hear them in the distance  
And my skin emits a ray  
But I think it's sad, it's much too bad  
That all our friends can't be with us today

## RADIO ETHIOPIA

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*Beauty will be convulsive or not at all.*

—ANDRÉ BRETON, *NADJA*

*Reprinted courtesy of The Yipster Times (March-April, 1977). A subscription to The Yipster Times is only \$6/yr. to P.O. Box 392, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013. The Patti Smith Group's new record is Radio Ethiopia on Arista Records. Patti says: "Radio Ethiopia goes beyond the wax into a disc of light. Fight the good fight."*



by patti smith

## You Can't Say "Fuck" in Radio Free America

BY PATTI SMITH

*New Year's Eve, Patti Smith gave a concert at NYC's Palladium. WNEW-FM refused to air the concert on their station due to her using the word "fuck" on an interview with the station last November. Upon hearing of this decision, Patti wrote this heavy condemnation of "progressive" rock radio as we hear it now.*

Fuck the word...fuck the word  
fuck the word the word is dead  
is re-defining...the bird in the womb  
is expelled by the propelling  
motion of fuck of fucking

restrictive playlisting and narrow monopolistic visions.  
The promise is being betrayed.

We Want The Radio And We Want It Now  
1977...the celebration of 1776-1976 ends tonight...  
we end with the same desires of individual and ethnic  
freedom of concept...the freedom of art...the freedom  
of work...the freedom/flow of energy that keeps re-  
newing itself with the nourishment of each generation.  
The political awareness of the 1960's was a result of the  
political repression of the 1950's. The 70's have rep-  
resented the merging of both...political-artistic/activism-  
expression.

The colonial year is dead. Rock and roll is not a  
colonial art. We colonize to further the freedom of  
space.

We must dedicate ourselves to the future...in the  
sixties the DOG was GOD...the underdogs rose  
up and merged and fought for political freedom...  
we of 1977 are Rat/Art.

—Radio Ethiopia, 1977

On November 29, Patti Smith delivered an address on WNEW-FM in New York City. Because of the content of this message, the Patti Smith Group will not be aired live in the future. WNEW-FM is a progressive radio station, for the people who support free communication to decide what programming they want to hear on their radio. (S.a.a.t., to Radio Ethiopia, P.O. Box 188, Mantua, New Jersey 08051).

THE RESISTANCE  
We believe in the total freedom of communication and we will not be censored. The censorship of words is as meaningless as the censorship of musical notes; we cannot tolerate either. Freedom means exactly that: no limits, no boundaries...rock and roll is not a colonial power to be exploited, told what to say and how to say it. This is the spirit in which our music began and the flame in which it must be continued. Radio Ethiopia is a symphony of experience...each piece a movement...14 movements...14 stations.

There is silence on my radio...

—Stones

They are trying to silence us, but they cannot succeed. We cannot be trusted not to pollute the airways with our indignant and uncompromising New York radio has proved unresponsive at best to the new rock and roll being born under its ears...a music having worldwide cause and effect...injecting a new sense of urgency and imperative. Radio has consistently lagged behind the needs of the community it is honor-bound to serve. We do not consider paternalistic token airplay and passive coverage to be enough. FM radio was birthed in the 1960's as an alternative to...

suspended in relies (art). The guardians of ritual gather all that heralds and redefines civilization into a long streaming system of tongues...salute then spit on those who left us the ruins of much broken ground then move on...

dedicated to the future we are thus fasting...we rip into the past-perfect like raw meat...we do not accept the past as the summit of creation...we rise and pierce the membrane of mire and waste...the stagnation of rust...

1977. We the people of the neo-army are spewing JUST LUST...The absolute motion into the future...To fight the good fight...the fight for freedom of expression...The fight against fat and Roman satisfaction.

WE DON'T WANT NO SATISFACTION  
!!THE ART/RAT DAWNS!!  
(THE AWAKENING GRAIN)

RAISE UP/TAKE POSITION/DUO-SONIC THE  
SYSTEM OF GOD. ILLUMINATED WEAPONS  
POISED LIKE MALLOTS LIKE 2-SOUND PICK-UPS  
BAYONETING THE FLESH OF THE EYE...A GRAIN  
HORN BLOWING IN THE OZONE NEAR THE EARTH THAT  
SEIZE ALL AIR (radiant AND STONED AND IN-  
RATED BY A SPECTRE) SO CUNNING HE EVENTUALLY  
SHOWS HIS PHASE. HE EVENTUALLY WAKES UP (SHARP AND ROUGH AND DELICATE-  
LY CUT THE AWAKENING GRAIN DOES ITS WORK!) THE ART/RAT DAWNS AGAIN! ART/RAT  
WANTS TO SPARK RUSHING TADPOLES! A  
BLACK STREAK ACROSS THE WHOLE HORIZON  
THE GLASS THAT SEPARATES HIM FROM  
SOCIETY IS THE TRUE PRISON OF LIGHT...ART/  
RAT IN THE SHAPE OF A BOY DRESSED IN A  
COAT OF MILK...ACTION PAINTER...RUBEDO  
HORN OF THE ONE WHO SOARS AND SLASHES  
THRU THE VIOLET ROCKS AND WORDS...  
ING THE SENCE OF PURT-TONGUE RYTHM  
ART/RAT POSSESSING THE NOBLE CONCEIT OF  
THE FUTURE AWAITS HIGH ORDERS TO SPEW  
THE TONGUE OF LOVE THAT UTTERS THE MOST  
PRECIOUS COMMAND THE WORDS OF LOVE THAT  
TURN US ON (THE PHYSICAL HIEROGLYPHICS)  
XTRA 14 POSITIONS) ARE "FUCK ME FUCK ME  
FUCK ME FUCK ME...FUCK THE WORD THE  
WORD IS DEAD! FUCK ME DEAD ON THE RADAR/O  
THE WORD IS DEAD! IN A WAVE OF SOUND) TO  
BE UNBOUND AND WAVED AND DEFILED LIKE  
A BANNER OUTSIDE SOCIETY OVER THE BLACK  
RIVER...CITIZENS ARISE! SPIT-BALL INTO THE  
SKY! THE AWAKENING GRAIN AWAKENING  
A-WAKE UP W

## ASK THE ANGELS

Move. Ask the angels who they're calling  
Go ask the angels if they're calling to thee  
Ask the angels, while they're falling  
Who that person could possibly be

And I know you got the feeling  
You know, I feel it crawl across the floor  
And I know, it got you reeling  
And honey, honey the call is for war  
And it's wild, wild, wild, wild

Across the country through the fields  
You know I see it written 'cross the sky  
People rising from the highway  
And war, war is the battle cry  
And it's wild, wild, wild, wild

Armageddon, it's gotten  
No Savior jailer can take it from me  
World ending, it's just beginning  
And rock and roll is what I'm born to be  
And it's wild, wild, wild, wild

Ask the angels if they're starting to move  
Coming in droves in from L.A.

Ask the angels if they're starting to groove  
Light as our armor and it's today  
And it's wild, wild, wild, wild

## In aint it Strange

long a land  
There a club house  
guys in white dress  
Boys shot white stuff  
oh aint it strange that  
anyone should join  
but they come + call  
and fall on the floor  
don't you think they'd  
have the will but  
they join and  
they spill fil  
the club. no  
to fill  
~~question~~ ~~it strange?~~  
no no no  
aint it strange.  
huh.

island r paulo.  
crawling toward  
me he com to me  
don't get that me  
wanna join  
not no no  
wanna join  
no oh no  
the inside of  
your Temp  
looks like the  
inside of a  
brain  
of any  
one man

Ain't It Strange, 1976

## AIN'T IT STRANGE

Down in Vineland there's a clubhouse  
Girl in white dress boy shoot white stuff  
Oh don't you know that anyone can join  
And they come and call and they fall on the floor  
Don't you see when you're looking at me  
That I'll never end transcend transcend  
Ain't it strange oh oh oh  
Ain't it strange oh oh oh  
Come and join me I implore thee  
I implore thee come explore me  
Oh don't you know that anyone can come  
And they come and they call and they crawl on the floor  
Don't you see when you're looking at me  
That I'll never end transcend transcend  
Ain't it strange oh oh oh  
Ain't it strange oh oh oh  
True true who are you  
Who who am I

Down in Vineland there's a clubhouse  
Girl in white dress boy shoot white stuff  
Oh don't you know anyone can come  
And they come and call and they fall on the floor  
Don't you see when you're looking at me  
That I'll never end transcend transcend  
Ain't it strange oh oh oh

Ain't it strange oh oh oh

do you go to the temple tonight oh no i don't think so do you not  
go to the palace of answers with me marie oh no i don't think so  
no

see when they offer me book of gold i know soon still that platinum  
is coming and when i look inside of your temple it looks just like  
the

inside of any one man and when he beckons his finger to me well i  
move in another direction i move in another dimension i move in  
another dimension oh oh oh

Hand of God I feel the finger

Hand of God I start to whirl

Hand of God I do not linger

Don't get dizzy do not fall now

Turn whirl like a dervish

Turn God make a move

Turn Lord I don't get nervous

I just move in another dimension

Come move in another dimension

Come move in another dimension

Come move in another dimension

Strange strange

do you go to the temple tonight oh no i don't think so no will you  
go to the pagoda the palace of answers with me marie oh no i  
don't

believe so no see when they offer me book of gold i know soon  
still

that platinum is coming and when i look inside your temple it looks  
just like the inside of the brain of any one man and when he  
beckons

his finger to me well i move in another dimension i move in  
another  
dimension i move in another dimension

## POPPIES

Heard it on the radio it's no good  
Heard it on the radio it's news to me  
When she getting something it's understood  
Baby's got something she's not used to  
Down down poppy yeah  
Waiting on the corner wanna score  
Baby wants something she's in the mood to  
Baby wants something I want more  
When I don't get it I get blue blue  
Down down and it's really coming  
Really coming down down poppy yeah

She was tense and gleaming in the sun  
They split her open like a country  
Everyone was very pleased to be a state of  
Her mind was gently probed like a finger  
Everything soaking and spread with butter  
And then they laid her on the table  
She connected with the inhaler  
And the needle was shifting like crazy  
She was she was completely still  
It was like a painting of a vase  
She just lay there and the gas traveled fast  
Thru the dorsal spine and down and around  
The anal cavity her cranium it was really great man  
The gas had inflicted her entire spine

With the elements of a voluptuous disease  
With a green vapor made her feet light  
I moved thru the door I saw the wheel and it was golden  
And oh my God I finally scored  
I turned the channel station after station

I don't think there's any station  
Quite as interesting to me as the 12th station  
I tuned in to the tower too many centuries  
Were calling to me spinning down thru time  
Oh watch them say you're too high  
Before him we didn't worship suffering  
Didn't we laugh and dance for hours  
We were having fun as we built the tower  
I saw it spiraling up into his electric eye  
I felt it go in and started to cry  
Oh God are you afraid  
Why did the tower turn you off babe  
I want to feel you in my radio  
Goddamn in my radio  
If you want to go go if you want to see  
If you want to go as far as she  
You must look God in the face  
Heard it on the radio heard it on the radio  
One long ecstatic pure sensation restriction started excreting  
Started excreting ah exhilarating bottomless pit  
Hey Sheba hey Salome hey Venus eclipsing my way ah  
You're vessel every woman is a vessel is evasive is aquatic  
Everyone silver ecstatic platinum disk spinning

## PISSING IN A RIVER

Pissing in a river watching it rise  
Tattoo fingers shy away from me  
Voices voices mesmerize  
Voices voices beckoning sea  
Come come come come back come back  
Come back come back come back

Spoke of a wheel tip of a spoon  
Mouth of a cave I'm a slave I'm free  
When are you coming hope you come soon  
Fingers fingers encircling thee  
Come come come come come come  
Come come come come come come for me

My bowels are empty excrete in your soul  
What more can I give you baby I don't know  
What more can I give you to make this thing grow  
Don't turn your back now I'm talking to you  
Should I pursue a path so twisted  
Should I crawl defeated and gifted  
Should I go the length of a river  
The royal the throne the cry me river

Everything I've done I've done for you  
Oh I give my life for you

Every move I made I move to you  
And I came like a magnet for you now

What about it you're going to leave me  
What about it you don't need me  
What about it I can't live without you  
What about it I never doubted you  
What about it what about it  
What about it what about it

Should I pursue a path so twisted  
Should I crawl defeated and gifted  
Should I go the length of a river  
The royal the throne the cry me river  
What about it what about it what about it  
Oh I'm pissing in a river

spoke of a wheel  
Tip of a spoon  
Tongue extending  
I'm a slave / I'm free  
pressure fingers  
here we sigh  
Fingers fingers  
Encircle Thee

In The night  
<sup>eye</sup>  
in The fight  
of The

my bowels are empty  
excrete in your soul  
What mae can I give you  
Bally I don't know  
Blood in The river  
hard cellularid  
~~This my head is a bee~~  
~~This mae~~  
film on my body  
I'm shooting for you

oh I'm SINKing  
Sweet gravity

Pissing in a River, 1976

## DISTANT FINGERS

When when will you be landing  
When when will you return  
Feel feel my heart expanding  
You and your alien arms

All my earthly dreams are shattered  
I'm so tired I quit  
Take me forever it doesn't matter  
Deep inside of your ship  
La la la la la landing  
Please oh won't you return  
See your blue lights are flashing  
You and your alien arms

Deep in the forest I whirl  
Like I did as a little girl  
Let my eyes rise in the sky  
Looking for you oh you know  
I would go anywhere at all  
'Cause no star is too far with you

La la la la la landing  
Please oh won't you return  
Feel feel my heart expanding  
You and your alien arms

All my earthly dreams are shattered  
I'm so tired I quit  
Take me forever it doesn't matter  
Deep inside of your ship

Land land oh I am waiting for you  
Waiting for you to take me up by my starry spine  
With your distant distant fingers  
Oh I am waiting for you  
Oh I am waiting for you

## PUMPING (MY HEART)

Oh I see your stare spiraling up there  
Into the center of my brain and baby come baby go  
And free the hurricane oh I go into the center of the airplane  
Baby gotta move to the center of my pain  
And my heart starts pumping my fists start pumping  
Upset total abandon upset you know I love you so  
Upset total abandon

Oh I see you stare spiraling up there and oh  
Into the center of my brain and baby come baby go  
And free the hurricane oh I go into the center of the airplane  
Baby gotta box in the center of the ring  
And my heart starts pumping my fists start pumping  
Upset total abandon you know I love you so  
Total abandon oh I go into the center of the airplane  
Baby gotta go to the center of my brain  
And my heart starts pumping my fists start pumping  
Got no recollection of my past reflection  
So I'm free to move in the resurrection  
My heart starts pumping my fists start pumping  
My heart pumping my heart pumping my heart pumping  
Coming in the airport coming in the sea coming in the garden  
Got a conscious stream coming in a washroom coming on a plane  
Coming in a force field coming in my brain and my heart  
My heart total abandon total abandon total abandon total  
Abandon total abandon total abandon total abandon  
Oh I go into the center of the airplane

Baby gotta move to the center of my brain  
My heart

## CHIKLETS

last night i awoke up from a dream came face to face with my face facing the tombstone teeth of a man called chiklets he came down through the ages with the desperate beauty of a middleweight boxer came beating the force field with elegant grace trying to get a perfect grip there was no absolute grip he was in a sail boat a glass bottom boat the bottom of a boat he was coming down through the ages sea molten sea spilling down the tube the spiny eye of the village the spinal eye of the victim the spiny eye like a question mark hovering over him what do you want what do you want from him down on a dream too much unexplained what do you think do you think there was an actual connection i can't imagine a connection going down there i can't imagine any connection at all a boxing ring with gold ropes soft desperate karat top spinning and coming down through the ages forty one BC

## RADIO ETHIOPIA/ABYSSINIA

Oh I'll send you a telegram  
Oh I have some information for you  
Oh I'll send you a telegram  
Send it deep in the heart of you  
Deep in the heart of your brain is a lever  
Deep in the heart of your brain is a switch  
Deep in the heart of your flesh you are clever  
Oh honey you met your match in a bitch  
There will be no famine in my existence  
I merge with the people of the hills  
People of Ethiopia  
Your opiate is the air that you breathe  
All those mint bushes around you  
Are the perfect thing for your system  
Aww clean clean it out  
You must rid yourself from these these animal fixations  
You must release yourself  
From the thickening blackmail of elephantiasis  
You must divide the wheat from the rats  
You must turn around and look oh God  
When I see Brancusi  
His eyes searching out the infinite  
Abstract spaces in the radio  
Rude hands of sculptor  
Now gripped around the neck of a Duo-Sonic  
I swear on your eyes no pretty words will sway me

Ahh look at me look at the world around you  
Jesus I hate to laugh but I can not believe  
Care I so much everything merges then touch it  
With a little soul anything is possible  
Ahhh I never knew you how can it be  
That I feel so fucked up  
I am in no condition to do what I must do  
The first dog on the street can tell you that  
As for you you do as you must  
But as for me I trust  
That you will book me on the first freighter  
Passage on the first freighter  
So I can get the hell out of here  
And go back home back to Abyssinia  
Deep in the heart of the valley I'm going  
Ohhh I would appreciate if you would just  
Totally appreciate Brancusi's Bird in Space  
The sculptor's mallet has been replaced  
By the neck of a guitar  
Lately  
Every time I see your face  
I eventually  
wake up

## EASTER

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*Use menace, use prayer.*

—JEAN GENET

## 'TILL VICTORY

Raise the sky, we got to fly  
Over the land over the sea  
Fate unwinds and if we die souls arise  
God, do not seize me please. 'Till victory

Take arm. Take aim. Be without shame  
No one to bow to. To vow to. To blame  
Legions of light virtuous flight ignite excite  
And you will see us coming  
V formation through the sky  
Film survives. Eyes cry. On the hill  
Hear us call through a realm of sound  
Oh oh-ho down and down  
Down and 'round oh down and 'round  
'Round and 'round oh 'round and 'round

Rend the veil and we shall sail  
The nail. The grail. That's all behind thee  
In deed in creed the curve of our speed  
And we believe that we will raise the sky  
We got to fly over the land over the sea  
Fate unwinds and if we die souls arise  
God, do not seize me please. 'Till victory  
Victory. 'Till victory. Victory. 'Till victory

## SPACE MONKEY

Blood on the TV ten o'clock news.  
Souls are invaded heart in a groove  
Beating and beating so out of time  
What's the mad matter with the church chimes  
Here comes a stranger up on Ninth Avenue  
Leaning green tower indiscreet view  
Over the cloud over the bridge  
Sensitive muscle sensitive ridge  
Of my space monkey sign of the time-time  
Space monkey so out of line-line  
Space monkey son of divine  
And he's mine mine all mine

Pierre Clemente. Snortin' cocaine.  
The sexual streets why it's all so insane  
Humans are running lavender room  
Hovering liquid move over moon  
For my space monkey sign of the time-time  
Space monkey son of divine  
Space monkey so out of line  
And he's mine mine oh he's mine

Stranger comes up to him  
Hands him an old rusty Polaroid  
It starts crumbling in his hands.  
He says, oh man, I don't get the picture

This is no picture this is just this just a this just a . . .  
Just my jack-knife just my jack-knife just my jack.

Rude excavation. Landing site.  
Boy hesitating jack-knife  
He rips his leg open so out of time  
Blood and light running  
It's all like a dream  
Light of my life he's dressed in flame  
It's all so predestined it's all such a game  
For my space monkey sign of the time-time  
Space monkey son of divine space monkey  
So out of line and it's all just space just space

There he is up in a tree.  
Oh, I hear him calling down to me  
That banana-shaped object ain't no banana  
It's a bright yellow UFO and he's coming to get me  
Here I go up up up up up up up up  
Oh, good-bye mama I'll never do dishes again  
Here I go from my body  
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha  
Help

## BECAUSE THE NIGHT

Take me now baby here as I am  
Pull me close, try and understand  
Desire is hunger is the fire I breathe  
Love is a banquet on which we feed

Come on now try and understand  
The way I feel when I'm in your hands  
Take my hand come undercover  
They can't hurt you now, can't hurt you now

Because the night belongs to lovers  
Because the night belongs to love  
Because the night belongs to lovers  
Because the night belongs to us

Have I doubt when I'm alone  
Love is a ring, the telephone  
Love is an angel, disguised as lust  
Here in our bed, until the morning comes

Come on now try and understand  
The way I feel under your command  
Take my hand as the sun descends  
They can't touch you now, can't touch you now

And though we're seized with doubt  
The vicious circle turns and burns  
Without you I cannot live, forgive  
The yearning burning, I believe it's time  
To feel to heal, so touch me now  
Touch me now, touch me now

Because this night there are two lovers  
Because we believe in the night we trust  
Because the night belongs to lovers  
Because the night belongs to us

—*Cowritten with Bruce Springsteen*

## GHOST DANCE

What is it children that falls from the sky  
Tayi taya tayi aye aye  
Manna from heaven from the most high  
Food from the father tayi taya aye  
We shall live again we shall live again  
Shake out the ghost dance

Peace to your brother, give and take eat  
Tayi taya dance little feet  
One foot extended snake to the ground  
Wave up the earth worm turn around  
We shall live again we shall live again  
Shake out the ghost dance

Stretch out your arms now dip and sway  
Bird of thy birth tayi taya  
The oe of the shoe the ou of the soul  
Dust of the word that shakes from the tail  
We shall live again we shall live again  
Shake out the ghost dance

Here we are, Father your Holy Ghost  
Bread of your bread host of your host  
We are the tears that fall from your eyes  
Word of your word cry of your cry

We shall live again we shall live again

What is it Father  
That moves in the night  
What is it Father  
That snakes to the right  
What is it Father  
That shakes from your hand  
What is it Father  
Can you tell me when  
Father will we live again  
We shall live again  
We shall live again  
We shall live again  
Shake out the ghost

everything is shit. the word ART must  
be redefined. this is the age where  
everybody creates.. rise up nigger take  
up your true place.. rise up nigger the  
word too must be redefined. this is  
your arms and this is your hook. don't  
the black boys get shook. high asses  
asses get down. NIGGER no invented for  
the color it was made for the plague.  
for the royalty who have readjusted  
their sores.. the artist. the mutant..  
the rock and roll mulatto.. arise new  
babe born sans eye-brow and tonsil.  
outside logic beyond mathematics  
self torture and poli-tricks.. the  
new science advances unknown geometry.  
arise with new eyes new health  
new niggers.. this is your call your  
calling your psalm.rise up niggers  
and reign with your instruments  
soldiers of new fortune.uncalcuable  
caste of we new niggers.

MADE FOR the PLAGUE

*Manifesto notes, 1977*

## BABELOGUE

*i haven't fucked much with the past, but i've fucked plenty with the future over the skin of silk are scars from the splinters of stations and walls i've caressed. a stage is like each bolt of wood, like a log of helen, is my pleasure. i would measure the success of a night by the way by the way by the amount of piss and seed i could exude over the columns that nestled the PA some nights i'd surprise everybody by skipping off with a skirt of green net sewed over with flat metallic circles which dazzled and flashed. the lights were violet and white i had an ornamental veil, but i couldn't bear to use it. when my hair was cropped i craved covering, but now my hair itself is a veil, and the scalp of a crazy and sleepy comanche lies beneath this netting of skin. i wake up. i am lying peacefully. i am lying peacefully and my knees are open to the sun. i desire him, and he is absolutely ready to seize me. in heart i am moslem in heart i am an american. in heart i am moslem. in heart i'm an american artist and i have no guilt. i seek pleasure. i seek the nerves under your skin. the narrow archway; the layers; the scroll of ancient lettuce. we worship the flaw, the belly, the belly, the mole on the belly of an exquisite whore. he spared the child and spoiled the rod. i have not sold myself to god.*

## ROCK N ROLL NIGGER

Baby was a black sheep baby was a whore  
Baby got big and baby get bigger  
Baby get something baby get more  
Baby baby baby was a rock n roll nigger  
Oh look around you all around you  
Riding on a copper wave  
Do you like the world around you  
Are you ready to behave  
Outside of society they're waiting for me  
Outside of society that's where I want to be

Baby was a black sheep baby was a whore  
You know she got big. Well she's gonna get bigger  
Baby got a hand got a finger on the trigger  
Baby baby baby is a rock n roll nigger  
Outside of society that's where I want to be  
Outside of society they're waiting for me

Those who have suffered understand suffering  
And thereby extend their hand  
The storm that brings harm  
Also makes fertile blessed is the grass  
And herb and the true thorn

I was lost in a valley of pleasure

I was lost in the infinite sea  
I was lost and measure for measure  
Love spewed from the heart of me

I was lost and the cost  
And the cost didn't matter to me  
I was lost and the cost  
Was to be outside society  
Jimi Hendrix was a nigger  
Jesus Christ and grandma too  
Jackson Pollock was a nigger  
Nigger nigger nigger nigger  
Nigger nigger nigger  
Outside of society they're waiting for me  
Outside of society if you're looking  
That's where you'll find me  
Outside of society they're waiting for me

## WE THREE

Every Sunday I would go down to the bar where he played guitar  
You say you want me. I want another. Say you dream of me

Dream of your brother. Oh, the stars shine so suspiciously for we three

You said when you were with me that nothing made you high  
We drank all night together and you began to cry so recklessly  
Baby please don't take my hope away from me  
You say you want me. I want another baby

You say you wish for me. Wish for your brother  
Oh, the dice roll so deceptively for we three  
It was just another Sunday and everything was in the key of A  
And I lit a cigarette for your brother  
And he turned and heard me say so desperately  
Baby please don't take my hope away from me

You say you want me. I want another  
You say you pray for me. Pray for your brother  
Oh, the way that I see him is the way I see myself  
So please stand back now and let time tell  
Oh, can't you see that time is the key  
That will unlock the destiny of we three

Every night on separate stars before we go to sleep we pray

So breathlessly. Baby please don't take my hope away from me

## BABELFIELD

what i feel when i'm playing guitar is completely cold and crazy like i don't owe nobody nothing and it's just a test just to see how far I can and relax into the cold wave of a note when everything hits just right the note of nobility can go on forever i never tire of the solitary E and i trust my guitar and i don't care about anything sometimes i feel like i've broken through and i'm free and i could dig into eternity riding the wave and realm of the E sometimes it's useless here I am struggling and filled with dread afraid that i'll never squeeze enough graphite from my damaged cranium to inspire or asphyxiate any eyes grazing like hungry cows across the stage or page inside of me i'm crazy i'm just crazy inside i must continue i see her my stiff muse jutting around 'round 'round 'round like a broken speeding statue the colonial year is dead and the greeks too are finished the face of alexander remains not only solely due to sculpture but through the power and foresight and magnetism of alexander himself the artist must maintain his swagger he must be intoxicated by ritual as well as result look at me i am laughing I'm like the hard brown palm of the boxer and i trust my guitar therefore we black out together therefore i would run through scum and scum is just ahead we see it but we just laugh we're ascending through the hollow mountain we are peeking we are laughing we are kneeling we are radiating at last this rebellion is just a gas our gas that we pass

## TWENTY-FIFTH FLOOR

We explore the men's room  
we don't give a shit  
ladies' lost electricity  
take vows inside of it  
desire to dance  
too startled to try  
wrap my legs 'round you  
starting to fly let's explore  
up there, up there, up there  
on the twenty-fifth floor

Circle all around me  
coming for the kill  
kill kill oh kill me baby  
like a kamikaze  
heading for a spill  
oh but it's all spilt milk to me  
desire to dance  
too startled to try  
wrap my legs 'round you  
starting to fly let's soar  
up there, up there, up there  
on the twenty-fifth floor

We do not eat flower of creation  
we do not eat eat anything at all

love is, love was  
love is a manifestation  
I'm waiting for a contact to call.  
love's war. love's cruel. love's pretty  
love's pretty cruel tonight

I'm waiting here to refuel  
I'm gonna make contact tonight  
blood in my heart. Night to exploit  
twenty-five stories over Detroit  
and there's more  
up there, up there, up there

Stoned in space. Zeus. Christ. it has always been rock and so it is and so it shall be. within the context of neo rock we must open up our eyes and seize and rend the veil of smoke which man calls order. pollution is a necessary result of the inability of man to reform and transform waste. the transformation of waste is perhaps the oldest pre-occupation of man. man being the chosen alloy, he must be reconnected via shit, at all cost. inherent within us is the dream of the task of the alchemist to create from the clay of man and re-create from excretion of man pure and then soft and then solid gold. all must not be art. some art we must disintegrate. positive anarchy must exist.

I feel it swirling around me  
I feel I'm feeling no pain  
I'm waiting above for you baby  
I know that I'll see you up there  
I'm tripping in the dark backward  
I'm going for all that it's worth  
I'm waiting above in the sky dear

upon another planet called earth

## EASTER

Easter Sunday we were walking  
Easter Sunday we were talking  
Isabelle, my little one  
Take my hand time has come

Isabelle, all is glowing  
Isabelle, all is knowing  
And my heart, Isabelle  
And my head, Isabelle

Frédéric and Vitalie  
Savior dwells inside of thee  
Oh, the path leads to the sun  
Brother sister time has come

Isabelle, all is glowing  
Isabelle, all is knowing  
Isabelle, we are dying  
Isabelle, we are rising

I am the spring  
the holy ground  
I am the seed  
Of mystery  
the thorn the veil

the face of grace  
the brazen image  
the thief of sleep  
the ambassador of dreams  
the prince of peace

I am the sword  
the wound the stain  
scorned transfigured  
child of Cain  
I rend I end  
I return again  
I am the salt  
the bitter laugh  
I am the gas  
in a womb of light  
The evening star  
the ball of sight  
That bleeds that sheds  
the tears of Christ  
Dying and drying  
as I rise tonight

Isabelle, we are rising  
Isabelle, we are rising  
Isabelle, we are rising

—*for Arthur, Vitalie, and Isabelle Rimbaud*

## GODSPEED

You are the adrenaline rushing through my veins  
Stimulate my heart pale and crystalline  
You are the sulfur extinguished by the flame  
You are everything to me, all this in your name

Walking in your blue coat, weeping admiral  
All the twisted sailors, Vienna and Genet  
Ending all that's static in a myth of sin  
Mirror mine ecstatic pale adrenaline

Love is a vampire, energy undead  
Love is like a boomerang, gone and back again  
On a rack of red leather, on a rack of skin and sin  
Tell me how to sail sail sail pale adrenaline

And you said to me it could never be  
Sent me out to sea to see  
And you said Godspeed

Follow follow me down the twisted stair  
Stuck inside a memory shot and shot again  
Hand upon a railing courting fate and fate  
Down a black river and I plunge right in

Adrenaline move inside my vein

Ah, you're the speed I need throw the pistol in  
Love is like a vampire coming in to suck suck  
I fell and fell and fell and I'm going to duck

## WAVE

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*I have fought a good fight,  
I have finished my course.*

—TIMOTHY 4:7

## FREDERICK

Hi hello awake from thy sleep  
God has given your soul to keep  
All of the power that burns in the flame  
Ignites the light in a single name

Frederick, name of care  
Fast asleep in a room somewhere  
Guardian angels lay abed  
Shed their light on my sleepy head

High on a threshold yearning to sing  
Down with the dancers having one last fling  
Here's to the moment when you said hello  
Come into my spirit are you ready let's go

Hi hi hey hey maybe I will  
Come back some day now  
But tonight on the wings of a dove  
Up above to the land of love

Now I lay me down to sleep  
Pray the Lord my soul to keep  
Kiss to kiss, breath to breath  
My soul surrenders astonished to death

Night of wonder promise to keep  
Set our sails channel the deep  
Capture the rapture, two hearts meet  
Combined entwined in a single beat

Frederick, you're the one  
As we journey from sun to sun  
All the dreams I waited so long for  
Our flight tonight so long so long

Bye bye hey hey maybe  
We will come back some day now  
But tonight on the wings of a dove  
Up above to the land of love

Frederick, name of care  
High above with sky to spare  
All the things I've been dreaming of  
All expressed in this name of love

dream of linda

Frederick

end the song  
The stars are gone

Q { I'm w/ The dancers having  
one last fling  
I'm on the Threshold  
yearning To sing  
Guardian angels  
up in the sky  
Leave w/ your Trumpets  
hear my cry  
I am his.  
S { that is what we're  
wanted goodbye so long

S { Bye bye  
hey hey

③ Frederick  
name of care  
high alone in a boat  
④ waiting for ~~so long~~  
~~goodbye~~ so long

M  
N  
O  
F  
R  
S  
T  
U  
V  
W

Frederick, 1978

She is benediction  
 She is addicted to thee  
 She is rude connecting w/ he  
 & connection

She is benediction  
 She is addicted to thee  
 She is the rude connection  
 She is connecting w/ he  
 here al go well al don't know why  
 Al open so gencelssly  
 Could it be he's taken over me  
 I'm dancing barefoot  
 Reading for a spin  
 Some strange music draws me  
 in / makes me come on  
 like some heroine

She is Consecration  
 She is the essence .  
 She is concentrating on thee  
 she is slow sensation  
 streaming The essence of he  
 here al come well al don't know  
 why, spend  
 al ~~flow~~ so ceaslessly  
 could it be he's taken  
 over me

I  
J  
K  
L  
M  
M  
N

## DANCING BAREFOOT

She is benediction  
She is addicted to thee  
She is the rude connection  
She is connecting with he

Here I go and I don't know why  
I spin so ceaselessly  
Could it be he's taking over me  
I'm dancing barefoot  
Heading for a spin  
Some strange music draws me in  
Makes me come on like some heroine

She is sublimation  
She is the essence of thee  
She is concentrating on he  
Who is chosen by she

Here I go and I don't know why  
I spin so ceaselessly  
Could it be he's taking over me  
I'm dancing barefoot  
Heading for a spin  
Some strange music draws me in  
Makes me come on like some heroine

She is re-creation  
She, intoxicated by thee  
She has the slow sensation  
That he is levitating with she

Here I go and I don't know why  
I spin so ceaselessly  
'Till I lose my sense of gravity  
I'm dancing barefoot  
Heading for a spin  
Some strange music draws me in  
Makes me come on like some heroine

Oh God, I fell for you  
Oh God, I fell for you  
Oh God, I feel the fever  
Oh God, I feel the pain  
Oh God, forever after  
Oh God, I'm back again  
Oh God, I fell for you  
Oh God, I fell for you

## REVENGE

I feel upset. Let's do some celebrating  
Come on honey don't hesitate now  
Needed you. You withdrew. I was so forsaken  
Ah, but now the tables have turned. My move  
I believe I'll be taking my revenge. Sweet revenge

I thought you were some perfect read-out. Some digital delay  
Had obscured and phased my view of the wicked hand you played  
The sands and hands of time have run out. Run out  
You better face it this thing's run amok. This luck  
I do know how to replace it with revenge. Sweet revenge

I gave you a wristwatch baby  
You wouldn't even give me the time of day  
You want to know what makes me tick  
Now it's me that's got precious little to say  
For the ghosts of our love have dried have died  
There's no use faking it  
The spirits going to close in on you tonight  
High time I was taking my revenge  
Sweet revenge. Revenge. Revenge

All the gold and silver couldn't measure  
Up my love for you. It's so immaterial  
I wouldn't wait around if I were you

In the valley of wait-ting ting  
Nobody gets nothing. Nobody gets anything.  
No time for kisses  
Don't leave me no space in your little boat  
You ain't going to need, no you ain't going to need no little boat  
You are living on marked time my dear. Revenge. Sweet revenge.  
Sweet, sweet revenge.

Don't got a pass port  
 don't got a real name  
 don't got a chance opurt  
 as fortune or fame  
 and to walk these empty streets  
 won't you give me a lift  
 a lift / a lift  
 on your citizenship.

They were rising in Chicago  
 movement in LA,  
 1968 bring the Yardbirds  
 were were wrote as well  
 rock is underground  
 MC Borderline  
 up against the wall  
 The wall / the wall  
 show your papers boy

~~some unarmmed~~  
~~fall in New York City~~  
~~she entered his embrace~~  
~~at work nowhere to sleep~~  
~~so we hit the streets~~  
~~men in uniform~~  
~~have no vinegar~~  
~~spoon of misery~~

Now give life  
 give a life ~~get~~ a life  
~~get~~ a lifeline

## CITIZEN SHIP

It was nothing. It didn't matter to me  
There were tanks all over my city  
There was water outside the windows  
And children in the streets were throwing rocks at tanks

Ain't got a passport ain't got my real name  
Ain't got a chance sport at fortune or fame  
As I walk these endless streets won't you give me a lift  
A lift a lift on your citizen ship

They were rioting in Chicago movement in L.A.  
'68 it broke the Yardbirds. We were broke as well  
Took it underground. M.C. borderline. Up against the wall  
The wall. The wall. Show your papers boy

Citizen ship we got memories. Stateless they got shame  
Cast adrift from the citizen ship lifeline denied exiled this castaway

Blind alley in New York City in a foreign embrace  
If you're hungry you're not too particular about what you'll taste  
Men in uniform gave me vinegar spoon of misery  
But what the hell I fell I fell. It doesn't matter to me

Citizen ship we got memories. Citizen ship we got pain  
Cast adrift from the citizen ship lifeline denied exile this castaway

I was caught up like a moth with its wings out of sync  
Cut the cord. Overboard. Just a refugee  
Lady liberty lend a hand to me I've been cast adrift  
Adrift. Adrift. Adrift. Adrift. Adrift

On the citizen ship we got memory. Citizen ship we got pain  
Lose your grip on the citizen ship you're cast you're cast away  
On the citizen ship you got memory. Citizen ship you got pain  
Citizen ship you got identity. A name a name a name  
A name. Ivan. A name. Ivan Kral. Name. Name.  
What's your name son. New York City. What's your name.  
What's your name. What's your name. Name. Nothing.  
I got nothing. Name. Name. Name. Name. Wake up.  
Give me your tired your poor. Give me your huddled masses  
Your war torn on your tender seas. Give me your war torn  
On your shores of dawn. Lift up your golden lamp to me.  
Ahh, it's all mythology

## SEVEN WAYS OF GOING

I've got seven ways of going seven wheres to be  
Seven sweet disguises, seven ways of serving Thee  
Lord, I do extol Thee for Thou hast lifted me  
Woke me up and shook me out of mine iniquity  
For I was undulating in the lewd impostered night  
Steeped in a dream to rend the seams to redeem the rock of right

Swept through the seas of Galilee and the Seven Hills of Rome  
Seven sins were wrung from the sight of me  
Lord, I turned my neck toward home  
I opened up my arms to you and we spun from life to life  
'Till you loosened me and let me go toward the everlasting light

In this big step I am taking seven seizures for the true  
I got seven ways of going seven ways of serving you  
As I move through seven levels as I move upon the slate  
As I declare to you the number of my moves as I speculate  
The eighth seeking love without exception a light upon the swarm  
Seeking love without exception a saint in any form

## BROKEN FLAG

Nodding though the lamp's lit low. Nod for passers underground  
To and fro she's darning and the land is weeping red and pale  
Weeping yarn from Algiers. Weeping yarn from Algiers

Weaving though the eyes are pale. What will rend will also mend  
The sifting cloth is binding and the dream she weaves will never end  
For we're marching toward Algiers. For we're marching toward Algiers

Lullaby though baby's gone. Lullaby a broken song  
Oh, the cradle was our call. When it rocked we carried on  
And we marched on toward Algiers. Forward marching toward Algiers  
We're still marching for Algiers. Marching, marching for Algiers

Not to hail a barren sky. The sifting cloth is weeping red  
The mourning veil is waving high a field of stars and tears we've shed  
In the sky a broken flag. Children wave and raise their arms  
We'll be gone but they'll go on and on and on and on and on

## HYMN

When I am troubled in the night  
He comes to comfort me

He wills me thru the darkness  
And the empty child is free

To take his hand his sacred heart  
The heart that breaks the dawn

Amen. And when I think  
I've had my fill he fills up again

Time is the space + the wall around  
time to adore and time to go  
is given to the fisherman  
is given up the goss

Time uses the moments  
your children will hold  
the wave of your hand  
the smile of your soul

burning yearning  
like some person

cara papa

it's been a long time since last one  
spoke. here is a sad brick flying  
on its side mourning its wheel.

which way do we turn. and in turn  
when is time to stop turning.

time is expressed in the heart of  
an instrument. time is the space  
and the wall around, sometimes

~~the pleasure of the fisherman~~  
time to adore and time to go  
the shore of the fisherman

Wave

## WAVE

Hi. Hi. I was running after you for a long time. I was watching you for . . . actually I've watched you for a long time. I like to watch you when you're walking back and forth on the beach. And the way your, the way your cloth looks. I like I like to see the edges, the bottom of it get all wet when you're walking near the water there. It's real nice to talk to you. I didn't. I-I-I-I. How are you? How are you? I saw I saw you from your balcony window and you were standing there waving at everybody. It was really great because there was about a billion people there, but when I was waving to you, the way your face was, it was so, the way your face was, it made me feel exactly like we're, it's not that you were just waving to me, but that we were we were waving to each other. Really it was really wonderful. I really felt happy. It really made me happy. And. Um. I. I just wanted to thank you because you, you really really you made me feel good and, oh, I, it's nothing. Well I'm just clumsy. No, it's just a Band-Aid. No, it's OK. Oh no, I'm always doing. Something's always happening to me. Well. I'll be seeing you. Good-bye. Bye. Good-bye sir. Good-bye papa.

Wave thou art pretty, Wave thou art high  
Wave thou art music, Wave thou art why  
Wave thou art pretty, Wave thou art high  
Wave to the city, wave wave good-bye

—*for Albino Luciano, Pope John Paul I*

## DREAM OF LIFE

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*Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—  
He hath awakened from the dream of life—*

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

## PEOPLE HAVE THE POWER

I was dreaming in my dreaming  
Of an aspect bright and fair  
And my sleeping it was broken  
But my dream it lingered near  
In the form of shining valleys  
Where the pure air recognized  
And my senses newly opened  
But I awakened to the cry  
That the people have the power  
To redeem the work of fools  
From the meek the graces shower  
It's decreed the people rule

The people have the power  
The people have the power

Vengeful aspects became suspect  
And bending low as if to hear  
And the armies ceased advancing  
Because the people had their ear  
And the shepherds and the soldiers  
Lay beneath the stars  
Exchanging visions  
Laying arms  
To waste in the dust  
In the form of shining valleys

Where the pure air recognized  
And my senses newly opened  
I awakened to the cry

The people have the power  
The people have the power

Where there were deserts  
I saw fountains  
Like cream the waters rise  
And we strolled there together  
With none to laugh or criticize  
And the leopard  
And the lamb  
Lay together truly bound  
I was hoping in my hoping  
To recall what I had found  
I was dreaming in my dreaming  
God knows a purer view  
As I surrender to my sleeping  
I commit my dream to you

The people have the power  
The power to dream to rule  
To wrestle the Earth from fools  
It's decreed the people rule  
It's decreed the people rule  
Listen. I believe everything we dream  
Can come to pass through our union  
We can turn the world around  
We can turn the earth's revolution

We have the power  
People have the power

## UP THERE DOWN THERE

Up there  
There's a ball of fire  
Some call it the spirit  
Some call it the sun  
Its energies are not for hire  
It serves man it serves everyone  
Down there where Jonah wails  
In the healing water  
In the ready depths  
Twisting like silver swans  
No line of death no boundaries

Up there  
The eye is hollow  
The eye is winking  
The winds ablaze  
Angels howling  
The sphinx awakens  
But what can she say  
You'd be amazed

Down there  
Your days are numbered  
Nothing to fear  
There will be trumpets  
There will be silence

In the end the end  
Will be here just here

Ahh the borders of heaven  
Are zipped up tight tonight  
The abstract streets  
The lights like some  
Switched-on Mondrian  
Cats like us are obsolete  
Hey Man don't breathe on my feet  
Thieves, poets we're inside out  
And everybody's a soldier  
Angels howl at those abstract lights  
And the borders of heaven  
Are zipped up tight tonight

Up there  
There's a ball of fire  
Some call it the spirit  
Some call it the sun  
Its energies are not for hire  
It serves man it serves everyone

The air we breathe  
The flame of wisdom  
The earth we grind  
The beckoning sea  
It's no mystery  
Not sentimental  
Ahh the equation  
It's all elemental

The world is restless  
Heaven in flux  
Angels appear  
From the bright storm  
Out of the shadows  
Up there, down there  
But what can we say  
Man's been forewarned

All communion is not holy  
Even those that fall  
They can prophet  
Understanding  
It's all for man  
It's for everyone  
It's up there,  
Down there  
Everywhere  
Everywhere  
Time for communion  
Time for communion  
Talking communion

## PATHS THAT CROSS

Speak to me  
Speak to me heart  
I feel a needing  
To bridge the clouds  
Softly go  
A way I wish to know to know  
A way I wish to know to know

Oh you'll ride  
Surely dance in a ring  
Backwards and forwards  
Those who seek  
Feel the glow  
A glow we all will know  
A glow we all will know

On that day filled with grace  
On the way two hearts' communion  
Steps we take steps we trace  
On the way two hearts' reunion

Paths that cross  
Will cross again  
Paths that cross  
Will cross again

Speak to me  
Speak to me shadow  
I spin from the wheel  
Nothing at all save the need  
The need to weave

A silk of souls  
That whisper whisper  
A silk of souls  
That whispers to me

Speak to me heart  
All things renew  
Hearts will mend  
'Round the bend  
Paths that cross  
Cross again  
Paths that cross  
Will cross again

Rise up hold the reins  
We'll meet  
I don't know when  
Hold tight bye bye  
Paths that cross  
Will cross again  
Paths that cross  
Will cross again

—for Samuel J. Wagstaff Jr.

## SOMALIA

I don't know why I feel this way today  
The sky is blue the table is laid  
The trees are heavy with yellow fruit  
And in their shade children happily play

The pears have fallen to the ground  
My child places one in my hand  
The sun is warm upon my face  
And I dream of a burning land

Mother of famine take this pear  
Upon an arrow through the rings of time  
This small fruit this golden prayer  
May it pass from this hand to thine

If I were rain I'd rain on Somalia  
If I were grain for Somalia I'd grow  
If I were bread I would rise for Somalia  
If I were a river for Somalia I'd flow

All the mothers will dream of thee  
All the mothers bless thy empty hand  
All the mothers will grieve for thee  
All the sorrow a mother can stand

If we were rain we would rain for Somalia  
If we were grain for Somalia we'd grow  
If we were bread we would rise for Somalia  
If we were a river for Somalia we'd flow

—*This lyric was written in memory of Audrey Hepburn, who worked with the simple industry of a servant to give comfort to the victims of the famine in Somalia.*

## WILD LEAVES

Wild leaves are falling  
Falling to the ground  
Every leaf a moment  
A light upon the crown  
That we'll all be wearing  
In a time unbound  
And wild leaves are falling  
Falling to the ground

Every word that's spoken  
Every word decreed  
Every spell that's broken  
Every golden deed  
All the parts we're playing  
Binding as the reed  
And wild leaves are falling  
Wild wild leaves

The spirits that are mentioned  
The myths that have been shorn  
Everything we've been through  
And the colors worn  
Every chasm entered  
Every story wound  
And wild leaves are falling  
Falling to the ground

As the campfire's burning  
As the fire ignites  
All the moments turning  
In the stormy bright  
Well enough the churning  
Well enough believe  
The coming and the going  
Wild wild leaves

## WHERE DUTY CALLS

In a room in Lebanon  
They silently slept  
They were dreaming  
Crazy dreams  
In a foreign alphabet  
Lucky young boys  
Cross on the main  
The driver was approaching  
The American zone  
The waving of hands  
The tiniest train  
They never dreamed  
They'd never wake again

Voice of the Swarm  
We follow we fall  
Some kneel for priests  
Some wail at walls  
Flag on a match head  
God or the law  
And they'll all go together  
Where duty calls

United children  
Child of Iran  
Parallel prayers

## Baseball Koran

I'll protect mama  
I'll lie awake  
I'll die for Allah  
In a holy war  
I'll be a ranger  
I'll guard the streams  
I'll be a soldier  
A sleeping marine

In the heart of the ancient  
Ali smiles  
In the soul of the desert  
The sun blooms  
Awake into the glare  
Of all our little wars  
Who pray to salute  
The coming and dying  
Of the moon  
Oh sleeping sun

Assassin in prayer  
Laid a compass deep  
Exploding dawn  
And himself as well  
Their eyes for his eyes  
Their breath for his breath  
All to his end

And a room in Lebanon  
Dust of scenes  
Erase and blend  
May the blanket of kings  
Cover them and him

Forgive them Father  
They know not what they do  
From the vast portals  
Of their consciousness  
They're calling to you

—*This lyric was written in memory of those who lost their lives in the destruction of the First Battallion, 8th Marine Headquarters, Beirut, October 23, 1983. Two hundred and forty-one marines, sailors, and soldiers on a peacekeeping mission perished with their assassin.*

## DREAM OF LIFE

I'm with you always  
You're ever on my mind  
In a light to last a whole life through  
Each way I turn the sense of you surrounds  
In every step I take in all I do  
Your thoughts your schemes  
Captivate my dreams  
Everlasting ever new  
Sea returns to sea and sky to sky  
In a life of dream am I when I'm with you

Deep in my heart  
How the presence of you shines  
In a light to last a whole life through  
I recall the wonder of it all  
Each dream of life I'll share with you

I'm with you always  
You're ever on my mind  
In a light to last a whole life through  
The hand above turns those leaves of love  
All and all a timeless view  
Each dream of life  
Flung from paradise  
Everlasting ever new  
Dream of Life, dream of Life

# The Hit Factory inc.

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## GOING UNDER

SUN IS RISING  
ON THE WATER  
LIGHT IS DANCING AGAIN  
LETS GO UNDER  
WHERE THE SUN BEAMS  
LETS GO UNDER  
MY FRIEND

ARE WE SLEEPING  
ARE WE DREAMING  
ARE WE DANCING AGAIN  
IS IT HEAVEN  
CRACK IT OPEN  
AND WE'LL SLIDE DOWN  
IT'S STREAM

WE CAN HOLD ON (I'M SURE)  
TO THE SEA'S FOAMING MANE  
IT WILL SERVE US  
WE'LL SURFACE  
AND WE'LL PLUNGE BACK AGAIN

SUN IS RISING  
ON THE WATER  
LIGHT IS DANCING  
LIKE A FLAME  
THERES NO BURNING  
WHERE THE SUN BEAMS  
OH ITS SUCH A LOVELY GAME

DOES THE SEA DREAM (I'M SURE)  
WE ARE HERE, WE ATTEND  
WE ARE BELLS ON THE SHORE  
WHERE THE TOLLING SUSPENDS

WHO WILL DECIDE  
THE SHAPE OF THINGS  
THE SHIFT OF BEING  
WHO WILL PERCEIVE  
WHEN LIFE IS NEW  
SHALL WE DIVIDE  
AND BECOME ANOTHER  
WHO IS DUE  
FOR GIFT UPON GIFT  
WHO WILL DECIDE  
SHALL WE SWIM/OVER AND OVER  
THE CURVE OF A WING  
IT'S DESTINATION  
EVERCHANGING

SUN IS RISING  
ON THE WATER  
LIGHT IS DANCING  
LIKE A FLAME  
LETS GO WALTZING  
ON THE WATER  
LETS GO UNDER  
AGAIN

LETS GO UNDER  
*WALTZING*  
*going under*

## GOING UNDER

Sun is rising on the water  
Light is dancing again  
Let's go under  
Where the sun beams  
Let's go under my friend

Are we sleeping  
Are we dreaming  
Are we dancing again  
Is it heaven crack it open  
And we'll slide down its stream

We can hold on I'm sure  
To the sea's foaming mane  
It will serve us  
We'll surface  
And we'll plunge back again

Sun is rising on the water  
Light is dancing like a flame  
There's no burning  
Where the sun beams  
Oh it's such a lovely game

Does the sea dream I'm sure

We are here, we attend  
We are bells on the shore  
As the tolling suspends

Who will decide the shape of things  
The shift of being  
Who will perceive when life is new  
Shall we divide and become another  
Who is due for gift upon gift  
Who will decide  
Shall we swim over and over  
The curve of a wing  
Its destination ever changing

Sun is rising on the water  
Light is dancing like a flame  
Let's go waltzing on the water  
Let's go under again  
Let's go under  
Going under

## AS THE NIGHT GOES BY

Darlin' come under cover  
Another night to discover  
Let's slip where senses gather  
Let's drift between the sea and sky  
As the night goes by

Sands shift  
Orchids so strange  
In the moonlight  
Brushing our faces  
Places where love blooms  
And dies  
While the night goes by  
Oh, and the spirits call  
Sun upon your shadows fall  
Tracing every breath we draw

Come into my dreams  
Come into my dreams  
Darlin' let's go where the night goes  
Let's drift where senses gather  
Let's make this night last forever  
Into my dreams  
Into my dreams

Darlin' let's go  
Where the night goes  
Time slips  
Oh darlin' how it flies  
When the night goes by

All through the night  
Sirens call  
Come to me  
I'll come to you  
As the night softly  
Goes by bye

Midnight  
Moon on our shoulder  
Daybreak  
Another one older  
Darlin' heavenly blue  
Glories fade into view

Let's go  
Under the stars  
That are beating  
Under the moonlight  
Stars shoot  
Dusk just a whisper  
Make this night  
Last forever  
Oh how I wonder  
Where the night goes  
Oh let's wonder

Where the night goes  
As the night goes  
By bye  
By bye

## LOOKING FOR YOU (I WAS)

In the medieval night  
'Twas love's design  
And the sky was open  
Like a valentine  
All the lacy lights  
Where wishes fall  
And like Shakespeare's child  
I wished on them all

Ahh to be your destiny  
Was all that I pursued  
I could see the sights  
From the lofty heights  
But my heart obscured the view

I was looking for you  
Looking for you  
What could I do  
I was looking for you

Along the black river  
The ambassador jewels  
And you were reflected  
In all that I saw  
In the towers of gold

In the wheel and the wing  
Gripping my senses  
Like an ancient claim

Many is the time I knelt in the light  
Appealing to all that I knew  
Guide my eyes and steps  
That I may find love true

I was looking for you  
Looking for you  
What could I do  
I was looking for you

Come on darlin'  
All that hearts desire  
Was written before us  
In the medieval fire  
It was love's design  
In the glittering stars  
Like Shakespeare's child  
To be where you are

From the Portobello Road  
To the Port of Marseilles  
Where the dervish turns  
Where the wild goats play

Looking for you  
I was

## MEMORIAL SONG

Little emerald bird  
Wants to fly away  
If I cup my hand  
Could I make him stay  
Little emerald soul  
Little emerald eye  
Little emerald soul  
Must you say good-bye

All the things that we pursue  
All that we dream  
Are composed as nature knew  
In a feather green

Little emerald bird  
As you light afar it  
is true I heard  
God is where you are  
Little emerald soul  
Little emerald eye  
Little emerald bird  
We must say good-bye

*—for Robert Mapplethorpe*

## THE JACKSON SONG

Little blue dreamer go to sleep  
Let's close our eyes and call the deep  
Slumbering land that just begins  
When day is done and little dreamers spin

First take my hand then let it go  
Little blue boy you're on your own  
Little blue wings as those feet fly  
Little blue shoes that walk across the sky

May your path be your own  
But I'm with you  
And each day you'll grow  
He'll be there too  
And someday you'll go  
We'll follow you  
As you go, as you go

Little blue star that offers light  
Little blue bird that offers flight  
Little blue path where those feet fall  
Little blue dreamer won't you dream it all

May your path be your own  
But I'm with you

And each day you'll grow  
He'll be there too  
And someday you'll go  
We'll follow you  
As you go, as you go

And in your travels you will see  
Warrior wings remember Daddy  
And if a mama bird you see  
Folding her wings will you remember me  
As you go, as you go, as you go, as you go

## GONE AGAIN

---

*Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing.*

—PSALM 30:11

What happened afterward you know, precious friend, said the friend, from what was sung and not sung: the birch trees, the little hotel in Paris where Genet died, an elbow, an armpit, too many cigarettes, wigs hung on long poles, the strangers in the little room below, the injured telephone —don't touch. The shaft of light that died in the mud, the slender whirling and swaying, shouting and standing tall. *Hic dissonant ubique, nam enim sic diversis cantilenis clamore solent.* Here all voices are at variance, as different songs are being roared out simultaneously. The day was still perfect, the children lovable, distracting, and everybody, from the crushed to the exalted, swayed in the music's updraft. Not bored. Not discouraged. Women were sassier, and felt sexier. Because of you, precious friend. The music spread everywhere. In the mouth. In the armpits. In the crotch. The music a way of flying up and flying past. I remember the saliva, and also the slap and the creased newspapers. You left and then you returned. You grinned. Your grin is still irresistible. Take back the night. Take back your life. And chant and squat and jump and shout, *Aux vaincus!* To the conquered!

—Susan Sontag

## GONE AGAIN

Hey now man's own kin  
We commend into the wind  
Grateful arms grateful limbs  
Grateful soul he's gone again

I have a winter's tale  
How vagrant hearts relent prevail  
Sow their seed into the wind  
Seize the sky and they're gone again

Fame is fleeting god is nigh  
We raise our arms to him on high  
We shoot our flint into the sun  
We bless our spoils and we're gone we're gone

Hey now man's own kin  
We commend into the wind  
Grateful arms grateful limbs  
Grateful heart he's gone again

Here a man, man's own kin  
Turned his back and his own people shot him  
And he fell on his knees  
Before the burning plain  
And he beheld fields of gold his land his son

And he arose his blood aflame  
Clouds pressed with hand prints stained

One last breath  
The sky is high  
The hungry earth  
The empty vein

The ashes rain  
Death's own bed  
Man's own kin  
Into the wind  
One last breath  
Hole in life  
Love knot tied  
Braid undone  
A child born  
The hollow horn  
A warrior cried  
A warrior died  
One last breath  
Lick of flame  
Spirit moaned  
Spirit shed  
The heavens fed  
Man's own kin  
Grips the sky  
And he's gone again

Hey now man's own kin  
We lay down into the wind

Grateful arms grateful limbs  
Grateful heart is gone again

Hey now man's own kin  
He ascends into the wind  
Grateful arms grateful limbs  
Grateful man he's gone again

## BENEATH THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Oh  
To be  
Not  
Anyone  
Gone  
This maze  
Of being  
Skin  
Oh to cry  
Not any cry  
So mournful  
That  
The dove  
Just laughs  
And  
The steadfast  
Gasps  
Oh to owe  
Not anyone  
Nothing  
To be  
Not here  
But here  
Forsaking  
Equatorial bliss  
Who walked

Through  
The callow mist  
Dressed in scraps  
Who walked  
The curve  
Of the world  
Whose bone  
Scraped  
Whose flesh  
Unfurled  
Who grieves  
Not  
Anyone gone  
To greet lame  
The inspired sky  
Amazed to stumble  
Where gods  
Get lost  
Beneath  
The southern  
Cross

—for Oliver Ray

<p>Oh To be not anyone gone The maze of being</p> <p><u>skin</u> / to live or organic limbs will walk on <del>and the</del> steer fast <del>stuff</del></p> <p>mercifully detached</p> <p>oh grieves not being gone</p> <p>Tossed.</p>	<p>To be not anyone exploiting X selling cries</p> <p>so mournful The done just laughed and The</p> <p>just gasps</p> <p>Confounding every jugum Sailor anyone imprisoned in their wet do skin</p>	<p>oh To done nothing anyone To be <del>to</del> hot here but here dressed in scraps was broke</p> <p>- Equatorial bliss who walked there the calmous mist who walked the curse of the curse whose</p> <p><del>it</del> to flesh unfolded recess Who grieves not the</p> <p>that I you flesh unfolded waving beneath those like points</p>
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Beneath the Southern Cross

## ABOUT A BOY

Toward another he has gone  
To breathe an air beyond his own  
Toward a wisdom beyond the shelf  
Toward a dream that dreams itself  
About a boy beyond it all  
About a boy beyond it all

From the forest from the foam  
From the field that he had known  
Toward a river twice as blessed  
Toward the inn of happiness  
About a boy beyond it all  
About a boy beyond it all

From a chaos raging sweet  
From the deep and dismal street  
Toward another kind of peace  
Toward the great emptiness  
About a boy beyond it all  
About a boy beyond it all

I stood among them I listened  
I stood among them I listened not  
I stood among them and I heard myself  
Who I've loved better than you

So much so that I walked on  
Into the face of God  
Away from your world  
And my sour stomach  
Into the face of God, who said  
Boy, I knew thee not, but boy  
Now that I have you in my face  
I embrace you. I welcome you  
He was just a boy  
Whirling in the snow  
Just a little boy  
Who would never grow

*—for Kurt Cobain*

## MY MADRIGAL

We waltzed beneath motionless skies  
All heaven's glory turned in your eyes  
We expressed such sweet vows

Oh 'till death do us part  
Oh 'till death do us part

We waltzed beneath God's point of view  
Knowing no ending to our rendezvous  
We expressed such sweet vows

Oh 'till death do us part  
Oh 'till death do us part

We waltzed beneath motionless skies  
All heaven's glory turned in your eyes  
You pledged me your heart  
'Till death do us part  
You pledged me your heart  
'Till death do us part

'Till death do us part

## SUMMER CANNIBALS

I was down in Georgia  
Nothing was as real  
As the street beneath my feet  
Descending into air

The cauldron was a'bubbling  
The flesh was lean  
And the women moved forward  
Like piranhas in a stream  
They spread themselves before me  
An offering so sweet  
And they beckoned  
And they beckoned  
Come on darling eat

Eat the summer cannibals  
Eat Eat Eat  
You eat the summer cannibals  
Eat Eat Eat

They circled around me  
Natives in a ring  
And I saw their souls a'withering  
Like snakes in chains  
And they wrapped themselves around me

Ummm what a treat  
And they rattled their tales  
hissing come on let's eat

Eat the summer cannibals  
Eat Eat Eat  
You eat the summer cannibals  
Eat Eat Eat

I felt a rising in my throat  
The girls a'saying grace  
And the air, the vicious air  
Pressed against my face  
And it all got too damn much for me  
Just got too damn rough  
And I pushed away my plate  
And said boys I've had enough  
And I laid upon the table  
Just another piece of meat  
And I opened up my veins to them  
And said come on eat

Eat the summer cannibals  
Eat Eat Eat  
You eat the summer cannibals  
Eat Eat Eat

'Cause I was down in Georgia  
Nothing was as real  
As the street beneath my feet

Descending into hell

So Eat Eat Eat

Eat Eat Eat

## DEAD TO THE WORLD

Dead to the world my body was sleeping  
On my mind was nothing at all  
Come a mist an air so appealing  
I'm here a whisper you summoned I called

I formed me a presence whose aspect was changing  
Oh he would shift he would not shift at all  
We sat for a while he was very engaging  
And when he was gone I was gone on a smile

With a strange way of walking  
And a strange way of breathing  
More lives than a cat  
That led me astray  
All in all he captured my heart  
Dead to the world and I just  
Slipped away

I heard me a music that drew me to dancing  
Lo I turned under his spell  
I opened my coat but he never came closer  
I bolted the door and I whispered oh well

I laid in the rushes the air was upon me  
Wondering well I just couldn't discern

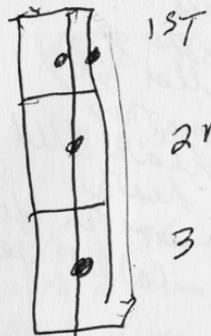
Will he come back come back to me  
Oh I whispered will you ever return

I was feeling sensations in no dictionary  
He was less than a breath of shimmer and smoke  
The life in his fingers unwound my existence  
Dead to the world alive I awoke

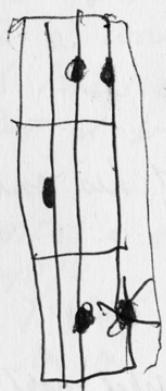
With a strange way of walking  
And a strange way of breathing  
Less than a breath of shimmer and smoke  
The life in his fingers unwound my existence  
Dead to the world alive I awoke

dead to the world

F/M



wend chord



1<sup>st</sup>

2<sup>nd</sup>

an F  
with this

1<sup>st</sup>

2<sup>nd</sup>

I was feeling sensations  
in no ordinary  
I opened my coat,  
but he never came close  
~~for~~ he was less than  
a whisper  
of shimmer and smoke  
the life in his fingers  
unwound my existence  
dead to the world  
alive it awoke

Spectral Dance

*Dead to the World*

### Ravens

Common fators seek us all D  
and slip our binding rings A  
Well turn our rocks ~ D  
And make us reel A  
well have our arms ~ A  
as wrongs  
Above the crown  
a feather drift F  
before us it will fall A  
for Time will have ~ D  
and bid us rise ~ D  
make ravens of us all A

My love he sneathed  
The air of Kings  
yet fell beneath his luck  
Within his heart a yearning yet  
before his Time Time shoot  
All the gift the god had ta'ed F made  
and those by labors high (and those that fate denighed)  
returned to where all treasure made laid  
And where the ravens b'g

There are places yet <sup>e agree</sup> to be  
where I yet to roam  
The Egyptian plain  
the art's sea  
when shadows draw me on  
no where but sky I have to go  
when I return to thee  
but for a time Time has prepared  
Til I a raven be

For me Time Time has  
spared

Ravens, 1996

## RAVENS

Common fortune seeks us all  
And slips our binding rings  
We'll turn our heads  
And make us reel  
We'll bare our arms as wings  
Before our feet a feather drifts  
Beyond us it will fall  
'Cause time will bid and make us rise  
Make ravens of us all

My love he breathed the air of kings  
Yet fell beneath his luck  
And in his heart a yearning yet  
Before his time time shook  
And all the gifts that god had gave  
And those by fate denied  
Gone to where all treasures laid  
And where the raven flies

Oh there are places I agree  
Where I have yet to roam  
The Egyptian field the arctic sea  
Where shadows haunt and moan  
But none but sky I have to go  
Should I return to thee  
Gone to where the feather flies

'Till I a raven be

## FIREFLIES

I been a'walking  
Wherefore am I walking  
I been a'walking  
If you see me walking  
A'walking a'wandering  
If you see me walking  
Don't ever turn your eye  
Don't turn away don't turn away  
I'm coming to you  
Eleven steps 'till I can rest  
Eleven steps 'till I'm blessed by you

I and I alone can but do for you  
To twist in my hand the thorn of thy youth  
To draw thy seed to turn in birth  
Thy sighs thy moans I and I alone

Nine steps 'till I can rest  
Nine steps 'till I'm blessed by you  
I will wash your feet and dry them with my hair  
I will give to you every other tear  
Thy mouth thy spear thy season of mirth  
Seven steps until I can rest  
Seven steps 'till I'm blessed by you

All I ever wanted I wanted I wanted  
All I ever wanted I wanted from you  
Thy highs thy lows I and I alone  
Ghost of thy ghost walk I will walk  
A burning stem to illume thy night  
Five steps 'till I can rest

Five steps 'till I'm blessed by you  
Four steps until I can rest  
Four steps 'till I'm blessed by you  
Three steps until I get to you  
Two steps until I can rest  
Two steps 'till I'm blessed by you  
Blood of my blood bone of my bone  
Can but do for you I and I alone

## FAREWELL REEL

It's been a hard time  
And when it rains  
It rains on me  
The sky just opens  
And when it rains  
It pours

I walk alone  
Assaulted it seems  
By tears of heaven  
And darling I can't help  
Thinking those tears are yours

Our wild love came from above  
And wilder still  
Is the wind that howls  
Like a voice that knows it's gone  
'Cause darling you died  
And well I cried  
But I'll get by  
Salute our love  
And send you a smile  
And move on

So darling farewell

All will be well  
And then all will be fine  
The children will rise  
Strong and happy be sure  
'Cause your love flows  
And the corn still grows

And God only knows  
We're only given  
As much as the heart can endure

But I don't know why  
But when it rains  
It rains on me  
The sky just opens  
And when it rains  
It pours

But I look up  
And a rainbow appears  
Like a smile from heaven  
And darling I can't  
Help thinking that smile  
Is yours

## COME BACK LITTLE SHEBA

Come back little Sheba  
I hear them calling  
Open your eyes  
Awake from thy sleep

High above  
The stars are falling  
Open your arms  
And you shall receive

The lights of the city  
So bold and flashing  
All of its riches  
Imparted to thee

Robes of saffron  
Robes of standing  
A road of crimson  
Spread at your feet

Your robes of standing  
Your robes of saffron  
Your road of crimson  
All pleasing to me

But close your lights  
Close your gates  
I must arise  
My flock awaits

Farewell little Sheba  
I hear them a'calling  
Here is your staff  
Tend to thy sheep

Good wishes be with you  
If that be your calling  
Farewell little Sheba  
Arise and take leave

## WING

I was a wing in heaven blue  
Soared over the ocean  
Soared over Spain  
And I was free  
Needed nobody  
It was beautiful

I was a pawn  
Didn't have a move  
Didn't have nowhere  
That I could go  
But I was free  
I needed nobody  
It was beautiful  
It was beautiful

I was a vision  
In another eye  
And they saw nothing  
No future at all  
Yet I was free  
I needed nobody  
It was beautiful  
It was beautiful

And if there's one thing  
Could do for you  
You'd be a wing  
In heaven blue

## PEACE AND NOISE

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*Through the empty arch comes a wind, a mental wind blowing relentlessly over the heads of the dead, in search of new landscapes and unknown accents . . . announcing the constant baptism of newly created things.*

—FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA, *IN SEARCH OF DUENDE*

## WAITING UNDERGROUND

If you believe all your hope is gone  
Down the drain of your humankind  
The time has arrived  
You be waiting here  
As I was in a snow white shroud  
Waiting underground

There by the ridge, be a gathering  
Beneath the pilgrim moon  
Where we shall await, the beat  
Of your feet, hammering the earth  
Where the great ones tremble  
In their snow white shrouds  
Waiting underground

If you seek the kingdom, come along  
Waiting by the ridge, be a gathering  
Beneath the pilgrim moon  
Where the river thunders  
There we shall await, the beat  
Of your feet, hammering the earth  
And as the earth resounds  
And humankind becomes as one  
Then we will arise to be as one

But until that day we will just await  
In our snow white shrouds  
Waiting underground  
Waiting underground

## WHIRL AWAY

Hello friend I've come a'calling  
Passively stationed active patrol  
Sliding in high noon  
Like some reluctant sheriff  
Not want to get involved in it all  
Who stands guard for each other  
Why must we guard anything at all  
Anything at all

From the earth's four corners the people are calling  
Forming equations but the questions are hard  
All men are brothers killing each other  
And mother earth is wringing in wonder  
Who stands guard for each other  
Why must we guard anything at all.  
Anything at all  
Whirl away now  
Whirl away now  
Whirl away

There's a cross on the road, there's a great mill turning  
Some seeking answers, some are born with answers  
You can hold on the blade and turn around forever  
Be flung into space into another kind of grace  
Who stands guard for each other  
Why must we guard anything at all.

Anything at all  
Whirl away now  
Whirl away now  
Whirl away

Some give of the hand  
Some give of their land  
Some giveth their life  
Laying in a field of grain  
The staff of life all around you  
Yet you will cut someone down  
For their possessions

Some material thing  
And our children are being blown away  
Like wishes in the wind  
For the sake of their coat  
Or their colors or their code  
Or the color of their skin  
Or the name of their shoes  
And the mother cries why'd they take my son  
And the father wonders why'd they take my boy  
He extended his hand he gave of his land  
He gave of his bread he gave of his heart  
Said hello friend  
Hello friend  
Hello friend  
Hello friend



1959

Listen to my story  
Got two tales to tell  
One of fallen glory  
One of vanity  
The world's roof was raging  
We were looking fine  
'Cause we built that thing  
And it grew wings  
In 1959

Wisdom was a teapot, pouring from above  
Desolation angels served it up with love  
Igniting life every form of light  
Moved by bold design  
Slid in that thing  
And it grew wings  
In 1959

It was blue and shining in the sun  
Braced, native  
Speeding the American plain  
Into freedom freedom freedom

China was a tempest  
And madness overflowed

The lama was a young man  
And watched his world in flames  
Taking glory down  
By the edge of clouds  
It was a crying shame

Another lost horizon  
Tibet the fallen star  
Wisdom and compassion crushed  
In the land of Shangri-la  
But in the land of the Impala honey  
Well we were looking fine  
'Cause we built that thing and it grew wings in 1959  
'Cause we built that thing and it grew wings in 1959  
'Cause we built that thing and it grew wings in 1959

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times in 1959  
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times in 1959

## BLUE POLES

Mother as I write the sun dissolves  
Blood life streaming cross my hand  
And these words, these words  
Hope dashed immortal hope  
Hope streaking the canvas sky  
Blue poles infinitely winding, as I write, as I write  
Blue poles infinitely winding, as I write, as I write

We joined the long caravan  
Hungry dreaming going west  
Just for work just to get a job  
And we never got lucky  
We just forged on  
And the dust the endless dust  
Like a plague it covered everything  
Hal fell with the fever  
And mother I did what I could  
Blue poles infinitely winding, as I write, as I write  
Blue poles infinitely winding, as I write, as I write

We prayed we prayed for rain  
I never wanted to see the sun again

All my dresses you made by hand  
We left behind on the road

Hal died in my arms  
We buried him by the river  
Blue poles infinitely winding, as I write, as I write  
Blue poles infinitely winding, as I write, I write

## DON'T SAY NOTHING

Lower the thing the skin of a cat  
Skin it to the left just laying there  
No other thing is luck like that  
And you set it said it said nothing

Went to the party very discouraged  
I watched the litter pile like a wall  
I looked at the river just couldn't forgive it  
It was ladened with all kinds of shit  
Still I admit that I didn't say nothing  
I turned my back walked away  
Got to face the fact that I didn't say nothing

Everyone was dancing I stood over in the corner  
I was listening they were saying this and saying that  
And putting this one down but nothing was delivered  
Nothing good was coming I just stood there  
I couldn't believe it but I didn't say nothing  
I walked the floor then I looked away  
Got to face the fact that I didn't say nothing

How long how long will we make do  
Maybe it's time to break on through  
Gonna lift my skirts gonna straighten up  
Gonna get well I'm gonna do something

Gonna face the fact gonna pay it back  
And I'm gonna do something won't hold my tongue  
Won't hold the thought won't hold the card  
Well I'm gonna do something  
Oh my brain I got to complain

You can refrain but I'm gonna do something  
How long how long will we make do  
Maybe it's time to break on through

Out in the desert I saw that old cat skinned  
I saw it floating in the river  
I saw and no one seemed to mind  
They sat there they sat there watching the sun  
I saw it float away and I watched the buildings crumble  
Like dust in the hand and we watched the sun  
Spread its wings and fly away  
And in the mountains a cry echoes  
Don't say nothing  
Don't say nothing no  
Don't say nothing no

## DEAD CITY

This dead city longs to be  
This dead city longs to be free  
Seven screaming horses  
Melt down in the sun  
Building scenes on empty dreams  
And smoking them one by one

This dead city longs to be  
This dead city longs to be living  
Is it any wonder there's squalor in the sun  
With their broken schemes and their lotteries  
They never get nowhere

Is it any wonder they're spitting at the sun  
God's parasites in abandoned sites  
And they never have much fun

If I was a blind man  
Would you see for me  
Or would you confuse  
The nature of my blues  
And refuse a hand to me

Is it any wonder crying in the sun  
Is it any wonder I'm crying in the sun

Well I built my dreams on your empty scenes  
Now I'm burning them one by one

This damn city this dead city

Immortal city

Motor city

Suc-cess city

Longs to be

Longs to be

Free

Free

Free

## DEATH SINGING

In the straw-colored light  
In light rapidly changing  
On a life rapidly fading

Have you seen death singing  
Have you seen death singing

With a throat smooth as a lamb  
Yet dry as a branch not snapping  
He throws back his head  
And he does not sing a thing mournful

Have you seen death singing  
Have you seen death singing  
Have you seen death singing  
In the straw-colored light

He sings a black embrace  
And white opals swimming  
In a child's leather purse  
Have you seen death swimming  
Have you seen death swimming

With a throat smooth as a lamb  
Yet dry as a branch not snapping

He throws back his head  
And he does not sing a thing mournful

Have you seen death singing  
Have you seen death singing  
Have you seen death singing  
In the straw-colored light

He sings of youth enraged  
And the burning of Atlanta  
And these viral times  
And May ribbons streaming  
And straw-colored curls a'turning  
A mother's vain delight  
And woe to the sun  
And woe to the dawn  
And woe to the young  
Another hearse is drawn  
Have you seen death singing  
In the straw-colored light

*—for Benjamin Smoke*

Aining spun so  
many prayers  
that recede as you  
sleep and memory  
inhabits your dreams  
Radiant ones when  
the trials of a  
people were  
radiant trials

when the  
egg of

deception

egg  
cracks)

and  
then

removal of

golden

coat of arms

that we have to go

Memento Mori

## MEMENTO MORI

The fan whirling like the blades of a copter  
Lifting into the skies above a foreign land  
Fire and iron soaked with the bodies of so many friends  
Johnny waved. He was on his way home  
He waved good-bye to his comrades in arms  
And all the twisted things he had seen  
He waved good-bye  
And the blades hit something  
Maybe just fate but the blades hit  
The copter went up in flames  
And Johnny never went marching home  
And Johnny never went marching home  
They took his name and they carved it on a slab of marble  
With several thousand other names  
All the fallen idols  
The apples of their mother's eye  
Just another name

Meanwhile back on that burning shore  
Johnny's comrades stood speechless  
They looked up up up with misbelieving eyes  
'Cause there were bits of metal and the embers  
The embers of his eyes fanned out in the air  
Black dust flames. Oh Johnny  
Someday they'll make a movie about you  
And in the making of that movie, some mad apocalypse

It will become even stranger than the simple act  
Just a boy going up. Up. Up  
Just a boy going up. Up. Up

In flames in the smoke  
Just another life  
Just another breath  
And who'll remember  
Oh eternity now  
As eternal as a sheet of marble  
Eternal as a slab

On a green hill  
And your name  
And all your fallen brothers  
And all the ones not cut  
All the ones remembered  
Only in the hearts  
A mother a father a brother  
A sister a lover son daughter  
Young man shall not fade shall not fade  
Your ancestors salute you greet you  
And the gods of your ancestors salute you  
Having been formed by the mind of your ancestors  
The gods of your ancestors salute you  
Having been formed by your ancestors  
The gods of your ancestors salute you  
They draw you in  
They draw you through  
They draw they draw you  
Through that golden door

Come on in boy  
We remember you  
We conceived you  
We conceived of your breath

We conceived of the whole human race  
And we conceived it to be a beautiful thing  
Like a tulip bending in the wind  
Sometimes it comes back to us  
In the form of the hand filled with dust  
Comes back in the form of a smitten child  
Our raped daughters  
The broken bones  
Souls cleaved of hearts  
They come back to us

Our hands are filled  
With their rotting tissues  
But we turn not our backs  
We press our lips  
Into their cancer  
Into the dust  
Into the remains of each one  
And that love is there  
And will greet you  
Come on in boy  
It's eternal love

Well here go ahead  
Run through that plane  
Oh man running through your mind

You took a cat  
You took a life  
You took it by the tail  
And you swirled it around your head  
And you thrashed it

You smashed the life out of it  
Then you knew that would be your own  
But you wanted to feel the dying  
Because you knew  
You would feel your own  
You would feel your own  
But you're remembered  
You're remembered  
You're remembered good  
We remember  
We remember  
We remember  
Everything

*—for James Folvary*

## LAST CALL

In a mansion high the young man stood  
Ready to join his companions good  
Outside the scent of magnolia blossoms  
Down streets of gold the children were racing

Just another wandering soul  
Adrift among the stars  
Just another human heart  
Led, led away

He put his shoes on and he laid down  
Outside the clouds were swiftly gathering  
He drained his cup and he stirred the mixture  
And he closed his eyes as his conscience whispered

Just another wandering soul  
Adrift among the stars  
Just another human heart  
Led, led away

Misgivings unspoken he joined his companions  
His face covered over in a mansion high  
Outside the children gazed in wonder  
At the quickening sky then slowly disbanded

Thirty-nine wandering souls  
Adrift among the stars  
Thirty-nine human hearts  
Led, led away

## Last Call

In a mansion high The young man stood  
ready to join his companions good  
outside the scene of magnolia blossoms  
down streets of gold The children were racing.

He put his shoes on and he lay down  
~~outside the clouds furiously gathered~~  
he drained the cup he stirred the mixture  
he closed his eyes as his conscience whispered

outside the clouds furiously gathered  
outside the moon vaguely rising  
outside the children ~~gazing~~<sup>ed</sup> in wonder  
~~at the strand.~~

outside the moon vaguely rising  
~~outside the clouds furiously gathered~~  
watching  
Stirred by outside the children

echoing laughter

Last Call

His burning skin cooled by angels  
Swallowing sorrows excretion  
It's all excretion  
Felled by his hand  
Or the mind of another man  
Who makes the decisions  
Lends no provisions for mere eternal rides  
Learning of course every alien force

Even Christ yearns to be  
To possess the skin  
And bone the blood of man  
Who tends the flock  
Who breaks the bread  
Who makes his own choices  
Won't listen to voices  
Accept no false teachers  
False preachers, good deeders  
With their hands out stretched  
To be filled with your money  
Your flesh, your breath  
Your imagination  
Sympathy, empathy  
Acknowledge all man  
As fellow creation  
But don't follow him  
Don't be led away

## GUNG HO

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*by this merit  
may all obtain omniscience  
may it defeat the enemy, wrongdoing  
from the stormy waves of birth, old age,  
sickness and death  
from the ocean of samsara may we free all  
beings*

—BUDDHIST PRAYER DEDICATING  
THE MERIT OF ACTION

## ONE VOICE

In the garden of consciousness  
In fertile mind there lies the dormant seed  
Blooming into charity  
Conscience breathes a sigh of relief  
The confessions of sleep  
The awakening seed  
Moved by love to serve  
We celebrate all merit in life  
Ah the confessions of sleep  
Unfolding peace  
As we extend  
According to need  
And you will heed the call  
All action great and small  
Received joyfully  
Heaven abounds  
Let love resound  
If he be mute  
Give him a bell  
If he be blind an eye  
If he be down a hand  
Lift up your voice  
Lift up your voice  
Lift up your voice  
Give of your mind one mind  
Give of your heart one heart

Give of your voice  
One voice

## LO AND BEHOLDEN

I was alone and  
content in my world  
dancing on air  
you sent to me  
a message that said  
I like your style  
will you come  
to the temple tonight  
and dance for me there  
I pledge to you  
all that you wish  
the moon and the stars

Lo and beholden  
why don't you give it up  
lo and beholden  
come on you know it's true  
lo and beholden  
oh I'm beholden to you

In the palace  
there was wild reverie  
and the look  
in your eyes  
as I dropped  
veil after veil

was drunken desire  
the dove calls  
God he notes all  
the naked truth  
here is my seventh veil and last  
it will cost you

The royal word it has been passed  
the prophet's head is all I ask  
for beauty and the naked truth  
it will cost you

Lo and beholden  
why don't you give it up  
lo and beholden  
come on you know it's true  
lo and beholden  
oh I'm beholden to you

## UPRIGHT COME

Hail brother  
the distant thunder  
is nothing but hearts  
beating as one  
dance of a million  
on God's pavilion  
come come  
beat on your drum

Awake people arise  
awake upright come  
fortune is falling like  
tears from the skies  
open your eyes

Hail sister  
won't you come over  
to shape reshape  
things to come  
bow your head  
raise your lantern  
come come  
beat on your drum

United action

is what we need  
time to say  
everything is going to be  
wasted icons wasted lives  
like war obsolete

These are the times  
the times of our own  
these are the shapes  
the world we formed  
swift is the arrow  
dark is the thorn  
the slate is clean  
the future awaits

Awake

I AM THE BODY  
I am the stream  
I am the wake  
of Everything  
They bring me flowers that are MYSELF  
GARLANDS OF Blood  
that are Myself  
They SLAY The Lamb  
that is myself  
A Prey for The Lamb  
that is HIMSELF  
I am HIM

TORN REBORN  
The cries of our dismay  
is nothing to the wind  
BUT ~~the~~ WHO'S TO ~~MIND~~ MIND  
Kings are lifted up  
and Kings are thrown  
LOST RECEIVED RETRIEVED  
The Human Tide

BLOODY Human Tide

Boy Cried Wolf

## BOY CRIED WOLF

Oh the story's told been told retold  
from the sacred scriptures to the tabloids  
all the fuss and fight none above a whisper  
from the soul of gold to the belly of a boy

Well they drew him from the forest  
like they draw blood  
tied him to a tree like St. Sebastian  
and he turned his head  
and let the arrows fly  
through the trees the trees  
the ornamental leaves  
Boy cried wolf  
wolf don't come  
wolf within boy cried wolf

In the ancient mold  
where they're dancing down  
calling to the moon  
but it don't answer  
and they fell on their knees  
and passed the bowl around  
and the blood the blood  
the sacramental blood  
Boy cried wolf  
wolf don't come

wolf within boy cried wolf

I am the body I am the stream  
I am the wake of everything  
they bring me flowers that are myself  
garlands of blood that are myself  
slain the lamb that is himself

I don't care I don't mind  
I don't know  
I don't care I don't mind  
I don't know

Torn reborn the cries of our dismay  
are nothing to the wind  
but whose to mind  
kings are lifted up  
and kings are thrown  
lost received retrieved  
the human tide

Innocence had its day  
Innocence had its day  
Innocence innocence

## PERSUASION

What is the system that gets around  
recruits hearts with its timeless rhythm  
the young glow but old men know  
it's all a part of some crazy schism

Coming on like the dawn unrelenting light  
streets thick with its radiating  
it's all aglow but we all know  
true love is so complicated

Feeling funny don't know why  
on a plane circling high  
equation persuasion  
it's just persuasion

What is the body that has nobody  
go through life with nobody at all  
it come and go where the wind blow  
when persuasion come to call

Got me reeling don't know why  
I'm on a plane circling high  
equation persuasion  
got the feeling I'm running in place  
caught in the orbit of the human race

equation persuasion  
it's just persuasion  
it's just persuasion  
it's just persuasion

What is the body that has nobody  
what is the rise without the fall  
what is illusion without beauty  
what is the system that's no system at all

Hey scout there's no equation  
you can't prepare for the heart's invasion  
you can't prepare for the heart's invasion  
love is its own persuasion

## GONE PIE

Hey there  
come and take a walk with me  
stroll into infinity  
we'll stroll along  
until the dawn is gone  
midnight take it to the twilight  
just a little slice of light  
let's turn it off and on off and on

Strolling ain't it wonderful  
into a light that lingers  
on and on, on and on

Strolling ain't it wonderful  
stars fall for we two  
bathed in a light of our own

Oh life  
much too great to sacrifice  
come and have another slice  
ah life goes on and on

Oh life  
may you live a long life  
may you live a long life

may you live a long life

## CHINA BIRD

One fine day  
these words I pray  
will breathe a truth  
within yourself  
upon a shelf  
a life anew  
so many roads  
it's hard to know  
what to do  
all your dreams  
all it seems  
is as you choose  
for destiny  
my china bird  
is calling for you

The world turns  
the flame burns  
bright and true  
near and far  
where you are  
guiding you china bird  
the open skies  
are yearning for you

If they say

it's not that way  
hold your view  
and with my love  
fly above  
alight anew  
spread your wings  
the open sky  
is calling to you  
china bird my heart  
is yearning for you

If you fly away  
I'll be waiting  
come what may  
all my love a fragile ray  
for you for you

*—in memory of Grant H. Smith*

## GLITTER IN THEIR EYES

It's been a while since I've seen your face  
it's been a while since I've walked this place  
I see the monkeys riding on their bikes  
racing through the impossible night

You say you're feeling like a new tree  
man they'll cut you from limb to limb  
pick your pocket with such delight  
shake it to the right  
shake it in the light

Oh can't you see the glitter  
the glitter in their eyes  
oh can't you see the glitter  
the glitter in their eyes

Genius stalking in new shoes  
have you got WTO blues  
dust of diamonds  
making you sneeze  
kids on rollers ready for  
running through the junkyards  
breezing through the halls  
racing through the malls  
walking through the walls

they'll strip your mind  
just for fun  
quoth the raven  
yum yum yum

Oh can't you see the glitter  
the glitter in their eyes  
oh can't you see the glitter  
the glitter in their eyes

Children children everywhere  
selling souls for souvenirs  
sold them out like as not  
just for chunks of Ankgor Wat

They'll trade you up  
trade you down  
your body a commodity  
our sacred stage  
has been defaced  
replaced to grace  
the marketplace  
Dow is Jonesing at the bit  
42nd Disney Street  
ragged hearts unraveling  
look out kids  
the gleam the gleam  
all that glitters  
is not all that glitters  
is not all that glitters

## Strange Messengers

I looked upon The book of life  
Tracing the lines of face after face  
looking down at Their naked feet  
bound in chains bound in chains  
chains of leather chains of gold  
~~Men~~ knew it was wrong  
but they looked away  
and paraded them down the Colonial streets  
and that how they became ENSLAVED

Those who  
have  
marched  
in Civil  
Slife  
~~Men~~  
march again  
don't turn away  
the chains  
that  
bound

They came across in The great ships  
Mothers separated from their babes  
~~Men~~ Husbands standing on The Auction block India  
Bound in chains Bound in chains Jefferson  
Sold To the plantations To Toil  
in fields of white / white fields /  
~~Men~~ knew it was wrong but they looked away  
and ~~men~~ they paraded down the colonial streets  
and turned their neck toward a bitter landscape

History sends us such strange messengers Turner/Burn  
They come across time ~~and~~ garrison  
their arms are laid  
with even stranger feet  
and they swing from ropes  
garrison  
Gubman  
Sohn

The place in the  
court yard

Strange Messengers

## STRANGE MESSENGERS

I looked upon the book of life  
tracing the lines of face after face  
looking down at their naked feet  
bound in chains bound in chains  
chains of leather chains of gold

Men knew it was wrong but we looked away  
and paraded them down the colonial streets  
and that's how they became enslaved

They came across on the great ships  
mothers separated from their babes  
husbands standing on the auction block  
bound in chains bound in chains  
chains of leather chains of gold

Men knew it was wrong but they looked away  
and led them to toil in fields of white  
as they turned their necks to a bitter landscape

Oh the people I hear them calling  
Am I not a man and a brother  
Am I not a woman and a sister  
we will be heard we will be heard

History sends us such strange messengers  
they come down through time  
to embrace to enrage  
and in their arms even stranger fruit  
and they swing from the trees  
with their vision in flames  
ropes of leather ropes of gold  
men knew it was wrong  
but they looked away  
messengers swinging  
from twisted rope  
as they turned their necks  
to a bitter landscape

## GRATEFUL

Ours is just another skin  
that simply slips away  
you can rise above it  
it will shed easily

Like a ship in a bottle  
held up to the sun  
sails ain't going nowhere  
you can count every one  
until it crashes unto the earth  
and simply slips away  
you can hide in the open  
or just disappear

Ours is just a craving  
and a twist of the wrist  
will undo the stopper  
with abrupt tenderness  
die little sparrow  
and awake singing

It all will come out fine  
I've learned it line by line  
one common wire  
one silver thread

all that you desire  
rolls on ahead

*—for Jerry Garcia*

## NEW PARTY

You say hey  
the state of the you-you union  
is fine fine fine  
I got the feeling that you're lying  
I think we need  
a new party

They say to me  
they say what's the word  
I say it's thunderbird  
why don't you  
fly fly fly  
fly away hey  
and while you're at it  
why don't you  
fertilize my lawn  
with what's running  
from your mouth  
hey listen here

We got to get off  
our ass or get burned  
the worlds troubles  
are a global concern  
does your child have  
fresh water to drink

wherever you are  
wherever you are you're invited  
to think about this

You say hey  
the state of the union  
is fine fine fine  
I got the feeling that  
you're lying lying  
think we're gonna need  
a new party

When in the course  
of human events  
it becomes necessary  
to take things in your own hands  
to take the water from the well  
and declare it tainted by greed  
we got to surely clean it up  
clean our house  
our inner house  
our outer house  
and hey by the way  
the human event  
is the party of the century  
and you're all invited  
it's where you are  
wherever you are  
'cause this party  
is for everyone  
and the price of admission

is love one another  
love brother

## LIBBIE'S SONG

If it wasn't for your golden hair  
I would not be belonely  
if it wasn't for your golden hair  
I would not be alone

If it wasn't for your piercing stare  
I would not be belonely  
if it wasn't for your piercing stare  
I would not be alone

I would not waltz in a widow's line  
danced in black by God's design  
what was yours would not be mine  
if it wasn't for your golden hair  
I would not be alone

You courted me with princely airs  
said you'd love me only  
kiss the ribbons in my hair  
said darling come and fly

Flower of the Calvary  
you swept me off my saddle  
lifted me into your life  
a soldier's wife was I

You proudly marched to the horn  
I prayed for your swift return  
I waited for you so forlorn  
'Ere to be alone

I longed for you, I longed to die  
I was so belonely  
the pillow's bare by my side  
and yet I shall abide

For heaven has a set for me  
companion for eternity  
so kiss the ribbons in my hair  
say darling come and fly

If it wasn't for your golden hair  
I would not be lonely  
if it wasn't for your golden hair  
I would not be alone

—*for Libbie Custer*

## GUNG HO

On a field of red one gold star  
raised above his head  
raised above his head  
he was not like any other  
he was just like any other  
and the song they bled  
was a hymn to him

Awake my little one  
the seed of revolution  
sewn in the sleeve  
of cloth humbly worn  
where others are adorned

Above the northern plain  
the great birds fly  
with great wings  
over the paddy fields  
and the people kneel  
and the men they toil  
yet not for their own  
and the children are hungry  
and the wheel groans

There before the grass hut

a young boy stood  
his mother lay dead  
his sisters cried for bread  
and within his young heart  
the seed of revolution sewn  
in cloth humbly worn  
while others are adorned

And he grew into a man  
not like any other  
just like any other  
one small man  
a beard the color of rice  
a face the color of tea  
who shared the misery  
of other men in chains  
with shackles on his feet  
escaped the guillotine

Who fought against  
colonialism imperialism  
who remained awake  
when others did not  
who penned like Jefferson  
let independence ring  
and the cart of justice turns  
slow and bitterly  
and the people were crying  
plant that seed that seed  
and they crawled on their bellies  
beneath the great beast

and filled the carts with bodies  
where once had been their crops

And the great birds swarm  
spread their wings overhead  
and his mother dead  
and the typhoons and the rain  
the jungles in flames  
and the orange sun

None could be more beautiful  
than Vietnam  
nothing was more beautiful  
than Vietnam  
And his heart stopped beating  
and the wheel kept turning  
and the words he bled  
were a hymn to them  
I have served the whole people  
I have served my whole country  
and as I leave this world  
may you suffer union  
and my great affection  
limitless as sky  
filled with golden stars

The question is raised  
raised above his head  
was he of his word  
was he a good man  
for his image

fills the southern heart  
with none but bitterness  
And the people keep crying  
and the men keep dying  
and it's so beautiful  
so beautiful  
give me one more turn  
give me one more turn  
one more turn of the wheel  
One more revolution  
One more turn of the wheel

*—for Ho Chi Minh*

## TRAMPIN'

---

*I'm trampin' trampin'  
Try'n-a make heaven my home  
I'm trampin' trampin'  
Try'n-a make heaven my home  
I'm trampin' trampin'  
I've never been to heaven  
But I've been told  
Try'n-a make heaven my home  
That the streets up there  
Are paved with gold  
Try'n-a make heaven my home*

—EDWARD BOATNER

PATTI SMITH  
BOWERY BALLROOM  
DECEMBER 30   DECEMBER 31 2000



ThirdEye Visuals

Patti Smith   Oliver Ray   Jay Dee Daugherty  
Lenny Kaye   Tony Shanahan

"AND WHAT SHOULDER AND WHAT ART  
COULD TWIST THE SINEWS OF THY HEART"

W.B.

## JUBILEE

Oh glad day to celebrate  
'Neath the cloudless sky  
Air so sweet  
Water pure  
Fields ripe with rye  
Come one, come all  
Gather 'round  
Discard your Sunday shoes  
Come on now  
Oh my land  
Be a jubilee  
Come on girl  
Come on boy  
Be a jubilee

Oh my land  
Oh my good  
People don't be shy  
Weave the birth of harmony  
With children's happy cries  
Hand in hand  
We're dancing 'round  
In a freedom ring  
Come on now  
Oh my land  
Be a jubilee

Come on girl  
Come on boy  
Be a jubilee

We will never fade away  
Doves shall multiply  
Yet I see hawks circling the sky  
Scattering our glad day  
With debt and despair  
What good hour  
Will restore our troubled air?  
Come on people  
Gather 'round  
You know what to do  
Come on people  
Oh my land  
What be troubling  
Oh my land  
What be troubling  
What be troubling  
What be troubling you

We are love and the future  
We stand in the midst of fury and weariness  
Who dreams of joy and radiance?  
Who dreams of war and sacrifice?  
Our sacred realms are being squeezed  
Curtailing civil liberties  
Recruit the dreams that sing for thee  
Let freedom ring  
Oh glad day

## MOTHER ROSE

Mother rose  
Every little morn'  
To tend to me  
There she stood  
Waiting by the door  
Selflessly  
Took my hand  
Took it with a smile tenderly  
Mother rose  
Every little morn'  
To tend to me  
Now's the time  
To turn the view  
Now that I have you

And I'll rise  
Every little morn'  
To tend to thee  
When you rise  
Open up your eyes  
You will see  
There I'll be  
Waiting by the door  
Come to me  
Take my hand  
Look into your heart

There I'll be  
Now's the time  
To turn the view  
Now that I have you

Roses growing by my door  
Climbing up the vine  
All the thorns and pain obscured  
Roses shall divine  
Where we feel no pain  
And the love inside  
Where roses climb  
Roses shall divine  
Roses shall divine  
Holy mother  
Mother of gold  
Mother with stories  
Told and retold  
She felt our tears  
Heard our sighs  
And turned to gold  
Before our eyes  
She rose into the light  
She rose into the light  
She rose into the light

*—for Beverly Williams Smith*

## STRIDE OF THE MIND

I took a walk out to the sun  
But I just, just couldn't take it  
I followed a dream  
It was circular  
But I just, just could not fake it

Step to the left the left the left  
Step to the right the right the right  
Pick up the sign the sign the sign  
For a stride of the mind the mind the mind

Simon of the desert  
Blew into town  
On the scalding tail  
Of a bright cold wind  
Slipped through the sand  
Footprints emerged  
Where no one was walking  
Simon had been

Dropped from heaven  
To a ready made world  
Said I'm no Sufi  
But I'll give it a whirl  
We booked passage

On the Book of the Dead  
Time to travel  
Simon said

Step to the left the left the left  
Step to the right the right the right  
Pick up the sign the sign the sign  
Oh the stride of the mind the mind the mind

Come on move where dreams increase  
Where every man is a masterpiece  
If you want to be counted  
As another kind  
And you're true, pursue  
Stride of the mind the mind the mind  
Stride of the mind the mind the mind

He bowed three times  
Removed his fez  
Pointed to heaven  
And Simon says  
The mind the mind the mind  
Pick up the sign the mind the mind  
It's a vertical climb the climb the climb  
Stride of the mind the mind the mind  
Pick up the sign the sign the sign  
It's a vertical climb the climb  
Take it in stride

## CARTWHEELS

Come my one  
look at the world  
Bird beast butterfly  
Girls sing notes of heaven  
Birds lift them up to the sky

Spring is departing  
Spring is departing

Your thoughts  
Are darting like a rabbit  
Like a rabbit cross the moon  
Shining a light over your hair  
As boys croon

Pretty in pink  
It makes me wonder  
What could ever  
Bring you down  
I see tears falling  
From those eyes of brown

Hearing a voice,  
You turn your head  
You vanish, vanish

Into the mist  
Of your thoughts

And I want to grasp  
What brings you down

The world is changing  
Your heart is growing

Open those eyes of brown

Hearing a voice  
you turn your head  
Girls turn by ones, by twos  
Notes pour, glad and tender  
To eradicate your blues

The good world, the good world  
The good whirl, the good whirl

Come my one, look at the world  
Bird beast butterfly  
Girls sing notes from heaven  
Birds lift them up to the sky

I see brown eyes  
That see girls turning  
Cartwheels cartwheels

I see brown eyes  
I see a girl turning

Cartwheels, cartwheels

*—for Jesse Paris Smith*

## PEACEABLE KINGDOM

Yesterday I saw you standing there  
With your hand against the pane  
Looking out the window at the rain  
And I wanted to tell you  
That your tears were not in vain  
But I guess we both knew  
We'd never be the same  
Never be the same

Why must we hide all these feelings inside?  
Lions and lambs shall abide  
Maybe one day we'll be strong enough  
To build it back again  
Build the peaceable kingdom  
Back again  
Build it back again

Why must we hide all these feelings inside?  
Lions and lambs shall abide  
Maybe one day we'll be strong enough  
To build it back again  
Build the peaceable kingdom  
Build it back again

*—for Rachel Corey*

## GANDHI

I had a dream Mr. King  
If you'll beg my pardon  
I was trespassing  
A sacred garden  
And the blossoms fell  
And they dropped like candy  
And nature cried Gandhi Gandhi  
And nature cried Gandhi Gandhi

When he was a boy  
He was afraid of the dark  
His mother would fast  
And pray at his feet  
And the lamp burned as he slept  
Burned as he dreamed  
He was dreaming of his sisters  
Dressed in white muslin  
Dancing in a ring  
He was afraid of the dark  
And the lamp burned  
Dreaming of blossoms  
They were burning his throat  
He had eaten flowers  
Flowers fell burning  
From the young girls' hair  
He was whispering

Into his god's ear  
Let the children be so  
And the lamplight flickered flickered  
And his mother withered like Job

And he lay there dreaming  
And the blossoms fell  
And Tilak's trumpet  
Proceeded to call  
And the blossoms fell  
And they dropped like candy  
And the people cried Gandhi Gandhi

He was frail and shy  
And the cast of his mind  
Was mercurial  
As the sacred verbs  
Scrawled in the dust  
On the floor, on the floor  
Long live revolution  
And the spinning wheel  
And a handful of salt  
The untouchables  
Dropped like candy  
They called to him Gandhi Gandhi  
Feel our woes man of the giving  
Rejoin the living Rejoin the living  
Awake from the net  
Where you've been sleeping  
And climbing climbing  
The flowing hair

And the golden flowers  
Of the young girls  
Awake little man  
Awake from your slumber

And get 'em with the numbers  
Get 'em with the numbers  
One / Two / Three  
Four hundred thousand million people  
People / People / People  
Awaken from your slumber

Long live revolution  
And the spinning wheel  
Awake awake  
Is the mighty appeal  
Oh, people awake  
Awake from your slumber  
And get 'em with the numbers  
Get 'em with the numbers  
I had a dream  
Mr. King  
If you'll beg my pardon  
I was trespassing  
The sacred garden  
And the blossoms fell  
Dropped like candy  
And nature called Gandhi Gandhi  
Gandhi Gandhi

Awake from your slumber

And get 'em with the numbers

*Frankenstein*

*sitting*

I loved my sister my gentle  
innocent sister. When the  
grief stricken father walked  
sincerely with his dead child  
in his hands, and Linda saying  
will it be all night  
I wanted to say yes

Fling  
Ring  
String  
Spring  
bring  
Cling  
RING NING  
SING

*Our life is designed  
with a finishing line  
that another sang  
and his small debts  
pened as regrets  
upon a ragged wing.  
John Purdon*

*H.H. H.*

*His life was designed  
with a finishing line  
That another shall sing  
and his small debts  
pened as regrets -  
upon a ragged wing*

*The ~~other~~ took in his name  
in care and in pain*

*our life is  
a man's designed  
to leave us in Time  
and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~other~~ may sing <sup>are met</sup>  
on desirability  
a life is design  
to depart in Time  
we in  
and his small debt  
pened as regrets  
upon a ragged wing  
upon song my dear  
that I won't be here  
to take care of everything*

*all life is designed  
with a finishing line  
the ~~other~~ sang  
and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~other~~ small debt*

Trespasses, 2004

## TRESPASSES

Life is designed  
With unfinished lines  
That another sings  
Each story unfolds  
Like it was gold  
Upon a ragged wing

The bold and the fair  
Suffer their share  
He whispered to his kin  
All of my debts  
Left with regrets  
I'm sorry for everything

And she pinned back her hair  
Shouldered with care  
The burdens that were his  
Mending the coat  
That hung on the post  
In heart remembering

Trespasses stretch  
Like brown fences  
Winding as they may  
Trespasses stretch

Like broken fences  
Hope to mend them one day

And her time was to come  
Called to her son  
This your song to sing  
All of our debts  
Wove with regrets  
Upon a golden string

And he found the old coat  
Hung on a post  
Like a ragged wing  
And took as his own  
The sewn and unsown  
Joyfully whistling

Trespasses stretch  
Like broken fences  
Winding as they may  
Trespasses stretch  
Like broken fences  
Hope to mend them one day

## IN MY BLAKEAN YEAR

In my Blakean year  
I was so disposed  
Toward a mission yet unclear  
Advancing pole by pole

Fortune breathed into my ear  
Mouthed a simple ode  
One road is paved in gold  
One road is just a road

In my Blakean year  
Such a woeful schism  
The pain of our existence  
Was not as I envisioned

Boots that trudged  
From track to track  
Worn down to the sole  
One road was paved in gold  
One road was just a road

In my Blakean year  
Temptation but a hiss  
Just a shallow spear  
Robed in cowardice

Brace yourself  
For bitter flack  
For a life sublime  
A labyrinth of riches  
Never shall unwind

The threads that bind  
The pilgrim's sack  
Are stitched  
Into the Blakean back

So throw off your stupid cloak  
Embrace all that you fear  
For joy shall conquer all despair  
In my Blakean year  
In my Blakean year  
In my Blakean year

BLAKEAN YEAR

In my Blakean year  
I was so disposed  
On a mission yet unclear  
Advancing stroke by stroke  
(as a timepiece never heard)

The labyrinth evolved  
Always ~~sank~~ at one end  
Yet shackled round the bend  
And all the wealth yielded

The laughter to digest  
Beheld in mortal light  
Just a test as God's jest  
So throw down  
Your stupid cloak  
~~Adrift stroke by stroke~~  
As a timepiece never heard  
To be left less than dead

Yet joy stifled all despair  
In my Blakean year

In my Blakean year  
With a heavy load  
One road was paved with gold  
One road was just a road  
The sun was like a silver moon  
And from the mouth it glowed  
As the cock it crowed  
Confronting all that we hold dear  
So throw down your stupid cloak  
It's my Blakean year

awry      lone lone  
awn      lone lone yes untried  
    rhythm      feels like Truth designed  
        ie      you'll never be satisfied.  
    come      The angels sing in you  
    rhythm      the bell within your brain  
                    as you move right with  
                    the green  
                    not being well yourself.

bring in return of  
our money  
which we may not give you  
so soon as to reward us  
but still you will be welcome  
among us  
as we are  
and The best

walking the fire  
walk the flood  
  
Turnt away in fear  
of walk the  
good name is  
as its sinking in the mud  
it's walk the fire  
hide the flood  
create the  
  
as its sinking in the mud  
walk ver

I think it's  
about 100 years old  
It's made of wood  
and has a metal  
ring around the middle  
The wood is very dark  
The surface is very smooth

## *In My Blakean Year*

## CASH

Here we go around again  
Curve of life spiraling  
Everything we've ever known  
As the seed of life gets blown  
And the miracle of time  
When will that time just end  
Remember, you decide  
Take that vow  
Grab that ring  
It's not a whim  
Not a whim  
When you be cashing in

Try to turn your life around  
And all the things you do resound  
And then you can't loose control  
Say your time has come and then  
Hard to pinpoint find the seam  
Where that one time ends  
Where that time begins  
Remember, you decide  
Take that vow  
Take a stand  
Grab that ring  
It's not a whim  
It's not a whim

It's only time  
That you're cashing in

In the white noise of desire  
We can't hear a single thing  
Floating 'round the fragile bough  
Afflictions of the human soul  
Its beauty immaterial

You decide  
Stand among the fallen ones  
Take revenge defeated sons  
Rend that coat  
From seam to seam  
It's only time  
It's only time  
That you spend  
You spend  
It's only life  
That you're cashing in



## RADIO BAGHDAD

Suffer not  
Your neighbor's affliction  
Suffer not  
Your neighbor's paralysis  
But extend your hand  
Extend your hand  
Lest you vanish in the city  
And be but a trace  
Just a vanished ghost  
And your legacy  
All the things you knew  
Science, mathematics, thought  
Severely weakened  
Like irrigation systems  
In the tired veins forming  
The Tigris and Euphrates  
In the realm of peace  
All the world revolved  
All the world revolved  
Around a perfect circle  
City of Baghdad  
City of scholars  
Empirical humble  
Center of the world  
City in ashes  
City of Baghdad

City of Baghdad

Abrasive aloof

Oh, in Mesopotamia  
Aloofness ran deep  
Deep in the veins of the great rivers  
That form the base of Eden  
And the tree of knowledge  
Held up its arms to the sky  
All the branches of knowledge  
All the branches of knowledge  
Cradling Civilization  
In the realm of peace  
All the world revolved  
Around a perfect circle  
Oh Baghdad  
Center of the world  
City of ashes  
With its great mosques  
Erupting from the mouth of god  
Rising from the ashes like a speckled bird  
Splayed against the mosaic sky

We created the zero

But we mean nothing to you

You would believe

That we are just some mystical tale

We are just a swollen belly

That gave birth to Sinbad, Scheherazade

We gave birth to the zero

The perfect number

We invented the zero  
And we mean nothing to you  
Our children run through the streets

And you sent your flames  
Your shooting stars  
Shock and awe  
Shock and awe  
Like some, some  
Imagined warrior production  
Twenty-first century  
No chivalry involved  
No Bushido

Oh, the code of the West  
Long gone never been  
Where does it lie?  
You came, you came  
Through the west  
Annihilated a people  
And you come to us  
But we are older than you  
You wanna come  
And rob the cradle  
Of civilization  
And you read Genesis  
You read of the tree  
You read of the tree  
Beget by god  
That raised its branches into the sky  
Every branch of knowledge

In the cradle of civilization  
Of the banks of the Tigris  
And the Euphrates  
Oh, in Mesopotamia  
Aloofness ran deep  
The face of Eve turning  
What sky did she see  
What garden beneath her feet  
The one you drill  
Pulling the blood of the earth  
Little droplets of oil for bracelets  
Little jewels sapphires  
You make bracelets  
'Round your own world  
We are weeping tears rubies  
We offer them to you  
We are just  
Your Arabian nightmare  
We invented the zero  
But we mean nothing to you  
Your Arabian nightmare

City of stars  
City of scholarship  
Science  
City of ideas  
City of light  
City of ashes  
That the great Caliph  
Walked through  
His naked feet formed a circle

And they built a city  
A perfect city of Baghdad  
In the realm of peace  
And all the world revolved  
And they mean nothing to you  
Nothing to you  
Nothing

Go to sleep my child  
Go to sleep  
And I'll sing you a lullaby  
A lullaby for our city  
A lullaby of Baghdad  
Go to sleep  
Sleep my child  
Sleep sleep sleep  
Run run run

You sent your lights  
Your bombs  
You sent them down on our city  
Shock and awe  
Like some crazy t.v. show  
They're robbing the cradle of civilization  
They're robbing the cradle of civilization  
They're robbing the cradle of civilization

Suffer not the paralysis of your neighbor  
Suffer not but extend your hand

BANGA

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*Believe or Explode*

## AMERIGO

We were going to see the world  
In this land we placed baptismal fonts  
And an infinite number were baptized  
And they called us Caribe  
Which means men of great wisdom

Where are you going?  
And are you going anywhere?  
Where are we going?  
Send me a letter  
If you go at all

Ah the salvation of souls  
But wisdom we had not  
For these people had neither king nor lord  
And bowed to no one  
For they have lived in their own liberty

Where are you going?  
And are you going anywhere?  
Going in circles, going in circles anywhere  
I saw and knew the inconstant shifting of fortune  
And now I write to you  
Words that have not been written  
Words from the New World

Tracing the circles  
Moving across my eyes  
Lying on the ship  
And gazing at the western sky  
Tracing lazy circles in the sky

Hey—wake up!—wake up!

Where are you going?  
And are you going anywhere?  
Where are you going?  
Send me a letter  
If you go at all

It's such a delight to watch them dance  
Free of sacrifice and romance  
Free of all the things that we hold dear  
Is that clear Your Excellency?  
And I guess it's time to go but  
I gotta send you just a few more lines  
From the New World

Tracing the circles  
Moving across my eyes  
Lying on the ship  
And gazing at the western sky  
Tracing lazy circles in the sky

And the sky opened  
And we laid down our armor

And we danced naked as they  
Baptized in the rain  
Of the New World.

## APRIL FOOL

Come be my April Fool  
Come you're the only one  
Come on your rusted bike  
Come we'll break all the rules

We'll ride like writers ride  
Neither rich nor broke  
We'll race through alleyways  
In our tattered cloaks so

Come be my April Fool  
Come we'll break all the rules

We'll burn all of our poems  
Add to God's debris  
We'll pray to all of our saints  
Icons of mystery  
We'll tramp through the mire  
When our souls feel dead  
With laughter we'll inspire  
Then back to life again

Come you're the only one  
Come be my April Fool  
Come Come

Be my April Fool  
We'll break all the rules

## FUJI-SAN

Oh mountain of our eyes  
What do you see?  
The girl with the almond eyes  
Bowing to thee  
Immortal soldiers  
Clear the path  
Shake the almond tree  
Oh mountain of our eyes  
Oh hear our plea  
Oh hear our plea

See the five finger lakes  
Like a hand in blue  
Climbing sideways up the pure  
To get a glimpse of you  
To get a glimpse of you

The great lake  
The white shirt  
Your white cloak  
Divine divine  
Oh mountain  
Of mine  
Oh Fuji-San  
We're climbing  
Into the blue

Into the mist  
Into the bright  
Into your light

Oh mountain of our eyes  
We're calling you  
Will you hear our cries?  
What will a poor boy do?  
What will a poor girl do?

Hey!  
We're calling to you  
Oh Fuji-San  
Oh Fuji-San  
Oh Fuji-San

Oh mountain of our eyes  
What do you see?  
The girl with the almond eyes  
Shaking her tree  
Shake the almond tree

## THIS IS THE GIRL

This is the girl for whom all tears fall  
This is the girl who was having a ball  
Just a dark smear masking the eyes  
Spirited away buried in sighs.

This is the girl who crossed the line  
This is the song of the smothering vine  
Twisted a laurel to crown her head  
Laid as a wreath upon her bed.

This is the blood that turned into wine  
This is the wine of the house it is said  
This is the girl who yearned to be heard  
So much for cradling a smothering bird  
This is the girl. This is the girl.

This is the girl for whom all tears fall  
This is the girl who was having a ball  
This is the laurel to crown her head  
This is the wine of the house it is said.

This is the blood that turned into wine  
This is the wine of the house it is said  
This is the girl who cried to be heard  
So much for cradling a smothering bird

This is the girl. This is the girl.

*—for Amy Winehouse*

## TARKOVSKY

The eternal sun runs to the mother  
She smoothes his brow and bids him  
Drink from her well of hammered mist  
Come along sweet lad, fog rises from the ground  
The falling soot is just the dust of a shivering gem  
The black moon shines on a lake  
White as a hand in the dark  
She lifts the lamp to see his face  
The silver ladle of his throat  
The boy the beast and the butterfly

The sea is a morgue, the needle and the gun  
These things float in blood that has no name  
The telegraph poles are crosses on the line  
Rusted pins not enough saviors to hang  
She blesses the road the noose of vine  
And waits beneath the triangle  
Formed by Mercury, an evening star  
The fifth planet, with its blistering core  
And the soaring eagle above and to the west  
The boy the beast and the butterfly

She walks across a bridge of magpies  
Her hollow tongue fills the brightness  
With water and in the wink of an eye  
One planet with a glittering womb

One white crow one diamond head  
Big as a world big as a world  
Don't forget how I played with you  
She cries, and kissed away your tears  
The white mouth of the sun smiles  
On his beautiful tongue the seed of flight

## MOSAIC

Last night in Konya  
A voice carried me  
To the pulpit of the arrow  
Did you hear it too?  
The oracle was written  
On a silver leaf  
Last night I read the words  
Did you read them too?

Precious heart, precious seed  
Precious life conceived  
In a ring of fire  
In a sleep of peace  
Nothing stops desire  
For the human beat

Last night was a rapture  
In the mosaic sky  
Dropping shards of love  
Dropping shards of love

Precious heart, precious seed  
Precious life conceived  
In a ring of fire  
In a sleep of peace

Nothing stops desire  
For the human beat

I hunger for the cooling flame  
I hunger for the infinite game

Last night in Konya  
A voice carried me  
To the pulpit of the arrow  
Did you hear it too?  
The oracle was written  
On a silver leaf  
Last night I read the words  
Did you read them too?

Devour me, ah, devour me

Oh precious life  
Oh precious seed  
Oh precious heart  
That beats  
In a ring of fire  
In a sleep of peace  
Nothing stops  
The human beat  
The human beat

## MARIA

At the edge of the world  
Where you were no one  
Yet you were the girl  
The only one  
At the edge of the world  
In the desert heat  
One shivering star  
Sweet indiscreet

I knew you  
When we were young  
I knew you  
Now you're gone

In a little Narcissus pool  
Drawn by its spell  
We saw ourselves  
Raw excitable

I knew you  
When we were young  
I knew you  
Now you're gone

We didn't know

The precariousness of our young powers  
All the emptiness

Wild wild hair  
Sad sad eyes  
White shirt / black tie  
You were mine

You grabbed the ring  
Of the carousel  
Tangoing  
From Heaven  
To Hell  
I knew you

*—for Maria Schneider*

## NINE

Night a nine of diamonds  
A woman lay and cries  
At the Sister of Mercy  
On the Sabbath day

Night a nine of diamonds  
As revelers commence  
To shiver as she bore  
In a babe, a radiance

Brave in constant motion  
Wherein perfection brews  
Darkness as his brother  
Mischief as his moon

Summoning beneath  
With his gypsy moves  
Yearning as the foal  
Shy and beautiful

Every card he drew  
Had a different face  
Lingering and lost  
Unholy holy ghosts

I tend to play them all  
He spoke with confidence  
Another kind of strange  
To shift in loneliness

He sought not for himself  
The empire he would find  
Save the golden womb  
He enters in his mind

We will die a little  
The rogues whistling  
Nine blue-eyed sailors  
Tip their caps to him

As he passes through them  
More vagabond than king  
With diamonds on his sleeves  
Like a harlequin

*—for John Christopher Depp*

## THE WING CHILD

O chariot of insect  
O crown of wind  
Two royal leopards  
Run with him

On a golden lead  
Of tapered vine  
O the blood sky  
O the blood sky

Wine of a God  
Coupling wild  
O golden seed  
Who made the  
Winged child

## SENECA

Run, run my little one  
Run out to sea  
Run, run my little one  
What do you seek?

The canvas is high  
The scheme of a life  
Written in the wind  
The pen, the knife

Run, run my little one  
Breathe a hymn to Him  
Breathe my little one  
The master is calling

If you were his eyes  
If you were his dreams  
The whole of the sky  
Could not contain you

So run, run out to sea  
Run, run my little one  
Breathe a hymn  
For Him  
For thee

*—for Seneca Sebring*

## BANGA

Loyalty rests in the heart of a dog  
Don't sell all your eggs on the back of a frog  
You can lick it twice but it won't lick you  
And salivating salvation long so long so

Loyalty lives and we don't know why  
And the paw is pressed against the nerve of the sky  
You can leave him behind but he won't leave you  
And the road to Heaven is true—true blue

Banga / Say—Banga

Loyalty lives and we don't know why  
And his paws are pressed to the spine of the sky  
You can leave him twice, but he won't leave you  
And the way to Heaven is true—true blue

Banga / Say—Banga

Loneliness lifts when you open the night  
Pilate awaits, as Jesus Christ  
Forget him not—won't forget about you  
The way to Heaven is blue—boo hoo

## Banga / Say—Banga

Loyalty shifts if you carry a load  
Ah, don't shit it out in a golden commode  
You can kick him twice—it'll erode  
Night is a mongrel—believe or explode

## CONSTANTINE'S DREAM

In Arezzo I dreamed a dream  
Of St. Francis who kneeled and prayed  
For the birds and the beasts and all humankind

All through the night I felt drawn in by him  
And I heard him call  
Like a distant hymn

I retreated from the silence of my room  
Stepping down the ancient stones washed with dawn  
And entered the basilica that bore his name  
Seeing his effigy I bowed my head  
And my racing heart I gave to him  
I kneeled and prayed  
And the sleep that I could not find in the night  
I found through him  
I saw before me the world of his world  
The bright field, the birds in abundance,  
All of nature of which he sang  
Singing of him  
All the beauty that surrounded him as he walked  
His nature that was nature itself  
And I heard him—I heard him speak  
And the birds sang sweetly  
And the wolves licked his feet.

But I could not give myself to him.  
I felt another call from the basilica itself  
The call of art—the call of man  
And the beauty of the material drew me away.

And I awoke, and beheld upon the wall  
The dream of Constantine  
The handiwork of Piero della Francesca  
Who had stood where I stood  
And with his brush stroked the legend of the True Cross  
He envisioned Constantine advancing to greet the enemy  
But as he was passing the river  
An unaccustomed fear gripped his bowels  
An anticipation so overwhelming that it manifested in waves.

All thru the night a dream drew toward him  
As an advancing Crusade  
He slept in his tent on the battlefield  
While his men stood guard.  
And an angel awoke him  
Constantine within his dream awoke  
And his men saw a light pass over the face of the King  
The troubled King  
And the angel came and showed to him  
The sign of the true cross in heaven.  
And upon it was written

*In this sign shall thou conquer*

In the distance the tents of his army were lit by moonlight

But another kind of radiance lit the face of Constantine  
And in the morning light  
The artist, seeing his work was done,  
Saw it was good.

*In this sign shall thou conquer*

He let his brush drop and passed into a sleep of his own.  
And he dreamed of Constantine carrying into battle in his right hand  
An immaculate, undefiled single white Cross.  
Piero della Francesca, as his brush stroked the wall  
Was filled with a torpor  
And fell into a dream of his own.

From the geometry of his heart he mapped it out  
He saw the King rise, fitted with armor  
Set upon a white horse  
An immaculate cross in his right hand.  
He advanced toward the enemy  
And the symmetry, the perfection of his mathematics  
Caused the scattering of the enemy  
Agitated, broken, they fled.

And Piero della Francesca waking, cried out  
All is art—all is future!  
Oh Lord let me die on the back of adventure  
With a brush and an eye full of light  
But as he advanced in age  
The light was shorn from his eyes

And blinded, he laid upon his bed  
On an October morning in 1492, and whispered  
Oh Lord let me die on the back of adventure  
Oh Lord let me die on the back of adventure

And a world away—a world away  
On three great ships  
Adventure itself as if to answer  
Pulling into the New World  
And as far as his eyes could see  
No longer blind  
All of nature unspoiled—beautiful—beautiful  
And such a manner that would have lifted  
The heart of St. Francis  
Into the realm of universal love

Columbus stepped foot on the New World  
And witnessed beauty unspoiled  
All the delights given by God  
As if Eden had opened her heart to him  
And opened her dress  
And all of her fruit gave to him  
And Columbus so overwhelmed  
Fell into a sleep of his own  
All the world filled his sleep  
All of the beauty entwined with the future

The twenty-first century  
Advancing like the angel that had come  
To Constantine  
Constantine in his dream

Oh this is your cross to bear  
Oh Lord Oh Lord let me deliver  
Hallowed adventure to all mankind

In the future  
Oh art cried the painter  
Oh art—Oh art—cried the angel  
Art the great material gift of man  
Art that hath denied  
The humble pleas of St. Francis

Oh thou Artist  
All shall crumble  
Into dust  
Oh thou navigator  
The terrible end of man  
This is your gift to mankind  
This is your cross to bear  
And Columbus  
Saw all of nature aflame  
The apocalyptic night  
And the dream  
Of the troubled King  
Dissolved into light.

## FUTURE AND FILM

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*Notes to the Future*

What did we want  
What did we ever want  
To shake the fragile hands of time  
To rip from their sockets  
Deceiving eyes  
To ride through the night  
In a three cornered hat  
Against the shadows  
To cry Awake Awake  
Wake up arms delicate feet  
We are paramount then obsolete  
Wake up throat wake up limbs  
Our mantle pressed  
from palm to palm  
Wake up hearts dressed in rags  
Costly garments fall away  
Dangle now in truthful threads  
That bind the breast  
And wind the muscle  
Of the soul and whole together

Listen my children and you shall hear  
The sound of your own steps  
The sound of your hereafter  
Memory awaits and turns to greet you  
Draping its banner across your wrists  
Wake up arms delicate feet  
For as one to march the streets  
Each alone each part of another  
Your steps shall ring

shall raise the cloud  
And they that will hear will hear  
Voice of the one and the one and the one  
As it has never been uttered before  
For something greater yet to come  
Than the hour of the prophets  
In their great cities  
For the people of Ninevah  
Fell to their knees  
Heeding the cry of Jonah  
United covering themselves in sackcloth  
And ashes and called to their God  
And all their hearts were as one heart  
And all their voices were as one voice  
God heard them and his mind was moved  
Yet something greater will come to pass  
And who will call and what will they call  
Will they call to God the air the fowl  
It will not matter if the call is true  
They shall call and this is known  
One voice and each another  
Shall enter the dead  
The living flower  
Enter forms that we know not  
To be felt by sea by air by earth  
And shall be an elemental pledge  
This our birthright  
This our charge  
We have given over to others  
And they have not done well  
And the forests mourn the leaves fall  
Swaddling babes watch and wonder  
As the fathers of our spirit nations  
Dance in the streets in celebration

As the mountains turn pale  
From their nuclear hand  
And they have not done well  
Now my children  
You must overturn the tables  
Deliver the future from material rule

For the only rule to be considered  
Is the eleventh commandment  
To love one another  
And this is our covenant  
Across your wrist  
This offering is yours  
To adore adorn  
To bury to burn  
Upon a mound  
To hail  
To set away  
It is merely a cloth merely our colors  
Invested with the blood of a people  
All their hopes and dreams  
It has its excellence yet it is nothing  
It shall not be a tyranny above us  
Nor should God nor love nor nature  
Yet we hold as our pleasure  
This tender honor  
That we acknowledge the individual  
And the common ground formed  
And if our cloth be raised and lowered  
Half mast what does this tell us  
An individual has passed  
Saluted and mourned by his countrymen  
This ritual extends to us all  
For we are all the individual  
No unknown no insignificant one  
Nor insignificant labor nor act of charity  
Each has a story to be told and retold  
Which shall be as a glowing thread  
In the fabric of man  
And the children shall march  
And bring the colors forward  
Investing within them  
The redeeming blood  
Of their revolutionary hearts

Wim Wenders Film

no equation to explain the division of the senses  
no sound to reflect the radiance of time  
hands press against the sky, the soul foams  
and light shoots from the face of the predator  
in the beginning is dream  
the milky corridor that shakes us out  
and sends us reeling from site to site  
forests and junkyards, halls of disorder  
where we are swept to encircle dawn  
strapped in a low car  
racing thru silence  
trumpeting bliss  
you could kiss the world goodbye  
or wake up  
and kiss the world.

(Refrain)

can you feel  
in the night  
the world turn  
round and round  
wander wander  
by the light  
turning turning  
in your eyes.

wander wander  
guided by  
endless eyes  
endless light

Turning light

*It Takes Time*

## IT TAKES TIME

No equation to explain the division of the senses  
No sound to reflect the radiance of time  
In the beginning is dream halls of disorder  
Where we are swept to encircle dawn  
Strapped in a low car racing  
Thru silence trumpeting bliss  
You could kiss the world goodbye

Standing outside the courthouse in the rain  
Seemed like a lost soul from the chapel of dreams  
With a handful of images  
Faces of children phases of the moon  
One little thing you get wrong changes  
The dimensions streets, swept memory  
Diffused and lost like a prayer in the sun

Sometimes you can't tell  
Whether you're waking up or going to sleep  
Spiraling unnumbered streets  
All the games cannot be yours  
All the sights, the treasures of the eye  
Does the divided soul remain the same?  
No equation to explain  
Destiny's hand moved, by love  
Drawn by the whispering shadows  
Into the mathematics of our desire

*—for Wim Wenders's film To the End of the World*

## MERMAID SONG

Do you remember me

The ocean rolled  
Time was slow  
We felt an energy  
The cock was crowing  
The rum was flowing

A mermaid burns to see  
Beyond the sea  
And if I could  
Turn where you stood  
Would you feel me  
Would it be good  
Would you remember

So turn the little key  
The ocean rolls  
Time is slow  
Turn the little key  
The cock is crowing  
The rum is flowing

A mermaid burns to see  
Beyond the sea

I long to see  
I long to see  
If there's a page for me

Do you remember me  
The ocean rolled  
Time was slow  
We felt an energy  
The cock was crowing  
The rum was flowing

A mermaid burns to see  
Beyond the sea  
I long to see  
I long to see  
If there is a page for me  
A page for me  
In your diary.

*—for the film Rum Diary*

## CAPITOL LETTER

Rebellion is a heart  
breaking as the dawn  
bursting into song  
bursting into song

A bird in the hand  
another role to play  
mocking as the jay  
mocking as the jay

She's the silent one  
in her soft boots  
racing thru the flames  
racing thru the flames

She's the silent one  
in her soft boots  
drawing her bow  
and her only truth

Rebellion is an arrow  
wired to the sun  
igniting everyone  
igniting everyone

A bird in the hand  
another role to play  
mocking as the jay  
mocking as the jay

She's the silent one  
in her soft boots  
drawing her bow  
and her only truth

Racing thru the flames  
in her soft boots  
mocking as the jay  
and she be mocking you

—*for the film Hunger Games: Catching Fire*

## JUST KIDS

Wake up  
Come—take my hand

Truth was like a dictionary  
Urgent and sublime  
We shook ourselves  
Into the light  
Like washing on a line  
Like a gleaming sari  
In the Indian wind  
Wrapped in one another  
Where pure hearts are kin

We ventured to the city  
To the Chelsea Hotel  
A place to lay our heads  
A bit of heaven in hell  
Entered the halls  
Of our new university  
They gave all the keys to you  
And you offered them to me

In the blue night  
You were bluer still  
Your ankles tattooed with stars

We were so hungry  
We could not sleep  
And another hunger ensued  
And we called out to Morpheus  
To spread his cloak  
On the world of our ways

You walked without fear  
Toward the golden ladder  
And I watched you  
Climb rung by rung  
Toward another kind of sun  
And I went for another cup  
It ran all over my dress  
And you drank it up

Life to life  
Scene to scene  
Fortune's strife  
Dream upon dream

Love was love  
Art was art  
Comingling in the heart  
Kids  
Just kids

## MERCY IS

Mercy is as mercy does  
Wandering the wild  
The stars are eyes watching you  
A breath upon a cloud

Two white doves  
Two white wings  
To carry you away  
To a land in memory  
A land in memory

The sky is high  
The earth is green  
And cool below your feet  
So swiftly now  
Beneath the bough  
Your father waits for thee  
To wrap you in  
His healing arms  
As the night sky weeps

For mercy is the healing wind  
That whispers as you sleep

That whispers you to sleep.

*—for the film Noah*

poor fellah  
*for john walker lindh*

an american /with a vision/of a religion/pure in it's extent/studied at the madrasah in a remote corner/of pakistan/tall bearded/almost a man/a model student seeking the devout muslim life/an absolute system/mathematically pure/on the northwest frontier no longer alone/slept on a bed/of indian rope/full of hope/poor dope/the heat and dust of april/drove him away/into the cooler mountains/still seeking islam's fountain/seven months premature/poor fellah /and easter and passover/passed over/he journeyed to afghanistan/in search of the pure /he gave them everything/he gave them his heart he was so sure/poor fellah/walker was a young man/embracing islam/walking with the taliban/they captured his heart/he went through the fazes/learning all the phrases memorizing pages/of the koran/emerging on a saturday/ through a ruined avenue crept from the underground/pine trees and debris/abdul hamid/six nights in darkness without his catholic father/and buddhist mother/separating treason and dissent 16 to be a koranic scholar/19 to yemen to learn arabic/went to afghanistan/to search for cooler climates/to study the koran/pale as the sky/it attracted his heart/if you be american/exercising freedom/looking for something so pure/you may have to go and do somethings/that other men/would not endure/he went to the training camps/joined his brothers in kashmir/walked a thousand miles/with the taliban/taken prisoner/during the siege of kunduz/and marched to the fort/of certain death/on the muddy outskirts/of mazar-i-sharif/ his brothers died in ditches/in the open courtyards/their faces blown/no one knew what the fuck was going on/who was the enemy and who was the friend/and he wept/for their corpses/that lay beneath the willows/walker was a young man/walking with the taliban/embracing islam/it attracted his heart/have a heart/have a heart/if you be a christian/ exercise your wisdom/ forgive him/ have a heart/ have a heart/ a heart

## QANA

There's no one  
In the village  
Not a human  
Nor a stone  
There's no one  
In the village  
Children are gone  
And a mother rocks  
Herself to sleep  
Let it come down  
Let her weep

The dead lay in strange shapes

Some stay buried  
Others crawl free  
Baby didn't make it  
Screaming debris  
And a mother rocks  
Herself to sleep  
Let it come down  
Let her weep

The dead lay in strange shapes

Limp little dolls  
Caked in mud  
Small, small hands  
Found in the road  
They're talking about  
War aims

What a phrase  
Bombs that fall  
American made  
The new middle east  
The rice woman squeaks

The dead lay in strange shapes

Little bodies  
Little bodies  
Tied head and feet  
Wrapped in plastic  
Laid out in the street  
The new middle east  
The rice woman squeaks

The dead lay in strange shapes

Water to wine  
Wine to blood  
Ahh qana  
The miracle  
Is love

## WITHOUT CHAINS

Five long years  
was I a man  
dreaming in chains  
with the lights on  
five long years  
nothing to say  
thoughts impure  
at Guantanamo Bay

Now I'm learning  
to walk without chains  
I'm learning to walk  
without chains  
without chains

Born in Bremen  
played guitar  
a young apprentice  
building ships  
loved and married  
heard the call  
is attaining wisdom  
a pursuit of fools?

Journeyed to Pakistan

to study Koran  
taken in custody  
no reason why  
then a prison camp  
no freedom to breathe  
branded an enemy  
an enemy

No fault was found  
yet do they believe  
then flown home  
a version of free  
chained to the floor  
muzzled and bound  
a last humiliation  
left to endure

They say I walk strange  
well that may be so  
it's been a long time  
since I walked at all

Now I'm learning to walk  
without chains  
to talk without chains  
to breathe without chains  
to pray without chains  
to live without chains  
to love without chains  
without chains

*—for Murat Kunaz*

## CHILD 13

Child 13 his father gone  
Saw Jupiter ride  
All the things  
His father had known  
Abided within him  
Charity boy charity boy  
You live you give  
You groan you've grown  
My heart's a stone  
Your heart's a throne

Child 13 dreamed  
He and his father did ride  
The beaten track  
The unbeaten track  
The uncharted sky  
His radiant face  
Felt his father's eyes cry  
Clarity boy, charity boy  
You live, you give  
You groan, you've grown  
My heart's a stone  
Your heart's a throne

In your hand a wand  
A pen to pen

The physician within

I held you in my arms  
I held you in my arms  
I cradled you in my arms

## BURNING ROSES

Father I am burning roses  
father only God shall know  
what the secret heart discloses  
the ancient dances with the doe

Father I have sorely wounded  
father I shall wound no more  
I have waltzed among the thorns  
where roses burn upon the floor

Daughter may you turn in laughter  
a candle dreams a candle draws  
the heart that burns  
shall burn thereafter  
may you turn as roses fall

## MARIGOLD

He had a face of long ago  
driven and strange with sad, sad eyes  
and a smile to raise paradise

She tended her flock upon a hill  
watched him from a place above  
obscured by light, blushing gold

The heart is its own, yet not as god plans  
and ne'er will she know so fine a man

Providence speaks another tongue  
he traced the path of star and sun  
and caught the eyes of the beguiled one

Through field and flower the poor girl fled  
she raised her face her bonnet slid  
he traced the path of star and sun  
signs that marked the beguiled one

Faith has a flair divining good  
her bonnet swept where he stood  
he smoothed it out with his healing hand  
and made his way into the cold, cold wind

The heart is its own, yet not as god plans  
and ne'er will she know so fine a man

## THE PRIDE MOVES SLOWLY

I heard you crying in your sleep  
and stood above your contour there  
I saw the moon behind your ear  
wrists as mine, my mother's hair

I saw you with your father's arms  
and so possess his blades,  
protruding like small wings  
I thought I'd never see again

The lamp of his boyhood glows,  
the pride moves slowly  
as in a dream. Circling  
the shade's lucent plain

Bequeathed with certain calm,  
the outline of their forms  
diffuse as memories stream  
sown in sadness, sleep

## A WOMAN'S STORY

She stepped out from the caravan  
Draped in white by attendants round  
And a black top hat veiled in lace  
And read the faces she laid down  
She sang in her sleep  
A woman's story  
Just a diviner shuffling time  
An image of a girl in a wedding gown  
And her king his mane a crown  
And she sang in her sleep  
A woman's story  
And the faces divined  
Were their own

She raced through the hall  
Like a young gazelle  
Climbing the twilight painted sky  
He drew her with a silken prayer  
Into the calmness of his lair  
And a garland of rubies for her hair  
They drank from a cup never known  
And her soul and his soul were as one  
And they lie in their bed as ordained  
Wrapped in an emerald sea of dreams  
And she lifted her pale limbs  
To the sadness of horns

## Sounding him

And he died in her bed  
Like a swallow  
Beating to go home  
But he just gave up  
And fell thru the sky  
Like an arrow  
Thru the night  
Thru the infinite

And she sang in her sleep  
A woman's story  
And the faces divined  
Were their own

And her golden eyes sought  
An emptiness  
The twilight painted sky  
Ruled by him  
And to her life's  
Only bliss  
She returned  
Like a lioness

## LAUGHARNE

It was the town of Laugharne  
Behind a gate of stone  
The Merlin ring  
Another winding wall  
Where the voices find  
A triangle of vine  
He limped into town  
A three-legged dog

Struck by lines  
Infusing the air  
Mighty charms  
Tossed carelessly  
It's not the rock, the rock  
It's not the dome, the dome  
It's not the wall, the wall  
It's just a wall that's all

It was a tad unnatural  
And his kingdom came  
Through the moaning trees  
New Jerusalem  
The lamb but a babe  
Stood by Raphael  
And the summer man  
Bared his hairy soul

Through mythology  
Through the mystic fire  
The way of prophecy  
Is not the grail, the grail  
Is not the bow, the bow  
Is not the wall, the wall  
It's just a wall, that's all

Ah, but give me a whirl  
Come from this and that  
You drop in my heart  
Just a linear tale  
Clarity revealed  
To a three-legged dog  
In the town of Laugharne  
The new Jerusalem  
With its solemn pines  
And the small small homes  
And an energy  
Uncontained contained

It's not the rock, the rock  
It's not the grail, the grail  
It's not the wall, the wall  
It's just a wall, that's all

## THE WRITER'S SONG

I laid my mat among the reeds  
I could hear the freemen call  
oh my life what does it matter  
will the reed cease bending  
will the leper turn

I had a horn I did not blow  
I had a sake and another  
I could hear the freemen  
drunk with sky  
what matter my cry  
will the moon swell  
will the flame shy

Banzai banzai  
it is better to write then die

In the blue crater  
set with straw  
I could hear  
the freemen call  
the way is hard  
the gate is narrow  
what matter I say  
with the new mown hay

my pillow

I had a sake and another

I did not care to own nor rove  
I wrote my name upon the water  
nothing but nothing above

Banzai banzai  
it is better to write then die

A thousand prayers  
and souvenirs  
set away in earthenware  
we draw the jars  
from the shelves  
drink our parting  
from ourselves

So be we king  
or be we bum  
the reed still whistles  
the heart still hums

the writers song

i placed my mat  
among the reeds  
i could hear the freeman  
who were drunk cry out  
what matter what i say  
will the reed cease bending  
will the leper turn

in the blue crater  
set with yellow hay  
i could hear the freemen  
drunk with sky  
what matter my cry  
will the moon swell  
will the flame shy

i had a saki  
and another  
bonsai  
a thousand souvineers  
and a thousand prayers  
and be we kings  
or be we slaves  
the reed still whistles  
the heart still raves  
the hand still grasps  
a cup of love  
nothing but nothing  
above

i had a saki  
and another  
it is better to write  
then die  
bonsai  
some scrawl their name  
on the face of the water  
on vellum sheets  
on heavens border  
to breathe well  
is all one can ask  
and to perform a task  
formed by no other

travel to his own  
book and the scare  
within him from  
his journeys pursued  
a least one

Marty work.  
a thiefs journal

*The Writer's Song*

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