

Babelogue

Patti Smith

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 P.A.

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 inside is a scalp of
A crazy and sleepy Comanche
Lies beneath this netting of the 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 a 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.