

Beneath the Southern Cross

Patti Smith

Oh, to be not anyone
Gone this maze of being skin
Oh, to cry not any cry
So mournful that the dove just laughs 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 God's get lost
Beneath the southern cross