

## 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