

High on Rebellion

Patti Smith

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
relax into the cold wave of a note.
When everything hits just right (just and 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 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 he must he must be intoxicated by ritual as well as result.
Look at me I am laughing.
I am laughing.
I am lapping cocaine from the hard brown palm of the bouncer.
And I trust my guitar.
Therefore we black out together.
Therefore I would run through scum.
And scum is just ahead, ah 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 laughing.
We are radiating at last.
This rebellion is just a gas our gas a gas that we pass.