

Nine

Patti Smith

Night a nine of diamonds
A woman lay and cries
At the sister of Mercy
On a Sabbath day
Night a nine of diamonds
As revealers commence
To shiver as she bore
In a babe, a radiance

Brave in constant motion
Wherein perfection brews
Darkness as his brother
Mischievous 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 enter in his mind

We will die a littler
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