

## 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