

## Tarkovsky (The Second Stop is Jupiter)

Patti Smith

The eternal son runs to the mother  
She smooths his brow and bids him  
Drink from her well of hammered mist  
Too long sweet lad, fog rises from the ground  
The falling soot is just the dust of a shimmering gem  
The black moon shines on a lake  
White as a hand in the dark  
She lifts the lamp to see his face  
The silver ladle of his throat  
The boy, the beast, and the butterfly.

The sea is a morgue, the sea is a morgue, the needle and the gun  
These things float in blood that has no name  
The telegraph poles are crosses on the line  
Rusted pins, not enough saviours to hang  
She blesses the road, the robe and the road and the noose of vine  
And waits beneath the triangle  
Formed by Mercury, an evening star  
The fifth planet with its blistering sore  
And the soaring eagle above and to the west  
The boy, the beast and the butterfly.

She walks across a bridge of magpies  
Her hollow tongue fills the brightness with water  
And in the wink of an eye  
One planet with a glittering womb  
One white crow one diamond head  
Big as a world, big as a world  
The boy, the beast, the butterfly  
Hovering  
Above the sore, the blistering sore  
of the fifth planet  
Wait, stop, don't forget, don't forget,  
How I played with you  
How I kissed away your tears  
Don't forget  
The white mouth of the son smiles  
this beautiful tunnel, a seed, a flight.