

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.