

Patti Smith, About A Boy

Toward another
he has gone
to breathe an air
beyond his own
toward a wisdom
beyond the shelf
toward a dream
that dreams itself

about a boy
beyond it all
about a boy
beyond it all

from the forest
from the foam
from the field
that he had
known
toward a river
twice as blessed
toward the inn
of happiness

about a boy
beyond it all
about a boy
beyond it all

from a chaos
raging sweet
from the deep
and dismal street
toward another
kind of peace
toward the great
emptiness

about a boy
beyond it all
about a boy
beyond it all

[]
I stood among them
I stood alone
boy boy
just a boy
just a little boy
[]
just a little boy
who will never grow