

Patti Smith, Babelogue

I haven't fucked much with the past, but I've fucked plenty with the future.

Over the skin of silk are scars from the splinters of stations and walls I've caressed.

A stage is like each bolt of wood, like a log of Helen, is my pleasure.

I would measure the success of a night by the way by the way by the amount of piss and seed I co
nestled the P.A.

Some nights I'd surprise everybody by skipping off with a skirt of green net sewed over with flat me
flashed.

The lights were violet and white. I had an ornamental veil, but I couldn't bear to use it.

When my hair was cropped, I craved covering, but now my hair itself is a veil, and the scalp inside

Comanche lies beneath this netting of the skin.

I wake up. I am lying peacefully I am lying peacefully and my knees are open to the sun.

I desire him, and he is absolutely ready to seize me. In heart I am a Moslem; in heart I am an Amer

In heart I am Moslem, in heart I'm an American artist, and I have no guilt.

I seek pleasure. I seek the nerves under your skin.

The narrow archway; the layers; the scroll of ancient lettuce.

We worship the flaw, the belly, the belly, the mole on the belly of an exquisite whore.

He spared the child and spoiled the rod. I have not sold myself to God.