

Patti Smith, Blue Poles

Mother as I write the sun dissolves
Blood life streaming cross my hand
And these words, these words
Hope dashed immortal hope
Hope streaking the canvas sky
Blue poles infinitely winding, as I write, as I write
Blue poles infinitely winding, as I write, as I write

We joined the long caravan
Hungry dreaming going west
Just for work just to get a job
And we never got lucky
We just forged on
And the dust the endless dust
Like a plague it covered everything
Hal fell with the fever
And mother I did what I could
Blue poles infinitely winding, as I write, as I write
Blue poles infinitely winding, as I write, as I write

We prayed we prayed for rain
I never wanted to see the sun again

All my dresses you made by hand
We left behind on the road
Hal died in my arms
We buried him by the river
Blue poles infinitely winding, as I write, as I write
Blue poles infinitely winding, as I write, as I write