

# Patti Smith, Notes To The Future

Listen my children and you shall hear  
The sound of your own steps  
The sound of your hereafter  
Memory awaits and turns to greet you  
Draping its banner across your wrists  
Wake up arms  
Delicate feet  
For as one to march the streets

Each alone, each part of another  
Your steps shall ring  
Shall raise the cloud  
And they that will hear will hear  
Will hear voice of the one  
And the one and the one  
As it has never been uttered before

For something greater yet to come  
Then the hour of the prophets  
And their great cities

For the people of Ninevah  
Fell to their knees  
Heeding the cry of Jonah  
United  
Covering themselves in sackcloth and ashes  
And called to their god

And all their hearts were as one heart.  
And all their voices were as one voice.

God heard them and his mind was moved.

Yet something greater will come to pass.  
And who will call?  
And what will they call?  
Will they call to God?  
The air?  
The fowl?

It will not matter, if the call is true.  
They shall call and this is known.  
One voice and each another  
Shall enter the dead, the living flower,  
Enter forms that we know not.  
To be felt by sea,  
By air,  
By earth  
And shall be an elemental pledge.

This is our birthright.  
This is our charge.  
And we have given over to others.  
And they have  
not  
done  
well

And the forests mourn.  
The leaves fall.

Swaddling babes watch and wonder  
As the fathers of our spirit nations  
Dance in the street in celebration

As the mountains turn pale from  
Their nuclear hand  
And they have  
not  
done  
well

Now my children  
You must overturn the tables  
Deliver the future from material rule  
For only one rule should be considered

The eleventh commandment  
To love one another  
And this is our covenant across your wrist

This offering is yours  
To adorn, adore  
To bury  
To burn  
Upon a mound

To hail  
To set away

It is merely a cloth,  
Merely our colors,  
Invested with the blood of the people  
All their hopes and dreams.

Our flag  
It has its excellence  
Yet it is nothing  
It shall not be a tyranny above us

Nor should god  
Nor love  
Nor nature

Yet we hold as our pleasure this tender honor  
That we acknowledge the individual  
And the common ground formed

And if our cloth be raised and lowered  
Half mast  
What does it tell us?

That an individual has passed  
Is saluted  
And mourned by his countrymen.

This ritual extends to us all.  
For we are all the individual.

No unknown.  
No insignificant one  
Nor insignificant labor  
Nor insignificant act of charity

Each has a story to be told and retold  
Which shall be a glowing thread  
In the fabric of Man

And the children shall march  
And bring the colors forward

Investing within them

The redeeming blood  
Of their revolutionary hearts.