

Patti Smith, Chiklets

By patti smith

Last night I awoke up from a dream came face to face with my face facing the
Tombstone teeth of a man called chiklets he came down through the ages with
The desperate beauty of a middleweight boxer came beating the force field
With elegant grace trying to get a perfect grip there was no absolute grip
He was in a sail boat a glass bottom boat the bottom of a boat he was coming

Down through the ages sea molten sea spilling down the tube the spiny eye of
The village the spinal eye of the victim the spiny eye like a question mark
Hovering over him what do you want what do you want from him down on a dream
Too much unexplained what do you think do you think there was an actual
Connection I can't imagine a connection going down there I can't imagine any
Connection at all a boxing ring with gold ropes soft desperate karat top
Spinning and coming down through the ages forty one bc