

Patti Smith, High On Rebellion

what i feel when i'm playing guitar
is completely cold and crazy,
like i don't owe nobody nothing
and it's just a test just to see
how far i can relax
into the cold wave of a note.

when everything hits just right (just and right)
the note of nobility can go on forever.
i never tire of the solitary E
and i trust my guitar
and i don't care about anything.

sometimes i feel like i've broken through
and i'm free and i could dig into eternity
into eternity riding the wave
and realm of the E.
sometimes it's useless.

here i am struggling and filled with dread
afraid that i'll never squeeze enough
graphite from my damaged cranium
to inspire or asphyxiate any eyes
grazing like hungry cows across the stage or page.

inside of me i'm crazy i'm just crazy.
inside i must continue.
i see her, my stiff muse,
jutting around round round
round like a broken speeding statue.

the colonial year is dead
and the greeks too are finished.
the face of alexander remains not only solely
due to sculpture but through the power and foresight
and magnetism of alexander himself.

the artist must maintain his swagger.
he must he must he must be intoxicated
by ritual as well as result.
look at me i am laughing.
i am laughing.
i am lapping cocaine from the hard brown palm
of the bouncer. and i trust my guitar.

therefore we black out together.
therefore i would run through scum.
and scum is just ahead, ah we see it,
but we just laugh.
we're ascending through the hollow mountain.
we are peeking.
we are laughing.
we are kneeling.
we are laughing.
we are radiating at last.

this rebellion is just a gas
our gas a gas that we pass.