

*Patti Smith*  
*Tom Verlaine*

# THE NIGHT

Aloes Books London 1976

*Patti Smith*  
*Tom Verlaine*



# THE NIGHT


Aloes Books London 1976





i

only examine the doctrine of the arabs of morrocco. the night possesses  
22 properties: 11 saintly 11 satanic. will cover and wing even as the  
angel covers yet defile even the door of a mosque with the cold light  
of a moon.  
22/11/11



The book was in my hands. But I craved a less subtle excitement. I shall  
contrive an envy so strong that its object will disappear.



i  
the soul in the shape of a young man  
dressed in a coat of milk . . .  
the heart in the shape of his lover-  
a gentle lad w/ blue skin . . .  
the night in the shape of elle nigger  
who descends upon the sleeping boys  
and makes them her slaves.

ii  
Magnetic disorder!  
Brutal exhalation! I breathe and breathe  
like a toppling steeple! The old Style  
covers me like a blanket of needles.



iii  
night snow. enamel hills pommaded w/ blood.  
victim disrobed then adorned w/ dress of  
perforated towels. mere hills strewn w/ baby  
birds. rough handed children lean over and  
pluck them up but the fragile skulls splinter  
like palace ice sculpture. victim inspects  
fine networks of frozen membranes then with  
mute horror gestures to the children.

children. so sinister they are completely  
aware of their own power. children. so  
facile they easily exit eyeballs from the  
sockets of their fresh pink faces and send  
them winging thru space like a feud of minature snowballs .

iv  
Oh no not this again.  
No pattern. No temperature.  
Is emptiness desperate?  
Violins in the night







v

victim gropes soundlessly in eye of blizzard.  
now snowblind it is unlikely he will retrieve  
the leather envelope containing ear and tongue.

vi

Despair invites the supernatural. The old man leaps out the window to  
find himself weightless and laughing. The window is now a large pair of  
lips which whisper "Get something going here". The old man can not  
find his body but he recognizes his voice. The old man finds such  
commands dull.

"You had your chance".

The old man leans out the window and wonders.



vii


fireworks. boy at the window profile. the nerves in his face straining  
with each swish and crackle. his nostrils — triangles contracting his  
eyes dilating blue flame.

a wild rabbit at the window. plaster fish head swaying. fingers and faces  
bursting in flames. he knows they have planted small rockets in his  
shoes. he feels them piercing the soul of his feet but he does not move.  
he sits at the window profile watching the children burst into flames.

viii


Interior events covet his desire.  
The strings have not begun their  
inevitable loosening.  
With a shrug of the shoulders.  
he breaks the glass in his hand.






ix  
8mm. her blue dress — the one the boys look up —  
on a flagpole flapping in the breeze. the white  
polka dots like violated stars.

x  
The old warehouse burned furiously.  
And with it my matches.



xi  
niches (like lips) carved in the neck of long  
palm tree. cherry bombs pressed in sultry pucker.  
palm trees imploding uprooting and soaring thru  
space cracking the teeth of unaware oiseau helicopter  
or anxious separate soul in flight.

xii  
Out of sequence.  
The shadows are rising.  
Out of sequence.  
The shadows begin their assault.  
In perfect sequence. The shadows  
embrace him like a brother.





xiii

I'm a man and she is breathing. her nipples are baby bullets straining cotton blouse. she lays down. i stand over her spread legged like a cowboy like jolly green giant. she reaches up opens my fly pop and pulls my dick out. she whispers i can't hear her i bend down and cum in her hand. the cum coagulates into smooth white rock. i force her teeth open with thumb and forefinger and shove it down her throat.

xiv

I could not place her accent.  
Her voice the hypnotic eye.  
I would do anything she would say.  
Then she asked me to kill her.

I grabbed the knife and plunged  
the handle between her knees  
into the mattress.

I spit on her face and walked out.

xv

she spent several minutes inspecting the veins  
of fat in the meat unaware that he was waiting  
in the dark corner of her bedroom.

waiting to rest his huge red hands on her fragile  
neck. waiting to press each finger — ten shiny sausages —  
into her pale fleshy stomach. waiting to shove two  
rude fists up her oily cunt and asshole.

she washed her face and put on her green silk raincoat  
running happily into the night.

xvi

Small stones on my windowsill.  
I, I, I . . .





xvii  
on the long beach man w/ scales and wings.  
ocean spittle slobbering heart  
flaxen girl holds a branch of coral.  
her pale shoulders draw mosquitoes  
his scales rip into the space thin coptic fabric of her  
shirtwaist. her mouth a swollen red  
diamond scorches . . .  
they rock like warm crabs

xviii  
The bright cloud and dark meadows.  
High gloss lipstick kiss.  
Over the hill the siren and the flames.



xix  
The young prostitute suffering the rite  
of 1,000 thousand flowers . . .

afterward the women removed the shaved stick  
and wilted blossoms and left her to rest alone  
in a small room streaked with light.

xx  
The violence of exhaustion. Colorful gates crashing  
on ones face. The arsenist sleeps.







xxi

TIME IS FALLING. THE SCREEN FILLED W/NUMBERS —  
CRAYOLA PRIMARY. GRAINY ACTION:

little boy: I'm hungry.

war. children picking thru spoils . . .  
sleazy eyes oily pamphlets and statues  
of angels.

children mounting . . . humping . . . licking . . .  
defacing the statue of angels . . .

children pressing their chins into  
the sharp niches that were  
once the necks of marble angels.

heads in field smiling sarcastically  
into the waxy sky  
fin.

*eat the dawn  
eat the dawn  
eat the dawn*



xxii

I fuck a saint who is made of water.  
When we reappear the birds are chirping.



PART ONE: The night

odd numbers — Patti Smith  
even numbers — Tom Verlaine

THIRD PRINTING

This book is in two parts, part one titled "The night", part two "Independence day". Part two is to be published next season. The edition is of five hundred copies printed on Star Antique paper. 25 copies are signed and numbered by the poets and specially bound with a wrapper and a signed broadsheet of a celebratory piece to Rimbaud by Patti Smith. Cover and title page design after an 1896 edition of Rimbaud's *Les Illuminations*. Typeset in Baskerville throughout.

ISBN 0 85652 024 1





*Arthur Rimbaud*

nigger no invented for color it was MADE FOR THE PLAGUE  
the word (art) must be redefined-all mutants and the new  
babes born sans eyebrow and tonsil-outside logic-beyond  
mathematics poli-tricks baptism and motion sickness-any  
man who extends beyond the classic form is a nigger-one  
sans fear and despair-one who rises like rimbaud beating  
hard gold rythumn outta soft solid shit-tongue light is  
coiling serpant is steaming spinal avec ray gun hissing  
scanning copper head w/ white enamel eye wet and shining  
crown reeling thru gleem vegetation ruby dressing of thy  
lips puckering whispering pressing high bruised thighs  
silk route mark blue vibrating gushing milk pods of de-  
light translating new languages used rock n roll and  
love lashing from the tongue of me nigger...

*Patti Smith*