Patti Smith Tom Verlaine

THE NIGHT

Aloes Books London 1976

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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 The book was in my hands. But I craved a less subtle excitement. I shall angel covers yet defile even the door of a mosque with the cold light of a moon. contrive an envy so strong that its object will disappear. 22/11/11

the soul in the shape of a young man dressed in a coat of milk . . . the heart in the shape of his lovera 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.

m

m

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

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

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.

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.

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.

m 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. 8mm. her blue dress — the one the boys look up — on a flagpole flapping in the breeze. the white polka dots like violated stars. Out of sequence. x
The old warehouse burned furiously. The shadows are rising. Out of sequence.
The shadows begin their assault.
In perfect sequence. The shadows embrace him like a brother. And with it my matches. m

m

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

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 stomache, 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 . . .

ann

in

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

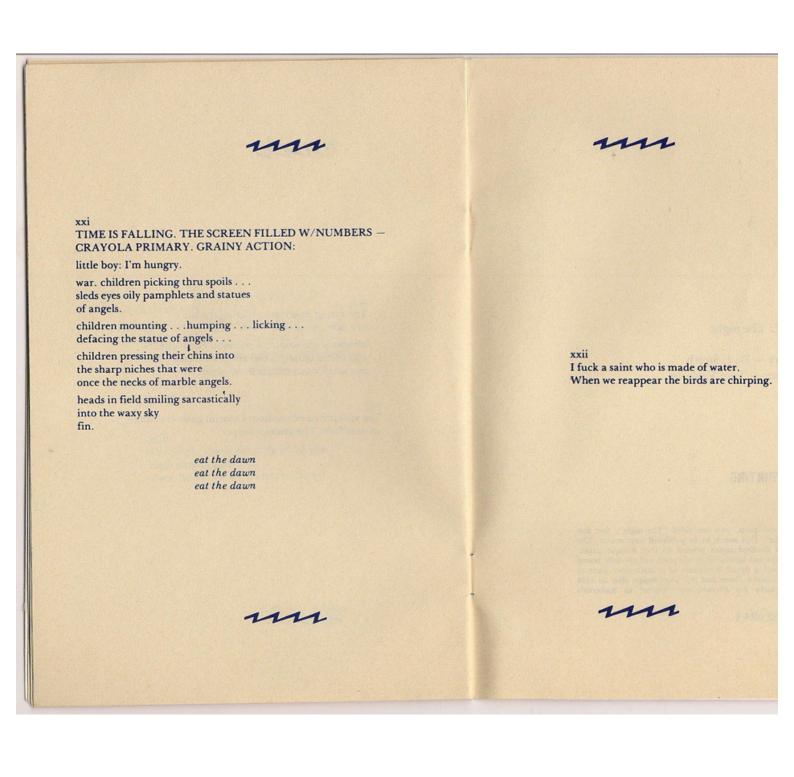
The young prostitute suffering the rite of 1,000 thousand flowers . . .

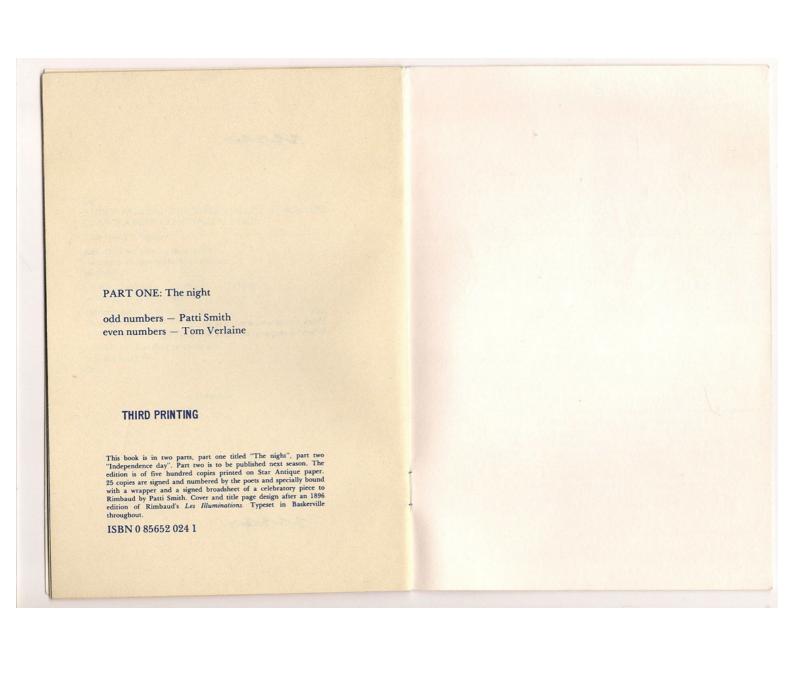
afterward the women removed the shaved stick and wilted blossoms and left her to rest alone in a small room streaked with light.

XX

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

m









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 mathmatics 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 delight translating new languages used rock n roll and love lashing from the tongue of me nigger...

ponin.Z