## **Beneath the Southern Cross**

**Patti Smith** 

Oh, to be not anyone
Gone this maze of being skin
Oh, to cry not any cry
So mournful that the dove just laughs the steadfast gasps

Oh, to owe not anyone Nothing to be Not here but here Forsaking equatorial bliss

Who walked through the callow mist Dressed in scraps Who walked the curve of the world Whose bone scraped, whose flesh unfurled

Who grieves not, anyone gone to greet lame The inspired sky amazed to stumble Where God's get lost Beneath the southern cross