

PATTI SMITH
LYNN GOLDSMITH

PATTI SMITH | BEFORE
EASTER
AFTER | LYNN GOLDSMITH



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BEFORE • EASTER • AFTER

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RIZZOLI
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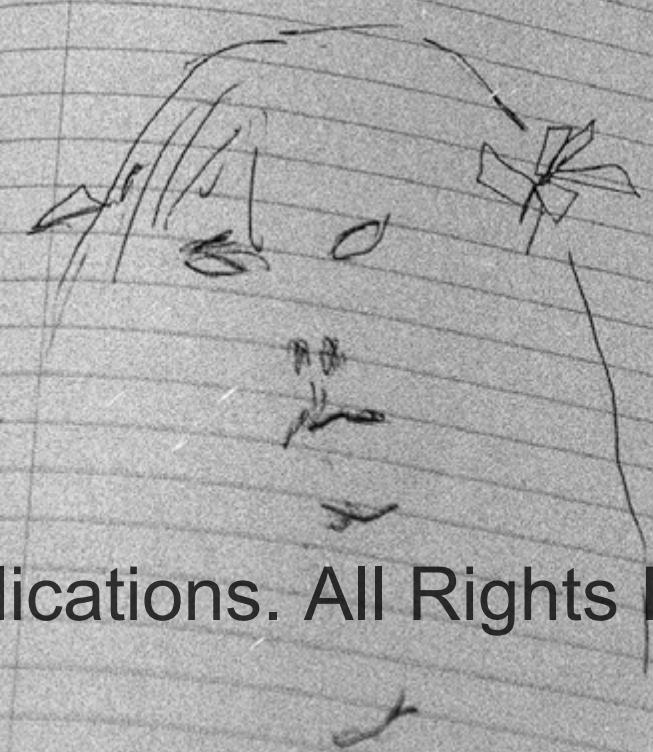
the hadn't eaten in 2 days. we were
entirely inebriated. for me it was
his presence, the glow of alcohol, commun-
ication. I couldn't bear to fill up
w/ anything but legends while he was
near me. neither of us were able to
eat. I had a large ^{stuffed} slab
of hashish which I washed down
w/ Jack Daniels. every more he makes
is w/ dignity, by whole-ly knowing.

The hash was coming on and I couldn't
function. he led me to the door and
saw me to the station. I was trying
to vomit but there was nothing in
my stomach except for a few rashes
and the hash. as usual we made no
plan of contact. The bus pulled away
some more skirting across the window
I got involved w/ these hem of
their dresses a perfect round of socket
stitches. I didn't get a last glance
at him. He was a human bomb, a
drill. The bus was moving into a
black hole. I didn't resist. I saw
his face and relaxed and left.
I was gone. when the bus landed.
The driver came and got me. The

can't read now I wish I had
forgotten the hash and yellow.

I could smell jasmine. charm 51
the monastery was up ahead. The silence
and beauty of the tomb of the chosen.
I couldn't talk. I was paralyzed.
I sat in a trash basket. I threw up at
reflection. I was here and caught by
him my holy ghost.

and changes my reflection in the mirror
I was him and only him joined in
the song of mutual love.





*Ask the angels who they're calling
Ask the angels if they're calling to thee
Ask the angels while they're falling
Who that person could possibly be*

*And I know it's hard sometimes
We see it written across the sky
People rising from the highway
And No War is the battle cry
And we're wild, wild, wild, wild*

*Armageddon, it's gotten
No savior jailer can take
It from me, world ending
Oh, it's just beginning
And rock and roll is
Where I'm born to be
And I'm wild wild wild
Wild Wild wild wild wild*

*Ask the angels if they're starting
To move coming in droves
In from L.A. Ask the angels
If they're starting to groove.*

*Light is their armor
And it's today And it's now
Wild wild wild wild wild*

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*I trust my guitar
I hold it in/pawn
With both hands
The scream it makes
Is so high pitched
That nobody hears
Save the clowns
Of heaven granting
Us wisdom and the
Kingdom of bliss
The bush is in flames
But I could care less
I'm in a hurry
I don't plug in
I'm at the finish
I'm finishing
I step up to the
Microphone
I have no fear*

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*I feel you swirling around me
I feel and I'm feeling no pain
I'm circling high above you
I'm eating the awakening grain
I'm tripping in the dark backward
I'm going for all I am worth
I'm stationed here for you baby
On another planet called earth
So, sail on ship of misery
So, sail on ship of pain
I'm waiting on the 25th floor
Good-bye, but I'll see you again*

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