

Seventh Heaven



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Seventh Heaven Patti Smith
Poetry of Patti Smith. Cover photo by Judy Linn.

Seventh Heaven Details

Date :
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From Reader Review Seventh Heaven for online ebook

Lisa Genet says

The female Keith Richards had me shaking in my brown leather fringe boots in 1972. And she still makes my senses soar.

Allyssa says

I used to have this and I lost it.

Danielle says

this is a kick ass book of poetry.

David Schaafsma says

seventh heaven
Patti Smith

Oh Raphael. Guardian angel. In love and crime
all things move in sevens. seven compartments
in the heart. the seven elaborate temptations.
seven devils cast from Mary Magdalene whore
of Christ. the seven marvelous voyages of Sinbad.
sin/bad. And the number seven branded forever
on the forehead of Cain. The first inspired man.
The father of desire and murder. But his was not
the first ecstasy. Consider his mother.

Eve's was the crime of curiosity. As the saying
goes: it killed the pussy. One bad apple spoiled
the whole shot. But be sure it was no apple.
An apple looks like an ass. It's fags' fruit.
It must have been a tomato.
Or better yet. A mango.
She bit. Must we blame her. abuse her.
poor sweet bitch. perhaps there's more to the story.
think of Satan as some stud.
maybe her knees were open.
satan snakes between them.
they open wider

snakes up her thighs
rubs against her for a while
more than the tree of knowledge was about
to be eaten...she shudders her first shudder
pleasure pleasure garden
was she sorry
are we ever girls
was she a good lay
god only knows

I have a copy of Smith's first book of poetry that I bought from City Lights Bookstore in 1973 soon after it came out. Smith didn't go to college, she didn't graduate from an MFA program. Her "teachers" were Rimbaud, Dylan, Artaud, Jimi Hendrix, William Blake. The likes of Gregory Corso and Allen Ginsberg read her work and commented on it. She was living with the artist/photographer Robert Mapplethorpe at the time.

Patti Smith is seen by many as the poet laureate of rock, with a punk aesthetic. The poetry is experimental, playful, not nearly as lucid as *Just kids*, which is rich in reference and description. She was a singer, songwriter, artist, playwright (she co-wrote *Cowboy Mouth* with Sam Shepherd that same year (1972).

I reread this—dusting off an old copy I have had for many decades—because I finally read Smith's award-winning memoir, *Just Kids*, which in form if not content is a somewhat conventionally-written memoir (that I loved). This poetry collection is experimental, stream-of-consciousness, cruder than *Just Kids*, a very young woman's first book, not that impressive to return to, but it does capture the period, NYC, the beats, experimental writing.

Here is Smith reading the first twelve poems from the collection at St. Mark's Church, 1972:

<http://www.openculture.com/2014/04/he...>

Jim says

it's patti smith, yearning, and she has balls.

star fish quivers in the belly
maria fake
renee falconetti
I'm mad for you
your death in life / for film
as jeanne darkc of light
dry yellow palm crown of thorns
line of blood that circles circles
your morphine eyes
like two wet balls
you got balls
you got balls

i'd like to see her rise again /her white white bones /with baby brian jones/ baby frickin jones like blushing baby dolls/ ammonia clouds yur armpits/ goodie goodie gunbox / i need a chick not a fresh easter chick/egg pop, not a new peach, /but a girl with intricate balance, /a girl who is grown up but not cold enough to be called a woman. anouk aimee of the black dress and bruised eyes, not a bombshell.

i need a birthc not a bull heycke not a hard egged flufff with a lilac stuffed in her trouser. and not a woman. i could never handle one. ah spansule what's in it for me.

my gentle sister linda marguerite was born screaming, the doctor didn't have to slap her, rather he shoved his thumb and forefinger in her mouth , so she wouldn't swallow her tongue, so she wouldn't scream to death.

Niles Hunter says

Do you have a soul? A boring thought but I'm curious. If you are sure you don't have a soul I extoll you, and the notion of eugenics; there are too many of you out there, those without soul. I believe you don't have the right to live on this planet. Your open your arms embrace the emptiness I hate, so may you be snuffed. I hate you, and all your openness. I'll appreciate your deaths as zero quality. You are my hatred of gentrification. You are the people I need to hate with fervor. The love in my heart, loves hating you. Wiping you off the planet. I pray to G-d to send me energy to hate you further. I cant stand your open arms, You're Armageddon, and you mean so much less. This book is my Bible, of which you are not. Nice to meet you and slash your throat. I just wanted to let you know I cared enough to make sure you knew you didn't matter.
