



Auguries of Innocence

Patti Smith

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Auguries of Innocence is the first book of poetry from *Patti Smith* in more than a decade. It marks a major accomplishment from a poet and performer who has inscribed her vision of our world in powerful anthems, ballads, and lyrics. In this intimate and searing collection of poems, Smith joins in that great tradition of troubadours, journeymen, wordsmiths, and artists who respond to the world around them in fresh and original language. Her influences are eclectic and striking: Blake, Rimbaud, Picasso, Arbus, and Johnny Appleseed. Smith is an American original; her poems are oracles for our times.

Auguries of Innocence Details

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Author : Patti Smith

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From Reader Review Auguries of Innocence for online ebook

Geoffrey Deacon says

He poetry has only matured and deepened over the years.

Mars Yuvarajan says

Some great poems in here—well written, intelligently structured, and full of amazing visuals. This, however, does not always make for a great collection. I felt for all the ingredients in this volume there was a noticeable distance or absence in the works. Perhaps there will be others who read these poems and think otherwise—but I personally didn't click with the works, finding in their writing a coolness and in their reading a numbness.

RainbowWriter says

I got interested in this book when I discovered that Patti Smith was listed as one of the 100 greatest songwriters of all time by Rolling Stone. I was actually reading this book side by side with Leonard Cohen who also made the listing. I have to say that Cohen and Smith have similar writing styles as both of them write well structured free verse and prose poems; but they write almost completely about different subjects with a different language. I have to say that I liked Patti Smith's poems a bit more because she managed to avoid obscenities almost completely and instead of writing about sex she chose a more spiritual angle when writing about love. These are very raw, real and earthy poems. Her earthiness actually comes up in a bit amusing way though I find her tone very clean and serious: she refers to food in many of her poems. Nature is the subject that carries out the entire book from start to finish. Suffering, pain and death seem to be her second most favored subject throughout the book. She talks a lot about war and Middle East in her poems. I can see the influence of folklore and fairytales or fantasy in some of her poems but I came to conclusion that Patti Smith comes up very CHRISTIAN OR BIBLICAL in her subjects and word choices (she has written an entire poem about Herode killing John The Baptist). I also noticed that throughout the book she likes to mix beautiful and grotesque; I'm finding it hard to decide whether it's her biggest asset or biggest flaw but she's truly a master of stirring up emotions. Just like Cohen I find her extremely skillful in metaphors and images.

Mel says

I don't usually write reviews of poetry because it is so subjective. Either you like it or you don't. But I mean c'mon it's Patti Smith. I have always considered Patti more of an artist and a poet than a great singer. She is a great performer but in that venue can be hard to take at times, but she is a brilliant writer, and poet and this small book of poetry is no exception. Beautiful poems and meditations worth reading but from Patti I'd expect no less. 5 biased Patti Smith loving stars.

Bradley says

This collection of poetry from the Godmother of Punk features elegant and colorful imagery evoking long lost artists, troubadours, and other literary figures. Drawing influences from poets such as Blake and Rimbaud, Smith carves out her own niche as a modern wordsmith. Published in 2005, a decade after her previous collection of poems, this collection signifies the continuation of a thirty plus year career of penning powerful anthems and prose. Introspective, striking, and sometimes comical, Smith has earned a reputation as being one of the great modern poets.

Adriana Scarpin says

Written by a Lake

New Year's Day. Rain. Two candles light the room where they sleep. She confesses. This is where she weeps. She is the cause of the rain. She could not stop weeping and the sky obliged to follow.

(How is it mapped? What is the refrain? Why must the sky follow?) The heart drops in the center of an inexhaustible lake. How light the heart appears, yet how weighty a thing. A powerful stone carved in the shape of an organ with chambers pumping. How slick a shadow it leaks as its signature. Sticky, oxblood, the colour of new shoes. High topped, gold laced and worn with expectations poised to ride out life on horseback. Racing from hill to hill with humour, horror, bit of Spanish stitched on leaves.

The work wrung with this cry. Look you radiant wash yard. The sheets billow. Their wet folds tell a tale. Once there was a girl who walked straight, yet she was truly lame. She walked upright in new boots, yet I tell you her feet were bare. She lives forever, yet she lies buried in a vault of fertile air.

New Year's Day. The wicks twist. The insistent mirror winks. An eye with time as her lashes. And if he-slipping at last, face pressed against the glass, releasing beads of spittle from parting lips-should suddenly speak, what would he say? And if she, shaken from her torpor, should rise to write, what would she write? Their table is laid with the promise of the lake. Water sighs for want of blood. These remains, malleable ash, are nothing. Signs for want of substance. A sack of sticks spilling order upon the surface. Words traced on a slab hewn from another forested mind.

a postscript prefiguring

Your finger press the door triggering a spring exposing the hard corner where you have walked. You shall not stumble. Offering a first encasing rivets extracted from the wet pout of this time or that. Prick the hour's hand with nothing but eyes. Think nothing of it. For what remains to flush is nothing but salt jamming the mechanism of formal delights of, former misery. Nothing but salt to bundle and fling over a shoulder. Nothing but clumps of salt to toss, years later, like dice across a board of glass where you'll sit on a ledge circling a glowing body, unfastening the dressings of a burden gone. The cremation of all my sorrow-may you spread the singed grains with your fingers, and without thought brush them aside.

Thus free to drown in sorrow of your own, may you sit in the shadows of our lost life, immersed in stillness, flanked by translucent hills, one a mountain coated immaculate and ringed at the throat with beads of cloud.

These words were written by a lake.

String them around a wrist. Do not grip a sword or draw what might be drawn, for wisdom is a dying bird, engraved on a palm. Next to nothing. And these words were written by a lake, before being as being was scripted and dealt. A pack of lives, each with a winning face, each with this blushing command.

Prick this. This moment the hand is free.

Kienan Aguado says

God damn.

starlingheron says

2.5 to 3

Lorespar says

Blue doll
going to give me nightmares, for sure

Vanessa says

3.5 stars.

This is the first collection of Patti Smith's poetry that I have read, and it was a mixed bag. There were certain, more personal poems, that I absolutely adored and would re-read again and again. Then there were other more political poems that I didn't really feel much of a connection with. I think this is a collection to read a couple of times, as I think I will have a different experience each time. I have heard mixed things about this one, so I am eager to pick up another of her more loved collections.

Mike Puma says

The reason this might have deserved more like 3.5 stars will, eventually, appear in Message 1.

Debra Hale-Shelton says

Well-written, moving, serious. Vastly different from her prose that's also well-written, moving and serious.

Patti Smith's humanity, kindness and empathy as well as her brilliance are apparent in all of her writing, though -- at least all that I've read. I should reread this book of poetry to understand it better and to appreciate it more.

Tyler Jones says

At first I had difficulty connecting to the place these poems were coming from. I had some big "aha!" moments with some of the later pieces, so I suspect it just took me some time to get myself in tune with the writing. A second reading (after a little time away) may reap greater rewards. I suspect these poems could help guide me; there is a religious quality here...

I suppose the more cynical reader might find her a little flaky, to which I would reply, *Shut up and go watch your college football game.*

Stay tuned.

Greg says

More well-written Blakesian poetry from Patti Smith.

—•(-•The Insomniac Book Hoarder•- says

My first time to have read something from Patti Smith (ooh the shock, horror. I know!).

While I do not specifically sought out poetry to read, I was however interested in this, as it was short (tbh). However, as I continued to read on, I was entranced by the writing's fluidity, the calmness yet realistic portrayal of life.
