## findler.

6 7234567890 Leaned out leaning husbing the room enclosed. Footsteps shuffled on the stair.
Under the firelight under the brush her hair Spread out in fiery points.
Glowed into words then would be savagely still.

My nerves are bad to-night. Yes bad. Stay with me. Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak. What are YOU thinking of. What thinking. What I never know what you are thinking. Think.

I think we are in rats alley 115 Where the dead men lost their bones.

What is that noise.

The wind under the door.

What is that noise now. What is the wind doing Nothing again nothing.

Do

You know nothing. Do you see nothing. Do you remember. Nothing.

Iremember

Those are pearls that were his eyes. Are you alive or not is there nothing in your head

But

o () () () that Shakespeherian Rag

Its so elegant

So intelligent

Leaned out leaning husbing the room enclosed. Footsteps shuffled on the stair.

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What is the wind doing Nothing again nothing.

Dc

You know nothing.

Do you see