

Vec 1

A B C D E F G H I J
K L M N O P Q R
S T U V W X Y Z
a b c d e f g h i j
k l m n o p q r
s t u v w x y z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 , . ! : ;

Leaned out, leaning, busting 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 sadly 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.
I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes. Are you alive, or not
Is there nothing in your head
But
o o o that Shakespearean Rag
Is so elegant
So intelligent

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Nothing.