



Leaned out, leaning, hushing 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 savasely still.
My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me. Speak to me.
What 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 called LIS 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 people that were here always.

Are you alive, or not Is there nothing in
your head

but
a few lines that Shakespearean had

Two men without
an intellect

Like you
and me

Like you
and me

Like you
and me

Like you
and me

Like you
and me

Like you
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Like you
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