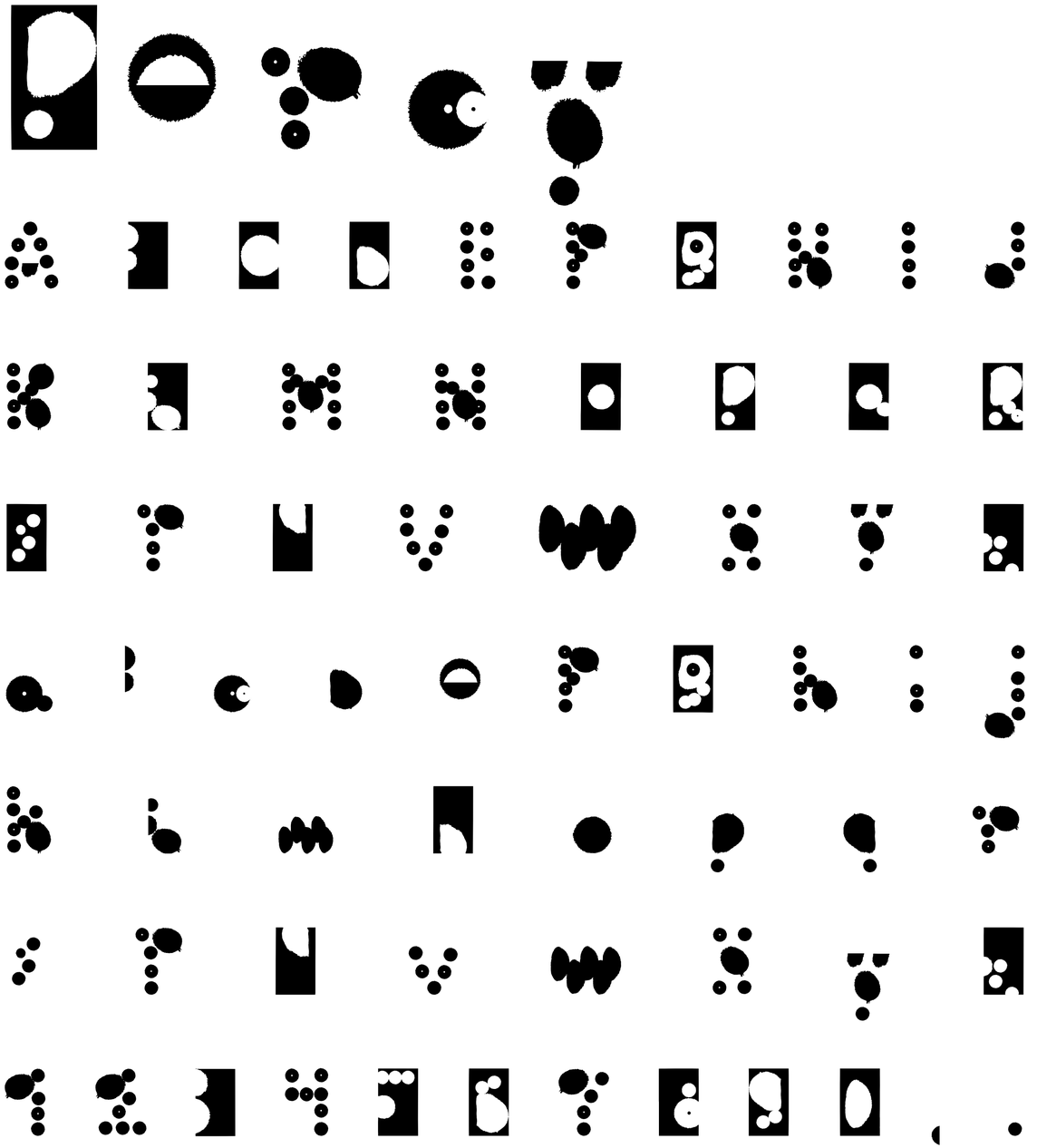

Boards old, groaning, shining the room enclosed. Footsteps shuffled on the stair.
Under the floorlight, under the brush, her hair spread out in fiery points
Blowed into words, then wanted to savebody still.
My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me. Speak to me.
Why do you never speak. Speak. What are YOU thinking of. What thinking. What I never know what you are thinking. Think.

I think we are in rats alley 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 Shakespherian Rag
It's so elegant
So intelligent

Boards old, groaning, shining the room enclosed. Footsteps shuffled on the stair.
Under the floorlight, under the brush, her hair spread out in fiery points
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