

Artificial Distortion

A O 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, 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 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.

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 Shakespeherian Rag

Its so elegant

So intelligent

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