SUMMER TIMES



LEAMED OUT, LEAMING, HUSHING THE FOOM ENCLOSED. FOOTSTEPS SHUFFLED ON THE STAIR.

UNDER THE FIRELIGHT, UNDER THE BRUSH, HER HAIR SPREAD OUT IN FIERY POINTS GLOWVED INTO WORDS, THEN WOULD BE SAVAGELY STILL.

MAY METUES ATE BALL TO-MIGHT. YES, BALL STAY WITH MAE. SPEAK TO MAE. WHY DO YOU MEUET SPEAK. SPEAK. WHAT ATE YOUL THINKING OF. WHAT THINKING. WHAT I MEUET KNOW WHAT YOU ATE THINKING. THINK.

I THINK WE ARE IN PATS ALLEY 115 WHERE THE PEAD AMEN LOST THEIR BONES.

WHAT IS THAT MOISE.

THE WIMP UMPER THE POOR.

WHAT IS THAT MOISE MOW. WHAT IS THE WIME-

MOTHING AGAIN NOTHING.

YOU KNOW NOTHING. DO YOU SEE NOTHING. DO YOU FEAMEAMBET. NOTHING.

/ PEAAAEAAABEP

STILL.

THOSE ARE PEARLS THAT WIERE HIS EYES. ARE YOU ALIVE, OF MOT IS THERE MOTHING IN YOUR HEAD-BUT

O 0 0 0 THAT SHAKESPEHEPIAM PAG ITS SO ELEGAMT SO IMTELLIGEMT

LEAMEN OUT, LEAMING,
HUSHING THE POOMA
ENCLOSEN. POOTSTEPS
SHUFFLEN ON THE STAIL.
UNDER THE PIPELIGHT, UNDER
THE BRUSH, HER HAIR SPREADOUT IN PIERY POINTS
GLOVVEN INTO VVORDS,

THEM WYOULH BE SAUAGELY

MAY MEPUES APE BAD TOMIGHT. YES, BAD. STAY WINTH
MAE. SPEAK TO MME. WITH DO
YOU MEUEP SPEAK. SPEAK.
WITHAT APE YOLL THINKING
OF. WITHAT THINKING. WITHAT I
MEUEP KNOWY WITHAT YOU APE
THINKING. THINK.
LTHINK WE APE IN PATS

ALLEY 15 WYHERE THE DEAD-MAEN LOST THEIR BONES. WHAT IS THAT MOISE. THE WYIND UNDER THE DOOR. WHAT IS THAT MOISE MOVY. WHAT IS THE WYIND DOING MOTHING AGAIN MOTHING.

YOU KECYY

SCTHING. HO YOU

SEE MOTHING. HO