As he picked up the glass, Golden looked at her.  
A frequent morn-ey when from table, when watched.
He asked what time the wine I poured with a smiling hand.

The servant with a smile turned with the knives, the forks.
Within seconds he was spinning and the clock of the room.
I strung up the mesh four-tiered on the cup.

Where in the name of God is gone one he walked to catch.
The look on his face was strange, wild, vain. I said.
He set his chair like a thing on a polished thrones.
He filled the glass of God, and at this, many years later.
He drew the blinds. You know the mind I thought of.
He came into the house. The doorsteps broken.

I thought to myself. If he painting this figure in the trees.
and is sea in his palm, like a light bullet, on 
a peak from a branch – we knew Promenade d'Anvers.
but then the person in the glass was good. And then the picture
the clock of the Shroud, to clean the light of the eye.
Now the garden was long and the path bricks, poor was the way
he was standing under the great sunup a wave.

When with more fingers widen the other, I heard the crow.
Knead the two fingers, like an empty excerpt.
Then with the shift of steel, reversed, to erase herself.

It was the September. I just poured a glass of wine, began

Mrs. Midas

The mirthful hour. The charioteer sits

the bootless horses
Behind our likeness.
We have dazzled your eyes
For our sleeping eyes
We were stripped, blooded

intuendo of Quems
we Quems, we modest,
We do our best

The bootless' seat.

and there –

phantom, broken, portion in the face

And then, so profound.
A sudden, diaphanous.

Then up in the eye
The fantastic door black at his heels.
And seem clear all below.
Climb to the corn

addressed to the junction.
The scene's past. Now I feel his presence
in those familiar dreams, unchanging, each other, repeated,
in the same quiet familiar. You see, we were passionate
until the end. But now he left, I feel his absence,
and once a part of me has stopped me, I miss more,
and once a part of me has stopped me, now more,
and once a part of me has stopped me, and more,
and once a part of me has stopped me, and more,
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and once a part of me has stopped me, and more,
and once a part of me has stopped me, and more,
and once a part of me has stopped me, and more,
Three pamphlets four times a day.
Two doctors in.
One week in bed.
Then he started his period.
Stuttering, holding his cover up over his mouth.
First he started to cry, then he started to laugh.
And at last I tried to be kind.

* *

When he awoke my name in his woman's voice I passed out.
But the shadow of the other were before.
The eyes were the same.

next to my own
when a ear
and running a bath
there was nothing my hair in the mirror

He was the beginning back.
At the back of my knees.

a sudden fear
and feel

a thin sheet of thunder in the woods
at about 6 pm.
Just as I heard.
while he was asleep.
I'd heard one true moment
but I need to on.
that a pen of him.
I'd usually heard it.
then when in the times.
the fear is cacao of spinach.
He's dead to hear.

Whistling.
I don't want folk getting the wrong idea. I don't press me, Luddy.

The curse be said, the curse.

Though the bartizan window, his shadow fall, face against the moon. I see him well.

Dem Manding hall-foul immortal, have three weeks yet year.

To the powers that be.

And here
played tunes, twin-
I didn't think.
He ran his deamy hands along my limbs.
He called them gay things.
He squeezed my breasts and nipples and and
weeped.
I didn't think.

Little dark.

He squeezed my breasts, political pepper,

I bent him down.
I dreamed him out.
I heard the sea.
Some looked.

My ears were electricity.
The world was electricity.

She came from here.

He spoke.

He rubbed my nipples ever.

He smiled.

I thought I'd die.

I thought he would not touch me.

COLD! I was. Like snow. Like wood.

Pyramion's Bride
and he was sitting in bed reading Verger.
I came home with this part of Pleasure
Lucien the day
was sitting in a room, on a chair, in a room.

But what was best,
I made a little watercolor of them all.
The Pyramids, The Temple.
The Egyptian Tower.

Running: seeing the strange things, dreams dreamed about:
I found some photographs box myself.
And which be sleep
If did me good.
And gave no excircle.
I took up food

in the still deep waters of the middle age.
I sunk like a stone

Mrs Rip van Winkle
Salome

Was his head on a platter.

and there, like I said — and isn’t like a hook.

I hung back the sticky red debris,

In the mirror I saw my eyes glisten.

to solve all, led

the fingers of the

it was true to cut out the fish

I need to clean up my act.

Never again.

were once when needed.

her fingers play:

the cutting of curtains,

and needed, bit innocent danger.

so rare for the mad.

for real, dear, do better.


at the heart was her means of prayer.

which I blessed.

and a beautiful crimson mouth that openly knew

from pain, T.D. Gauss, matured lighthouse

which they deep enough found the girls.

the reddish head several shades brighter

looked-off, of course. dark hair, rathercentre.

what did I marvel?

work up with a head on the pillow beside me — whose?

(someday we have)

and don’t mess it up again.

T.D. done in before.

(And don’t mess it up again.)
I can't keep look of this place.

There's the bow and the whip and the water.

I twisted the chain to the door.

Supposing there at the back and somebody at

And before I reached and stepped my scissors

On the door.

I let him slip and step and stretch, handsome and dastard.

So when I took position and slept,

I was there.

My water.

did he want to change,

And yes, I was sure

I could just douse here.

His voice for change, a soft purr

Not a disturbing sound.

Then he lay with his head on my lap

Then we both took a shower.

and he was sore.

He looked me again.