

AFTER SEEING FRENCH FUNERAL

in front of the cathedral hovered a mumbling nobody:its greenish fumbling flesh swathed with crumbling alive rags,its trunk topped abruptly by a slouch hat under which carefully existed the deep filthy face and out of which sprouted wisely a decayed yellowish width of beard.

he came out just at noon:the little Place Saint Michel banged and tooted in shallow hard sunlight;from all which upreaching through white fog the boulevard hung,in a maze of sticky colour punched here and here at intervals by black blunt shapes or where some hobgoblin trees poking sprouted amputated hands.