

LVI

lady will you come with me into
the extremely little house of
my mind. Clocks strike. The

moon's round, through the window

as you see and really i have no
servants. We could almost live

at the top of these stairs, there's a free
room. We almost could go (you
and i) into a together whitely big
there is but if so or so

slowly i opened the window a
most tinyness, the moon (with white wig
and polished buttons) would take you away

—and all the clocks would run down the next day.