

## XXVI

weazened Irrefutable unastonished  
 two, countenances seated in arranging; sunlight  
 with-ered unspea-king: tWeNtY, f i n g e r s, large  
 four gnarled lips totter

Therefore, approaching my twentysix selves  
 bulging in immortal Spring express a cry of  
 How do you find the sun, ladies?

(graduallyverygradually“there is not enough  
 of it”their, hands  
 minutely

answered