

ONE  
XXVII

(as that named Fred  
-someBody: hippopotamus, scratch-  
ing, one, knee with, its,  
friend observes I

pass Mr Tom Larsen twirls among

pale lips the extinct  
cigar) at

which

this (once flinger  
of lariats lean exroper of  
horned suddenly crashing things) man spits

quickly into the very bright spittoon