

i was sitting in mcsorley's. outside it was New
York and beatifully snowing.

Inside snug and evil. the slobbering walls filthily
push witless creases of screaming warmth chuck pil-
lows are noise funnily swallows swallowing revolv-
ingly pompous a the swallowed mottle with smooth
or a but of rapidly goes gobs the and of flecks of and a
chatter sobbings intersect with which distinct disks of
graceful oath, upsoarings the break on ceiling-
flatness

the Bar.tinking luscious jigs dint of ripe silver with
warmlyish wetflat splurging smells waltz the glush of
squirting taps plus slush of foam knocked off and a
faint piddle-of-drops she says I ploc spittle what the
lands thaz me kid in no sir hopping sawdust you kiddo
he's a palping wreaths of badly Yep cigars who jim
him why gluey grins topple together eyes pout ges-
tures stickily point made glints squinting who's a wink
bum-nothing and money fuzzily mouths take big
wobbly foot-steps every goggle cent of it get out ears
dribbles soft right old feller belch the chap hic sum-
more eh chuckles skulch

and i was sitting in the din thinking drinking the ale,
which never lets you grow old blinking at the low
ceiling my being pleasantly was punctuated by the al-
ways retchings of a worthless lamp.

when With a minute terrif iceffort one dirty squeal
of soiling light yanKing from bushy obscurity a bald
greenish foetal head established It suddenly upon the