

### III. GERT

ng joggle i think will do it although the glad  
monosyllable jounce possibly can tell  
better how the balloons move (as  
her ghost lurks, a Beau Brummel sticking in its three-

ONE

I

cornered always moist mouth)—jazz,  
for whose twitching lips, between you and me  
n'almost succeeds while toddle rings the bell.

But if her tall corpsecoloured body seat  
itself (with the uncouth habitual dull  
jerk at garters) there's no sharpest neat  
word for the thing.

Her voice?

gruesome: a trull  
leaps from the lungs "gimme uh swell fite

like up ter yknow, Rektuz, Toysday nite;  
where uh guy gets gayn troze uh lobstersalad