

ONE
XXVIII

my uncle
Daniel fought in the civil
war band and can play the triangle
like the devil)my

uncle Frank has done nothing for many
years but fly kites and
when the
string breaks(or something)my uncle Frank breaks into
tears. my uncle Tom

knits and is a kewpie above the ears(but

my uncle Ed
that's
dead from the neck

up is lead all over
Brattle Street by a castrated pup