

by the street and
and the man are
in a trembly mist
crawl upon my
aging macroscopic
lickling putrescent

le string! the tiny
music i understand
my head i sit up and
never smile

monkey with a little
an ogre and rob-
quick fingers and a
ive. (and he has a
in it and the round
under his my chin)
es like a toy on the

Chimneys