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RITRAIT OF THE ATRIST

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RITRAIT OF THE AUTRIST

If only I led myself tell the hole story, the holy wound of how I was and would, and sometimes did, yea, until the greed grasped in my grim, and I had one. Not to do it another's sway, Seumas, but he ally is. Here stay I, I can keen unders, got help, me. To it this way, other wise, there dbe no story, C. It has to B. As must sign. It will much simplex than hisn, Seamus, because I am two.

I wand. I wand you to Neaux, the fabled queendom of imagined impermission, pope by nun, hegad. As the Major said every night in the Khartoon. (O look her feast in the mirror!) I am any it. My boast is to be, am the last of that undanted company, the Fiddlers d'Amore, the faithful ones of Love, for Love's secret instruction is to be more. We fitful ones. Seek red, find a bhairy on the srand's sandwise beash and nibble who. Clam. White as her. Who. Tra. Just rying to tell. My barley barely covers me. My body is coded with your sin. Coated *digoo* with your skin. I am none of my own. Ivory touch lets me one day linger, I tell you'd Ruth.

How much eye needs. The daughtors tell us eye's a sort of part
of skin itself that answers light. Announce me, color me in!
Not much joys in this jollity. Ah, the fraud of hearing in the
truce of lustening! My youth was cast adrift in seeing. Sow
many pigtures! So Maundy movies they made me, see. Every
eafternone to the Gem or Earl or Embassy, where are they now
with their twelve-cent seats, the girl by the fountain, upsteps to
the El, god in his wisdom went and was mountain, the train
roared like a boy's mind, her shirtwaist unslung, lo, a roc floated
in the muddle of my air—all my life I've followed where it
drifts. All cause I this. I doane want to say it this way neither
but, it's the only why it came. She said: Look down me! And
in the cavern of me robe arent for you! Gaze!

To be is to be withheld. Song sing another.