Shudder up to gate bones skin eyes wrecked by virulence. At the crossing, shake out her umbrella and wait for passings to turn, her turn. Surroundings straight ocular: dentist, hitching post, wide-ledge 1/2 house on left. By masoner having damaged directions' scrawl. Store with foods of variety, besides, beside. Closed station across left. Empty space ragweed and goldenrod and white clover cross right and back one more lot. Danger shack back corner photographer's ally. Stairs directly across, narrow in breadth, if not length. Connected here to eatery; wide spaces for sitting on stop of steps to side. Mosaic, small, on either side of the door, masoner's doing. Her consideration is stairs here, as much as is crossing, a looker getting looks oblivious, stride unfeminine yet, daring to doctorgiven to sinners and like women. Bag in hand.

the eventual deterioration of the street,
Pieces taken

(walls of their lights and brackets

an itchy dust in letters
When they fail. it is prime
laqueur, spackle in their finish;
it is descent
reforming when abducted
for chisel, pressing, materiel.

much too
lost
for favours. lost me
when

warp when
bend-hazard. yes, like
that,

& I