



A reading by Virginia Fitch

'I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.

"What is that noise?"

The wind under the door.

"What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?"

Nothing again nothing.

"Do

"You know nothing? Do you see nothing? Do you remember

"Nothing?"

I remember

Those are pearls that were his eyes.

"ARE YOU ALIVE, OR NOT? IS THERE NOTHING IN YOUR HEAD?" '

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