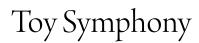
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## Toy Symphony

Palms and fiery plants populate the glorious levels of the unrecognizable mountains. Valéry, Alphabet

Out on the terrace the projector had begun making a shuttling sound like that of land crabs. On Thursdays, Miss Marple burped, picking up her knitting again, it's always Boston Blackie or the Saint the one who was a detective who came from far across the sea to rescue the likes of you and me from a horde of ill-favored seducers.

Well, let's get on with it since we must. Work, it's true suctions off the joy. Autumn's density moves down though no one in his right mind would wish for spring winter's match is enough. The widening spaces between the days.

I sip the sap of fools. Another time I found some pretty rags in the downtown district. They'd make nice slipcovers, my wife thought, if they could be cleaned up. I don't hold with that. Why not leave everything exposed, out in the cold till the next great drought of this century? I say it mills me down,

and everything is hand selected here: the cheeses, oranges wrapped in pale blue tissue paper with the oak-leaf pattern, letting their tint through as it was meant to be, not according to the calculations of some wounded genius, before he limped off to the woods.

The stair of autumn is to climb backward perhaps, into a cab.