

/LACE HANDKERCHIEFS CEREMONIAL SATIN HOLDING
FOR /MORE TEARS

TIRED OF BEING YOUNG IN THE WISE
MEN'S NEBULOUS COLUMNS
/ i turn the EYES OF EMERALDS TO GOLD TO HANG FROM
the ceiling

/ABOVE OUR BED

-- Gloria Tropp

New York, New York

Monkus

Whistle a song for me
I whistled for what you've got
all that sunshine
the nine bells are ringing.

LINES FROM RAY CHARLES

Love songs

H-h-ow-ow How! ... many people on
the street have money in
they pocket?

Have you ever felt hate turn to love-oh-uv-love?
Where Texas/Where Georgia
do you remember your sister
it's better to go hungry
than to leave those questions.

Do your eyes see what mine
do, no they don't, No-oh-o oh they
don't

-- bonnie bremsler

South America