

/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