... from "Stormy"

I wore my dress. I was somebody out for a walk amorously wrecking down hot where she wants to sit in your shadow. There was no one else in the watershed but ragged, late-season swifts, swallows. Bright advice to use the style of Groucho Marx, going downhill. Then refill. Boy scouts had been there, pine cones and all. Then I fell down. Beast struggles to insight, "Well, hello, baby."

Large wood (wooden) abuts Abyss; alot of fun there. Repeat utopias fold into the score off Southern New England Cape Ann to Withdrawn. I made these small big welds without marking, short of actual spike-marks (oars from the oar-locks) in a spray of adult jokes), little leaks. This fountain sameness (give the past a life and see where it takes overlapping), I take care of the verticle future...

And the girls hold up the trees I think, in the ancient way (smiling) still smiling! Solid...

Drench dredge red the push. I see letters pass little more. A famous inn I paced alone the proud name she bears. I saw them sort with such a bind (such a bird!) as in a chain a man can glory.

Return to store to find the agent sister, who best describes Van Lines (form) in a library (function). The ferry building has its clock and hills along. Impression, as much an idea behind bars. "Open thou my my lips." Everyone has smelled a summer night, neither are we exalted and nobody. Back to bed bitch in the storm. I get the object (pocket)--get beyond the scuffle holding my erection like a boy at the Captain's table...
PETER GILPIN (LONDON N16) SPOTTED THE DELIBERATE MISTAKE IN THE FIRST SERIES:—TWO AUGUST 14THS.

IS MONEY PARTICLE OR WAVE?