

## II. DRAGON STREET

.....b'tween Ilium and suborb roost, fore stagnant Styx, Southdrown's Row upon Dragon Street slept alonging walls in early blight. Drunksown quiescence once shuttered by deserpted streets, bursting to life's sudden; late-hung lamps afaint in midlaid sun; wonders masked by stunned shades and carbored rags. Streetstruts, omniac eyes wrinkled to a'squint, parance upt and a cross, disvoiding heat. At strutting end stands St. John's diving hall of ancient mansonry an' pious glass. Umptily, sacked. Vacuous demands of spittin' sapce within a grope of sole; asterisk of mending eye projaculated in twelve dry squirts upon the street, arrusts...

Bland of life, street glazes back at figures stumping doorwise, eyes oblivious of ayes. From thirdfloor window, Clem flunk'n flops tho' feebly leans, chently calls to sighlence, then aplops. Dribbling pewk to splutter in aftermutter. Auld Billy J., dog-legged a'limp, indignant, turnsabout and shows fist: "Baalabum! Baalabum!" And Joe Moesus sighs care to his paper dogg, arustling in ghusted windwands. "Esh! We'll come an' get yew Clem!" Midhung stars squint from fadehorned whitestill sky; birdfaced chillun corner alleyspace loudly 'neath outstreched arms of crux'n twisted steel, then disafear. From bowerlanes afar, tracked tears blare from richid box o'wurlitzer, lyrics tacked to mummary, and doorwise left. So sighs alaff to sailshred eyes, rummaging heaps of jukebarred missages. Cross to street, again and against shadderwalls, where glisten umpty bootles washed apoorman's shore...

"Whully mess!" whispers Billy J., the peeing pius pragmatist. "Sit!" plyes Moesus, in the guise of eldman's Zion, a bleedin' eye, cruck'd stance, fife numbered thumbs, whirl series card. He motions to the paperdogg with knotted cain. "Sho!" "Devil be with yow, yew lyin' Abe! We'b lawst!" moans Billy J. "Whell pyre anooo....now sit yew curry cur. Set!"

The paperdogg aset, bothbought protrude to peer o'erlasting whirl-series card, two numbered plain.