

"Come to wrong place, eh Ma?"

"No jobs."

"I need it awful bad, ain't had no food for..."

"Yeah, number three," Harry copies. "Look, you need a job?"

Go join the circus. I hear they're in town."

"I ain't no freak."

"You are here. Why even look at you!" The flushedface Harry refolds back to the skewering and loud peegeon.

From counter rails, reflections cast allabout for all to see. His. Eyes drawn, recessed in socket folds; skin sores, lips parched; fingers swollen intill a knot; and the old chevron peeling from torn stained jacket that burdens drooping shoulders...

"You need some hair too!" a customer loudly whispers tobeheard.

"We don't like 'em bald around this part o'Ilium, eh Harry?"

Now gestures fashionably in his boutiquevest and handlebar mustache to the duckhair secretary in drag, who smirks.

"Still need..."

"I tell you! Maybe the circus, here," the oldmaw throws a torn flyer at him and waves for him to go.

HE WALKED OFF, blindly struck out at a beercan, missed, then hurls a bottle down the alley, shattering it to mingle with today's menu of sound limb and imitation gesture...wheels screech blocked print street strewn posed smile arched for tomorrow and tomorrow's thought... and all the yesterdays with limbs a'limp 'till wick burns dim 'till dust'n death while alleywise, dog mounts dog...Then sound the street more streets limbs limp the odour sweet drag eyes mask ask beige bitter chalk flakes, skin bathed, in mersed motion protruding arms swivel sure depressed chin gums their yeller teeth mouth manicured cuticles glisten listen tableround and yes'm now seating sweating buttocks stretch emerging mounds I wish maw could see her pink-eyed boy now, I'D BLOW THEM ALL TO HELL! And limbs o'memory borne on that double-barrelled silver bird of