III. ST. JOHN'S FRATERNAL REUNION

.....by happenschance, THE LIVING LEGEND OF MISS GENIE, RETOLD, flickered and bickered eyewise: fore, in trigram sprawled to passing eyes, upon the foresteps of St. John's, three sitting yawn and aft, sleep gaping stone lions stunned in yellow streaks of age. Pagorsky, torn circus flyer in hand, approaches warily, and stares:

(Crystal calliope tinkling!...the skeletal organ grinding odors of THE BIG TOP...and these ALL SAINTS O'VAUDEVILLE'S TRINARY & FRATERNAL REUNION, therewise to this side show killing time and perched as leonic vultures: one rubbing eye, two scratching ear, and three foaming amouth... vacuously missing, with loud regret, a barker for ST. JOHN'S TRAVELLING SHOW in murky cracks of marble moans:)

(So subtle the snore of thsoe sanguine lions.,.so quiet the score of those seventy-six bells...so empty the moreso of this show... that Pagorsky found it hardwise believing that semething did in fact occur beyond the opening flair of drunken mystery:)

(Though these three-in-one sickly mounted for songs of Serpent Genie, Queen of the Aleph B-strap exotica, and patiently searched streetcrevice lanelong for heavenly host and horizons of souled memory that would resurrect to the sounding:)

Aaaaahhhhhmmmmmm

(Doomed, they did rearrive this opening day with what mushroom booty plucked an' devoured from ol' Arm & Hammer's field o'Doom, all burping as Merlin's moon-mad hobo dogs under original orifice of this Missus Genesis, the Genie on Broadway, and with such auld tales of serpent:

Aaaahhhhmmmm

(And where? Though misplaced in countenance, misspelled in 'er prime, all quivered at the Undiluvium sight as billboards beamed from ol' Forty-fourth an' Boardwalk to the starrrs. And howl! So alive her