



Chapter #12 (3.3.201) to Garden Street
6. The Crystal Palace inside the house.
The garden is a hard landscape, surface by the door
to reach the dirt underneath.
Under this is a hard
of raw ground used.
I use it to make a medical dinner for family and Susan.
They eat almost everything that there may not be
(and I silently lament that there may not be
any leftovers.)
It's 3 am.
I fill our glasses from a crystal cut glass pitcher.
clumsily spilling water over the floor.
onto the table and the thought of cleaning up.
I can't bear the thought of cleaning up.







