HUGH STEINBERG

Radich

what you said concerning the sharp taste in by different sets of questions, vulnerable so fierce? eating roots, eating whitenesses; Then describe yourself to make yourself wound round what you wish, you've been by perfect marble darknesses, how are you going when for much of your life your mouth. like a certain kind of radish White roots, eating silk, saying, by roots,

marvelous and hardworking be flowers, to move my belly full of radishes, then your a gentle but from the most your middle finger not pretending to sharp and wise, an impossible beard ring finger, too. flowering forth your thumb until it touches with you potent part of me; innocent, a national monument One day I'm going to grow standing side by side beard,

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