accompaniment. For an hour
I sat there a syllable of three
rhymes to every separate + distinct
clack the car wheels made. Why, I was
as fagged out then as if I had been
chopping wood all day. My skull
was splitting with headache &
such to fix I must go mad &
I sat there any longer so I undress
& went to bed. I stretched out in my
berth, + — well you know what
the results were. Rhythm went
right along just the same — clack-
clack-clack clack clack, a dull trip
hop clack clack clack clack — c-h-
a short sharp c — c — clack clack clack
for a 6 cent fare and so on & so on
the passengers! Clack? Not a single
wink! I was almost a lunatic when
I got to Boston. No No Don't ask
me about the funeral. I did the
individual sentence somehow
managed to worry out with-
out bursting the passengers and
of the most distressing thing was
that my delivery dropped into
the undulating rhythm of
the pulsing rails, and I
could actually catch absent minded