

Mr. E. Leon Rauis

Rasputina

I keep pictures of him in my mind yeah you know the kind they curl " up on the edges, the corners are bended into a trick pulled from behind.

Physically he is serene he looks good he looks clean yeah I know he's dead but I know what he said and I think I might know what he mean.

With many thanks for your well, well wishes he says believe me, sincerely yours Mr. E Leon Rauis would say it's sentiment which he abhors.

Seventeen Union Square North did he walk back and forth in the glass at the shop did he smile did he stop for awhile did he question his worth?

Seventeen Union Square West dressed up looking his best Mr. E. Leon Rauis could never know how this would seem his one small request.

With many thanks for your well, well wishes he says believe me, sincerely yours Mr. E Leon Rauis would say it's sentiment which he abhors.

Regretfully so he still wants you to know of the things in his heart he can't say.
His penmanship does a disservice
It's illegible to this day.

Oh, Mr. E. Leon Rauis believe me
I hope it all turned out okay

Picking a shop for the shoot did he buy a new suit? Was he tall, was he kind, did he finally find it that day, was his end absolute? He got old like everyone, was he somebody's son? Did he fail, did he try to succeed or deny what he knew or things he had done?

With many thanks for your well, well wishes he says believe me,

sincerely yours Mr. E Leon Rauis would say it's sentiment which
he
abhors.