Naked, Whooping and Such-Like (Extended on and On)

Wire

The rum-gagger was about to shake the bullet. He'd enough cat s peak to make any wise man dumb, but on this occasion the cat wa s without claws and destined for hell. Was this where the chick en got the axe? And fuck, he'd only believed parrots deserved a lmonds... Taking the dagger from the tall boy, he thought of dr owning himself. The highway surveyor had played her ace against his jack. The gagger knew she's bulldoze a show of white feath ers. She wasn't about to fear shaking her cloth in the wind. He tried to break a straw with her but blandiloquence drew a blan k. Red, red against green. Red, red against green. He'd got oop erzootics on the brain. His father got them, caused the old git to run around the house, naked, whooping and such-like. One-ar med, queer-gammed, and sharp as the corner of a square table. W arm as they come. He wore yellow stockings for his queen of the dripping pan. The highway surveyor's former handle. Goodyear's pig had forded the river a spit away. Peeled eyes were the ord er of the day. Above, sun-
dodgers prepared to turn the black spotlight on.

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