

As the evening came down on the high wind I ran after the kindly kine through slatternly back streets of the village. The cows bent their steps homeward soberly. But what of the brisk goats scampering into their proper backyards I collided with a smelly ass.

Whereupon bells rang banged yelped, the laughter of the bearded men was burning in my face, the streams ran swiftly in all directions, and the mattress collapsed.

The Tirolischer Gasthof plunged toward the center of gravity,

As a dead sun regarded baldly a zone of new planets.