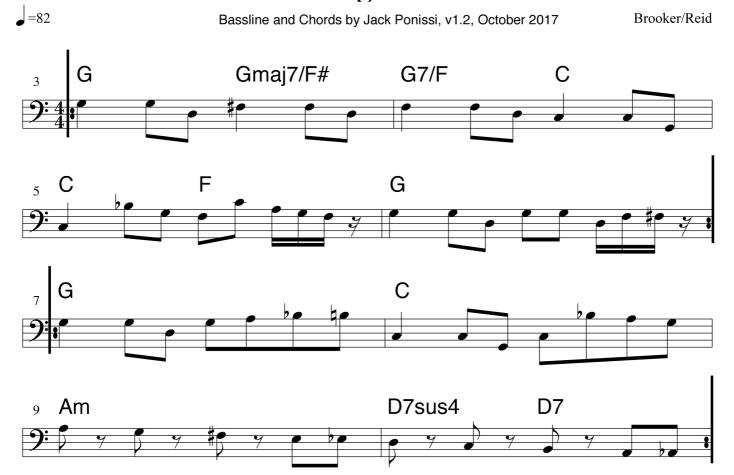
She Wandered Through The Garden Fence



She wandered through the garden fence and said, 'I've brought at great expense a potion guaranteed to bring relief from all your suffering.'
And though I said, 'You don't exist,' she grasped me firmly by the wrist, threw me down upon my back, strapped me to her torture rack

And without further argument I found my mind was also bent upon a course so devious it only made my torment worse She said, 'I see you cannot speak is it your voice that is too weak? Is it your tongue that is to blame? Maybe you cannot speak for shame. Or has your brain been idle too, and now it will not think for you?' I hastened to make my reply (but) found that I could only lie

And like a fool I believed myself and thought I was somebody else But she could see what I was then and left me on my own again