



"up and moved, towns intoxicated with wealth..."

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tow, full of delight and secret information and in their tow a gust of
verbeas. The twins did not even look at each other. Without a word
they agreed to fall off the railing. While they wrestled on the ground,
up and moved, towns intoxicated with wealth. Other towns affecting
raining their pants and shirts, the women turned around to see.
sleep--squirrelling away money, certificates, deeds in unpainted
Deek and Steward got the smiles they wanted before Big Daddy
houses on unpaved streets.

In one of the prosperous ones he and Steward watched nineteen
son up by his pants waist, haul them onto the porch and crack butt
Negro ladies arrange themselves on the steps the town hall. They
with his walking stick.
wore summer dresses of material the lightness, the delicacy of which
Even now the verbeas scent was clear even now the summer
neither of them had ever seen. Most of the dresses were white, but
dresses, the creamy, sun-lit skin excited him. Even now he knew that
two were pale blue and one a salmon color. They wore small, pale
if he and Steward had not thrown themselves off the railing they
colored hats: beige, dusty rose hats that called attention to the wide
would have burst into tears. So, among the vivid details of fast
sparkley eyes of the wearer. Their waists were not much bigger than
journey--the sorrow, the stubbornness, the cunning, the despair--
their necks. Laughing and teasing, they posed for a photographer
Deek's image of the nineteen summertime ladies was with the
lifting his head from beneath a black cloth only to hide under it again.
photographer's. His remembrance was pastel colored and eternal.
Following a successful pose, the ladies broke apart in small groups,
bending their tiny waists with laughter, walking arm in arm. One
The morning after the meeting at Calvary, pleased with his bird
adjusted another's hat; one exchanged her pocketbook with another.
quota and fired, not fired, from no sleep, he decided to check out the
Slender feet turned and tipped in thin leather shoes. Their skin,
Queen before opening up the park. So he turned left instead of right on
creamy and luminous in the afternoon sun, took away his breath. A
Central and drove past the school on the west side, Ace's Grocery,
few of the younger ones crossed the street and walked past the rail
fence, close so close, to where he and Steward sat. They were on
their way to a restaurant just beyond. Deek heard musical voices,

low, full of delight and secret information and in their tow a gust of verbena. The twins did not even look at each other. Without a word they agreed to fall off the railing. While they wrestled on the ground, ruining their pants and shirts, the women turned around to see.

Deek and Steward got the smiles they wanted before Big Daddy interrupted his conversation and stepped off the porch to pick each son up by his pants waist, haul them onto the porch and crack butt with his walking stick.

Even now the verbena scent was clear; even now the summer dresses, the creamy, sun-lit skin excited him. Even now he knew that if he and Steward had not thrown themselves off the railing they would have burst into tears. So, among the vivid details of that journey--the sorrow, the stubbornness, the, cunning, the despair--Deek's image of the nineteen summertime ladies was unlike the photographer's. His remembrance was pastel colored and eternal.

The morning after the meeting at Calvary, pleased with his bird quota and fired, not tired, from no sleep, he decided to check out the Oven before opening up the bank. So he turned left instead of right on Central and drove past the school on the east side, Ace's Grocery,