



THOSE WINTER SUNDAYS

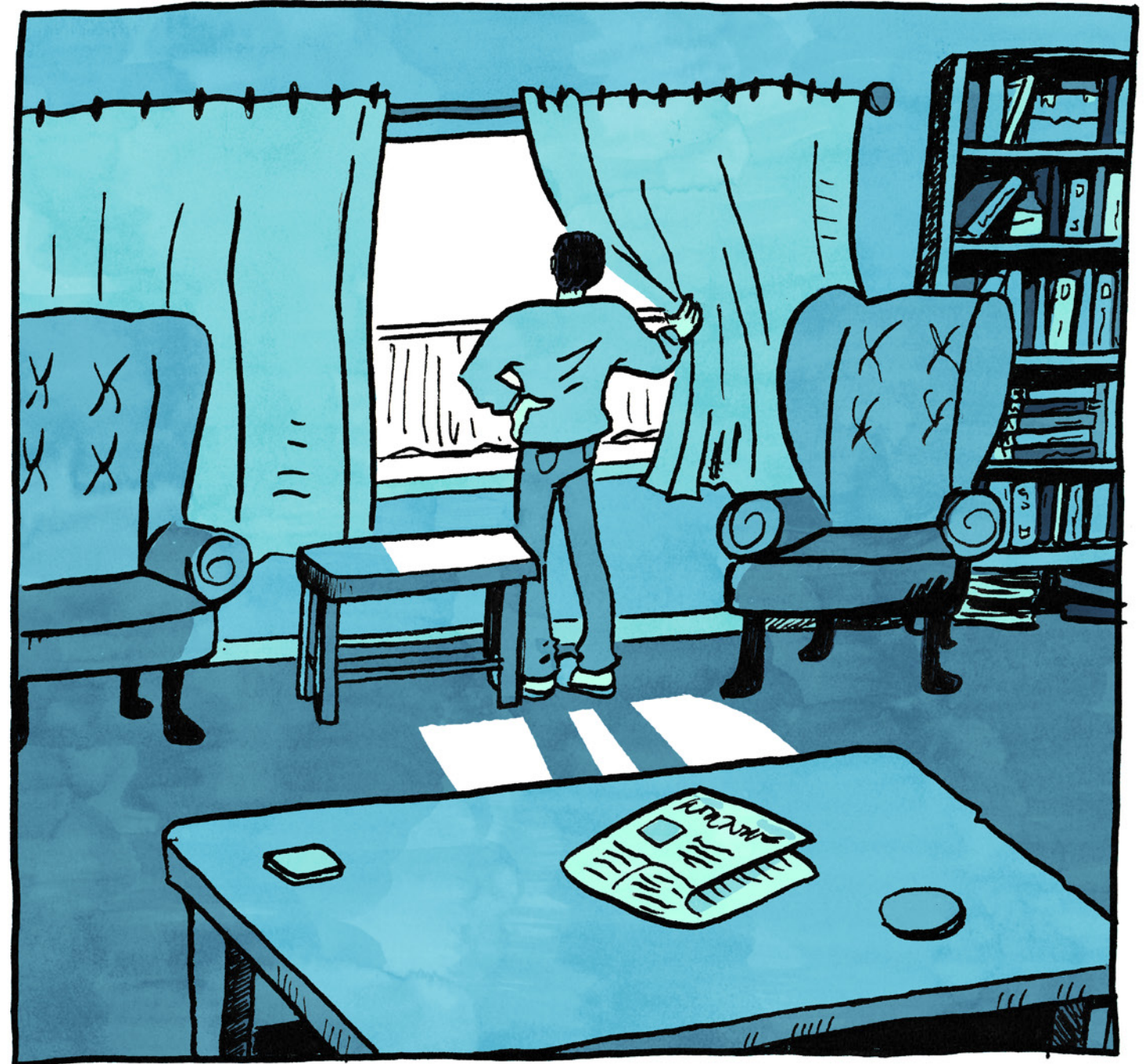
WRITTEN BY
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ILLUSTRATED BY
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SUNDAYS, TOO,
MY FATHER GOT
UP EARLY



AND PUT HIS
CLOTHES ON
IN THE
BLUEBLACK GOLD,







I'D WAKE AND
HEAR
THE COLD
SPLINTERING,
BREAKING.

WHEN THE ROOMS
WERE WARM,
HE'D CALL,

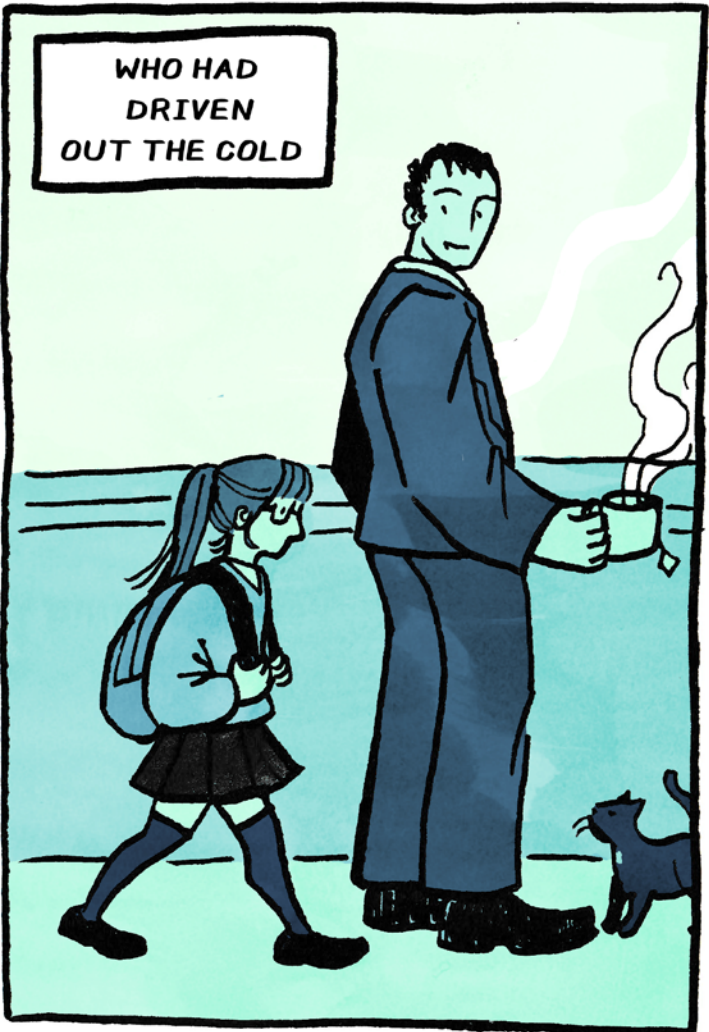


AND SLOWLY
I WOULD RISE
AND DRESS,

FEARING THE
CHRONIC
ANGERS OF
THAT HOUSE,



SPEAKING
INDIFFERENTLY
TO HIM,



WHO HAD
DRIVEN
OUT THE COLD



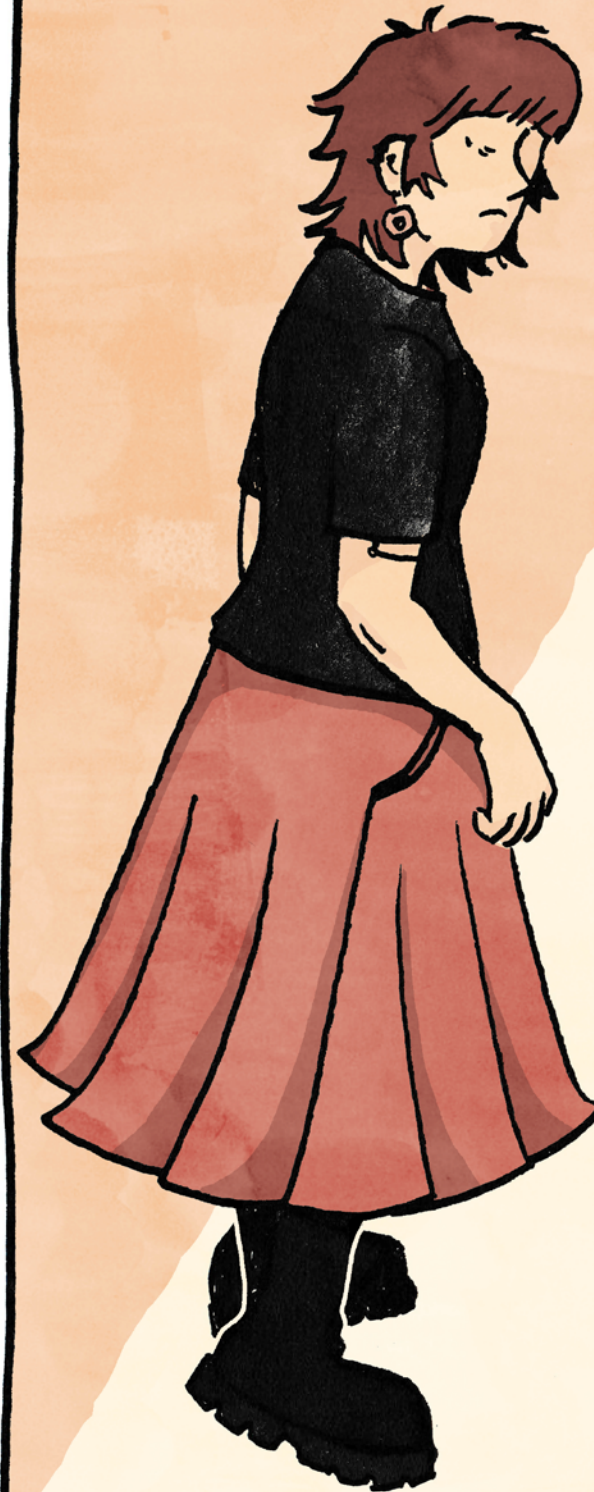
AND POLISHED
MY GOOD SHOES
AS WELL.



WHAT DID
I KNOW,



WHAT DID
I KNOW?



OF LOVE'S
AUSTERE AND
LONELY OFFICES?



