

## My Little Shirtwaist Fire

Rasputina

I keep pictures of him in my mind yeah you  
know the  
kind they curl up on the edges, the corners  
are bended  
into a trickpulled from behind.

Physically he is serene he looks good he  
looks  
clean yeah I know he's dead but I know what  
he  
said and I think I might know what he mean.  
With many thanks for your well, well wishes  
he says  
believe me, sincerely yours  
Mr. E Leon Rauis would say  
it's sentiment which he abhors.  
Seventeen Union Square North did he walk back  
and  
forth in the glass at the shop did he smile  
did he  
stop for awhile did he question his worth?  
Seventeen Union Square West dressed up  
looking his best  
Mr. E. Leon Rauis could never know  
how this would seem his one small request.  
With many thanks for your well, well wishes  
he says  
believe me, sincerely yours  
Mr. E Leon Rauis would say  
it's sentiment which he abhors.  
Regretfully so he still wants you to know of  
the  
things in his heart he can't say.  
His penmanship does a disservice,  
It's illegible to this day.  
Oh, Mr. E. Leon Rauis believe me  
I hope it all turned out O.K.  
Picking a shop for the shoot did he buy a new  
suit? was he tall, was he kind, did he  
finally  
find it that day, was his end absolute?  
He got old like everyone, was he somebody's  
son? did he fall, did he try to succeed or  
deny  
what he knew or things he had done?