

The Number Twelve Looks Like You "Texas Dolly"

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LIGHT THE WAY, THE POT OF GOLD, WAITS FOR HANDS,
FOR MY HANDS. DIA-MONDS UNLEASHED, ON THREE
MEN. ONE SPIN TWO LIGHTS THREE SOUNDS-

a sphere to determine my fate. second twelve to triple
up, sit and wait. all. you can eat \$13.95 the, lounge act,
is really good tonight. Look into the faces of these
Roman gods. as they lead you to the floral patterned
paradise. moving without walking, in all directions,
mandatory currency change. Snake eyes and boxcars
on green felt, royalty on sailboats. in the old west,
there'll be a showdown at the taj tonight. circular
patterns, of baked clay.

Take my throne aside, the one-eyed jack on the button
first to act shuffle, my, checks with my right.

Reading super system in my mind-what would Doyle
Brunson do. possible straight draw on the board-the
action comes to, Push my life. (under the eye from
above) one last hope (that he will lay it) down to this (he
noticed my tell) calls my bluff.

Back to the automatic dispenser of, paper so I can
dream again.

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