

JAMES SOUTHCOTT  
**OUT OF ORDER**

Out of firewood he  
made his way into the city.  
Found a chorus girl, made  
eulogies of their desire. Singing  
all the arias of Florence their full  
throats were engines humming  
high. But running out  
of gasoline and water, they took  
their spark plugs and their kerosene,  
found a small shack in the woods.