

Her professional name is "the Serpent" she takes in anything and anybody. She called her daughter from Japan and tried to use her as the bait for a teahouse. But the daughter ran away to California with a ~~girl~~. When she was going to get married, she called her friends but her Northwest friends prevented her from going anywhere because after a few cups she does anything. She never uses anything smaller than a teacup. As soon as she arrives, she takes off her shoes and scuffles on a pair of black satin slippers with white fur edging. She smokes at hours length and stops only for a cup of tea, nothing else. Only the dry <sup>sings...only</sup> coarse ashes of a voice are left, so she no longer plays the samisen. Her dresses are always black/~~hair/x~~ satins, and a dark pink slip is always flitting in and out. Dear me. Her face looks like a shell, a crust of powder pack. If you were to knock on her face, it would sound hollow perhaps. She has many freckles. Hair net with a ribbon on the top. Must be a waitress.....about fifty. Must have been in this country since 1906. Perhaps she was pretty then, and gold money simply rolled underneath the cafe tables because women were few then. But now she is fifty and she has traveled all over the country from New York to Cal to Seattle as a mistress. Each time someone else. It seems there is always someone to look after a woman. Dried up as she may look she still has two ~~right~~ hand men vying for her. When the one special one fails to satisfy, the other or the left hand man fills in. So that has been her life... pleasing men, from the time Seattle was a frontier town, singing drinking, laughing, making music, giving love, taking love. And passing from man to man, ~~she/x/x/x~~ from some Japanese village to the limits of New York

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paled it the shadow of a lady