

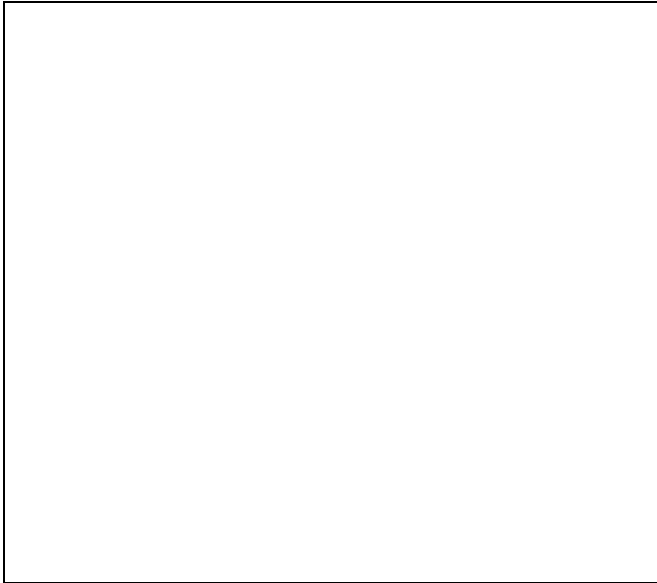
BOOK

In my past life I was trained as a poet.

And in the life before that, I was spring itself.

Now, you can call me...an accountant.

I keep track:



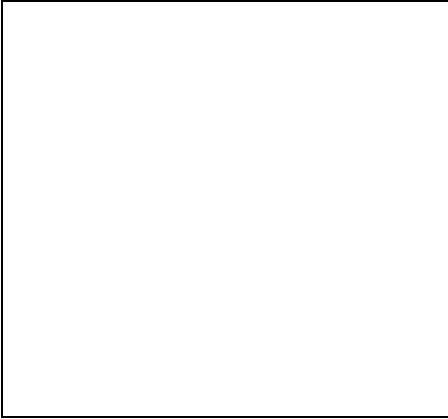
Sometimes, I get real musical

I > II

Sometimes, I make things up

You see, here, I am the person I want to be.

I'm not there yet.

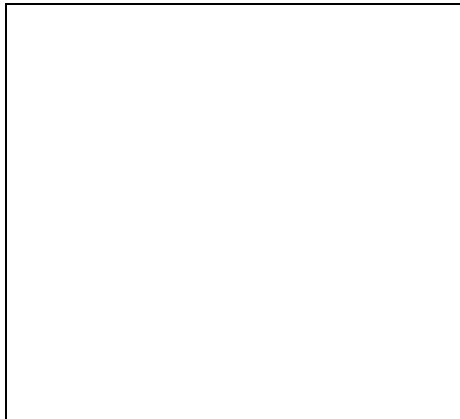


You can expect me in the corners of advertisements;

truly, I am a Waldo of advertisements.

Like an advertisement, I linger behind something else,
in something else,

waiting to spring at you.



Shopping in one place
you find me in another!

I am not a very good ad.

I am not for anything; I am for everything, or for nothing.

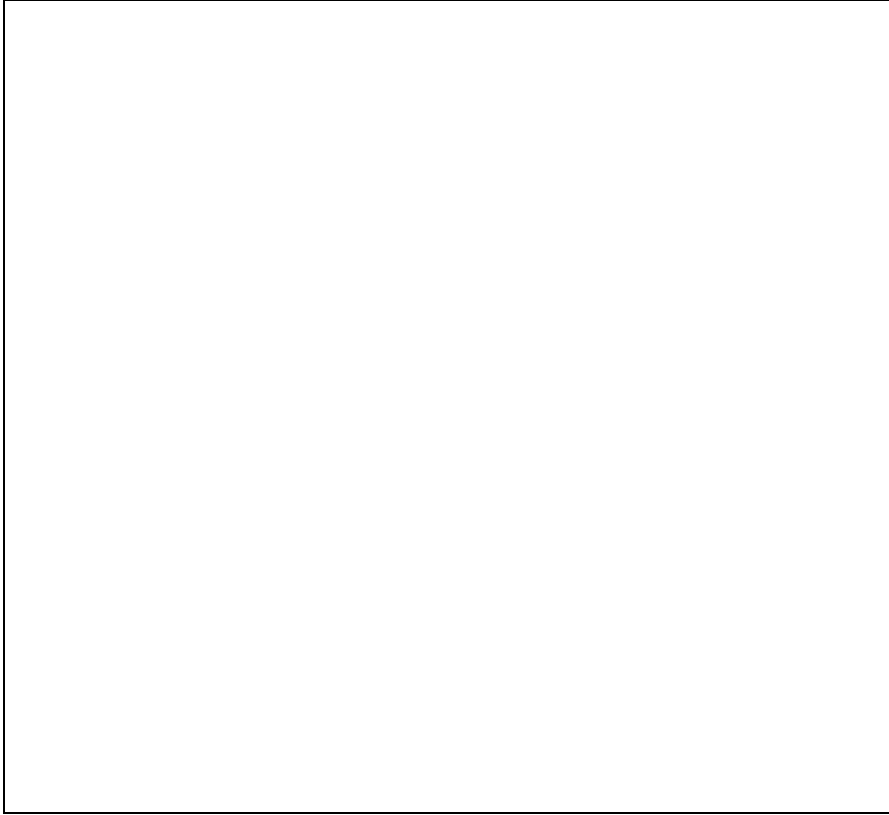
I am for particular things,

but I am not very good at it.

Mostly, I am uselessly for useful things.

An advertisement is usefully for useless things.





So often I feel as if I am useless.

I may be useless,
but you are not useless;

in this way we may not be useless;

we may remind each other that we are not useless.

Together we can be of use.

