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"Or it is riding in a phaeton"

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"Or is it riding in a phaeton"

Or is it riding in a phaeton or is it on the heels of a photogenic summer people. True story: I used to be a girl who had no shoes but then I met a man who had no rural route. In the paper. I am featured prominently picking peppers. I am selling incendiaries by the shopping center. Struck. Smouldering black cats or effeminate sparklers to write my name across the air that makes your blossomed clavicle, your smitten small town, such an exposure. *Who for the fact that he was still alive* begot a storefront in that very spot for a penny an acre? Or the first-born child of a fountain.