

## Hut

## Depressive Age

You're breath means leave taking  
Cause the cancer is marching  
My bird dies with lost wings  
Wounds will heal, but the scares will remain  
In this hut where the childhood lives are the  
Tales of the moist future eyes  
Your warm whispers in water drops count the  
Symbols for the blue times  
Proud walks our landlord  
With his magpie in our yard  
What will become of him  
Mother's tales let his evil symbols rain  
In this hut where the childhood lives are the tales of the moist  
future eyes  
Your warm whispers in water drops count the symbols for the blue  
times  
Lamps break the chill of this night  
In nooks of my sight  
Calm in the smell of your clothes  
Your shoes have no more walk with you  
Burn, hut, burn forever!  
Pearls for magpies and love to ashes!  
In this hut where the childhood lives are the tales of the moist  
future eyes  
Your warm whispers in water drops count the symbols for the blue  
times  
Future is the multiface  
Future is the short gold trace,  
The coincidence-machine  
And the all-answer screen