

Veda Hille, Exit

I have written and painted
Because I could not help it
These things were my life
And because it has been a long life
Because not lovestruck
My mind was not much distracted

I am tired, very tired
And in some ways I am afraid, soured
I am tired, very tired
And in some ways I am afraid, soured

Suddenly there will be
A little clatter of crying
A few flowers
And I'll be put away