## 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