

One  
Sun  
We

Own.  
What do we?

Here?

The blue path. The Red. The Green.

A watch tower.

We don't eat fish.

Neither moose.

Horizontal rain.

Lullabies are scary.

the

exist?

Are

like

All ready

White and

flowers : a

An  
almost  
blind

dog.

An almond.

Do

notes

they

stars ?

vanished?

purple

melody!

Like a rainbow in a curved air. Terry said.

I  
don't  
I  
do

yet. Oh. Ah. Green? White. Green?

Reindeer.

Hey. No light is not  
lame.

Darkness is a beautiful name.

But no heat...  
The cold doesn't reach our hearts.

Toward the red barn

and the synthesizers

dreaming  
an  
impossible  
old  
folk

song.