

~~That the last~~

Joyous the clay that builds the World
With room for ~~more to sport~~ everything there
Blind to joy we build our hopes
Nervously of air
As I see us circling
Confused and without care
~~It's happening in the fast land of despair~~
~~travelling~~

Children playing in the courtyard
A lady drying her hair
Sisters ~~putting~~ ~~something~~ ^{gone} by in her car

~~A tea with bakery & ~~leaves~~~~
There's tea and our bakery's eclairs
Visitors ~~are~~ respectfully waiting

Someone comes down the stairs
Setting tables others cutting vegetables
Others make coffee others standing talking

Young girl
who and
friends
of mother
all happen