



mimosa and primrose  
but indoors was dark,  
and how was oppressive  
the daily prose...

And so our poor life  
was worsened  
strongly.

The power of the motor dropped.  
It started working wrongly  
and stopped.  
I don,t know why.  
May be because  
the other guy was dying  
but may be this is not the cause,  
may be the motor waited well  
a strong hand to give the next coal dose  
to firing hell.

Yes, may be... I am not sure why...  
I guess the highly speeding motor  
with pink ring of his rotor  
asked: "Where is the other guy?"

The other guy died.  
Again spring time is outside,  
the birds for a free flight  
again are ready,  
yet, he can not see them  
already.

He was such a good friend!  
A very good friend!  
But he coughed too badly.  
He cheaply was rent  
to fulfil a goal-  
loading with coal  
a furnace,  
to earn his bread.