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In the damp darkhouse, full of smell and phlegmons, which will for a very long time denote the German word Bunker, which is unworthy to be called a den of an animal—one awaits death only. At a moment when the sun slants a favourable angle, those who are waiting are accompanied by the lunacy of light only. The lights of that worn and yellow cater of life and revivalist who is also sliding in forest clearings, on mountain slopes, it flows down from them in small streams. Whether its golden fanfares summon the dead when the alive remain motionless?