

A nice green dale, a happy silver  
river.



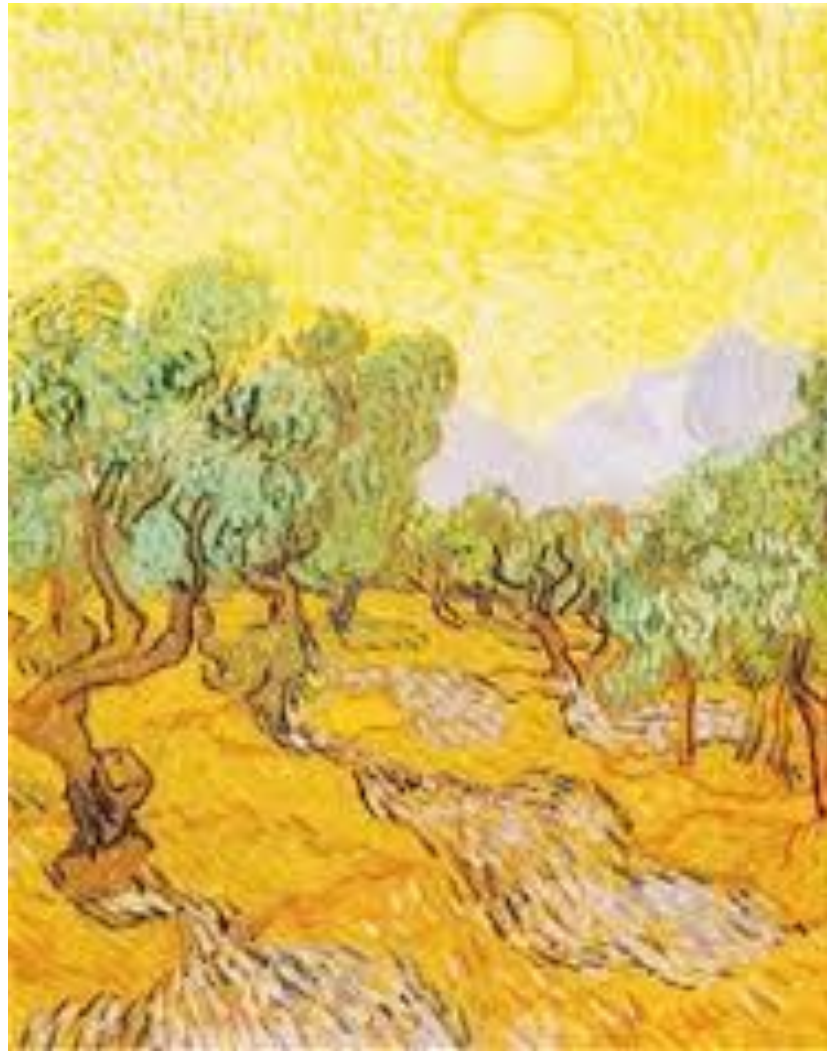
# Silver drops on the fresh grass



A proud mountain, a beaming sun



# A cosy dale foaming with light





A young soldier, mouth open, bare head, his nape in the fresh blue cress, sleeps.



He lies in the grass, under the sky



A pale face on a green bed, the  
sunlight rains on him.





With his feet in the gladiolas, he sleeps.





With a smile on his face, just like a sick child, he is having a nap.



Nature, please, cuddle and rock him  
warm in his sleep ; he is cold...



No fragrance teases his senses  
anymore.





He sleeps under the sun, with his hand on his chest, in peace.



He's got 2 holes in his chest, on his right side.

