

# Kurzgeschichten

## das, was ich in ruhigen Minuten fabriziere

Von Karopapier

### Kapitel 4: Four men

Four men went to the beach  
No-one saw them  
No-one knew them  
And no-one would remember  
They've ever been there

Four men went to the beach  
One was smoking  
One was swallowing  
One was blind  
And one was drunken

They weren't seen  
They weren't known  
They haven't really  
Been there at all

And no-one would see them  
And no-one would know them  
And no-one would remember  
They've ever been there

Unto the last day of time  
And space  
And life  
They even wouldn't know themselves