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# On the Day of the Departure by Bus

Donald Justice

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ON THE DAY OF  
THE DEPARTURE BY BUS

Tell me if you were not happy in those days.  
You were not yet twenty-five  
And you had not yet abandoned the guitar.

I swore to you by your nakedness that you were a guitar,  
You swore to me by your nakedness that you were a guitar,  
The moon swore to us both by your nakedness that you had  
abandoned yourself completely.

Who would not go on living?

The typewriter will be glad to have become the poem,  
The guitar to have been your body,  
I to have had the luck to envy the sole of your shoe  
in the dead of winter.

A passenger loses his claim-check,  
A brunette her barrette,  
And I—I think that there are moths eating holes in my pockets,  
That my place in line is evaporating,  
That the moon is not the moon and the bus is not the bus.

What is the word for goodbye?