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The End of the Happy Hours

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A dog doth to itself give yelpèd bliss, but you and I are not such things which bliss, self-yelped, doth well suffice.
These days. You know I don’t have any money.
Isn’t there a radio playing? If we walk from this bed to that chair, if we listen. . . . Listen:
Our song is changing its snake bones.

. . .

What yelpèd bliss a dog doth give itself! If only you and I such screaming bliss possessed. Wouldn’t it suffice?
Some day . . . no. We will never have any money.
But there is a radio playing. If we walk from this chair to that door, if we listen—. Listen:
Our only song has changed its bones.